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its Latinisms he knows nothing; he imagines evidently that the only idiotisms in the text are such words as *κέντριον*, *λεγειν*, *σπαιτάρον*, &c. It is therefore idle to dispute with him on the subject. He does not know enough to suspect that he knows nothing. That even the mere technical arrangement of the Bible, if it differed ever so little from that to which he was accustomed, was enough to puzzle him, we have a curious proof.

"I then turned over the Bible to look for the third chapter of John, *but as the chapters were arranged in a different manner from that to which I had been accustomed, and with different titles*, I leisurely observed them; in the meantime Lord B. was waiting to be shewn the passage referred to; and as I looked, I happened to say, '*I cannot find the place so readily in this Bible as in the common Bible.*'"

The Doctor would of course have regarded any attempt to alter the common arrangement as blasphemy, and unknowingly contended for the inspiration of Robert Stephens.

He tells us that he does not know anything of Hebrew, but yet believes in the general accuracy of the authorized versions. If he had known anything of the language his belief would have been confirmed; but it is amusing, after such a confession, to find him entering into verbal disputes respecting the interpretation of the words describing what he, or Lord B. calls, the "ghost scene in Samuel"—dogmatically deciding on the unity of the composition of the Pentateuch—settling, with the tone of authority, all the disputes about the book of Job—and so on. Now this must have injured his usefulness in carrying on controversy, (for such, of course, his conversations must have been,) with such a man. We agree with him in thinking that Lord Byron's knowledge of the Scriptures was not critical or exact, and that it was considerably overpanegyricized by his friends or toad-eaters; but his lordship was a well educated and a passably read man, and he could not have avoided perceiving some of the slips of Dr. K.'s conversation, although his politeness prevented him from noticing them. We doubt also the *policy*, (to speak humanly,) of resting the cause of the Christian doctrines upon the prophecies of Daniel, particularly when

the gentleman who appeals to them confesses that he takes them at the second-hand of a translation, and scornfully denounces all those who fancy that manuscripts are to be consulted, collations made, all the paraphernalia of criticism employed, before the very *letters* of the text, on which such important consequences are built, can be settled.

Entering into these discussions would be out of our way; and, in truth, if we continue this style of criticism it may appear that we are hostile to Dr. Kennedy: whereas the very contrary is the fact. We think him, and thousands of people like him, fundamentally wrong in endeavouring to mix the scholar with the Christian, without taking the trouble, (and no small trouble it is,) to qualify for the former character. Of the New Testament this may truly be said—that its material doctrines, those which it concerns us all to know and understand, may be known and understood by "babes and sucklings"—by the most illiterate and the most helpless of human creatures. They may be made clear by the most unlearned of preachers; they can be found in the most faulty and imperfect of versions. Even the intense dishonesty of the Romish translators—those of Douay and Rheims for instance—cannot conceal them—there they are, contradicting by their native truth and simplicity, (disguised though they be by the perversions of translators,) the felonious commentaries beneath. We, who do not *admit* this, but who particularly *insist* upon its truth—who maintain that Christianity is, like the works of its Creator, adapted for all classes of beings, contend nevertheless that there must be what, in scriptural language, is called, "meat for strong men." He who went to convert Lord Byron, (if Lord Byron was, indeed, an infidel, a question which we shall shortly consider before we conclude the article,) should have come better prepared in what those who read and criticize think of importance, than Dr. Kennedy did. But here our reproof ceases. His arguments are neatly arranged, and his conspectus of Christian doctrine irreproachable. He was an honest man in politics as well as religion, and a clever man too.

We extract a passage illustrative of his principles :

"The Radicals have little loyalty, and less piety; at least many of them have openly professed their deistical principles; and no honest man can join in wishing them success. Their arguments betray their ignorance; and it is evident, if they could succeed, that they would maintain that a nation is as well without, as with a church establishment. No Christian would ever wish to see the money applied to teach religion and morality withdrawn: he might say, that it might be more justly distributed, and given only to those who execute their duty; and that he would like to see real religion flourish in every part of the nation, without the distinction of churchman or dissenter; and that the funds should be applied in such a way, as most effectually to promote these objects exclusively; and that means should be adopted which should tend to repress the ambition of rank, wealth, and indolence, literary or political.

"From such an union, however, I would exclude Arians, Socinians, Swedenborgians, and fanatics of all descriptions; leaving to them, not only toleration, but perfect liberty of conscience. These people have no right to the name of Christians. The Arians deny that the Son is equal to the Father; although he himself expressly declares that he is. The Socinians say, he is not a divine character; yet these sects call themselves Christians, while they reject the testimony of Christ. The other fanatics are too absurd in their fancies and imaginations to be reasoned with.

"'You seem to hate the Socinians,' said Lord Byron. 'Not the individuals,' I replied, 'but their principles. I believe their system a terrible delusion, and that there is more hope of a deist, than of a Socinian, becoming a real Christian.

"'But is this charitable?' he asked; 'why would you exclude a sincere Socinian from the hope of salvation?'

"'I do not exclude him, and certainly I am no judge; nor ought we to judge of the ultimate state of any one; but comparing the Socinian doctrines with those in the Bible, the one or other must be wrong.'

"'But they draw their doctrine from the Bible,' said Lord B. 'Yes, so do all the fools, enthusiasts, and fanatics; so the Church of Rome founds a system of idolatry, as absurd as ancient or modern paganism, on the Bible. The Socinians reject such parts of the Scripture, as interpolations, or corruptions, which do not suit their scheme; they turn literal things into metaphorical, and metaphorical into literal, until they succeed in representing original sin, the depravity of our nature, the necessity of atonement, and consequently the whole necessity of a revelation, as perfectly

useless. Setting aside the evidence on which these doctrines stand, it is obvious, according to their scheme, that there was very little need of a Saviour. The truth is, the Socinians are all unregenerated men; their hearts require to be renewed, and their heads enlightened; and their danger is, that they have formed a false system of religion, and cling to it in the hope of safety. If any of them are sincerely seeking the truth, God will in due time teach them, and bring them out of their Socinian delusion; but those who die believing it, die, as far as I can judge, unregenerated, and consequently, according to the Scriptures, die in a most dangerous state.'

"'Their religion,' said his lordship, 'seems to be spreading very much. Lady B. is a great one among them, and much looked up to. She and I used to have a great many discussions on religion, and some of our differences arose from this point; but on comparing all the points together, I found that her religion was very similar to mine.'

"I said I was exceedingly sorry to hear that her ladyship was among such a set, and I hoped that ere long she would see her error and danger. 'But,' I added, 'were thousands more of the great, and the noble, and the learned among them, Christianity will stand and raise its head with ultimate success from amidst the ruins of superstition, ignorance, idolatry, and damnable heresies.'

We hope that Lady Byron has escaped from the Socinians, who are, in every point of view, the most disgusting sect of mock religionists that ever appeared. Lord B. was mistaken in thinking them on the increase—they are daily diminishing.

Another—because it connects somehow with the above, and is curious besides.

"The conversation turned upon the Socinians, and I was accused by some of the party of being too severe on this sect,—that my opinions were too exclusive and narrow, and less candid and charitable in judging of others than they should be. I affirmed that this was a mistake. 'That I pretended not to judge of the final and eternal state of any one, but that there were opinions and practices, which, when judged by the Bible, rendered those who held them incapable of obtaining eternal happiness; since God had declared certain characters should not enter into the kingdom of heaven. We believe what God has said. Had he said, that after a certain time passed elsewhere, the unrepenting wicked, after due punishment, should be cleansed and raised to heaven, we would have believed it, and rejoiced in the idea: but God

has said otherwise, and the will of the Christian is, to yield to the will of God. Whatever he does is right. If it depended on me, judging by mere feelings of humanity, I would have all saved. Nay, I would go further than you,—I would have no hell at all; but would pardon all, purify all, and send all to equal happiness.' 'Nay,' exclaimed some of them, 'I would not save all.' 'I would save,' cried his Lordship, 'my sister and my daughter, and some of my friends,—and a few others, and let the rest shift for themselves.' 'And your wife also,' I exclaimed. 'No,' he said. 'But your wife, surely you would save your wife?' 'Well,' he said, 'I would save her too, if you like.'"

This sounds cruel: but as Dr. Kennedy is not alive, (he died in the West Indies in 1827,) we cannot tell *how* it was said, and *that* makes all the difference.

There is some amusing literary matter in the book, but with that we shall not meddle. We give Dr. Kennedy's description of Lord Byron's person and manner, without offering any comment:—

"Lord B. was rather above the middle size; his countenance was fine, and indicated intelligence, but especially benevolence. His forehead was large and ample, his eyes were of a grey colour, his nose well-proportioned, his mouth wide, and his chin projecting; his hair was light brown, inclining to grey, particularly about the temples; his appearance was full and robust. He had high shirt collars, sometimes embroidered, but without frills; he wore often nankeen jacket and trowsers, sometimes a plaid jacket; he generally wore a gold chain about his neck, on which a locket was suspended, and the end of the chain was placed in his waistcoat pocket, and a cameo, with the head of Napoleon.

"His countenance generally exhibited a smile, or a look of softness, and thoughtfulness; and when animated in conversation, there was a keen and perçant expression of eye, with a slight colour in his face, which was usually pale and clear.

"He spoke with energy, vivacity, and freedom; his utterance was rapid, and varied in its intonations; his language was select, forcible, and pure; and his ideas were expressed with unusual ease and propriety. His voice was soft and melodious, to a degree which at first appeared to be the result of affectation. His manners were dignified and well-bred; he was invariably polite.

"The impression which he left on me, judging of his manner merely, was that of a perfectly polished man, with much affability, cheerfulness, vivacity, and benevolence. In the conversations which I had

with him, he appeared to shew an acute and cultivated mind, rather than a profound understanding. There was no appearance of extensive science or erudition, nor that coolness and sobriety of judgment, which a learned philosopher might be expected to exhibit; but his manner was lively, witty, and penetrating, shewing that he had a mind of strong powers, and capable of accomplishing great things, rather than affording a constant proof that he had already accomplished them. He was so easy, affable, and kind, that you required at times to recall to mind his rank and fame, lest his manner should unconsciously betray you into undue familiarity;—an error into which one gentleman fell—and was punished by Lord B.'s avoiding him as much as politeness permitted. Although he must have looked into a variety of books, and was acquainted with a little on every subject, yet I was not impressed with an idea of the profoundness of his knowledge, nor should I have been disposed to rely on the solidity of his judgment. He often spoke for effect, and appeared to say fine and brilliant things, without having any other end in view; a practice which might display quickness of discernment, eloquence, and wit, but which, of course, could not excite the decided admiration which the display of a richly-furnished mind, or a superior and solid understanding, would have elicited. Though not insensible to renown and distinction, and though raised to the highest pitch of poetical eminence, he had no poetical enthusiasm, or fantastic frenzy in his manner and conversation. He felt that these were useful, and to be studied and valued only as they lead to something more substantial; and as he had a quick perception of the ridiculous, he seemed to have a feeling, that frequently crossed his mind, as if fame and poetry, and every thing else which men so eagerly court, was, in reality, hollow and vain; and contempt for the whole human race—including himself—was often predominant."

The work concludes with the following passage:—

"It appears, therefore, from a review of Byron's private character, that it was a common one, being mixed with many virtues and stained with some fashionable vices. We meet nothing in it to command our veneration: we find many things to pity and excuse, from the peculiarity of his situation; but we are not entitled to call him a virtuous, pious man. In his poetical character, we find much reason to admire his wonderful talents. We may regret that his poems were not finished with a greater end in view than he seems to have had; that is, that he did not propose to himself more distinctly the promotion of virtue. We may blame him for his indelicacy and licentiousness of description in some of his

works, and also for many of his sentiments, and especially for the levity, and appearance of infidelity, with which he sometimes alludes to sacred subjects. We observe in them, however, no proof of fixed opinions, or reason to believe that in general he portrayed the features of his own character: and we may readily believe, without any breach of candour, that his most reprehensible descriptions and sentiments, written under the influence of passion and prejudice, or the result of ignorance, would have been an object of regret to himself had he lived, and perhaps often were so. With respect to religion, we find nothing like a bitter enmity to it, or a settled conviction that it was an imposture. Some passages display a levity and an appearance of incredulity, but nothing like a deliberate denial, or a rejection of its truth. We find, in fact, that he was like all those nominal Christians who are unregenerate: he knew not its spirit. His conduct was not regulated by it, and he differed simply from many of those who hold in the world a very respectable character, in his having treated it with seeming ridicule in his writings, while they, perhaps, have done the same in conversation.

"He was, in fact, what he represented himself to be when I saw him—unsettled in his religious opinions. He rejected the appellation of infidel; he said it was a cold and chilling word. He confessed he was not happy; he said, he wished to be convinced of the truth of religion. We have now to consider if his conduct confirmed this statement." \* \* \* \*

This promised task Dr. Kennedy did not live to fulfil, and the book finishes thus abruptly. We agree with the Doctor, that Lord Byron was not an infidel on any settled conviction; he scoffed, because it was the fashion of the coterie by which he was sometimes surrounded, and sometimes because it made people stare. He was very anxious not to be mixed up with the creed, real or affected, of such persons as Leigh Hunt. "I assure, you," said he to Dr. K., "my connexion with these people originated from humanity. I found H. in Italy with a large family, in circumstances that claimed my compassion. I gave him as much money as I could

spare, and when I had no more to spare, I gave him some loose poems which I had by me, that he might make some money of them." Lord Byron's mind was cast in a different mould from that of any member of such a crew. A fine passage illustrative not indeed of any fixed religious views, but of a decided devotional tendency, occurs in a letter of Count P. Gamba's, which is contained in the Appendix to this volume. We prefer giving it in its original Italian, subjoining a translation in a note:—

"La prima volta che io ebbi conversazione con lui su questo soggetto fu a Ravenna, mia patria, saran quattro anni—mentre cavalcavamo insieme, in un superbissimo solitario bosco di pini. La scena invitava alle meditazioni religiose. Era un chiaro giorno di primavera. 'Come,' mi disse, 'alzando gli occhi al cielo, o abbassandoli alla terra, si può dubitare dell'esistenza di Dio? e come rivolgendoli al nostro intero possiam dubitare che non vi sia qualche cosa dentro di noi più nobile, e più durevole che la creta di cui siamo formati? Quelli che non odono, o non vogliono ascoltare questi sentimenti, bisogna bene che siano di una vile natura.'

"Io volli rispondere con tutte quelle ragioni che la superficiale filosofia d'Elvezio, e de' suoi, e discepoli, e maestri, insegna. Egli mi rispose con stretti ragionamenti e profonda eloquenza, e mi acco sì che l'ostinata contradizione su quel soggetto costringendolo a ragionarvi sopra, gli dava pena. Quel discorso fece sopra di me una forte impressione.

"Molte volte, e in varie circostanze, io l'ho udito confermare li stessi sentimenti,—e me n'è sembrato sempre profondamente convinto. Per l'appunto l'anno scorso in Genoa, quando ci preparavamo a venire in Grecia, era in costume di conversare due o tre ore ogni sera con me solo, assiso sopra la terrazza del suo palazzo in Albano, nelle belle sere di primavera; d'onde si scopre una magnifica vista della superba città, e del mare contiguo: la nostra conversazione cadeva quasi sempre sulla Grecia, alla cui spedizione allora ci preparavamo, o sui soggetti religiosi. In varii modi lo sentii sempre confermare li sentimenti che io vi spiegai di sopra."\*

It is impossible to believe that Lord

\* "The first time that I had a conversation with him on this subject, was at Ravenna, my native country, about four years ago, while we were riding on horseback in an extensive, solitary wood of pines. The scene invited to religious meditation. It was a fine day in spring. 'How,' he said, 'raising our eyes to heaven, or directing them to the earth, can we doubt of the existence of God?—or how, turning them to what is within us, can we doubt that there is something within us more noble and more durable than the clay of which we are formed? Those who do not hear, or are unwilling to listen to those feelings, must necessarily be of a vile nature.' I wished to answer him with all those

Byron was of the cold sect of the infidels, as he called them, or to refuse him credit when he said that that he never would be a lukewarm Christian. His intellect and education must have made him despise the low rabble of radicalism, or the shallow *esprits forts*, whom Count Gamba assures us he held in especial contempt. And no matter what might have been the influence of the scornful or misanthropical feelings which haunted him, yet there must have been moments when the thoughts of a soul such as as his would have taken a nobler and more congenial direction. In the words of one, whose name we reluctantly withhold:—"The surface [of "his mind] might exhibit a vainglorious, frozen waste of unbelief; but "beneath principles would be at work "which threatened its dissolution: "memory, which calls up around the "tender of heart departed objects of "their love; enthusiasm, which communicates life and thought, and the "passion of lofty souls to the images "which story creates; and that aimless aspiring of the disregarded spirit which expands every feeling of "sublimity or sorrow, until it has "touched the boundary of visible

"things, and felt indistinctly the influence of a holier world; these "would all be in motion in the breast; "currents dark but warm, would always be gliding, and would often be "heard; as, at the last, assuredly, "Sadduccism would be broken up; "and though scattered masses might "still grieve the spirit, yet the pleasant motion of life would be between, and a living element would "again make its voice heard continually."

We must remark, that this work has been edited in a very ignorant manner. Just think of two authors, called here *Burnes* and *Alexander Polytrush*, being cited (p. 80,) as authorities for the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. The unlearned would hardly guess that those strange names stand for Berosus and Alexander Polyhistor. In the page before, Tacitus is accused of enquiring whether Jerusalem is not mentioned by Homer, under the name of *Solymer*. This is discreditable to the editor; and there are many more blunders of the same kind.

reasons which the superficial philosophy of Helvetius, his disciples, and his masters have taught. He answered me with strong arguments and profound eloquence; and I perceived that obstinate contradiction on this subject, forcing him to reason upon it, gave him pain. This discourse made a deep impression on me.

"Many times, and in various circumstances, I have heard him confirm the same sentiments; and he always seemed to me to be deeply convinced of their truth. Last year, in Genoa, when we were preparing for our journey to Greece, he was accustomed to converse with me for two or three hours each evening alone, seated on the terrace of his palace in Albano, in the fine evenings of spring, whence there opened a magnificent view of this superb city and the adjoining sea. Our conversation turned almost always on Greece, for which we were so soon to depart, or on religious subjects. In various ways I have heard him confirm the sentiments which I have already mentioned to you."



## MONOS AND DAIMONOS.

"We see  
A vapour sometimes, like A BEAR."

ANT. AND CLEOP.

WE never ventured to hope that our friends on four legs would obtain such celebrity as they now possess. Formerly, they were as little understood as the movements of a political agitator, or the intentions of a nest of cardinals. Now, we have their histories in all shapes—from M. de Buffon and Huber, who speak of them in nations and commonwealths, down to Mr Bingley and the historian of the Tower Menagerie, where their individual good qualities and domestic habits are faithfully recorded. One thing only seemed wanting to complete their circle of historical literature, which was a specimen of autobiography; and this we are at last able to supply. It is the production of a correspondent, on whose veracity we have the most implicit reliance.

Before, however, we present the reader with this very interesting document, we must protest against the absolute piracy which has been committed against our friend. We appeal to those very respectable publishers, Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, whether it was liberal—whether it was right or christianlike in their correspondent—(the writer, whoever he may be, of "*Monos and Daimonos*,")—to follow so closely the footsteps of our contributor. The following little narrative, it is true, remained in the original Buffalese tongue till very lately; but it is pretty well known that there are two or three intelligent travellers fully capable of transferring all its native beauties into the English language. We trust that we need say no more, to prevent a repetition of so unprecedented an act.

We make no apology for introducing our readers to a story that is, perhaps, unique in literature.

*The Memoir of Monos the Ursine.*

"I am American by birth, and my early years were passed on the banks of the Buffalo. I had no relations; nothing even within the limits of a Scotch cousinship. My mother

died while I was an infant—a victim to the fur trade. My father was of a noble race—of the *Ursus Ferox*. Like a chief of the Mohawks or Delawares, he bore an honourable name. He was called 'The Grizzly Bear.' Poor fellow! he died from eating too much white trout at Lake Michigan. What induced my father to forsake his country, (the Stony Mountains) and abjure all his kindred, and live with my mother on the banks of the Buffalo, is in itself a tragic tale. Perhaps—I make no promise—I enter into no covenant—but perhaps, at some future time, I may make the story of the great Exile public. It will yield a great political lesson. It shall not however be tampered with; nor hurried into premature disclosure. *Tempus omnia revelat. Verbum sat.*

"As the Ursi have souls, I swear the tale I shall tell you of myself will have sufficient claim upon your sympathy. If within an hour after you shall hear it, you eat, or drink, or sleep—nay, if you so much as whiff an Havannah, or blow the froth from a tankard of Whitbread—you are not the people I have set you down for in my affection. But I know you well: you have not hearts of stone; you are men. You were not dug out of a quarry; nor made perfect at the stone-cutter's. You were not sawed, and chopped, and rasped, and chiselled into life. You have hearts beneath your waistcoats. You have fur on your heads—nay, many of you have it beneath your noses, also. I will not believe but that you can feel profoundly.

"I said my father lived on the Buffalo. It was on the edge of a mighty swamp. The whole country around, for leagues and leagues, was little else but woods and swamps,—swamps bleak, blank, dreary; with rank grass, and rushes, and muddy weeds, and banks and shoals of mud. Huge quagmires enriched the prospect; through which red, brackish, sluggish streams went trickling and curling along in detestable meanders. The green, damp, awful shadow of

primæval woods cast additional gloom upon the sterile plains. Wood, and water, and mud! Mud, and wood, and water! That was all. There was no variety in nature for us! The vulture that came across us, in his way to the mountains, screaming and hideous—the frogs that sent out their odious harmonies from the weeds and rushes—these were all our music. Nothing cheerful ever visited us; unless it were now and then a painted Indian from the Arkansas, who strayed thither with his tomahawk; or an alligator (nourished in the bottoms of the Mississippi,) who, like the creature in the fable, had set out upon his travels, in search of politeness—or prey.

“My father was addicted to fish. He caught them quickly and with certainty. His aim was unerring. His eye was so sure, his judgment so profound, that he knew, as they swam, if they were tender, and when they were full of roe. By the Great Beaver, it must have been a beautiful sight, to have seen the venerable parent, playing and pouncing on ‘the finny tribe,’ on the banks of Michigan and Erie!—The piscatory science, however, was the only one my father knew; but he taught me all its mysteries. The rest of my knowledge Nature poured into my ears in grave and silent lessons. She taught me to swim; to stand on my hinder legs—‘rampant;’ to climb trees; to eat my fish uncooked: she taught me also a little valour, and a good deal of discretion, which is ‘the better part of valour.’

“When my father died (of excess of trout,) I set off and penetrated the woods and deserts alone. I dwelt in perpetual solitude. I hated my kind. No one loved me; no one fed me, helped me, defended me. I was obliged to do all things for myself; and I became a bear hater. To me the delights of female society have ever been denied. I was fated to be alone—*monos*! Yet I strove to overcome my destiny. Once—accursed day!—I yielded to my passions. My heart yearned towards a pretty brunette, who, with her parents, had travelled to our country from the Red Cedar Lake. But what was my requital?—She bit my ear through, in answer to my admiration; and I renounced the sex for

ever. I said to myself—‘I will travel: I will seek the savages in towns and cities: I wished to give up all for her; but she—she has doomed me to eternal woe.’ I determined to quit the Buffaloe, its plains, its swamps, its rushes; and cast myself on the heartless world, a gloomy adventurer.

“I commenced my pilgrimage: I traversed the plains of Louisiana—I crossed the formidable Mississippi, on a moonlight night, (my fat kept me up,)—I came to the seat of virtue and simple manners, the matchless country of Kentucky. In an accidental encounter with a native I disarmed him, and was just about to hug him into eternal oblivion, when a something—I know not what—a sort of likeness that he bore to my father, (‘The Grizzly Bear,’) arrested my vengeance. I turned him over once or twice, smelt him, and spared him! It was a great act; and so grateful did my former enemy feel, that he took me to his home. We became brothers. He presented me with a collar and chain of honour, (it consisted of leather and iron,) and forced me gently with him in all his travelings. We went together to fairs and towns,—to festivals, and merry-meetings. We dined together, supped together, and were seldom if ever asunder. His benevolence, I rejoice to say it, was in some measure repaid; for every visitor who was introduced to me, left sixpence on the table as he entered. This was the most honourable and useful period of my life. My friend, (his name was Jonathan Zooks Aminabad Crewkorne Zechariah Muzzletop,) taught me the Kentucky language. I learned it without difficulty: it seemed a dialect of my native tongue, differing some little perhaps,—as the Ionian may differ from the simple Doric, but nothing more. Such as it was, however, I owe it to my friend Jonathan. I owe to him also other lessons: he taught me the science of gouging, and how to waylay and hamstring an enemy; how to plunder him of his prog; how to bite off his nose! I had been content, till then, to make an incision into his ear, or to give him the squeeze fraternal.

But this Elysium could not last for ever. My fate drew me from Jonathan, my friend! One gloomy

evening, (it was in the scarce season) a pretty considerable appetite drove me towards the water to fish. I lost my way; subsisting for a long time on roots and herbs, and berries, and a little Kentuckian, (a half cousin of Jonathan's) whom I found picking blackberries in a wood,—till at last I came in sight of the Ohio. Then it was that that noble river brought at once to my mind a place more noble. I saw, in my mind's eye, the famous,—yet not half enough famous, 'the great, the wonderful institution of *New Harmony*! I saw it, with its Solon at its head, its minor legislators, its sylvan site, its innocent, perfect Utopian people! Oh that earthly paradise! Why did pitiless fate frown on my wishes? Why did that infernal troop of Pawnees, with 'The Jumping Sturgeon' at their head, come down upon me, and intercept my quiet pilgrimage? They hunted me! They hooted me! They hemmed me in! They howled, they screamed, they chattered, they danced—the damnable wretches! One villain invited another to sup off my haunch; another bargained with his brother brute for his chance of my hide. What could I do?—O Owen! Oh, unknown friends at Natches and New Harmony! I was forced to fly from your pleasant places. I hid myself—shame! I squatted down ingloriously (and uncomfortably) upon a cursed bush of furze and bramble; and at night took quietly to the water. The 'Father of Rivers' was rough that night, and forced me to take shelter in the hold of a trading vessel bound for New Orleans. I did not remain long undiscovered. The mother of invention compelled me to borrow a small portion of the ship's stores; but I intended fully to repay the debt. We are not unprincipled on the banks of the Buffalo. There is a law of property; but there is a law of Nature also. Upon the strength of the latter, I continued to borrow more liberally. I began with a couple of raw carrots:—I ended with demolishing four fat turkey poult, one black windy night. Never to my recollection did I make a more comfortable meal. But fate was behind me; I was discovered and sentenced to death. I pleaded the law of nature,—the customs of Buffalo and Kentucky: I demurred to the

marine law, which I contended did not apply to a landsman—but all wouldn't do. I was just about to be run up at the yard-arm, when a sans-culotte had the audacity to propose that I should be forwarded to New Orleans, and thence to England, *to be shewn*. To be shewn! Do I live to write those words? Yes, so it was; and in fact, without more ado, to New Orleans we went, and thence to England. No respite was allowed me; I was not permitted to land, to appeal to the humanity of the natives. I saw nothing at New Orleans, except a couple of chimney pots, and a nigger with one eye; but was hurried in the most barbarous manner onwards. We set sail, and, to speak briefly, I arrived without further accident at London.

" . . . Thus far all was of little import. I had been born, bred, and imprisoned. I had learned gouging and the Kentucky language. I had refreshed myself with a little child, and been forced to eat turkeys in their feathers. But *now*—! Now the vast misfortune of my life began. Let me speak of it calmly,—if possible, philosophically. I respect the sincerity of the soul. I will not swerve the breadth of a hair from the strictest truth. I became—a lion. I was transferred from house to house; allured by insidious invitations; but in reality viewed in the same light with the subaltern Paap, or the unfortunate Crachemi. I dined with Bulwer and Rogers—I took tiffin with Buckingham and Sir James—I sat '*below the salt*' at Holland House—I took tea with Thelwall and Robert Montgomery—I saw all that was great and noble. I was viewed with awe; I was avoided by all—except *one*. But *he*—! that *one*—! But I will be collected.

"As I have said, at these dinners, and tiffins, and tea-drinkings, there was *one* who neither avoided my companionship, nor recoiled from my frown. He was a dull-looking, blink-eyed, mischievous being, full of tricks and frivolities, all of which he performed with the gravity of a judge. He was an eternal, mumming chattering, chestnut-eating son of a turnip. He was also, as might have been expected, a soi-disant philosopher. He had studied under Sir Richard Phillips, and was considered

to be equal to Newton. I confess I doubt the fact. However, there he was,—the bane, the blister, the torment of my life.

"Why did I spurn the augury! Why did I abandon for a time my faith in omens! I might have known that some dreadful deed was about to be accomplished. Did I not see him? Had I not eyes, ears, faculties? Can I forget when first we met? What was he doing? O, treacherous, useless memory! Hear it, ye unthinking!—HE WAS PLAYING WITH HIS TAIL!!!

"O matchless, heartless, relentless, indomitable villain! Was there no other but *me* for you to jibe and torment? would no forbearance do,—no frowns nor threats awe? No; it was impossible to awe or silence him. He would chatter, and scream, and bite, with the malevolence of a fiend. He sought me ever; he was a curse to me; my heart grew cold when I beheld him; he jumped upon my back; he scratched my pole; he crammed hot chestnuts in my ears; he bit my muzzle; he heaped all indignities upon me.

His name—accursed name!—was Pongo. Hear it, ye streets and houses, ye squares and alleys of the modern Babylon! 'Twas Pongo! *Still* he lives, still he infests your brick and marble avenues: at dinners and routs, and concerts, he may be seen, by men, and women, 'like Satan at the ear of Eve,' the self-sufficient, ugly, hateful enemy of my peace. Armed in his cuirass of malice and folly, he disdained, and still disdaineth all things—but himself.

"He was of the tribe of SIMIÆ. He boasted—I do not believe him—that he was a native of my dear America. He has sworn—(it is upon record, in the action of *Rer. v. Pongo*, 3 *Barn. and Ald.* 345, for defamation.)—He has *sworn*—that a lovely English lady brought him over; dressed him up in her husband's clothes; and took him with her to splendid parties, till jealousy on the part of her lord put an end to their platonic intimacy. They parted;—and the insufferable wretch was let loose upon the world and me. He crept into society by degrees, acquired the slang of fashion, employed the best tailors in the metropolis, and was, for one season, even himself a fashion. But he was a creature

of no principle; he lied like a jockey; he had no good sense or self-government, and fell into 'disrepute with half the world. It is true, that, with his guitar, (which he scratches effectively enough,) and a certain kind of foolish mimicry, he contrives to be invited still to a few evening parties; but his empire has gone for ever. I might, indeed, regret this; for from being the tyrant of thousands, he grew to tyrannize over me alone.—Nature, however, could endure it no longer, and I accordingly projected a terrible revenge.

—"My tyrant was accustomed, in the hot weather, to take his siesta on a window-ledge which was not exposed to the sun. He, occasionally, also refreshed himself with some spoils from the pantry on the tiles of an outhouse, that ran shelving down beneath the chamber which I inhabited. These things were not lost upon me: I resolved to turn them to account. "All stratagemis are fair in war," as the philosopher, Hippopotamos Senex bath it; and, accordingly, I determined not to be stopped by unnecessary scruples of delicacy.

"One day I saw my enemy sitting on the tiles. He was chewing, as usual, some stolen fruit; and looked as grave as if he had accomplished the abolition of the slave-trade." It happened that I had at that moment a dumb-bell of some sixteen pounds weight in my hand. I dropped it just over the wretch's head. I thought all was sure, and that I should at last sleep in comfort. But no: the brute, hearing a stir above him, turned his eye upwards, and saw the deadly missile approaching. Being as quick as he was malicious, he contrived to bob his head and escape. Oh, how he chattered! How he threatened and whisked about! One would have imagined that I had been his bosom friend, and that he resented my hostility. I was his enemy: he knew it: *ray*, so certainly did he act upon that knowledge, that that very evening I was compelled to go supperless to bed. My supper was abstracted by the devil Pongo.

"Another time I beheld him on his favourite window-ledge, so busy that I came upon him unawares. As usual, larceny was his occupation.

His nose was thrust into a honey-jar. He was smeared over to the very eyes. I thought that it would be sinful to let such an opportunity escape; so I plunged upon him. I seized him. I thrust his head into the narrow necked vessel, and tumbled him forth from the window. How he kicked! How he struggled! How he snorted and whisked his tail! Now, rejoined I—now, at least, he will be quieted; for he will be both smothered and will break his neck. But—is it to be believed? He escaped again! He was saved—for further aggressions. He fell on a dunghill, just chipping the jar in his descent;—it broke, and he was after all restored to life and liberty. I groaned—I sighed—but I did not lose my self-possession. I said only,—‘The next time I will embrace him as we embrace on the banks of the Buffalo, and if he escape me then—I will forgive him.’

“It were impossible to recount my many assaults and reverses—impossible to recount the multitude of injuries which were heaped upon me. They are comprized in one eternal round of pains and insults, such as no creature ever endured, excepting me. I hasten rather to the conclusion of my story.

“My foe was accustomed to jump upon my neck at meals. When I was engaged with a piece of provender, (generally of a size to disqualify me for active observation,) the brute would climb to a height, pounce upon my neck, and steal or scatter a considerable portion of my morning’s meal. This piece of malice was fated to be his death. I obtained, one day, some food privately, and, when my dinner arrived, I was less eager than usual for that repast. I listened for my enemy. I heard him mounting the accustomed shelf. A slight scratch convinced me that he was about to spring. I turned round with unwonted velocity, and caught him in my arms. His destiny was dark. He was doomed to die. But I desired not only his death. I desired to see how long the spirit of Pongo was escaping; how long it could endure the best Buffalo squeeze which I could give him. Seven minutes and three quarters was the time! At the expiration of that period the spirit of

Pongo had vanished,—mizzled, evaporated! A thing of bones and hair and muscles, indeed, lay before me; but nothing more. The *mala mens* was absent. Now then, said I, I will sleep in peace. I will look upon my torturer no more.

“BUT HEAR!—Since that time he has never quitted me. By night, by day—at meals—at dreams—where-soever I am, whatever I do, there is he beside me still—as restless, as malicious, as ugly as ever; without any physical power, indeed, but with such a power as an evil ghost, or disembodied devil hath, of inflicting upon us perpetual pain. I cannot rid myself of him. If I reach at a chestnut, he interposes. If I drink, his jabbering loathsome mouth is close beside the vessel. If I lie down, there also is he,—not close, but always at some trifling distance, always leering, and mocking, and mumming, yet making no noise.

“I CAN ENDURE IT NO LONGER. I will fly. I will seek the banks of the Buffalo. I will recover my original peace of mind—my rest—my appetite—my enjoyments. I will do this, or life has nothing worth possessing; and I will quit it like *Aber-shaw* or *Cato*!”

\* \* \* \*

We are sorry to be obliged to add one melancholy fact to the above narrative. Since it was written, *Monos the Ursine* has perished! He had set off in tolerable spirits from London, and had reached Liverpool, (whence he had taken his passage for New Orleans,) and had sent for a book or two, to while away the time till his departure. He put up, for some reason or other, at “the Bear and Battledore,” called for a mug of treble ale, a pipe, and a saucer of Virginia, and retired quietly to his room. After the lapse of an hour, the waiter knocked two or three times at his door, but received no answer. The chambermaid afterwards waited on him with the warming pan, but observed that he was, as she fancied, asleep. Alas, he was no more!—A pipe of tobacco, half consumed, lay on the table; an empty tankard was on his right hand. The *New Monthly Magazine* (for May,) was before him, opened at the first article, “*Monos and Daimonos*,” and underneath his feet was

found Robert Montgomery's "Saturday," part blotted out, part torn, part smeared with tobacco and beer; and at one overwhelming passage was written—"This is the most infernal——" That was all! There the hand of Monos had stopped. He had failed in expressing the strength of his contempt, and had evidently turned to the New Monthly for relief. *The relief he found was in the*

GRAVE! He saw his own story told—the fame he had fondly hoped for extinguished for ever. He could endure no more, and—died!

. . . An inquest was held on the body; and the jury, after retiring for fourteen hours to consider the evidence, brought in a verdict of "WILFUL MURDER," *against some person or persons unknown!!!*

# THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT,

BY SCHILLER.

## 1. 1.

Clouds fly o'er the welkin,  
The forest oaks roar;  
Unheeding the maid sits,  
Alone on the shore,  
Where the wild waves are beating, all-furious and white,  
And she sighs out her grief in the gloom of the night,  
While the gushing tears dim her blue eye.

## 1. 2.

"My heart it is broken,  
The world seems a void;  
All wish for its bliss is  
For ever destroyed.  
Thou, Father of Heav'n, thy child's soul recall—  
This earth's sweetest pleasures, I've tasted them all.  
I have lived—I have loved—let me die."

## 2. 1.

Tears, flowing incessant,  
Her pallid cheeks lave  
In vain; grief restores not  
The dead from the grave;  
Yet say, what can peace to the fond heart restore  
When the ties which have bound to this world are no more?  
Thou, Heav'n, canst soothe it alone.

## 2. 2.

Then cease not thy sorrow  
Tho' all unavailing;  
Tho' the dead we awake not  
By tears or bewailing;  
When the heart's cherished idol by death is laid low,  
The sweetest employment the lone breast can know  
Is to mourn for the spirit that's flown.

JOURNEY FROM HERMANSTADT TO BUCHAREST, AND PASSAGE OF THE  
ROTHER THURM DEFILE IN THE CARPATHIANS.—1828.

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL C. R. O'DONNELL, LATE OF THE 15TH HUSSARS.

DEPARTURE FROM HERMANSTADT.

"Few of us can say that we possess philosophy enough not to be in some degree moved by feelings of mortification on the knowledge of circumstances that are likely to prove a barrier to the accomplishment of a favourite wish or design."

I HAD reached Hermanstadt in Transylvania, on my way to Wallachia and the Russian Army, on the frontiers of Turkey; when the intelligence of the plague having made its appearance at Bucharest, was communicated to me, and came like a deathblow to my expectations. My dread of so terrible a disease was such that, I must confess, I felt at first by no means anxious to encounter its horrors; at the same time, my great desire was to see the Russians and the Turks, and having traversed nearly the whole of Europe in furtherance of this object, and arrived on the very verge of the theatre of war, I was unwilling to give up the prosecution

of a plan which, though attended with hazard, promised much gratification and future advantage, and for which I had determined to face any reasonable difficulties.

The Krapacks alone now lay between me and Wallachia, where the Muscovites, having already struck the first blow, were said, in the public prints of the day, to be pouring in their legions in such numbers, as to threaten the destruction of the Ottoman power; while on the other hand, it was reported, that the Turks, from whom they were only separated by the Danube, had assembled the Eastern world, and, like the Army of Xerxes,

"Who have drained

The beds of copious rivers with their thirst—

Who with their arrows hid the mid-day sun,"—

shewed a force numerous and formidable enough to endanger Christiandom, and vowed to form a bridge over the bodies of the Russians, by which the Faithful might pass to paradise.

With the prospect of seeing a collision between two such bodies, it was impossible long to hesitate. The aspect of pestilence lost half its terrors in the anticipation of being an eye-witness to events that were likely to shake the thrones of empires; and, confiding in my destiny, I repeated the oriental ejaculation, "*Allah Karim!*" "God is most merciful!" and resolved upon immediate departure for the Wallachian capital.

I remember once making a voyage down the Rhone in company with a person whom I considered demented, because he was going to Constantinople at the period the plague was depopulating that city; and I believe the same was the conviction of some acquaintances of mine at Herman-

stadt, regarding myself, when assured of my intentions of proceeding at such a moment to Bucharest.

There are several passes from Transylvania into Wallachia:—one called the Vulkan Pass, leads from Deva by Turguschil to Craiova, the capital of Little Wallachia; two or three from Kronstadt to Bucharest; and one named the Pass of the *Rother Thurm*, or the Red Tower, which is the most considerable, conducts from Hermanstadt by Pitesti, to the Wallachian metropolis.

My friend, Prince Mestchersky, a captain in the Russian guards, who had accompanied me all the way from Vienna, through Hungary, evinced the same anxiety as myself to reach the invading army; accordingly, in the little *styre-wagen* that had hitherto conveyed us from Pesth, and which had undergone a thorough repair, we bade adieu to Hermanstadt, and passing again under its red ramparts, where Templar and Saxon,

and Turk and Tartar had often contended in bloody strife for life, property, and religion, we directed our course towards the *Rother Thurm* defile in the southern range of the Carpathians, that divides Transylvania from the territory of the Mahometans.

It was past noon when we commenced our journey; the country at first traversed by us, where neat villages and decent-looking peasantry attracted the observation of the passenger, was well cultivated, and giving proofs of the industry of the Saxon colonist, wore a smiling and joyous aspect; and the mountains rising up from the extremity of the plain, with their snowy scalps and their projections beautifully tinged with the rays of the western sun, presented a lovely and majestic appearance.

We had not proceeded very far, when a trifling accident in the act of fording a river at the village of Schelenburg, detained us for a time in the water, while the necessary repairs were completed by a gipsy black-

smith, whose forge was fortunately within a pistol-shot of the spot.

There we saw a considerable number of wild young horses, amounting to several hundreds, confined within a circular rope; they had just been purchased as re-mounts for the cavalry of the Austrians, who were augmenting their forces on this frontier. These noble animals of Transylvania are in much estimation; they are larger than those of Hungary, and are considered particularly good for the saddle.

We passed another village on a stream, and immediately after, not far distant from a village on a road which leads off towards the left, probably to Kronstadt. The circumstance of its being a holiday, afforded an opportunity of seeing an excellent specimen of the Saxo-Transylvanian peasantry, who are, in general, a fine athletic race; and dressed out in their costumes of sheepskin pelisses, large brimmed felt hats, and high boots—had an air of comfort and happy independence.

#### ROTHER THURM—CONTUMAZ.

A short time brought us to the base of the mountains we had been approaching, and we soon commenced a gradual ascent at the gap in them, which forms the *embouchure* to the Turkish frontier, and which had been distinguishable from Hermanstadt, and pointed out as the direction of our route.

On a hill facing the traveller, stand the ruins of a castle of the Knights Templars, and not far thence, prettily situated on the auriferous river Alth or Aluta, is the village of Rother Thurm, which derives its name from the red tower or fortification at its extremity that protects the flank of the mountain, and defends this important pass. The fortification, from its construction and strength, cannot claim much respect, and the village itself, the houses of which are roofed with shingles of wood, is not one of any size, but has a post-house at the barrier, where we changed horses, and had our passports *viséd*.

This pass is memorable in the annals of history, as being the principal *débouchure* from which the Turks for-

merly made their inroads into Transylvania and Hungary, and as such the protection of it was in after-times a trust of some consideration to the Austrian government, who have, to this day, a colonel stationed at the tower.

It is also celebrated for the destruction of a large Ottoman force, which, having been repulsed and pursued by the renowned Hungarian chief, Mathias Corvinus, crowded together in such numbers at this particular spot, that the ramparts giving way, overwhelmed the multitudes that were assembled both above and below the battlements, and either buried them under its ruins, or precipitated them into the river beneath.

The guards of this tower had once (in 1747,) to contend with a formidable body of invaders that attempted an ingress to the Transylvanian territory, and strange as it may appear, employed both musquetry and round shot with little advantage against their numbers—these were no other than locusts, whose swarms were of such magni-



tude and density, that nothing could stop their flight.

Continuing our route, we followed the course of the compressed valley, whose rich sides are adorned with overhanging wood and crag, where the road, undulating with a gentle variation, overlooks the right bank, and corresponds with the sinuosities of the river, which flows impatiently between the mountains. We passed a small bridge over a stream, and soon after under the ruins of a tower and wall in a narrow part, evidently intended as an advanced post, and probably that of the Templars in former times; and then crossing a torrent, that rushes down a ravine from the right, over a bridge of masonry, near which is a small inn, we reached, after a journey, on the whole, of about four or five hours, the *Contumaz*, or Quarantine station, romantically situated on the Aluta, and embosomed in mountains.

This Lazaretto is composed chiefly of a barrack, a chapel, and some dwelling houses on one side of the road; and the director's quarters, a few detached buildings within enclosures, and large magazines for the performance of quarantine on the other side; and has an establishment both civil and military for its management.

As it was necessary to send on to the post beyond for horses, those that had brought us hither, for evident reasons, not being allowed to pass the boundary, we were constrained, from the lateness of the evening, to remain, particularly as it was intimated, that from the badness of the roads, it would require a considerable time to reach the next station. With the intention, therefore, of halting for the night, we returned to the little inn by the bridge, and there received the visits of the director, a civil little man, who had passed five and twenty or thirty years of his life in this remote corner of the world, and the officer commanding the detachment, who very kindly gave us a guard for our carriage and baggage.

The inn was merely a *cabaret*, the entrance room filled with volumes of smoke, was occupied by some ruffian-like looking fellows carousing at a table, and clad in sheepskins and rags, that accorded well with the reckless

ferocity of their countenances, the wild and savage appearance of their forms, and the general character of the group that was assembled.

In the absence of mine host," who had gone to a neighbouring market for provisions, no coffee or eatables were to be procured, but we succeeded in obtaining a room to ourselves, where two sheets placed on the beds in the English fashion, and soap, so seldom met with in Germany, as a necessary accompaniment to the washing apparatus, formed the peculiar features of novelty.

We left our uncomfortable beds before day-light, at which time it was expected the horses would have arrived; and after taking some coffee, we looked to the condition of our pistols and swords, a precaution necessary on many frontiers, but more particularly on such as we were in the act of traversing, where uncivilized barbarians, professing the faith either of Christ or Mahomed, as best suits them for the moment, encouraged by the laxity or want of laws, and secure in their wild mountain fastnesses, not only commit depredations upon the passing traveller, or murder him with impunity, but in their marauding excursions carry off the families and children of the peasant and peaceable inhabitant for the purposes of traffic and slavery. Having well armed ourselves, we waited an hour or two in suspense, and then determined to walk on and allow the servant and carriage to overtake us.

The morning was beautiful; the balmy breath of nature diffused a delicious fragrance around, and we felt that indescribable freshness and elasticity in the atmosphere which is at once both invigorating to the animal frame and exhilarating to the spirits. The light mists gradually rising and passing away, exposed in succession the upland pasturages, the clothed crests, and the denuded summits of these Alps, until the tranquil firmament appeared the sole canopy of the valley, while the rosy fingers of morn touched the outline of the woods, the projecting peaks and fantastic crags of the mountains, and the dew-drop shone brilliantly upon the nearer verdure that shaded their luxuriant sides.

Re-crossing the bridge, we went through the *Contumaz*, and after cast-

ing a look of pity on the poor devils at the grating of their prisons, little thinking that ere long I should be in the identical plight, we ascended a bank and passed the lone burial place of this little secluded world, where the moist earth of a newly made grave marked the spot in which some unknown traveller, carried suddenly off by contagion, had recently been deposited by stranger's hands, far from his kindred and his home.

The river and the road, alone occupying the bottom of the valley, still pursued their course together; the former, now restless and noisy, foamed against the rocks that had detached themselves from the cliff above, and presented a partial obstruction to the progress of its stream, and then, gliding quietly over a bed of pebbles and sand, in which a portion of mica, quartz, and even gold dust, from the natural character of the strata, were mixed, sparkled and glittered with the beams of the sun; the latter, smooth, but varied with gentle swells, was delightfully shaded by the graceful foliage of the acacia and mountain ash.

A small shed, beside a rill from one of the watercourses on the opposite bank of the river, points out the boundary on that side between Transylvania and Wallachia; and we soon reached the advanced post of the Austrians, situate on the very verge of their territory, and within a mile of the *Contumaz* station.

#### FRONTIER OF WALLACHIA.

The situation we were now in, resembling localities that I have seen in the mountains of Ireland and Wales, was one of the most perfect retirement, and, had it not been for the remarkable appearance of a merchant and his attendant in the oriental dress, who were waiting the arrival of wares at a small cottage, beside which stood a huge cross, I could scarcely have persuaded myself of my geographical position, so far distant from the British Isles, and within the precincts of the Ottoman empire; but the form and construction of the hut, and the costumes of the figures above described, objects at once striking and novel, immediately reminded me that we had

There were also cabins containing peasants, and enclosures with cattle performing quarantine; and the whole was protected by a subaltern's party, whose barrack or guard-room was perched on an eminence overlooking them. In ordinary times, when the plague is not very bad, a fair is held twice a week at this place, and quantities of cattle from the interior of Wallachia, are brought by the peasants for sale, and purchased by the Transylvanians. The parties stand on opposite sides of a barrier, and when the bargain is completed, both the cattle and the money undergo the process of purification, on being transferred from one person to another; the former through water, the latter through vinegar. But this morn't, we were told, had been of late discontinued, in consequence of an order from the Russian government, who had a chain of Cossacks stationed along the frontier, on purpose to stop the export of live stock and provisions from the principalities.

The horses coming from Kinen, the first post, had only just made their appearance, so that, after visiting the officer's quarters, and having our passports *viséed*, we crossed the mountain torrent, which, flowing down a ravine immediately beside the station, separates the limits of the two sovereignties, and by means of a single plank over the stream, we entered the Turkish dominions.

entered a foreign land, and one not only differing in many respects from Britain, but also dissimilar in language, manners, and political institutions to that which we had more recently quitted.

No opportunity was afforded of ascertaining on what occasion the cross was erected in the situation above mentioned; probably, in this instance, merely to shew the boundary; but similar crosses are by no means uncommon along the public ways in Wallachia; they are seen sometimes singly and sometimes in number together, and are generally placed by the hands of devotion in fulfilment of a vow, to point out the spot of some murder or accidental

death, and often to prevent the effects of vampyrism from the dead, a superstition very common amongst the natives in this part of the world.

These crosses, ten or twelve feet high, are of a very peculiar construction, resembling much those met with in Ireland, at Clonmacnoise, and other ancient sepulchral places, with this exception, that the former are of wood, with inscriptions in the Sclavonic Greek character, whereas the latter are invariably of stone.

We waited until near seven o'clock in the hut, before the little *wagen* with eight horses, two postilions, and attended by four other men, came up. It was ridiculous to see so small a vehicle drawn by a long line of animals, yoked in pairs, and escorted by men on foot, who accompanied for the purpose of supporting and balancing the carriage in the difficult passes of the mountain, and who eventually proved of great service, for with the Austrian territory the road may be said to end.

We got into the carriage, and, still following the direction of the Aluta, along a most rugged tract, ascended a little and came to one of the most magnificent defiles, and, at the same time, one of the most dangerous passes I ever beheld. Obstructed by large stones the road became so bad that we were obliged to get out and walk, and the men to lift and balance the vehicle as it passed over the uneven parts, or it must inevitably have been upset into the abyss below, and dashed to atoms.

The river being now compressed between the two mountains became furious, and roared and foamed in silver surges amid the rocks with a savage grandeur; the road sometimes skirted the verge of a precipice overhanging the torrent, and sometimes descending, ran along the base of the mountain sprinkled by the spray of the waters, and overhung by crags that threatened destruction to the passenger: now it would pass over a chasm by a rudely constructed bridge of half rotten timbers protruding partially from the rock, and then go along the back of one of those gentle swellings of bright green sward decked with the sweetest herbage, that are occasionally met with in such situations.

In the loftier ranges where, "ac-

cessible to none but feathered passengers of air," the rocks reared high their craggy heads, they appeared to bear the characteristics of granite, but lower down and generally, the masses were chiefly composed of argillaceous slate, with quartz thinly scattered in the strata.

Ever varying to the eye in hue, and outline, and form, these rude productions of nature lifted their stern fronts and peaked ridges from the midst of dark patches of pine, and woods of oak, beech, birch, alder, poplar, and thickets of the most fragrant shrubs;—while from their superficies and clefts, disporting their tendrils in the wind, peeped the rarest of wild flowers and plants, amongst which the delicate blossoms of the white saxifrage shone the most conspicuous.

Further on, the flank of the mountain, rich with the glowing beams of the sun, terminated with wood gently sweeping down its sloping sides, until the wide spreading arms of the beech dipt in the waters below, and opposite, in deep shadow, it presented a scarped aspect with stupendous masses projecting even beyond their base, and frowning over a gulf where rocks, and stems, and roots of trees formed amid the roar of waters a frightful chaos beneath.

But the whole scene was one of beauty, and at once both wild and picturesque; the weather was warm and sunny—there was not a cloud to be seen; a few light fleecy vapours only were playing about the highest pinnacles, and all nature seemed contented and happy. The grasshopper chirped from the bank, the snake and lizard basked in the road, or rustled within the coppice on the approach of the passenger; the birds caroled from the branches, the wild deer looked down upon us from his covert, and the proud eagle, deserting his eyrie, was soaring aloft and wheeling in broad and sweeping circles in the air. Our group of attendants too, their costume, manners, and language, contributed not a little to give animation and novelty to the surrounding scenery.

The postboys flourished round their heads their short handled whips, and cracked them with the greatest dexterity, whistling and uttering the most piercing shouts, which were

taken up by one from the other, and then prolonged for a considerable time until the mountains rang again and seemed peopled by their echoes.

As we had long quitted the carriage, for a few minutes soon satisfied us of the impossibility of riding without discomfort and even danger, we scrambled along on foot, and from the heat and pace we were obliged to proceed, began to feel a little wearied, when close to a hut, occupied by four cossacks of the Russian army, forming the advanced post of the chain, we found, with great joy, some saddle-horses waiting our arrival, which the chief of the nearest village, hearing of our coming, and being aware of

the badness of the roads, had sent for our accommodation.

Delighted at the opportunity of getting on horseback, I gladly mounted a fine active little animal, caparisoned with a Turkish bridle and stirrups and a cossack saddle, that carried me over the rugged paths of the mountain with the surefootedness of a mule, and the firmness and ease of a Yorkshire hunter. Leaving the carriage to follow, we gradually descended the valley in front of some field-works on an eminence that enfiladed the road; and taking a direction a little to the left reached, about half-past nine o'clock, the village of Kinen.

#### KINEN—THE BOYAR STERIOPOULO.

This little village, the first on the frontier, is prettily situated in a hollow, like that of the *Contumaz*; and upon the same river, which here flows less violently with a broader stream. It was now occupied by a party of cossacks, whose arms and pikes were placed in front of their quarters at the entrance, whence the captain came out to speak to us and examine our passports. The chief of the place, to whom I had a letter from a friend at Hermanstadt, was a Greek, named Giorgio Steriopoulo, a *Medchitzari* or *Boyar* of Wallachia, and *Vatof* or Chief of Kinen, of which he was also the proprietor. He was a portly personage with grey hair and beard, possessed a courteous suavity of manner, and was dressed in the Oriental costume. His principal residence was at Bucharest;—but to avoid the Russians and the plague, he had wisely removed to his little jurisdiction, and was, in preference to his palace, now occupying a small hut, where he considered himself alike secure from the vexations of a foreign power, and the horrors of contagion.

The Boyar Steriopoulo came out to receive us with eastern ceremony, and conducted us into a very clean and neat room, furnished in the Turkish style, with a divan or platform spread with carpets and cushions, and decorated with his *tophaïke*, *yata-gan*, scymetar, pistols, and other arms arranged along the walls. The objects around, the costumes and manners of those about us, made me feel

as if I had at once stepped into Asia. My first impulse on entering the apartment was, as usual, to displace my hat, but wishing to observe all due courtesy towards my host, after his own fashion, and being aware that the wearer of a turban considers it a mark of disrespect to appear with the head uncovered, I kept it on: such, however, was the force of habit that, every now and then I found I could scarcely refrain from taking it off, at the time civilities were being offered me.

During the repast with which we were afterwards regaled, each individual article of refreshment, on being brought in by an attendant, was handed to the prince and myself, by our host in person, while a boy was employed solely to flap away the flies from us during the entertainment. Chocolate, delightfully flavoured and scented with the rose, in beautiful china cups, was the first thing offered to us on our arrival; we were next, after a short pause, presented with the most delicious cordial I ever tasted, highly spiced, and strongly perfumed and flavoured: then eggs, fish, cheese with bread and butter, soup, ragout, omelette, and meats, accompanied with wine of a superior quality, were placed in succession before us; and a very nice Turkish conserve, delicately flavoured, and scented *à la rose*, finished the repast.

It will not be doubted that we opened our eyes with agreeable astonishment, as the several objects of

the Vatoſ's hospitality made their appearance, marvelling that in so secluded a spot, such dainties could be found; and when afterwards the Boyar displayed his hoard of ducats, and piastres, to explain the value of the different coins in the principalities, I was half inclined to believe myself under a delusion, and to fancy I was dreaming of some story in the Arabian Nights.

The Vatoſ had the character of a severe master; he spoke a little German, and had, independently, an interpreter, whom he had pressed into his service, and who conversed with us in French, but seemed little attached to his chief's interest, for he very frankly cautioned us not to be too credulous. Being about to decline making a further use of the riding horses, we were persuaded by the *dragoman* not to refuse them. "O take them on," said he, "you will find them of service, for the roads are abominable in his district, and he considers it politic to be in favour with the Russians." And when the noble, wishing to pay a compliment, said, that hearing of our expected arrival from Hermanstadt, he had delayed his departure to some place on purpose to receive us in person, the interpreter flatly told us it was a lie, and not to believe him, for he had never contemplated removing from Kinen.

However artificial the complimentary and extravagant language of the Medelnitzari may have been, and such is but too often the parlance of the polished world, we found him in reality, civil and hospitable; he insisted on his horses and men proceeding with us for two posts further to the bounds of his jurisdiction; and when about to depart, accompanied us on foot to the ferry, crossed over with us to the opposite bank, and there with embraces, bid us farewell, entreating of us, at the same time, to represent him favourably to the governor of the principalities, with whom he supposed my friend, prince M——, as a Russian, had some influence.

The Aluta, which is here passed by means of a large ferryboat, is, like most of the rivers of these regions, auriferous. It rises on the western side of the Krapacks, that separate Transylvania from Moldavia, and after

flowing near their base and conforming to their circular direction, takes a southerly course not far from Hermanstadt, and forces its way through the mountains at *Rother Thurm*:—hence it seems to take the name of the *All*, and running still south through Wallachia, receives numberless tributary streams, and eventually empties itself into the Danube near Nicopolis.

It was about half-past twelve or one o'clock, when, after a halt of nearly three hours, we mounted the horses to pursue our journey amid majestic scenery, and were followed by the *wagen* and escort as before.—Leaving the little village smiling in the lap of mountains, we commenced our ascent soon after quitting the bank of the river; and then by a succession of ups and downs at a slow pace over an abominable track, we passed one or two hamlets; after which, bidding adieu to the waters of the *All*, we inclined to the east and descended into a gloomy valley occupied by a broad torrent; whose ravages were visible from the fragments of rock, and trunks and roots of trees, scattered in our way along its bed, a part of which now served us for a road.

While picking our way with difficulty by this rugged path, the sky became overshadowed, and a low distant murmuring warned us of the approach of one of those violent thunder-storms that are by no means uncommon in southern climates. We were soon in comparative darkness and a heavy perpendicular rain, accompanied by deep rolling thunder and vivid lightning, drenched us in an instant. We continued amid this confusion of elements to seek the head of the valley, in doing which no alternative was left but to go through the water-courses and cascades that dashed down its sides, and which were soon considerably swollen by the rains. It was not a little surprising how the horses kept their feet, for we were in momentary expectation of seeing them and ourselves carried away by the rush of waters, and the masses that were occasionally borne down by the torrents; but the noble animals seemed accustomed to it; they wisely presented their chests to the force of the stream, and felt that their footing

was secure, before they attempted to lift up their legs to take another step. As for the carriage, I never expected to see it again, except in pieces.

Quitting this valley, we ascended in rain over some open land overlooking to our left-front another valley with a few *châlets* and habitations on that side of the mountain, bearing a westerly aspect which bounded it, and leaving this vale again to our left, we soon reached the summit of some high pasture land.

Here the severity of the storm induced us to pause a little, for it was with difficulty we could keep our seats upon the horses, and hoping from appearances that the tempest would soon subside, we, without dismounting, took shelter to the leeward of a small hut on the most exposed part. From this high altitude we beheld a sight so full of grandeur and sublimity, that wet through and chilled as I was, I could not but forget for a while the discomfort of my situation.

Nitrous folds of black clouds, after gathering in the west, came rolling onwards in rapid succession, and discharged their aqueous contents in a deluge over our heads; while the winds howled, and the lightnings flashed around, and the loud, roaring thunders broke upon us, and were echoed with tenfold reverberations from the neighbouring mountains.

At length the whole scene changed—the clouds and mists rolled away—the winds and rain abated—a blue firmament, with a warm, glowing sun shone upon us, and a most magnificent picture of Alpine scenery presented itself to our view.

Already in a very elevated region, we found ourselves on an imperfect *plateau* of considerable area, surrounded by summits of gigantic mountains both below and above us.—Many of these, with their snowy tops and glaciers of a bluish transparen-

cy, glistened proudly in the skies, while the pine-clad crests, and denuded peaks of some, and the craggy heads of others, partially hid from us the forms and dimensions of their more distant brethren.

Lower down were fine pasturages with solitary *châlets*, large forests with dark, thick plantations of fir, and peaceful valleys; and to the left lay a small hamlet, (Bazchora) composed of a few scattered habitations.

All being calm and fine again, we determined to go on to the village of Titest, and there await the arrival of news respecting our carriage, which, it was apprehended, must have been broken to atoms; accordingly we proceeded leisurely along, steaming away at a great rate, under the regular process of evaporation from the heat of the sun upon our wet garments. A trifling descent and a short time brought us to the miserable village of Titest, which afforded no accommodation, and where the only thing we could procure was some ardent spirits of an inferior quality.

The *wagon* at length, dragged along by main force, made its appearance, but as we anticipated, so fractured as to be incapable of carrying any person with safety; we therefore again left it in charge of the servant, with directions to follow as well as he could, and continuing our route on horseback, ascended the upland ridge, and presently reached what I supposed to be the highest point of the gorge, across which the road passes between Hermanstadt to Bucharest.

Descending from this, we passed a detached hut or two, and then arrived at the post of Prepora, consisting merely of a couple of cabins and a sort of caravanserai, or high, open wooden building, with a roof for the convenience of travellers.

#### PREPORA.

The little vale of Prepora, in which we halted for about two hours, is apparently one of the most delightful seclusion; it is in the very heart of the Carpathians, and not only beautiful and romantic within itself, being prettily diversified and clothed with

a variety of trees in all the wild luxuriance of nature, but it is likewise encompassed by scenery of the most majestic description.

A stream of the purest water, descending from an eminence, by which the spot is sheltered, and interrupted

in its regular course by masses of granite, now brawled over rocks, and now shaded by the light foliage of the beech and ash, and winding amidst brake and brier, gurgled over a smooth bed of pebbles round the foot of a green bank of the most delicate herbage, upon which the few huts that constitute the post station were placed. On one side, the dark pines of the forest, covering the declivity that protects the little valley from the north-east, reared their lofty heads to the sky; and on another towards the south, but ~~are~~ removed, the bold crags of the steep Kosay thickly clothed with wood, partly in shadow and partly lit up by the golden beams of the sun, presented a rich and lovely aspect; while in the distance to the westward, the eye rested on the snowy tops of mountains, varying in outline and sparkling with glaciers, reflecting a diversity of the most transparent hues.

In fact, the situation and scenery around was such as would have satisfied the most fastidious admirer of the picturesque, and in a civilized country, instead of being the haunt of the wild beast and the robber, might well be sought for as a retreat by the cultivated mind.

The *wagen* having been repaired in a temporary manner with cords, &c., we ventured to enter it, and with fresh horses left this beautiful seclusion about half past five o'clock, p. m. accompanied also; as a measure of precaution, by Steriopoulo's horses and people, which soon proved to have been necessary, for we had proceeded but a very short distance, before bad roads and another fracture obliged us to quit the carriage and take to the horses again. We wound round the base of the mountain to the left, leaving the picturesque crags varied with innumerable tints on the other hand, and traversed a forest, ascending and descending over a road sometimes steep and rugged, and sometimes formed for the space of four or five hundred yards together with the trunks of trees laid close to each other. This contrivance for the construction of a road is not uncommon in mountainous, woody, or marshy districts, and from the circumstance of the round timbers presenting a succession of furrows, must

be, as one may well imagine, not only trying to steel springs, but also productive of a disagreeable motion to the traveller, either on horseback or in a carriage.

In some places we had to cross streams of considerable magnitude over rude bridges formed after the manner of the roads above described, with here and there a broken beam, and gaps large enough for the horse's legs to slip through; in others it became necessary, for want of even this accommodation, to wade through the torrents themselves; and often our ingenuity was exercised to enable us to pass certain chasms and parts occupied by fragments of rock or trees that had been scathed by the lightnings, and scattered across our track.

The trees of the forests and woods were oak, ash, beech, birch, alder, and poplar, and upon the upper parts pine: amongst these the bear, the wolf, and the wild boar had their lairs, and not unfrequently crossed the path of the passenger who happened to be journeying through their demesne. We saw at a distance one or two of the last; and a wolf darting from a ravine on his way from the higher ranges of the mountain, passed so near us that I was tempted to draw my pistol, but his motions were too rapid for me, and he disappeared instantaneously in the gloom of the forest and eluded all pursuit.

Rills of limpid water, and cascades were seen in abundance; in many spots, fountains arranged by kind hands, with grooved sticks projecting from the rock to convey the pure element to his parched lips, invited the traveller to drink.

About midway between the posts, in a lone situation, we halted at a small solitary cabaret, and gave the postilions some of the miserable wine of the country; and after traversing for some time with a gradual descent, scenery of the above description, took a winding direction to the right, and moved down into a valley which opening by degrees, led us to the village and post of Salatrch, on the bank of a stream, whence its chief came out on horseback to receive us, and where we arrived about eight o'clock in the evening.

## SALATROCH.

Often, while *en route* through Bavaria, Austria, and Hungary, when I failed to obtain tolerably decent accommodations in a place where it was reasonable to expect them, I confess I felt a little disappointment, but when in a situation that did not warrant the expectation of anything extraordinary, I was perfectly reconciled to discomfort in whatever shape it might present itself. At these times, instead of venturing into probably a dirty bed, I usually substituted a long table, or a couple of benches, which, after being well wiped, were rendered less liable to the access of vermin, by being placed in an isolated situation in the middle of the room; and one or other of these, with my cloak for coverlet, formed my place of repose during the night. However, on entering Wallachia, I gave up all idea whatsoever of comfort, and particularly of a regular bed, and when I could manage in the manner above described, considered myself in comparative luxury. Indeed, the traveller who, during a long, weary journey in these countries, consoles himself for present privations with the anticipation of finding good cheer and comfortable repose in an inn at the termination of a day's march, will be much deceived; for, should he meet with a *cabaret* of any description on the road, he may probably find therein neither victuals nor bed. In the present instance, however, we were in some degree fortunate; for the Vatof of Salatroch had made a few preparations for our reception; which, though rendered partially abortive by an unexpected incident, were, nevertheless, of a nature that tired travellers would be happy to avail themselves of in such a country.

The chief, who was not a man of the consequence and wealth of Steriopoulo, nor did his manners bear that polish which distinguished the latter, conducted us, on arrival, to a small hut consisting of one room only, that was newly plastered with mud in the interior—had a fire-place—was lit by an opening in the side—and furnished with a divan, occupying nearly half the apartment, on which was spread a shaggy rug, that served us for sofa and bed.

He sat himself down on the divan, and appeared to give directions about something to his servants, from which it was evident, a second repast was in preparation for us; in fact, everything indicated that the preliminary ceremony to one was about to commence, and we congratulated ourselves in the anticipation of an excellent supper.

The appearance of a tray seemed to confirm our hopes, and some rose-scented marmalade and spring water were now presented to us by the host, and already drew forth our praises on his hospitality. As I had seen done elsewhere, I took a teaspoon full of the preserve in my mouth, and then a draft of the pure element; upon which the Vatof came forward and bowed, repeating at the same time something which I construed into a compliment, welcoming our arrival, and an equivalent to "much good may it do you!" I likewise bowed and smiled, muttered a reply, as if I perfectly well understood him, and we resumed our seats again.

The Prince and the Vatof afterwards, with due formality, went also through the same ceremony, and the latter continued conversing with us, through the medium of an interpreter,—apologizing for the badness of the accommodation, and giving orders, as we supposed, relative to the supper—when, suddenly, the cracking of postilions' whips, and a bustle without, announced the arrival of a Major of cossacks, and another officer from Bucharest, on their way to visit the outposts on the frontier.

The poor Vatof seemed frightened; they were instantly in the room, and notified their intention of taking up their quarters at his dwelling, which we afterwards found was a very commodious one, adjoining our hut, the latter being in reality merely the post-house.

After remaining about twenty minutes with us, the officers disappeared, and with them the Vatof, leaving us alone, and in quiet expectation of our anticipated meal.

We waited, and continued to wait with anxiety for some time; it was growing late, and, wearied from our journey, we wished to be at rest,



but did not like to give up a supper which, from the length of time it apparently took to prepare, increased our curiosity, and contributed considerably to sharpen our appetites.

The noise and stir which had been going on without, gradually diminished, and at length totally ceasing, left us in a state of the most irritable excitement—and then, the whole secret came out. Part of a kid, with other dainties, were absolutely cooked for us, but fear and embarrassment operated so strongly on the chief, that he was induced to transfer his good cheer to the cossack officers. Ashamed to make his appearance again, we were relieved from further empty ceremonies and the presence of our host; who, however, sent us, though late at night, coffee, and some of the remnants of the repast.

Fortunately, we had made one good meal during the day; we felt not, therefore, to that degree, the disappointment and mortification which, but for Steriopoulo's hospitality in the morning, we should have done; and, throwing our cloaks over us, we resigned ourselves to sleep, and the mercy of the fleas, with which the place abounded.

The Vatoſ's rug was so peopled with animals that it was impossible to sleep much, and the first rays of the sun were just chasing away the fleecy clouds that lingered on the mountain tops, as we arose from the divan, and shook off the vermin from our garments. A due precaution had been taken to have the *wagen* properly examined—it had suffered much, but, considering the ground we encountered, it is surprising that the machine was not rendered altogether unserviceable. I despaired of its further utility, but the blacksmith of the village patched it up and encouraged us with the prospect of better roads after the next stage.

Having dismissed with presents Steriopoulo's people, we started from Salatroch about half past five in the morning, with eight horses as usual, and men on foot to support the carriage.

The village is a small one consist-

ing of a few scattered habitations, of which the Vatoſ's is, as may be expected, the most considerable, though differing little apparently from the rest in its construction.

The chief came to the door only, and now bowed when he saw us fairly *en route*; but made no attempts to explain away his sudden oblivion of us on the preceding evening.

The purity and bracing quality of the morning air of these high regions refreshed us more than our night's repose, and we continued our journey along the valley, which by degrees widens, and crossed the river Topologu to its left bank. Proceeding forward, on the same side of the stream with ourselves, but rather retired from it, appeared a village (Kreseni) and looking to the right the mountains seemed to have decreased in size.

Quitting this valley we inclined off in a direction rather to the eastward, going up and down and over wood-formed roads, though not quite so bad as those of yesterday; and after a while, reached an elevation where we halted at a small public house near a church and some cottages, which from my map I supposed to be the village of Soida, to refresh the horses and give wine to the post-boys.

We were now on the summit of a ridge between the valley of Salatroch, which we had just left, and that of Argisch, which we were overlooking, with the town of Kurte Argisch in our view, very prettily situated at the base of a hill in the distance; and our position was not very far from the town of Rimnick, bearing about south-west from us, where, in 1821, soon after the breaking out of the Greek revolution, the gallant Ypsilantis with the sacred band and a small force, was opposed to and eventually conquered by Turks of double the number.

The more frequent appearance of cultivation on the slopes of the hills and vallies reminded us that we had in some degree quitted the higher regions, and on turning round, the mountains looked like a gigantic barrier behind us.

## KURTE ARGISCH.

Descending into the valley of Argisch, which gradually expands, we followed the course of the river, sometimes along its bed, and sometimes traversing it with the water actually running into the carriage; but instead of going into the town, which is on the left bank of the stream here forming a curve, we kept on the opposite side, and leaving it to our left hand arrived at the post station about ten o'clock.

Kurte Argisch, embellished with handsome convents and religious edifices, is a town of some antiquity, being founded by the chief Rhodolphus Niger, whose bones repose in one of the churches, and was once the resort of the nobility of this province.

Situated near the river, it is overlooked by an eminence crowned with a ruin, and stretches along the declivity of a hill, beautifully clothed with wood, and diversified with gardens and orchards; and from the post-house, distant within a mile, presents a most picturesque appearance.

The carriage, à l'ordinaire, had a screw loose, and while it was under the hands of some gipsies, we opened our store of provisions, which, although stale, our appetites enabled us to relish. These were increased by a

present of mountain curds, or cheese sewed up in the bark of the smaller branches of pine, which the Vato of Kinen had, unknown to us, very kindly ordered to be put amongst our stock, and which, at this moment, proved doubly acceptable.

Our delay did not exceed much more than half an hour; here we dismissed our foot attendants, and, with eight fresh horses, resumed our journey by fording again in the first instance the river, and then proceeding, for some distance, along its left bank under the western side of the heights that overlook Kurte Argisch.

After traversing some open ground waving in a trifling degree with inequalities of surface, we passed a *caravanseraï*, where three or four turbaned travellers were reposing à la Turque on their carpets in the open air, while their horses were picketted and feeding by their sides. The horses of another party belonging to a *wagen*, were feeding in a manner which is remarkable, and which is also common in Hungary and Transylvania; the forage is placed in a large sheet, which, being unrolled, is suspended and spread over the pole of the vehicle, and the animals standing round, feed together from the same supply.

## AMANICEST.

We now bade adieu to the bad mountain roads; the valley regularly opened out as we advanced, and we galloped over an uninterrupted, unenclosed, and uncultivated country, to the station of Amanicest, on a gentle declivity, consisting merely of a hut and enclosure, where we arrived about twelve o'clock.

Between Kurte Argisch and Amanicest we met one or two travelling parties in *wagens* as well as on horseback, and while at the latter place, had an opportunity of witnessing the arrival of a Tartar with despatches in the ordinary posting machine of the country.

In about half an hour after our arrival the horses were attached by their miserable tackling of string, and we were off along the valley of Argisch, over a vast heath covered with low brushwood, sloe bushes, &c.; and having no defined road, but

tracks, very similar to those on an English common. The river was again crossed to its right bank, over a partially decayed wooden bridge, which, breaking in part, as we were going over, almost let one of the horses through, and very nearly upset us; and, scarcely escaped from this accident, when, galloping at a great rate over a good piece of turf, the linchpin came out of one of the wheels; but was fortunately discovered in time.

The valley continued to widen and become more inhabited as we were whirled along it, and the cultivation on the hills to increase; we passed a fine church, and gentleman's seat, (Borlasti,) and soon after another church of Greek Catholics; and then, in a short time, going over a road formed absolutely by wattles, arrived at the town and post of Pitesti, at two o'clock p. m.

## PITESTI.

On reaching Pitesti, situated at the feet of the mountains, the traveller, though he must regret bidding farewell to scenery of the most picturesque and majestic appearance, may fairly congratulate himself on having accomplished the passage of the *Rother Thurm* defile, measuring in length about eighty miles, and on his having entered the immense steppe of Wallachia, which, presenting an inclination to the south, extends hence with comparatively trifling undulation to the Danube.

The distance across the highest part of the Carpathian chain from Kinen to Salatroch, may perhaps be computed at from twenty to twenty-five miles; the lower ranges are from Kinen to beyond *Rother Thurm* on the north, and from Salatroch to Pitesti on the south side. The former is shorter and more abrupt; the latter longer and more gradual in inclination.

The town of Pitesti is of a very moderate extent, and the houses, with the exception of a few belonging to the boyars, are, for the most part, small and mean looking. The streets are partly wattled and partly boarded with large planks laid across them. The shops in one quarter, forming a sort of bazar, were without windows; and the shutters being raised up, presented a sort of arcade or awning in front, under which the passengers walked; but the whole was dirty, narrow, and miserable. The goods in the booths were covered with dust and dirt, and the black mud splashed up between the wattles and beams, and overflowed the streets.

The peculiar features of the towns—the manners and dress of the inhabitants now forcibly engage the attention of the stranger coming from the north. Throughout the whole line of a journey across the continent, are seen, with but partial exceptions, the same general appearances; the same style of buildings, the same sort of people; men with hats and coats, and women with petticoats and caps; but on entering Wallachia, and here, in particular, the change is remarkable; the hat and coat occasionally give place to the calpac or turban, and caftan, and there is an evident approximation to the costumes and habits of the East.

While on my tour of *reconnaissance* through the place, I observed some poor half-starved looking people belonging to the class of tradesfolk, who dress in the Greek and Turkish costumes, preparing furs and skins, which appeared one of the principal occupations of the inhabitants.

Many long-legged storks, a species of bird much caressed in these parts, were parading about in the court-yards of the boyars, and even in the public ways. A fellow with a dancing-bear and monkeys, was in one spot exhibiting to a set of squalid creatures; and, in another, a group of gipsies, in a state of the most abject wretchedness, and nearly naked, were huddled together basking in the rays of the sun, and disengaging the vermin from the persons of each other.

Seeing a kind of *café* with a billiard table, I walked in and had some coffee prepared in the Turkish style, with the addition of sugar, but as the landlord spoke nothing but Wallachian, I could obtain little information from him, although now and then a word was intelligible from its resemblance to the Latin and Italian, with which that language has a great affinity.

I believe there is an inn in the town; not wishing to delay, we did not go to it, but preferred partaking of some potage and caviare which we found the postmaster eating in a small room, where the letters were strewed about in all directions, at the mercy of any comer.

We started from Pitesti about a quarter before four o'clock, p. m., and, immediately after leaving the town, crossed two or three arms of the Argisch over a long wooden bridge of the same construction as formerly.

The mountains may here be said to terminate, for, after a while, scarcely any appeared to the right, and those on the left, lessening into hills, became smaller, and were clothed with vineyards, now observable for the first time; and gradually advancing into the plain, we retired from the wooded knolls and eminences, which were succeeded by occasional cultivation and habitations.

The condition of the public ways,

in the immediate vicinity of which it is not usual to see cultivation to any extent, was found to depend here, as well as on the other sides of the Carpathians, completely on the previous state of the weather; for if the latter

had been dry and hot, they were dusty and disagreeable, and if much rain had fallen, they immediately become deluged, slippery, and almost impassable from sloughs.

#### KIRCHENOFF.

We passed *en route* one or two villages; the hills on the right soon seemed inconsiderable, and entering a dreary steppe-like tract of country, we galloped to the solitary post of Kirchenhoff, which was reached about half past five in the evening, and where the relay was taken from a number of horses loose, and running about in a barn of large dimensions.

On leaving Kirchenoff we crossed a river, and proceeded in the direction of the above hills, which were beginning to diminish materially,—then gradually lost sight of them; and after approaching again, for an instant, the right bank of the Argisch,

in a spot where it winds considerably, we continued our way along a vast plain covered with sloe bushes and wild bramble; sometimes meeting with very small patches of maize, tobacco, &c., and seeing now and then, distant villages and habitations to the right and left of us.

The district, which it now became necessary to traverse, was a dreary tract of a darkish soil, presenting inequalities of surface covered with much brier and furze, and abounding in hollows filled with mud and water, through which, regardless of the splashing, the postilions dashed at a furious rate.

#### GOEST.

Ere long we skirted the village of Goest, surrounded by swamps, and passed close to some of its wretched hovels in the earth with the roofs only visible above ground. Though this place is the regular post, communication with it was cut off in consequence of the plague having shewn itself among the inhabitants, who, considering the situation of their dwellings being always enveloped in *mal aria*, cannot, it may be supposed, at any time enjoy the blessing of uninterrupted health.

At the post hut, a little beyond the village, which we came to about a quarter past eight o'clock in the evening, I was much amused, and in truth a little annoyed at first, to see the superintendant treat us as persons under suspicion of infection. The vagabond instead of taking the ticket in the usual manner, kept at a distance, and presented us a long stick with a slit at the end of it to hold the paper, and then regularly fumigated it over a fire before he would touch it with his fingers.

In about a quarter of an hour fresh horses were attached, and we continued our route over the same sort

of country, which appeared still more desolate from rain, mist, and the approaching darkness. I have no idea how the postilions were guided, indeed by clear day it is difficult to say how they find their way, for in a large open plain, with trifling undulations, and intersected by numberless tracks in various directions, there is apparently nothing to lead them, unless it be the occasional wooden crosses, to which, allusion has been already made.

Having no lamps, and the obscurity of the night increasing, we at length went astray, and the postboys becoming confused, acknowledged they did not know how to proceed—what then was to be done? Surrounded by darkness, we were in a lone and unknown steppe, with the winds whistling, and the clouds and rain sweeping by us. The only thing, and by the bye the most natural, that suggested itself, was to remain stationary until the approach of day, and I accordingly directed the postilions to dismount, and the servant to keep a good look out, while the Prince and myself wrapped our cloaks more comfortably round us, closed the leather

curtains of the *wagen*, and settled ourselves quietly to take a nap.

Sleep had hardly shut our eyes, when we were gently awakened by Laurent the servant, who whispered that he heard the snorting of horses and other sounds, which led him to believe some persons were not very far from us, independently of which, a light suddenly appearing a little distance a-head, confirmed him in the belief that we were in the neighbourhood of robbers. Our first impulse on awakening with this intelligence, was to suppose that we were in the midst of the camp of a horde of those marauding Pandours and Arnäouts, who infest the principalities, and from their numbers and daring outrages, not unfrequently employ even the forces of the Hospodariates for their subjugation and destruction; and we instantly seized our arms, and placed ourselves in a posture of defence, but, recollecting the facility with which Laurent's fears always magnified every danger, and having also, from that circumstance, often imposed on his credulity by tales of the marvellous, we thought these apprehensions were purely the effect of his imagination; however, creeping forward to *reconnoitre*, I perceived that the light came from a group of gipsies that were sitting round a fire.

We determined to proceed to the spot, and were groping our way thither, when suddenly from the heath around, up started five or six men, making a great noise and shouting to us to stop. Positive that we had now fallen into the power of the Arnäouts, our pistols were ready, and in an instant, no less than ten loaded barrels were presented at them from the carriage and three sabres prepared to support the discharges of the fire-arms. Fortunately, and I know not how it happened, not a shot was fired, for these men turned out to be some poor peasants with bullock wains, that were bivouacked near a stunted wood for the night, and whom we had almost run over as they lay asleep upon the ground.

We pressed one of these countrymen to conduct us to the direct road, and passed the group of gipsies we had before seen from a distance. These poor wretches, in a state of almost nudity, with a cold drizzling rain falling upon them, were crouching round a fire attempting to keep themselves warm; their naked forms, swarthy complexions, dark eyes, long hair, and savage countenances, illuminated by the glowing embers, and surrounded by darkness, composed a scene well suited for canvass, but lamentable to behold in reality.

#### MARESSISSE, FLOREST, BOLENTIN, AND ARRIVAL AT BUCHAREST.

The peasant guided us for a considerable distance, after which the road became more evident, and the moon rising, lit us to the post-station of Marouch or Maresisse, where we arrived at midnight.

After the usual delay of changing, which, upon an average, occupied from a quarter to half an hour, we proceeded by moonlight along the plain, over ground waving in a slight degree, and forming pools of mud and water, as before. The night was now fine, and the huge crosses seemed to us, as between asleep and awake we passed near them, to assume most singular and grotesque appearances.

I am not an advocate for travelling at night, except under particular circumstances, such, for instance, as through an uninteresting country; over ground I have already traversed,

&c., and, of course, in cases of emergency; but in an unexplored or interesting territory, I always prefer making the journey during daylight; because, otherwise, in the first place, by delays in changing horses and going astray, as in the above case, a very considerable time is lost, and if the next, the advantages of a knowledge of the localities are unattainable; whereas, a sleep of a few hours, by affording rest and refreshment, enables one to enjoy the scenery, and to make observations free from that languor and drowsiness which usually succeed a night's travelling. However, in this instance, I yielded to the wishes of my *compagnon de voyage*, and we now went dosing on until we reached the station of Florest, under a trifling eminence close to the left bank of the Argisch, where, having changed horses about half-past three o'clock in the

morning, we continued along the heath, nodding away from sleepiness, until by passing over deep ruts, our heads were knocked against the carriage with a force sufficient to recall us to our senses; and, having crossed the small muddy river Potoch, which runs parallel for some distance with the Argisch, we were dragged through several sloughs, and came to the post of Bolentin at half-past five o'clock in the morning.

The sun had risen beautifully over the plains, and from being cold, damp, and chilly, the morning became so hot and sultry, that the ground, in some parts, from the nature of the soil, immediately dried, and produced a disagreeable dust. We made our way over irregularities between patches of underwood, bramble, and dog-rose, sometimes meeting with very large

thistles that grew to the height of six feet, and sometimes quantities of the wild wormwood plant. Crossing the Dombovitza river, we galloped along the level at a desperate rate, and soon came within sight of Bucharest, with its long line of *fauxbourgs* extending in the horizon for a considerable distance.

The sun now became exceedingly powerful; the appearance of cultivation, as usual, indicated our vicinity to a populous town; corn, though early, was already cut, and the reapers came running after us with small sheafs as offerings. We passed a drove of buffaloes, then a large building, either a convent or palace, in ruins, and reached the western outquarter of the city of Bucharest about eight o'clock.

#### LINES FOR THE EYE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MISS E. B.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O BESSIE, dinna smirk sae sweetly,  
An' turn sae naturally an' featly,  
Where that bit weary mirror hings,  
That up a lovely image brings,  
Wha's very glance is sae unbrooming,  
I wonder how ye can be looking;  
Ah, Bessie, ye're but decking gay  
A flower that soon maun fade away.

My bonny woman, wad ye think,  
How soon that bright an' glossy blink  
Maun tine its tint of vernal gladness,  
An' change its cheer for hue o' sadness;  
Ye wad think mair wi' little din,  
About the spark that burns within.

Just now ye think but o' flirtation,  
Of love an' dear, dear admiration;  
Of laces, ribbons, an' of rings,  
Of flounces, fairs, and kipping strings;  
Of leading down the envied dance,  
Or grand quadrille brent new frae France.  
But dear—dear Bessie take a view  
O' future years a very few:  
Mark the wide difference an' apply it,  
You canna do't!—sae I maun try it.

Married, of course you needs must be;  
If not, nae blame will rest wi' thee;  
Which in that mirror I can spy,  
From brightness of a liquid eye.  
Alas! a year hath scarce gone round,  
Scarce half, on that enchanted ground,  
When—what a form is yon I see,  
With face of languor sipping tea!

Wi' hoffats rather bleached-an' thin,  
 An' cheekbanes blue out through the skin.  
 'Tis really waesome like to look at  
 The very toast she's like to puke at;  
 While sickness glittens on the mien,  
 Like schoolboy's at his medicine.

I must go on frae age to age,  
 Through all your lady pilgrimage;  
 An' next I mark you pale an' weeping,  
 Above a sickly baby sleeping;  
 Whose face of clay and panting breath  
 Announce the near approach of death;  
 Yet hope still holds a vital part  
 Around the mother's aching heart.  
 The tear that rolls within the eye,  
 The cheek of sorrow never dry,  
 In moving eloquence reveal  
 What nought but parent's heart can feel.

What see I next?—The sable weed!  
 And flowing crape, where I can read  
 The heart's bereavement throbbing under  
 Nature's strong ties all rent asunder;  
 No farther earthly hope to crave,  
 No mansion but the silent grave;  
 But onward joys a glorious sum,  
 Of meeting in a world to come.

A glance beyond—And what remains!  
 Old, tottering, frailty, fears and pains;  
 Of maiden beauty, pride, and glory,  
 A woeful, sad *memento mori*.  
 The vein weak, quavering, and opprest,  
 Like infant's puling to its rest;  
 The memory vanished, past regaining,  
 The days of youth alone remaining;  
 The silly tale, like Sunday chimes,  
 Repeated o'er a thousand times;  
 The shaking head, the eye of rheum,  
 The S's whistled on the gum,  
 Announce each energy inured,  
 And childhood of the soul returned;  
 Making poor Nature's last retreat,  
 The grave, appear a dwelling meet.

Then dear—dear Bessie think a wee,  
 On what has been, and what maun be;  
 An' when you to your mirror turn,  
 Think of a future day, an' mourn;  
 An' rather than, in maiden glory,  
 Smile at the ripening form before ye,  
 Say, with a humble heart but human,  
 "Ah, who would wish to be a woman!  
 The first that sinned in virgin prime,  
 Ay—doomed to suffer for the crime!  
 While this young flush, our sex's boast,  
 Is all we have for glory lost."  
 These things, dear Bessie, call to mind,  
 Whene'er you feel your heart inclin'd  
 To vanity of beauty's bloom,  
 That flower that hastens to the tomb.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF APPARITIONS.

" ——— 'T' the name of truth ;  
Are ye fantastical, or that, in deed,  
Which outwardly ye show ?"

MR. COLERIDGE, being asked by a lady if he believed in ghosts, answered, "No, Madam. I have seen too many!" Paradoxical as this may at first sight appear, it is nevertheless good sense, and sufficiently explanatory. True it is, that the beneficial effects of modern science and modern wisdom have not been more interestingly exhibited than in explaining away old puzzling superstitions, and in accounting for the marvellous occurrence of mysterious events, by tracing them to a direct, tangible, physical cause. Chemistry, having escaped from the absurdities of its prototype, Alchemy, has opened our eyes to much wisdom, and taught us to look rather lower than the surface for the origin of our grandmothers' awful tales of ghosts and goblins—of "white spirits and black, red spirits and gray, with all their trumpery." Sir Humphrey Davy, in his pretty little book on Fly-fishing, has explained to us in a very simple manner, some abstruse points in meteorology. Thus, among others equally interesting, the reason why a red sunset, tinted with purple, portends a fine day is, that the air, when dry, refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A copper or yellow sunset usually foretels rain; but as an indication of approaching wet weather, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon. This is produced by the precipitated water, and the larger the halo, the nearer are the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall. It is lucky in spring to see *two* magpies together; because it is an indication of fine warm weather, these birds never leaving the nest together when the weather is likely to be stormy. By the converse proposition of the same rule, *one* magpie is indicative of bad weather.

To approach nearer our present subject, we can now readily account for those dark and dismal forebodings, which are sometimes observed

about the house of death. Who not listened with horror and a sickening heart to the croaking of the raven, and the sharp flapping of its wings against the shuttered windows; the dull, doleful, and monotonous baying of dogs, a sound never to be mistaken; and the involuntary and untangible ringing of bells; when a beloved object is hovering between life and death, and we know not which is strongest in our bosoms, hope or despair? Our simple forefathers attributed these doleful omens to supernatural interposition, but we in this enlightened age of diffusible knowledge, well know, that they depend upon pure physical causes, without any intervention from the Evil One. As life is departing, the animal body emits a pungent gas, which the keen olfactories of the dog and the raven speedily sniff. The same subtle essence, probably by means of some electric influence, causes the bells to ring; and, occasionally, the doors to shut, with a loud and startling sound. Thus, these "awful sounds extraordinary," may be resolved into a little chemistry, and found to have their origin in—gas!

"In very early times," says Dr. Hibbert, "we find philosophers inclined to doubt, if apparitions might not be accounted for on natural principles, without supposing that a belief in them was either referable to hallucinations, to human imagination, or to impositions that might have been practised. At length Lucretius attacked the popular notion entertained of ghosts, by maintaining that they were not spirits returned from the mansions of the dead, but nothing more than thin films, pellicles, or membranes cast off from the surfaces of all bodies, like the exuviae or sloughs of reptiles.

This is exceedingly curious, and deserving of particular attention, for, we find that this strange opinion prevailed among the Epicureans, and was revived in Europe about the middle of the 17th century. It had its origin in Palingenesis, or the re-



surrection of plants, a grand secret known to Sir Kenelm Digby, Kircher, Schot, Gaffarel, Vallemont, &c. The operation of Palingenesy was no trivial one, and this was the order of its performance: a plant was selected, bruised, and burnt; its ashes were then collected, and the salt which their calcination produced, was carefully extracted. This salt was then put into a phial, and mixed with some peculiar substances, which were never disclosed. The compound thus formed was of a bluish colour, and easily reduced to powder. This powder was now submitted to a gentle heat, when its particles being instantly put into motion, there then gradually arose, as from the midst of the ashes, a stem, leaves, and flowers, or in other words, an *apparition* of the plant which had been submitted to this combustion. But as soon as the heat was ab-

stracted, the form of the plant which had been thus sublimed, was precipitated to the bottom of the vessel. Heat was then re-applied, and the vegetable phoenix was resuscitated; it was withdrawn, and the form once more became latent among the ashes. This notable experiment was said to have been performed before the Royal Society, and it satisfactorily proved to this erudite body, that the presence of heat gave a sort of life to the vegetable apparition, and that the absence of heat, or caloric, caused its dissolution.

Cowley was quite delighted with this sage experiment; and his terming imagination detected the same phenomenon in the letters written with the juice of lemons, which were rendered legible on the application of heat; and he celebrated the mystical influence of caloric after the following manner:

Strange power of heat! thou yet dost show,  
Like winter earth, naked, or cloth'd with snow;  
But as quick'ning sun approaching near,  
The plants arise up by degrees  
A sudden paint adorns the trees,  
And all kind nature's characters appear.

So nothing yet in thee is seen,  
But when a genial heat warms thee within,  
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;  
Here buds an A, and there a B,  
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,  
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows!"

The famous metaphysician Kircher attempted the rationale of this famous experiment, made on the ashes of the rose. He imagined that the seminal virtue of every known substance was contained in its salt. This salt was concealed in the ashes of the rose. Heat put it in motion. The particles of the salt were quickly sublimed, and being moved about, vortex-like, in the phial, at length assumed their natural arrangement. It was evident, then, from this experiment, that these saline particles had a tendency to observe the same order of position which they held in the living plant. Thus, for instance, each saline corpuscle, which in its prior state was placed on the stem of the rose slip, sympathetically fixed itself in a corresponding position on the phial: other particles were subjected to the same influence, and thus, at length, the entire apparition of a plant was generated.

Having achieved this, it was easy enough to apply the *rationale* of this experiment to the elucidation of the popular belief in ghosts. No sooner was a body committed to the earth than the *saline particles* of which it was composed were exhaled by putrefaction: these particles, as in the case of the rose, resumed the relative situations which they held in the living body, and thus was manufactured "a horrid apparition, tall and ghastly," calculated to frighten and appal every one but a Palingenesist!

An accident revealed to the Alchemists this extraordinary discovery. Three of them, with the view of searching for the Philosopher's Stone, had obtained some mould from the church of St. Innocent, at Paris. While they were carefully distilling the precious dust, they suddenly perceived in their retorts the miniature forms of men, which caused them

immediately to desist from their labours. An occurrence so wonderful soon reached the knowledge of the Institut<sup>e</sup> of Paris, which, under the patronage of Louis XIV., took up the matter with much seriousness; and the result of its learned labours was duly recorded for the benefit of mankind, and is to be found properly authenticated in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*. We must find room for one of these precious morsels :—

“ A malefactor was executed, and his body obtained by a physician for dissection. After disposing of the other parts of the body, he ordered his assistant to pulverize part of the cranium, *which was a remedy at that time used in medicine*. The powder was left in a paper on a table in the museum, where the assistant slept. About midnight he was awakened by a noise in the room, which obliged him to rise immediately. The noise continued about the table, without any visible agent; and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld, to his unspeakable dismay, a small head with open eyes staring at him: presently two branches appeared, which assumed the forms of arms and hands; then the ribs became visible, which were soon clothed with mus-

cles and integuments: next the lower extremities sprouted out, and when they appeared perfect, the puppet—for he was nothing more—reared himself on his feet: instantly his clothes came upon him (!) and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution! The affrighted spectator, who stood hitherto mumbling his prayers with unceasing assiduity, now thought of making his escape from the resuscitated ruffian: but this was impossible, for the apparition planted himself in his way, and, after divers fierce looks and threatening gestures, opened the door and went out. No doubt the powder was missing the next day.”

But these are among the most intricate and sublime solutions. If we come to consider the subject of apparitions, we shall find, with the aid of a little physical and metaphysical knowledge, that we shall be able to exorcise, lay, and drive away more spectres and hobgoblins than any magician or enchanter of ancient or modern times; from Zoroaster, Magis, and Merlin, down to Michael Scot, and those worthy gentlemen of our own times, Messrs. Stiff and Nelson\*—ever did, or ever could vanquish. But now—

“ A thousand fantasies

Begin to throng into our memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses—  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound.”

“ I freely offer,” says the jocose Dr. Ferriar, “ to the manufacturers of ghosts, the privilege of raising them in as great numbers, and in as horrible a guise as they may think fit, without offending against true philosophy, and even without violating probability. The highest flights of imagination may now be indulged on this subject, although no loop-hole should be left for mortifying explanations, and for those modifications of terror which completely baulk the reader's curiosity, and disgust him with a ‘second reading.’ Another great convenience will be found in

my system, apparitions may be evoked in open day, at noon, if the case should be urgent, in the midst of a field, on the surface of water, or in the glare of a patent lamp, quite as easily as in the ‘darkness of chaos and old night.’ Nay, a person rightly prepared, may see ghosts while seated comfortably by his library fire, in as much perfection as amidst broken tombs, nodding ruins, and awe-inspiring ivy.”

In a work on the duties of a Justice of the Peace, published, and, we believe, edited by Nelson, we have a proof of the existence of witches

\* It is not, perhaps, known to every one that a firm of fortune-tellers, under this title, exercises its honourable vocation in the vicinity of Blackfriars Bridge. The fee is two shillings and sixpence, and many a buxom civic dame has visited the laboratory of these dealers in destinies.

and witchcraft, which the learned Theban of an editor seems to have considered impenetrable. "It appears," quoth he, "that there must formerly have been such a crime as witchcraft, because (oh! this brave magician!) divers statutes have been made against it." Were we to adopt a similar style of argument, we might readily enough prove the existence of demoniacal agency in former times, by citing sundry medical cases; in which, by the way, the old German physicians most copiously abounded; where we should see that medicines had been administered for the purpose of expelling the devil from the body, just as we should now proceed to expel the evils of a good feed, undigested turtle, viscid bile, or any other abominable obstruction.

But to be serious: That people of excellent credibility and unimpeachable integrity have seen ghosts or spectres, or whatever they may be termed, is a fact which no one can dispute. The forms of dead and absent persons have been seen, and their voices heard by individuals, whose veracity we have no reason and no right to question. The apparition of the Genius to Brutus, and of the Fury to Dion, are no fables. Both saw them, spoke to them, heard them speak, and were convinced. But we need not ransack ancient history for examples of this illusion. In a very interesting narrative, written by Nicolai, the celebrated printer of Berlin, we have a remarkable instance of spectre-seeing, although he was perfectly aware at the time of the delusion.

"I have myself," he says, "experienced a case of this nature, which to me appears highly remarkable, both psychologically and medically. I saw, in a state of mind completely sound, and after the first terror was over, with perfect calmness, for nearly two months, almost continually and involuntarily, a vast number of human and other forms; I even heard their voices, though I knew all this to be merely the effect of a high degree of nervous irritability, and of a disordered state of the circulation of my blood."

"It being a matter of some importance that the strictest attention should be paid to an incident of this nature, and that it should be related with the most conscientious fidelity, I shall not omit any thing, of which I retain a clear recollection. During the last ten months of the year 1790, I had expe-

rienced several melancholy incidents which deeply affected me. September was a sad and sorrowful month to me, for I suffered an almost uninterrupted series of misfortunes, that afflicted me with the most poignant grief. In the January and February following, I had the additional misfortune to experience several extremely unpleasant circumstances, which ended on the 24th of February in a most violent altercation. My wife and a friend came into my room in the morning to console me, but I was too much agitated by a series of incidents, which had most powerfully affected my moral feeling, to be capable of attending to them. Suddenly, I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps from me, a form, resembling that of a deceased person; and, pointing at it, I asked my wife if she did not see it? My wife, who, of course, saw nothing of the kind, felt very much alarmed, and sent immediately for a physician; who came and ascribed the apparition, which lasted about eight minutes, to violent mental emotion; and hoped, as I was then more composed, there would be no return. But this dreadful agitation of my mind had so disordered my nerves, that it produced farther consequences, which deserve a more minute description.

"At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning reappeared. I was alone when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment; but there, likewise, I was haunted by the apparition; which appeared, as it had done before, in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared, also, several walking figures, which had no connexion with the first.

"After the first day the form of the deceased person no more appeared, but in its place, there appeared many other phantasms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but more commonly strangers. Those whom I knew were composed of living and dead persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. I remarked that the persons with whom I daily conversed did not appear as phantasms, these representing persons who lived at some distance from me. I attempted to produce at pleasure the appearance of persons whom I knew, by intensely reflecting on their features, forms, dress, &c. But, distinctly as I called to my imagination the respective resemblances of three of these individuals, I could not succeed in making them appear to me as phantasms, although I had before involuntarily seen them in that manner, and perceived them some time after, when I least thought of them. The phantoms appeared to me contrary to my inclination, as if they were presented to me from without, like the phenomena of external nature, although, in reality, they existed only in my own mind. I could readily distinguish between phan-

torso and real, tangible objects; and the calmness with which I examined them, enabled me to avoid the commission of the slightest mistake. I knew exactly the difference between the opening of the door and the entrance of a phantom, and the same thing and the entrance of a real person.

"The phantoms appeared equally clear and distinct at all times and under all circumstances, both when I was alone and when I was in company; as well in the day as at night; in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and seldom appeared to me in the street. When I closed my eyes they would sometimes totally disappear, although I occasionally beheld them when I shut my eyes; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they were generally visible again when I opened my eyes. I usually saw human forms of both sexes; but they generally appeared not to take the slightest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all are eager to press through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw several times, people on horseback, dogs, and birds. All these phantoms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct and perfect as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts; as well as different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature. None of the figures appeared particularly terrible, grotesque, or disgusting; most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some having even a pleasing aspect."

It is very evident that this extraordinary delusion was dependent altogether upon indigestion, occurring in a frame irritated, unstrung, and rendered morbidly sensitive by a distressing degree of nervous irritability. It was a curious fact, that these phantoms were more particularly gamester and intrusive at the time that the food remained in the stomach undigested, and unacted upon by the peculiar functions of that organ; as soon as digestion commenced they began to disappear, and when the function was completed, they had totally vanished. It was a fortunate circumstance for Nicolai that he was a man of strong nerves and of enlarged information; had he not been so, he must have been irrecoverably maddened by these spectral visitants. His own remarks on such cases are admirable:—

"Those who pretend to have seen and

heard ghosts, obstinately maintain, that they perceived these apparitions by the usual agency of their senses. In order to defeat that belief, we generally desire them to consider how many people have been imposed upon by artful novices, and how liable we are to deceive ourselves. We advise them to lay hold of the supposed spectres, assuring them that they are generally found to be of a very corporeal nature. But those who have a predilection for the miraculous, pay no attention to these objections; insisting that the productions of their morbid imaginations are real beings. We cannot, therefore, collect too many of such well substantiated facts, as shew how easily our imagination imposes on us erroneous notions, and deludes not only delirious persons, but even those who are in full possession of their faculties, by causing them to see phantasms, which can scarcely be distinguished from real appearances."

Then follows the narration we have quoted, with these sensible observations: "I cannot assign any other cause for these illusions, than a continued rumination on the vexations I had suffered, which, I could not forget, and the consequence of which I meditated to counteract. These meditations always occupied my mind three hours after dinner, *just when my digestion commenced.* . . . All that I could infer was, that while my nervous system was in such an irregular and irritable state, the phantasms would appear to me as if I actually saw and heard them; that these illusions were not modified by any known laws of reason, imagination, or the common association of ideas, and that, probably, other people, who may have seen similar apparitions, were exactly in the same predicament."

The patient was right with regard to the cause of these capricious visitors; for as his nervous irritability subsided, their visits became less frequent, until they were wholly discontinued; not, perhaps, without some degree of regret on the part of the recovering hypochondriac, for he tells us, "At different times there appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief. These consolatory speeches were in general addressed to me when I was alone, and most needed them; sometimes I was accosted by these consoling friends while in company, and frequently while real persons were

speaking to me. These addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt but impressive phrases, and at others they were regularly and eloquently connected." We can readily believe that these addresses were, indeed, "consolatory." Let us picture to ourselves a man of a quick, irritable, sensitive disposition—a true specimen of the *genus irritabile*, plunged in grief and anger at the base ill usage and ingratitude, real or imaginary, of an unfeeling world: let us imagine such a person shutting himself in his own chamber, disgusted, and sorrowful, smarting moreover under the sharp sting of his assumed wrongs, calling to his aid, with the air and solemnity of an enchanter, his attendant genii, and receiving from them that sympathy and consolation which every one else withholds. Such was Nicolai's case, who, conscious though he was of the delusion and its cause, must, nevertheless, have yielded somewhat to the strange and vivid impression of the moment.

But a more palpable physical cause has produced an effect equally extraordinary. Persons subject to gout have experienced these strange hallucinations, particularly in that form of the disease which the learned called *recedent*. Although generally a disease of the joints of the extremities, gout has occasionally attacked the stomach, and the brain; and in the latter case violent pains have been produced, which have been followed by the most vivid and painful ideas. To these symptoms spectral illusions have sometimes supervened, as in the following case, recorded by Dr. Alderson:—

"I was called to visit Mrs. B., a fine old lady, about eighty years of age, whom I have frequently visited in fits of the gout. At a period when, from her general feelings, she rather expected the gout, she was seized with an unusual deafness, and great distention in the organs of digestion. From this time she was visited by several of her friends, whom she had not invited, and whom she at first so far considered as actually present, that she told them she was very sorry she could not hear them speak, nor keep up conversation with them; she would, therefore, order the card-table, and rang the bell for that purpose. Upon the entrance of the servant, the whole party disappeared: she could not help expressing her surprise to her maid that they

should all go away so abruptly, but she could scarcely believe her when she told her there had been nobody in the room. She was so ashamed, that she suffered for many days and nights together, the intrusion of a variety of phantoms, and had some of her finest feelings wrought upon by the exhibition of friends long lost, and who only came to cheat her fancy, and revive sensations that time had almost obliterated. She determined, however, for a long time not to complain, and contented herself with merely ringing her bell, finding that she could always get rid of the phantoms by the entrance of her maid, whenever they became distressing. It was not till some time after that she could bring herself to relate her distresses to me. She was all this time concerned of her own rationality, and so were those friends who really visited her; for they never could find any one circumstance in her conduct and conversation to lead them to suspect her in the smallest degree deranged, though unwell. This complaint was entirely removed by cataplasms to the feet and gentle purgatives, and terminated a short time afterwards in a regular slight fit of the gout. She has remained ever since, now somewhat more than a year, in the perfect enjoyment of her health and faculties."

From these examples—and we could adduce many others—we are led to infer that the production of spectral illusions is necessarily connected with certain affections of the body, caused by some derangement of the nervous or circulating system. Of such affections Reginald Scot, the resolute opposer of witchcraft and demonology, has well remarked, that—

"Though they appear in the mind of man, yet they are in the bodie, and proceed from this humour, which is the very dregs of blood, nourishing and feeding these places; from whence proceed fears, cogitations, superstitions, fastings, labours, and such like. This maketh sufferance of torments, and (as some saie,) foresight of things to come."

Jerome Cardan, the most whole-sale visionary that ever existed, began early in life to see strange sights. Before he left his bed in the morning he saw a succession of figures, composed of brazen rings, like links of mail, (though he had never seen mail armour at that time,) moving in a circular direction upwards, from the left to the right, till they disappeared. This was but the prelude to more extensive and more magnifi-

cent visions. "Videbam ego imagines diversas quasi areium, demonum, animalium, equorum cum equitibus, herbarum, arborum, instrumentorum musicorum, hominum diversorum habituum vestiumque variarum, tubicines præcipuè cum tubis quasi sonantibus, nulla tamen vox aut sonus exaudiebatur: præterea milites, populos, arva, formasque corporum usque ad hunc diem mihi invisas: lucos et sylvas, aliaque quorum non memini, quandoque multarum rerum congeriem simul irruentium, non tamen ut se confunderent sed ut properarent. Erant autem perspicua illa, sed non ita ut proinde esset, ac si non adessent, nec densa ut oculo pervia non essent."\*

These "phantasms," as Nicolai calls them, were common to other geniuses beside Cardan. Ben Jonson was gifted with similar spectral powers. In the "Heads of Conversation," published by the executors of Drummond of Hawthornden, Jonson "is made to have told his friend, that—

"When the King came to England, about the time that the plague was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw, in a vision, his eldest son, then a young child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which being sore amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came into Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension, at which he should not be dejected. In the mean time there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection."

This by itself would have been somewhat marvellous, although to be accounted for by the anxiety which the poet must have felt for his son, exposed as he was to that desolating disease, the plague; and the coincidence of his death was certainly remarkable. But the poet was extremely excursive and somewhat extravagant in his visions, for he "spent a whole night in looking to his great toe, about which he saw Tartars and Turks, Romans and

Carthaginians, fighting most manfully."†

It would really be a most interesting pursuit to follow up this subject; and to show how that peculiar temperament, which constitutes the highest grade of sensibility and genius contributes, to render its possessors so susceptible of these curious impressions. It was this temperament, excited by an accidental circumstance, that produced the well-known vision of Dr. Donne; who, while he was residing at Paris, saw the figure of his wife, then in London, pass through the room, with her hair dishevelled, and carrying a dead child in her arms. The poem which he wrote, previously to their separation, will afford a sufficient clue for the appearance of such a vision.

It is under circumstances similar to these that the "Scottish Second Sight" is produced. Much has been written about this very extraordinary quality; and many proofs of its effect have been adduced. The following instances, related by Dr. Ferriar, in his interesting little work on Apparitions, are so well authenticated, and so striking, that we shall narrate them in his own words:—

"A gentleman connected with my family, an officer in the army, and certainly addicted to no supersition, was quartered early in life in the middle of the last century, near the castle of a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who was supposed to possess the second sight. Strange rumours were afloat respecting the old chieftain. He had spoken to an apparition which ran along the battlements of the house, and had never been cheerful afterwards. His prophetic visions excited surprise, even in that region of credulity; and his retired habits favoured the popular opinion. My friend assured me, that one day, while he was reading a play to the ladies of the family, the Chief, who had been walking across the room, stopped suddenly, and assumed the look of a seer. He rang the bell, and ordered the groom to saddle a horse; to proceed immediately to a seat in the neighbourhood, and to inquire after the health of Lady ——. If the account was favourable, he then directed him to call at another castle, and to ask after another lady whom he named.

"The reader immediately closed his book, and declared that he would not proceed till these abrupt orders were explained, as

he was confident that they were produced by the second sight. The Chief was very unwilling to explain himself, but at length he owned that the door had opened, and that a little woman without a head had entered the room; that the apparition indicated the sudden death of some person of his acquaintance; and the only two persons who resembled the figure, were those ladies after whose health he had sent to inquire. A few hours afterwards the servant returned, with an account that one of the ladies had died of an apoplectic fit, about the time when the vision appeared."

"At another time the Chief was confined to his bed by indisposition, and my friend was reading to him, on a stormy winter night, while the fishing boat belonging to the castle was at sea. The old gentleman repeatedly expressed much anxiety respecting his people, and at last exclaimed, "My boat is lost!" The colonel replied, "How do you know it, sir?" He answered, "I see two of the boatmen bringing in the third, drowned, all dripping wet, and laying him down close beside your chair." The chair was shifted with great precipitation. In the course of the night the fishermen returned with the corpse of one of the boatmen."

These death-tokens are very curious, but they may be physically accounted for by the great and intense anxiety of the seers, directed in most instances towards the objects whose dissolution is portended. But, connected with this subject "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

In a wild and retired district in North Wales, that namely which extends from Dolgelly westward to Barmouth and Towyn, where there is certainly as much superstition as in any other district of the same extent, and where there are many individuals who lay claim to the title and capabilities of *seers*, the following occurrence took place, to the great astonishment of the mountaineers. We can vouch for the truth of the statement, as many members of our own *teulu*, or clan, were witnesses of the fact. On a dark evening, a few winters ago, some persons with whom we are well acquainted, were returning to Barmouth on the south or opposite side of the river. As they approached the ferry-house at Penhryn, which is directly opposite Barmouth, they observed a light near the house, which they conjectured to

be produced by a bonfire, and greatly puzzled they were to discover the reason why it should have been lighted. As they came nearer, however, it vanished, and when they inquired at the house respecting it, they were surprised to learn that not only had the people there displayed no light, but they had not even seen one; nor could they perceive any signs of it on the sands. On reaching Barmouth, the circumstance was mentioned, and the fact corroborated by some of the people there, who had also plainly and distinctly seen the light. It was settled, therefore, by some of the old fishermen, that this was a "death-token," and, sure enough, the man who kept the ferry at that time, was drowned at high-water a few nights afterwards, on the very spot where the light was seen. He was landing from the boat, when he fell into the water, and so perished.

The same winter the Barmouth people, as well as the inhabitants of the opposite banks, were struck by the appearance of a number of small lights, which were seen dancing in the air at a place called Borthwyn, about half a mile from the town. A great number of people came out to see these lights; and, after a while, they all but one disappeared, and this one proceeded slowly towards the water's edge, to a little bay where some boats were moored. The men in a sloop which was anchored near the spot, saw the light advancing—they saw it also hover for a few seconds over one particular boat, and then totally disappear. Two or three days afterwards, the man to whom that particular boat belonged, was drowned in the river, while he was sailing about Barmouth harbour in that very boat. We have narrated these facts just as they occurred: we must leave the solution of the mystery to the ingenuity of our readers.

Considering this as a digression, we return to the spectral illusions; and there can be no difficulty in attributing them to a particular physical condition of the brain, which may be termed a disease, and called *Hallucination*. The physician well knows, that, in certain diseases of the brain, such as insanity, and even

simple delirium, spectral illusions occur, and continue, as in Nicolai's case, for many days. It is true that Nicolai was neither mad nor delirious; but his brain was, nevertheless, deranged, and excited by his misfortunes, and thus were engendered those visions which haunted him so long. In all nervous maladies the brain must be more or less affected; and it is curious to observe what a strange confusion of ideas and perception occurs in such cases. The senses either lose their powers altogether, or, so distort and alter impressions, as to create the most extraordinary perplexity. Persons have imagined themselves converted into stones and statues—into glass or china ornaments, and have been afraid of moving, lest they should be dashed to pieces by any unlucky fall, or an unfortunate collision. Some patients have conceived themselves so hugely enlarged in bulk, as to be unable to enter a room, or a carriage, or a gate; while others, carrying about with them an immense "mountain of flesh," have fancied themselves as lean as the "living skeleton." But all these

illusions, as well as others too numerous to mention, arise, of course, from physical causes, and may be traced to some derangement of the brain, changing, disordering, and reversing the action of the external senses.

In addition to this explanation of the appearance of apparitions, it has frequently occurred that the mind has magnified or distorted harmless and even inanimate objects, into the most horrible spectres. Fear and terror are wonderfully creative, and the scathed and withered branches of an old tree have caused more alarm and consternation than a band of robbers, or a legion of warlike plunderers. This species of spectres carries with it its own detection; but, with regard to the more abstruse illusions, their origin may be always discovered by a calm, candid, and careful examination. We might have extended our illustrations to a greater length, but our limits forbid us to indulge in the exposition; and we have already said sufficient, perhaps, to induce the reflecting reader to "ponder upon our words and be wise."

#### SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELSY.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

#### NO. IV.—KEATING. (1640.)

GEOFFRY KEATING, author of the History of Ireland, was a Roman Catholic priest, and took the degree of D.D. at a foreign university.

Little is known respecting him, beyond the fact recorded in an inscription over the Chapel door of Tubrid, near Cahir in Tipperary, of which county he is believed to have been a native. From this it appears, that the Chapel was built by the Rev. Eugene Duhy, vicar of Tubrid, and Doctor Geoffry Keating, in 1644; about six years after which period, Keating is supposed to have died.

Keating's exile from Ireland is traditionally said to have been occasioned by the persecution of Sir William Parsons, (one of the Lord Justices of Ireland, in 1640,) which originated from a sermon preached by Keating against Sir William's mistress; although, judging from the period and the tone of Keating's writings, it is more than probable, that his offence was of a political nature. On his return to Ireland, Keating is believed to have wandered through the country in disguise, and to have collected the romantic fictions and ballads from which he afterwards composed his History of Ireland.

I remember that a singular chasm was pointed out to me in the Galtee Mountains by an old man, who abounded in local traditions, as the place where "Father Keating remained concealed for three days without food, when Cromwell's soldiers were hunting him."

The spot was called "Poul Grainead," (the Ugly Hole,) and afterwards became celebrated as the retreat of a rapparee or freebooter named Half-penny. It is about seven or eight miles west of Cahir, and not far from



the ruins of an old tower, called, (I think,) Cappagh, which may be seen from the road leading by Bansha to Tipperary.

The History of Ireland by Keating, (as the ill-digested fables of the bards are called,) commences at the remotest era, and comes down to the invasion of the English in the time of Henry the Second. The original title was "Fonur Feara Ain Chinn," or Rudiments of Knowledge on Ireland. Many transcripts appear to have been made of this work. Mr. Walker in his Essay on Irish Dress, speaks of an illuminated copy in the possession of Dr. Archer, (1787,) which was executed by William Lynch in 1698. This History was first printed in translation by Dermod O'Connor, in 1723, 1 vol. folio. Another edition appeared in 1738, with plates of the arms of the principal Irish families, and other additions. In 1809 it was republished in 2 vols. 8vo. Dublin, and a new and more correct translation, as far as the Christian era, was published in 1 vol. 8vo. Dublin, 1811, with the original Irish on opposite pages, by Mr. William Halliday, whose premature death prevented him from completing the undertaking.

Keating also wrote a treatise on the mass, called "Cocairt ríad an Aitheoin," (a Key to the Shield of the Mass,) and a moral treatise on death, "Cú biondóirte an bair," "Three pointed Shafts of Death," both of which are unpublished.

But Doctor Keating appears to deserve consideration as a poet. Besides the poems, of which the two following specimens are fragments, he was the author of Thirty-six verses in praise of Teige O'Cooley, a celebrated performer on the harp, beginning:—

"Cia an t-íad le réitídean an éirí." "

"(Who is the sage by whom the harp is struck)?"

In Ryan's Worthies of Ireland, an Elegy on the death of the Lord of Decies is ascribed to Keating, and also a burlesque poem on his servant Simon, whom he compares with the heroes of antiquity.

## I.

### THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

I HAVE been able to obtain only six verses of this poem, which is said to consist of four and twenty. It commences "Mo beadhac leat a ríribh." transposed in the translation into the third line.

Forced by fraud and by Saxon oppression  
Without its green border to rest;  
Bear with thee, O letter, my blessing,  
For the beautiful Isle of the West.

To the nobles who cherish the Bard,  
Bear with thee my grateful farewell;  
And may peace be thy clergy's reward,  
Not laws, that proscribe and expel.

To thy vallies, thy fields, and thy hills,  
My heart sends a thousand farewells;  
To thy smooth lakes, and swift rushing rills,  
To thy mountains—their crags and their dells.

Farewell to thy fruit-bearing trees—  
Farewell to thy murmuring weirs,  
That gave a sweet voice to the breeze,  
Like the song of the Women of Tears.\*

Dear Island! may plenty be thine!  
May the sky that is o'er thee be calm!  
Thy mornings with dew freshly shine,  
And thy evenings breathe only of balm.

\* Keeners, or mourners for the dead.

Holy Isle—tho' within thee now dwell,  
False traitors to God and to me,  
Take my blessing—my fondest farewell—  
Across the broad waves of the sea.

## II.

### ON THE MISERIES OF IRELAND.

OF this poem on the enactment of the Penal Laws, and the tyranny of the English over the Irish, which is said to have consisted of twenty verses, a fragment of seven only has come into my hands.

It commences "On r3eol bo éuas Ma3 Fayl m éoblaím o3éce."

When it is remembered that Keating was of English extraction, the indignation displayed by him in the following poem may appear singular, were it not a matter of notoriety in the History of Ireland, that English settlers and their descendants, or, as they are termed "the degenerate English," have always been more inimical to the English government than the genuine Irish.

In the measure I have chosen, eight lines are generally required to render a four-line verse of the original; although, in one instance, a verse has been translated in the same number of lines, yet, in another, (that of the first verse,) the translation has extended to twelve.

The news I hear from distant Erin  
Destroys my peace, and breaks my sleep;  
Fresh chains and fetters for her wearing  
Are forged, and she must wear and weep.

It makes my life-blood chill and sicken  
To see again the times of old,  
As Israel's sons, her children stricken,  
Their birth-right lost, their freedom sold.

To see how party strife and wrangle  
To Saxon laws have made her yield;  
That, like to tares, the wheat will strangle,  
And spread their mast'ry o'er the field.

O, Ireland! base and shameless woman,  
As hooded harlot\* false and vile,  
With breast to every stranger common,  
No mother's love is in thy smile!

Thy bosom, Erin! soft and swelling,\*  
No milk affords thy offspring now;  
For in thy arms securely dwelling,  
Are litters of a foreign sow.

And greedy herds that from the ocean,  
Have sought thy pastures bright and green,  
Now rove abroad in wild commotion,  
And in thy golden vales are seen.

Strong-handed soldiers boldly seize on  
Each chieftain's hall—his ancient home;  
Let sword be drawn—'tis death or treason—  
Outlawed the rightful lord must roam.

\* The epithet "hooded" appears intended to add treachery to infamy.—"Hooded men," says Mr. Walker in his Essay on Irish Dress, "I think, are mentioned somewhere in the Irish Statutes, under the description of assassins."

Fierce squadrons, like the armed bramble,  
Now overrun each wasted plain,  
For houses, mills, and parks they gamble,\*  
And God's own holy walls profane.†

Where are thy young men—lion-hearted?  
Their fathers, where?—who once were free.  
Have all the brave and sage departed—  
By force and fraud exiled from thee?‡

Be still—be still—my heart's high bounding,  
Gone is the race of Eðgan Mòr;§  
But vanquished spirits now are found in  
My country—all her pride is o'er.

O! to the strangers this is glory,  
But it is shame for me to sing  
That all the fame of Finnian story||  
Is bubble-like—an empty thing.

That Erin, great as Brian made her,  
By triumph over Lochland's host,\*\*  
Lies trampled by a new invader,  
Her honour gone—her freedom lost.

O that my voice could rouse each valley,  
Then would I make its children free!  
O that mine eyes could see them rally,  
But that mine eyes shall never see.

If God—the Gracious God of Heaven  
No succour gives—a race of slaves,  
To death, disgraced, will soon be driven,  
Or banished o'er Cliona's waves.††

\* Literally, trump at cards, (Ṽḷḷḷḷḷ). It was a common practice among Elizabeth's and Cromwell's soldiery to decide the choice of the forfeited possessions granted to them by playing at cards or drawing lots. An estate in the South of Ireland, at present worth upwards of a thousand a year, was won by a follower of Cromwell's army from a troop-er, by the turn up of a card; and an adjoining estate of nearly the same value, was sold by his comrade to the same party for "five jacobuses (five pounds), and a white horse."

† Would more correctly be rendered—despoil or prey on, (Faob).

‡ "Thirty thousand went over sea unto different countries, in the time of Cromwell."  
—English note on the original.

§ Eðgan Mòr was King of Munster in the second century. During his minority three chiefs, who were supported by the Northern powers, seized on his kingdom and divided it among them. But Eðgan Mòr not only recovered his kingdom from the usurpers, but forced the Northern princes, whom he defeated in ten successive battles, to divide Ireland with him. There are several romantic ballads and traditions extant in Ireland, concerning the adventures of Eðgan Mòr, which abound with supernatural agency, (ceipno-éorḷḷḷḷḷ).

|| "The Finni are, in Ireland, what the race who fought at Thebes and Troy were in Greece; Sigurd and his companions in Scandnavra; Dietrich and his warriors in Germany; Arthur and his knights in Britain; and Charlemagne and the Paladins in France; that is, mythic heroes, conceived to have far exceeded in strength and prowess the puny beings who now occupy their place."

\*\* Brian Boru, King of Munster, who fell in the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, by which the Danes were expelled from Ireland.

*Lochlannach*, a Dane, is explained by Dr. O'Brien in his Irish Dictionary, as a name originating in the maritime power of that nation; from *loch*, the sea, and *lannighadh*, to dwell or abide. "The word," adds the Doctor, "was originally *loch-lannach*, from *loch*, a lake, and *lan*, or *lann*, land, a Germano-Celtic word; so that *loch-lannach* literally signifies a lake-lander, or one from the land of lakes. All the countries about the Baltic are full of lakes. Hence George Fournier, in his geographical description of the world, says that *Dania* literally signifies *terra aquatilis*, which is the same thing as a land of lakes. It was doubtless from the Danes themselves the Irish did learn this circumstance of the nature of their country, which made them give them the Irish name of *Loch-lannaicc*."

†† "Cliona," says a note on the original, "is an enchantress that lives in the Bay of Dublin, who cries whenever a Milesian dies."

## ON THE ITALIAN OPERA.

MALIBRAN had concluded her eighth song, and retired from the piano, attended by the murmured applause and admiration of a crowded *salon*, when I, by some special intervention of fortune, sank into a chair beside a lovely Italian woman.—There was a long pause; the *virtuosa* had been in an inspired mood. She had sung in several languages, and in almost every style, till she at length finished with a simple Spanish ballad, which drew tears to her own eyes and spake to every heart around, of home—or home feelings—or of early recollections. It was very beautiful; and the unexpected termination to a scene which had commenced in exuberance of spirits, and been sustained in playfulness, was touching. There was, consequently, a long and almost breathless silence, in which some pilgrim-dream of the past or vision of the future visited each softened bosom, and then by a universal, although unuttered assent, it was agreed that the singing should cease;—nobody could venture to sing after that ballad—nobody would consent to have his memory of it desecrated by other sounds. The spirits of all, however, were too highly raised to harbour a thought of parting; we lingered in the scene of our enchantment, some crowding round the siren with that sincere and silent homage which is paid alone to genius—others seeking, in expression, a relief for overcharged

feeling. Availing myself of the freedom of continental manners, I addressed my fair companion; she was, like most Italian ladies, languishingly enthusiastic, and we talked of music in that subdued tone of rapture wherewith lovers talk of love, when they are conscious that strange eyes are gazing on them. Having dilated upon the general theme to be found in the poetry of every language, and thus given in our own:

“Music! oh, how faint, how weak—  
Language fades before thy spell,  
Why should feeling ever speak  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?”

We were next naturally led by the specimens we had heard, to speak of the music, and of the musical taste and feeling of the different countries. I, of course, placed Italy and the Italians in the first rank. To them Europe was indebted for her classic music, as well as for her religion and classic literature—and then the language!

Oh! it was the very soul of harmony. In confirmation of this, I translated a whole stanza of Beppo into “Choice Italian:” It was that commencing with

“I love the language—that soft bastard  
Latin,  
Which melts, like kisses, from a female  
mouth.”

And having gone through this, it was not in human nature to avoid proceeding with the next, so I went on enthusiastically with—

“I like the women too (forgive my folly)  
From the rich peasant-cheek of ruddy bronze,  
And large black eyes that flash on you a volley  
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,  
To the high dama’s brow more melancholy,  
But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,  
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.”

The lady smiled graciously, but gravely, at the latter stanza; and reverting to the former she something startled me with the proposition—that after the Italians the English were the most musical people in the world, and this in spite of their “harsh Northern grunting guttural.” Now, had a Frenchwoman paid a similar compliment to my nation, I

should have contented myself with saying something about *la belle France et ce cher Paris*; but the Italians indulge in no unmeaning flattery—and with quiz or *persiflage*, they are unacquainted. So, instead of laughing away the question, I proceeded to argue it with her gravely, declining, with becoming modesty, the eminent station she had accorded my country,

and stating that we had, in fact, no national music. Oh! but she did not allude to our compositions—there were pretty—perhaps charming—melodies in every country—but music belonged to Italy alone. No, she spoke of our great taste and enthusiasm for this delightful science. Many of the finest singers in every *salon* were sure to be English; and then there was my Lord Burghersh, the king in Florence, who wrote operas himself, and kept a poet and a *musico*, and all the other appendages of an harmonious court; and who, indeed, in all things far excelled king René, of melodious memory. Now this was all true; and at that moment the best singer in the room, with the exception of the professors, was an English lady; she, too, had sung a really beautiful romance of his lordship's (*O dolce speme*), and, consequently, I could take no exception to his science or genius, and his taste was at all times unquestionable. I had, therefore, a difficult position to maintain; and finding that my fair antagonist had never been in England, I abandoned it altogether. I knew, however, that a sojourner in our land would have come to a very different conclusion. The lady had only met at Florence the English of the higher classes, who do possess all that delicacy of taste and love of music, and the fine arts generally, for which she gave them credit, together with a degree of refinement and information which she could not, perhaps, appreciate. These were to her the representatives of the nation; and difficult, indeed, would it have been, to persuade her they did not represent it truly—difficult would it have been to satisfy her that, in this land of freedom, the mass of the people were separated from the higher orders by a line, invisible it is true, but still impassable; and that, between the two, there were few qualities in common, and little sympathy, at least in their enjoyments.

This, to most foreigners, is altogether unintelligible. Abroad the tastes, and habits, and sympathies of an entire people, are much the same; there is no strongly defined line of demarcation between the various classes; and whenever Fortune, in her jesting mood chooses to trans-

fer a person even from the very lowest to the most high, the laugh is not so much against the object of her bounty. But to return to the subject more immediately before me; a foreigner residing amongst us, would be apt to pronounce a sweeping condemnation against us as a musical nation. He would go to our national theatres and hear those horrible sins against harmony which are therein perpetrated. He would listen to our great singers—our Patons, our Woods, our Brahams, and observe them in the language of—I forget whom—"getting out of their songs as a dog does out of the water, with a tremendous shake." He would examine the condition of all our great theatres—our Italian Opera included, and remark how their management invariably devolved upon a member of some one or other of the respectable classes which mourned the singer Tigellius—*mendici, mimæ, balatrones*. He would look, above all, to our Italian theatre; observe the disgraceful intrigues (unknown in any other Italian theatre) behind the curtain, and the contemptible management which presides over all. He would remark that the *entrepreneur* engaged in his speculation precisely because he was most ignorant of all concerning it. That he was always sure to be either a banker, a tailor, or a coachman, (Chambers, it may be stated by the way, was a banker—the speculator in Drury Lane, is one Absalom, a tailor—and the real lessee of the King's Theatre is a Mr. Parrott, a contractor for mail coaches,) and that, of course, not wishing to have any body about the establishment more knowing than himself, he invariably selects for his agent and prime minister, some bookseller or buffoon, who does not know a flat from a sharp; he, however, it is, who makes all the engagements, selects all the operas, and manages all the internal affairs of the theatre. Thus it happens, that money is lavished in vain, and that the most admirable materials of success are thrown away. Next, looking to the character of the audience, a foreigner may well feel doubtful of the national taste. He will see that even here it is necessary for the singers to offer up certain sacrificial deviations from pure taste, to propitiate the supernal deities—

and that applause is most frequently conferred for *roulades* and *floritures* which would draw down the execrations of an Italian theatre. Shame to say, too, the pit and boxes have now-a-days their share in this reproach; although, as I before maintained, there is one portion of their tenants possessing a taste most true and critical; but what weight have they against the silly throng who crowd the *salle*, because it is the fashion, and who would cheer the reigning favourite, though she croaked like a raven, or cooed like a cock-pigeon in his pride of love. Again, a stranger would naturally seek for a record of the musical knowledge, taste, and feeling of a nation in its critical writings. He looks to them, and finds all, whether issuing from the daily, weekly, or monthly press, equally ignorant, absurd, and unjust. He finds that they are replete with blunders and *bêtises* upon all subjects; and what is most contemptible and disgraceful of all, he finds that they never have the courage to give *artistes* the praise they merit on their first appearances. He finds that they have successively pronounced a decree of condemnation against Pasta, Malibran, and Lalande, and that when they were afterwards forced to rescind it, they fell into the opposite extreme of servile adulation; and all this he of course attributes to the *habitués* of the theatre—not knowing, that of these, the greater part have no opinion at all, and that that of those who have, is certainly not expressed in the critiques which are, for the most part, written by men, ignorant alike of music and Italian, without the feeling to enjoy either, and utterly debarred beside, from those advantages possessed by the foreign *litterateur*, of mixing in society that would confer a judgment, and impart a taste. Is it to be wondered, then, that the foreigner should, in matters musical, at once place us upon a par with our ancient ally, the Turk? I have often thought on this since my conversation with the fair *contessa*. It is now some time since it took place, but circumstances have altered little. The Italian Opera, (which is, in fact, our only musical establishment,) has certainly been, during the latter part of

the season, very good. This we are happy to declare, for we bear no ill will towards the management; quite the contrary; we hope that Mr. Parrott may yet blow a triumphant blast upon his horn, and we have no objection to Mr. Laporte's continuing to hold the ribbons—but both require some good advice—they shall have it—we hope it will not be thrown away upon them. In the first instance, we would recommend Mr. Parrott, as far as may in him lie, to put an end to the penny-wise and pound-foolish system; he has, at present, a crowd of admirable *artistes* at enormous salaries, (Malibran and Lalande at 2,000 guineas each, for instance), while most of his second-rate singers are so bad, that they destroy the illusion and the *ensemble*, whenever they appear—the chorusses are infamous, and the *corps de ballet* is positively execrable. Now here lies the mistake, in having, at the expense of the *ensemble*, (by the deficiency in all minor parts,) more of the higher talents than can be simultaneously made use of, or else in not making arrangements, by which, having these, the public would be altogether spared the presence of the inferior singers, whose salaries might be devoted to the improvement of the chorusses. Then, as to Mr. Laporte, he is busy and bustling in his high station, and anxious for the success of the enterprize; but he is at the same time overmuch given to what he is pleased to denominate an imitation of “English Manners;” the which, however, being decidedly taken after the canine inhabitants of the island, does not appear to us in the flattering guise it is intended to assume, and may perhaps subject this admirable mimic to the muzzling and maltreatment employed against his accomplished prototypes in this hydrophobia-dreading city. He had better, therefore, abandon that surliness and snappishness he has borrowed from our bull-dogs, and be less *brusque* in his bearing, both to subscribers and the *artistes*, and less fond of vexatiously interfering in matters which he does not understand. He is laudably desirous to make all persons under his command, from the *prima donna* to the pot-boy, do their duty; but, in the prosecution of this

he is too apt to fall into the error of old Astley, who once detecting a horn-player in the enjoyment of what he considered *otium cum dignitate* on his orchestral seat, called out, "How's this, I say, sir, why don't you play?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," quoth the man of brass, "I am at a rest."—"Hark ye, sir," retorted the manager, "it is for playing, and not for resting that I pay you; so play away, at once."

Now this meddling conduct brings him into perpetual disputes with the *artistes*, and occasions infinite annoyance to the public, who are thus subjected to perpetual disappointments.

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

Or else, certainly, we should not have felt it becoming to make any allusion to the habits and manners of this potentate. But, in addition to what we have already said, there is one other subject on which we wish to reprove the management. Why is it that we are condemned to hear the same half-dozen operas season after season? The composers of Italy and Germany are constantly putting forth works of the highest merit; within the last four years twenty-four operas, to which thirteen different masters contributed their inspirations, have been written for Lalande; they were successful upon all the great stages of Italy. The virtuosa is now here; why has she not been produced in one of these—in "*L'ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*," (Pacini,) "*Gli Arabi nelle Gallie*," (Pacini,) "*L'Elizabetta*," (Rosini,) "*Bianca di Messina*," (Vacaj,) "*La Straniera*," (Bellini,) "*L'Amazilia*," (Pacini,) or in some one of the votive works of Pavesi, Marla-chi, Corbella, Donizetti, or Meyerbeer? And why is it that "*Il Pirata*," the only new opera hitherto produced, was selected from a crowd of superior productions, especially when it was impossible to represent it properly? The work was written for the celebrated tenor Rubigni; and the music being much too high for Donzelli, he was obliged to have it all changed; part being set upon a lower key, and more transferred to the *prima donna*; so that the

opera, as may be well conceived, was most barbarously mutilated.

Now it seems very foolish to travel all the way to Milan to rob the Italians of their best singer, and yet not bring her forward in any single one of the characters on which she founded her reputation, and this is rendered the more extraordinary when we consider that her *repertoire*, (including nearly sixty operas,) is the most extensive in Europe. Then there is Lablache—an artist with a fame prodigious as his bulk and stature. Has he but one character?—can he shine under no head-dress but the powdered wig of Don Gerónimo? The other characters he has attempted have been, if not failures, at least not triumphs; but surely there must be some others in which he would be admirable, as in the Deaf Merchant. Surely there must be some operas which he, and Lalande, and Malibran might illuminate with the full lustre of their talent. We have heard, or read, or dreamt of such; but there is little chance of our seeing them embodied, so long as a disposition prevails to force *artistes*, or to suffer them to force themselves into those parts for which they are precisely the least fitted. But enough of this; if we have not had new operas, we have, at least, to make our best acknowledgments for several new singers, and, as it is our intention to devote a few pages monthly to the subject on which we are now engaged, we shall here say a few words about these strangers, and give some brief notice of their career previous to their arrival on our boards. We shall first speak of the *prima donna*, who has acquired and sustained one of the highest reputations ever accorded by the land of music. Madame Meric Lalande has now, for four years, filled the highest place in the estimation of the Italians—she has been crowned in all their great theatres—elected a member of the Academy of Bologna—and has had medals struck in her honour at different periods, by this city and by Milan, conferring equal praise on her as an actress and a singer. The inscriptions on these medals, as we find them in an Italian journal, run thus—

HENRICÆ  
LALANDE  
CANTRICI . SCENICÆ  
ARTIFICIO . VOCIS . ET . GESTUS  
SVI . TEMPORIS . PRIMÆ  
SODALES . BONONIENSES  
AD . MUSICAM . OMNIGENAM  
A. 1825.

FESTEGGIATA  
NEL 1823  
SIGNORA DEL CANTO  
ACCLAMATA  
NEL 1828  
LA SOCIETÀ DEL GIARDINO  
IN MILANO.

On her approaching departure from  
La Scala for the King's Theatre,  
Milan speaks thus—

GLI  
AMMIRATORI  
COSTANTI  
DEL VERO MERITO  
DOLENTI  
PER LA VICINA PARTENZA  
DI LEI  
D. D.  
MILANO AN. 1830.

There is beside a medal struck by  
the city of Milan, with the following  
inscription surrounded by a wreath,  
in which appear the names of the  
principal operas in which she won  
her fame. "L'ultimo Giorno di  
Pompeij," "Gli Arabi nelle Gallie,"  
"L'Elizabetta," "La Straniera," &c.

AD  
ENRICHETTA  
MERIC LALANDE  
ESIMIA  
ATTRICI CANTANTE.

Mad. Meric Lalande is a native  
of France; she was born in Dun-  
kerque; she made her first appearance  
on the stage at Nantes, in French  
operas; having given earnest here of  
future excellence, she received an en-  
gagement at Lyons, where she was  
for two years the principal singer;  
her reputation still increasing, she  
next proceeded to the French capital.  
She made her *début* at the Theatre  
de Madame, and was the first person  
who ever sung Italian music on the  
French stage; so that the taste for  
the compositions of Rossini and  
others, which now so universally  
prevails, may be in a great measure  
attributed to her. "Les Folies Amo-  
reuses" of Regnard, (the celebrated  
author of "Le Joueur,") was converted  
into a regular opera for her, and ar-  
ranged by Castil-blaze, to various

pieces, from the compositions of Mo-  
zart, Rossini, Pavesi, and Meyerbeer.  
It was entirely successful, and de-  
lighted the Parisians for a considera-  
ble period. Mad. Lalande after-  
wards was chosen a *sociétaire* of the  
opera *Comique*, where, after singing  
for some time with success ever in-  
creasing, she obtained a *congé* of six  
months to study in Italy. The six  
months, however, extended to six  
years, and since her departure, she  
has not yet sung before a French  
audience. She made her first Italian  
*début* at Venice, during the carnival of  
1823-4, and sang in "Il Crociato," and  
"Egilda" (Pavesi) in company with  
Velluti, and the distinguished tenor  
Crevelli. Notwithstanding this for-  
midable association, fortune still  
smiled upon her, and, to adopt a  
foreign idiom, she bore away the  
universal homage. Next she pro-  
ceeded to Munich, where her tri-  
umphs were of the most dazzling  
nature; her *congé* had expired, and  
the government of France demanded  
her return under pain of a fine of  
10,000*fr.* The king of Bavaria, Max-  
imilian Joseph, paid the fine himself,  
and liberated the lady from her en-  
gagement, to the despair of France,  
and the delight of the other countries  
in which she had appeared. On  
leaving Munich, she returned to Ve-  
nice, and thence passed to Bologna,  
in 1825, where she was crowned, and  
had the first of the medals we have  
noticed, struck in her honour. Again  
she returned to Venice, for the car-  
nival of 1825-6, and afterwards ap-  
peared on the great theatre of Na-  
ples. She remained here for eight  
months, during which she sang in  
fourteen new operas, the greater  
number of which were composed for  
herself, and here all imaginable ho-  
nours were showered on her by the  
court and people. Vienna was the next  
city favoured with her presence. She  
sang in "L'Amazilia" of Pacini, the  
operas of Mozart, and many others,  
the emperor and empress, and numbers  
of the court honouring her with dis-  
tinguished marks of their admiration.  
Her next appearance was at Milan,  
where, for the last three years, she  
has reigned the unrivalled queen of  
La Scala; and this, perhaps, is her  
highest triumph, for the Milanese are  
wont to be capricious, as well as  
critical.



During her stay at Milan, Mad. Lalande made various excursions to gather laurels at the neighbouring theatres, in which, as at La Scala, one of the characters in which she won most praise, was our Elizabeth. The *Gazette de Milan* rapturously exclaimed—

“*O la regina d’Inghilterra*, o, per miglio dire, la regina del canto e di tutti gli animi sensibili, cio è l’applauditissima Méric-Lalande.”

It can scarcely be a matter of surprise then, that, thus successful as the representative of Elizabeth, she should be desirous to visit, in defiance of distance and danger from coughs and colds, the foggy banks of the Thames; but it was not in the person of our glorious queen that she presented herself to demand our homage. Contrary to her earnest desire, we understand, and before she had recovered from the fatigues of her long journey, and before her voice had become acclimated, she was compelled to appear in “*Il Pirata*,” an opera which was not written for the *prima donna*, and which was consequently little calculated to display her powers to advantage. Besides, as we have before observed, it was sadly mutilated, both as regards the music and the libretto; for the one was transposed and altered, and the other was hacked in such a manner as to leave it neither middle nor end, and in fact to render it quite unintelligible to those who were not previously acquainted with the story. Fortunately, however, these were not numerous, for the opera is in fact a lyric version of Maturin’s “*Bertram*.” It, consequently, succeeded better than could have been, under all the circumstances, expected. The audience, however, were something disappointed with the *débutante*; the sagacious critics wrote against her, and, never considering the nature of the music, declared that there was an uncertainty and tremulousness in her voice. They also said they did not like her voice—they could not tell why; and others of better taste were at first impressed in the same manner. But the fact is, her voice is one to which we are unaccustomed; it is a pure soprano *sfogato*—of even more than the usual extent. A soprano *sfogato* generally extends from C or D to D or E (ledger lines), her’s reaches both higher and lower,

while a common soprano can only touch D flat (ledger lines). Her voice too, is perfect in all its parts, and therefore she can sing the soprano’s music precisely as it has been written by the master, while *artistes* with a defective mezzo-soprano, like Pasta’s, or with a voice like Malibran’s, which is in truth a contr’alto, though she strains it to a soprano, are compelled to injure the effect by having the score altered. This voice then, so high and clear, undoubtedly does at first produce, to an ear unacquainted with it, an effect in some slight degree resembling that we experience on first hearing a musico. In this, however, we follow a rule of our nature in admiring, when we do admire, more passionately, from the very difficulty we felt in acquiring the relish. The man loves most those dishes which were distasteful to the child: and these two voices, which appear shrill to the unpractised ear, are most delightful to the experienced. But, whatever diversity of opinion might have prevailed respecting the quality of her voice, there was none, even then, as to her style of singing; it was universally acknowledged to be most pure; and even those who can relish a profusion of ornament were obliged to acknowledge the superiority of its classic simplicity. On her acting, too, there was as little doubt; her performance of the touching part of Imogene at once placed her beside Malibran and Pasta. Her next performance was Carolina, in “*Il Matrimonio Segreto*.” The part was not suited to her, and beside, it is one in which Sontag approached perfection as near as human nature may. But then came “*La Semiramide*,” and this, indeed, was a glorious performance; with all the recollections of Pasta to struggle against, her triumph was complete; all felt that, although she wanted that terrific energy which Pasta threw into some passages, the singing was, on the whole, superior, and the acting of an excellence more sustained. The Italians have expressed a far stronger opinion upon this subject. At Bologna, Lalande played the part for thirty successive representations. Pasta, on arriving afterwards, was barely tolerated for three. This proceeded from what we of the north might consider hypercriticism; but the Bolognese could not endure to

have the music sacrificed for the melo-dramatic effect; and all unharmonious cries and forcing of the voice are to them an utter abomination. But to return to London: "Semiramide" was admirably got up, and it is a matter of surprise to us that it has been so speedily abandoned. We for the first time, heard all the music written for the Babylonian Queen (Pasta was obliged to omit much of it), and Lablache, also, gave us all the music of the ambitious Assur, while Malibran was enchanting in Arsace. Her fine contr'alto tones mingled exquisitely with the soprano of Lalande, and, in many of the duos which had before passed unheeded, we discovered gems of price. The opera, however, in consequence most probably of some green-room intrigue, has been flung aside, and the town been as much wearied with the eternal "Matrimonio" as some unfortunate husbands are with their own, or else annoyed with fragments of operas, in which that very second rate singer, Mad. Blasis, has been enacting the heroine. "Il Don Giovanni" was next produced to add a triumph to Mad. Lalande, in the ungracious and most difficult part of Donna Anna. To the astonishment of all, she made it the prominent character of the piece; one might have well believed this impossible, for it was really pitiable to see all the other Donna Annas that have appeared upon our boards: you were anxious to condole with them, not for the loss of the worthy commander, but for the pain they evidently endured in straining for the notes in which the cruel Mozart had bodied forth their sorrows. But Lalande sung without apparent effort, making all the melodies effective, and thus bearing away the palm, for the remaining parts were, with the solitary exception of Zerlina, inadequately represented. Donzelli was utterly unable to sing the music written for the Don, and he was equally deficient in that air of reckless gaiety which distinguishes the arch seducer. These are the only characters in which Mad. Lalande has as yet appeared, and in Semiramide and Donna Anna she has fully maintained her high fame. We have only to add that, like Madame Malibran, she is in all respects an accomplished person. Like

her, she is a profound musician, and an excellent instrumental performer; and, like her, she is also an admirable linguist. Touching the *physique*, as our neighbours call it, she is a blonde, with a fine form, and a most expressive countenance.

Now for Lablache, the Gros-de-Naples, as the "Age" facetiously denominates him. Lablache is a Neapolitan something advanced in years; but he has not been long a singer, so his powers remain altogether unimpaired. He debuted at Naples, about five years ago, and has since performed with great success in the principal theatres of Italy and Germany. His voice is a barytone rather than a bass—it is of narrow compass, but possesses some notes of exquisite sweetness, and others of such tremendous depth and power, that it is impossible to hear them without feeling one's bosom swell with the pride of manhood. He made his bow to an English audience in Don Geronimo—he sung and acted admirably—his *début* was the most decidedly successful ever made in England; but as far as we have yet seen, he can only play this one character in a style of excellence—his Assur was far inferior to the elder Galli's, and his Leporello was ridiculous. His Don Magnifico was good, but far below the perfection of Geronimo. During the present rage to find likenesses to the Bourbon family, we wonder it has not been remarked that Lablache in his costume in "Il Matrimonio" presents a most striking resemblance to Louis XVIII. Anybody whoever possessed a five franc piece might swear by it.

Another of the novelties of the season is Signor Santini, formerly a Jesuit (it is said), but now an excellent bass singer. He is the best Figaro we ever saw.

Madame Malibran is long known amongst us, but we cannot close this article without devoting a few lines to her. We are sorry that she displays so intense an anxiety to play the soprano parts—her voice is a contr'alto, and by straining it to sing some music she attempts, she must inevitably shorten the period during which she might otherwise continue to delight us. She keeps the example of Grassi, her eyes. A real contr'alt'

from F under the line, to F on the fifth line, now and then touching G and A flat above the lines, and occasionally reaching A natural—but some contr’altos, such as Malibran’s and Grassini’s, have a very extensive falsetto. The use of this, however, in preference to the middle and low notes, is in general fatal to the voice altogether. Grassini, when she first came to England, had a most splendid and perfect contr’alto, but when, after her departure for the Continent she again visited us, she had, from forcing her upper notes and singing soprano parts, not only lost her low notes from not cultivating them, but her high notes also, from not singing to the extent of her natural voice. Let our dear little Malibran think of this, lest we should have prematurely to lament her loss: her voice is certainly not in such good order this season as it was last; and we fear that she exerts herself beyond her strength. Her acting, however, in all the characters she attempted, has been as usual above all praise. Some passages of her life have been recently published in a weekly newspaper (the “Observer”). They are interesting, and, we believe, correct. We shall consequently subjoin them here. The writer, after conferring some high praise upon the Desdemona of this accomplished person, proceeds to say:

“It is Desdemona that forms the foundation of her European fame, but it was not the first character in which she appeared; because, before receiving any engagement at the Salle Favart, she performed Semiramide, at the Academie Royale, for the farewell benefit of her countryman Galli. She had arrived but a couple of months before from America, where she had been singing to the admiration of the Yankees. But although the Parisians, with their usual gallantry, greeted her as “the Siren of the New World,” yet the Manager would not venture to engage her upon the somewhat apocryphal authority of Brother Jonathan. Her father’s name, however—her youth—her beauty—and her romantic story—secured her the *entrée* to all the *salons*, of which she soon became the idol; for it was shortly discovered that she was not a mere singer, but united the grace and wit of a French woman to the charming enthusiasm of a Spaniard; while she was, at the same time, found to possess accomplishments, *soprano* n, and talents, which would have from C or to their L’Espinasses or Defher’s reach her admirable voice, too, and

style of singing, together with her profound knowledge of music, were at once appreciated. So that, enjoying the universal suffrage of the *salons*, she only wanted the opportunity to take her place amongst the first of European singers. This, as we have said, was afforded at Galli’s benefit; but her success did not quite answer the expectation of her friends. She was dreadfully agitated, and appeared to disadvantage. Sufficient, however, had been done to procure her an engagement on her own terms. She played Desdemona, and the voice of the *dilettanti* was confirmed by all Paris. This was in 1828. She subsequently revisited this country, which she had left six or seven years before, having supported the contr’alto parts in “Il Crociato” and some other operas, with scarcely more applause than fell to the share of Madame Pasta on her first appearance on the boards of the King’s Theatre. At this period, however, she was very young—not more than sixteen. She had been brought from Andalusia by her father, Garcia, the celebrated tenor, together with a shipload of pictures by the Spanish masters, which he calculated on disposing of at great profit to the rich collectors of England; but, unfortunately, he had been betrayed into a mistake similar to that of the Vicar of Wakefield with his family picture. The paintings were, for the most part, so large, that no gallery in England could contain them. The Protestant Churches were shut against them. The Papists were too poor to buy; so that poor Garcia would have been ruined, if two or three cabinet pictures had not covered, in a great degree, the expense of his adventure. With better auspices he next took his lovely daughter and a cargo of shoes to New York, where he disposed of both—the shoes to great advantage, but of the lady most unfortunately; he married her to an old French Canadian, then esteemed the richest banker and merchant in New York; he, however, failed very soon after the marriage, and the Garcias lost the entire earnings of their life, which had been deposited in his bank. His wife was once more compelled to look for her support by the exercise of her talents. She sung for some time at concerts, amongst the inhabitants of New York, who displayed the most creditable attention towards her, and afterwards embarked for Europe. These are but a few incidents in a life, which, if computed by events instead of years, would make Madame Malibran an old woman, though she has not yet numbered five-and-twenty years; for during this period she has witnessed strange vicissitudes of fortune, and partaken more largely of the sweets and bitters allotted to existence, than the generality of the world do in half a century.”

## THE MINOR GREEK POETS.—NO. II.

## SIMONIDES.

"Thou of the low sweet voice."—HEMANS.

SIMONIDES has been numbered by Carmeli, the Italian translator of Euripides, among the illustrious men of the glorious season of Athenian literature. His "Lamentations," of which the hymn of Danaë, has preserved so touching a fragment, must have well deserved the appellation so elegantly given to their author by a kindred spirit of modern times—the Jeremiah of Athens. It would, indeed, be impossible to assign Simonides to any period, save one of extreme delicacy of feeling. His diction is the purest of any Greek writer, with the exception, perhaps, of Sophocles and Euripides.

It has been very prettily imagined by Lessing, in his "Laocoön," or the Limits of Painting and Poetry, that *la grace peut être considéré comme la beauté mise en action*. The distinguishing quality of the mind of Simonides, was certainly that which the German critic denominates—*Grace*—the melody of the feet of beauty.

Poetry, which in the latter years of Æschylus, and the earlier days of Sophocles, had been the brightness of a veiled face in the dark places, was then the undimmed radiance of a countenance looking like a girl of Tempé through a transparent mantle. Sublimity, the light of poetry in its birth and in its resurrection, had become mellowed into a soft gloaming, something like the mingling light and harmony of a nightingale's home—and this was beauty of thought. It could not have been said, with any truth, of the writers of that period, as of the poets beyond the Alps—*Ces poètes au de-là les Alpes parlent par images, mais ils fournissent peu d'images*. The reverse was the fact. Their images were few, but each one, like the waving of the sceptre of the "Angel of the World" among the roses, seemed to turn every thought hanging like a drop of dew about the heart, into an embodying of joy and loveliness. We may apply the exquisite remark of the Gre-

cian elegiast to the poet and painter, his contemporaries; their painting and sculpture were silent poetry, and their poetry was speaking painting. Sophocles and Euripides were the Zeuxis and Praxiteles of minstrelsy.

It is a well attested fact, that Simonides obtained the Prize of Elegy in opposition to Æschylus; and it will, I think, be immediately perceived, that the genius of the great Master of Tragedy was adverse to the still and gentle pathos of Elegiac poesy. He whose eyes are fixed upon the face of the Spirit of Beauty, will scarcely turn aside to admire the gleamings of her footsteps. It would be asserting a belief by no means easy of contravention, if I were to say that Mrs. Hemans has produced occasional poems superior to any thing by Milton of the same length.\*

The souls of such men as Shakspeare and the author of "Paradise Lost," seem incapable of moving, except in some vast and mighty structure, pedestalled with the sacred images of the Remembered, and they rarely or never excel in those sweet little snatches of song which the heart loves to sit and sing in its own ingle nook.

How full of purity, and, may I not add, piety of thought, is the following Ode, which might be not inaptly styled, On the Vanity of Man.

Nothing long with man abideth,  
Thus the Chian prophet sung;  
Like the leaves upon a tree,  
Green, and faded—so is he;  
Wither'd soon as he hath sprung!

Who hath said unto his spirit,  
I will take this humble seat?  
Hope sings to him, and his eye  
Looketh to a brighter sky,  
A greener garden for his feet.

In the sweet light of the morning, \*  
Man is like a fair field-flower,  
Perfuming some dewy spot—  
The evening comes, and finds him not—  
Blooming, dying, in an hour.

\* I would particularly allude to the "Songs of the Affections!"

Doth the young heart, chaunting gayly  
In the freshness of its light,  
Think its song will ere grow cold,  
Or its sunny face be roll'd  
In the garment of the night?

Treasure these things in thy bosom,  
Pilgrim-child of joy and tears,  
Looking for a home more blest,  
When thy weary feet shall rest  
At the boundary stone of years.

The simplicity of the last stanza  
but one in the original, is quite delightful.

ἄν' αὐτὴν γὰρ ἔστιν ἔχον γυναικώδην,  
οὐτὶς γινώσκων.

I know not any poet of our own day so nearly resembling in the affectionate gentleness of his sentiments, the author of these verses, as James Montgomery. I love the name—his life is the practice of his poetry. The melodies of this sweetest of Israël's harpers are associated in my mind with the faintly illumined face of some beautiful Moravian maiden, about whom my memory hangs in darkening folds, glimmering only here and there, as some dearer remembrance, like a sister's finger, rests upon it. His bosom is a sanctuary curtained around from all impurities by a veil of holy phantasies.

Perhaps some of the most affecting elegies in the literature of Greece, are contained in the Chorusses of their dramatists. There is a little composition in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, bewailing the unfortunate condition of the forsaken outcast who gives his name to the drama, and who, it will be recollected, was left in the Isle of Lemnos, which evinces a feeling similar to that displayed in the remains of Simonides. I have not Mr. Dale's translation; as an unworthy substitute, therefore, I offer my own.

Desolate one, I weep for thee,  
An orphan in thy misery;  
No fond eyes meek and holy shine,  
Turning its gentle love to thine.—  
Sad one, thou art all alone,  
When thy heart singeth, or the moan  
Of mourning cometh from thy breast;  
Yea, no man careth for thy rest.  
Life!—thou art a painful thing!  
Man!—thy soul hath felt its sting!

Joy was round the father's hearth,  
The son remembereth not the mirth;

The sound of feet was on the floor,  
He hears that gleeful sound no more;  
The father's laugh, the mother's strain,  
Their child hath look'd for them in vain.

With the lion in his lair,  
The friendless mourner dwelleth there,  
No soft hand wipeth from his eye,  
The mists of dark insanity.  
The red-leaf weaves his pillow cold,  
And yet his heart hath known of old  
The garment wrapt in careful fold,  
A sister's sleepless memory.

I cannot but add the very touching lamentation of Hecuba, observing by the way, the wonderful accordance of sentiment between "the most tragical of poets," and Simonides. The minds of both were characterised beyond all their contemporaries by a pure spirit of pathos. Sophocles was in many respects equal, and in some superior to either; but his muse, although one of the most bewitching creations of Greece, had something constrained and court like in her appearance, oftentimes in a passage of intense suffering, where the heart is softened to tears, she appears to turn aside to arrange some disordered fold of her drapery. My illustration is, I fear, too fanciful to convey to the understanding of the English reader my own meaning, but the diligent student of Sophocles will, I trust, comprehend my allusion.

It is Hecuba who speaks—

Whither, whither, shall I flee?  
Widow, who will dwell with thee?  
Walking by the lamp of years,  
In cries and wailing, sighs and tears,  
Aged one! they pass thee by,  
Man heedeth not thine agony,  
Hope! thy merry face is cold!  
Joy! thy mirthful tale is told!

Who will fold me with his arm?  
Who will shield me like a charm?  
If I turn unto the place  
Of my childhood play, no face  
Looks out in its silver hair,  
My children's feet are silent there.  
Where shall sorrow's pilgrim seek  
A pillow for her weary cheek?  
Daughters of Troy, your joy is fled,  
The bosom's lay is hush'd and dead.

The darkness cometh round my feet,  
My path is no more bright and sweet;  
Shrouded in thy spirit, guide me—  
Stretch thy gentle arm beside me;  
Lead me to the warrior's tent,  
Staff unto the mourner sent;  
Come forth in thy smiles, my child,  
Come forth to me, undefiled!

Some of the happiest versions of the Anthology have been made by the old French writers. I have met with a little book in the King's library, entitled *Recueil*—I really forget the remainder of the title—and written by one Tamisier, about the year 1597, which contains some very graceful renderings from the Greek. I was pleased with two particularly, the first is from Meleager, and quaintly inscribed, *un amant à son amye*.

“ Si la beauté perit, veux tu, o belle,  
Me refuser un don que du bref perira ?  
Si elle ne perit, que to rend si ribelle,  
A me donner un don, qui tousiours durera ?”

I am at a loss to imagine what reply the lady could have made to such pretty logic, so very prettily expressed. The second is from Simonides to a Fountain; it has not the *naïveté* of the first, and on that account presented less facility to the translator.

“ Icy sont lavé les gentilles charités,  
Et, pour ingrates n'estre envers cette belle  
eau,  
Elles luy ont donné leurs graces favorités,  
Et qui s'y lavera, soudain deviendra beau.”

I have always been accustomed to consider the remains of the minor Greek poets, broken cruces of ancient harmony, fragments of the same spiritual clay of which the most enchanting creations were moulded. There is a delightful melody in the

εἶδος λυρα καλὴ γυναικὶν ἐλεφαντινῇ.

I wish I were an ivory lyre,  
Beautiful in glee,  
A Grecian girl to her ivied quire,  
Might carry me.  
I wish I were a golden cup,  
The fairest one might bear me,  
Filling my joyful bosom up,  
With thoughts of peace and purity.

And the inscription to Health—

υγιαίᾳ μὲν προσέειπτα Μανάρων.

Health! thou eldest of the best,  
May I dwell with thee!

Unto the evening of my day, a peaceful  
guest,  
Be thou to me.

Simonides is said to have been the first poet upon record who received money for his writings, and the reason he assigned for so doing is marked by the spirit of the times. “I had rather leave something to my

enemies after my death, than need any assistance from my friends while living.” And if friends were then, as they are now, the very dust shaken off the grave-clothes of the pure friendship, (which I do not believe,) the poet, indeed, evinced his wisdom. History makes no mention of the price given by the Athenian Murray or Longman for the Lamentations, nor has any contemporary advertisement certified us the number of editions the book “went through,” nor by whom the accompanying airs were written. I think, however, we may conclude that the Lamentations were quite as beautiful as Mr. Moore's Melodies, and not half so well remunerated.

My next specimen is a very picturesque fragment of a song to Light.

Breath of delight, all present light,  
The mother of the spring;  
The greenness of the ivy leaf,  
The beauty of the harvest sheaf,  
Thy balmy breath doth bring.

Holy day, by the pillar grey,  
Where the love-bard dreameth,\*  
And by this lowly mound of death,  
Thy flower-like glory flourisheth,  
Thy lone footstep gleameth.

Thou of the vine, and lays divine,  
Thro' the moonlight singing,  
While thy lute doth darkly glisten,  
And the maidens round thee listen  
To that mirthful singing.

Thy days are fled, and numbered,  
Thy joy is in the earth,  
But ever may the wild vine fling  
Its dark light round thee, when the spring  
Is singing at its birth.

And may the dew at even blue,  
Fall gently on his breast,  
For many a lovelier chime  
Hath murmur'd forth in ancient time,  
From him who now doth rest.

The song of Simonides will bring to the remembrance of many of my readers the very charming verses in Cowley's hymn to Light.

At thy appearance Grief itself is said,  
To shake his wings, and rouse his head;  
And cloudy Care has often took,  
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy  
look.  
When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wa-  
ken'd head,  
Out of the morning's purple bed,

Thy quire of birds about thee play,  
And all the joyful world salutes the rising  
" day.

The violet spring's little infant stands,  
Girt in thy purple swaddling-bands.

Cowley would have made, perhaps, one of the most successful argumentative writers of his country. As a poet, with a few splendid exceptions, his chief merit consists in having created that which no man, save one or two of a school, ever thought worthy of creation. Poetry, in the mind of Cowley, was like the sunshine darkling among the carved work of an old cathedral, every ray was broken into a hundred separate sparkles.

Many and many a green village churchyard have I wandered through, without discovering two such touching and unaffectedly pathetic memorials as the following. The first is sacred to the memory of a brother and sister, who were buried in the same sepulchre.

"Here a brother, sister, sleepeth,  
In the dawning of their youth,  
Ere the spirit's bright eye weepeth,  
A tear upon its truth.  
A father's hand hath grav'd the tomb,  
Built up everlastingly—  
Their faces thro' all time shall bloom,  
Their grave is in the memory!"

The second is no unmet companion.

"Where is Timarchus gone!  
His father's hands were round him,  
And when he breath'd his life away,  
The joy of youth had crown'd him.  
Old man! thou wilt not forget  
Thy lost one, when thine eye  
Gazeth on the glowing cheek,  
Of hope and piety!"

\* I have for my own part, a most perfect contempt for what the French critic calls *l'étude des sciences physiques et naturelles, alliée à la poésie*, which gave birth in France to the purely descriptive style of poetry, afterwards revived with so much energy towards the close of the eighteenth century. His proposition is a fallacy. Poetry never can be *alliée* to science, physical or natural, or whatever its denomination may be. It was said of Dubartas that his native language destroyed his genius, but an ancient restored it to him. Poetry, unlike the heart of Dubartas, sings only in her own melodies,

weaving unto herself, from all green things and odorous flowers, a tabernacle to abide in; and she has about as much to do with science, as they who compose books of verse upon merely scientific principles, have to do with poetry. It was the perfect freedom from all the universality of knowledge which distinguishes the present day, rendering the public mind, like the overturn of an "omnibus," a jumble of faded finery, that has preserved the Greek literature in so interesting a fashion to my mind. It reminds one almost irresistibly of some dark-eyed girl, the song of our early days, in that most delicious season of life when her feet are within a few steps of the bound "betwixt the child and woman," to which they are dancing, and she looks sadly for a moment beyond the limit of carefulness, and gently putteth our arm from about her neck, and we feel that our "spirit's bride" is lost unto us for ever.

The story of Danaë will be remembered by most of my readers;—she was confined in a brazen tower by her father, Acrisius, king of Argos, who had been told by an oracle that his daughter's son would put him to death. Jupiter, however, who was enamoured of her, introduced himself in the shape of a golden shower. Danaë, and her infant Perseus, were exposed on the sea by her father, and it is during that perilous voyage, she is supposed to sing this "lullaby:—"

## 1.

The sea upon the bark was breaking,  
With a wild and lonely cry,  
Lifting it from the waves, and shaking  
The dark foam as the storm went by.  
She threw her arm round the infant's  
breast,  
Drawing the silk robe over its rest.

## 2.

"My heart, my little one, is weeping  
In its widowhood, but thou  
In thy tempest-home art sleeping,  
With thy fair locks on thy brow;  
In the whirlwind peaceful and meek,  
The chill rain toucheth not thy cheek.

## 3.

"The red light round thy sleep is gleaming,  
In thy cradle on the sea;  
But it stirreth not thy dreaming,  
The slumbering of thy glee.  
Thy sweet face from the night-wind cold,  
Nestleth down in the purple fold.

## 4.

"I would not that the cry of fear  
Rouse thee from thy sheltering leaf;  
Thy mother's wailing in thine ear,  
Wake thine infant heart to grief.  
Yea, sleep on, gladly, may the sea,  
My firstling one, be calm like thee.

## 5.

"Throned in clouds! I bend the knee,  
Let the ocean's voice be still;  
My heart is weary—let there be  
Rest unto the night of ill!  
My heart for thy justice stayeth,  
The mother for her infant prayeth."

There is an Italian translation of this charming lullaby in the *Prose e Poesie d'Antonio Conti, tomo primo*; but although possessing more power of imitative harmony than any other existing language, the author has failed in preserving the charm of the original.

I have before alluded to the concord subsisting between the minds of Euripides and Simonides. The exquisite passage in the "*Orestes*," comprising the touching dialogue between the Chorus and Electra, who is sitting by the bed of her afflicted brother, bears considerable resemblance in tenderness of thought and melody of expression, to this sweet cradle hymn. William Collins was imbued with this harmony of mind in its most perfect purity. I shall take occasion to speak of him more fully at the conclusion of this paper.

I have attempted a metrical translation for the sake of preserving, in some degree, the linked sweetness of the original.

Softly, softly, not a sound,  
When thy footstep meets the ground;  
Gently, gently, like the breath  
Of a lute song in its death—  
Like the sighing of a reed,  
Longing, murmuring to be freed.

## Chorus.

Listen! Doth my whisper soften—  
Maiden, thou hast heard it often

## Electra.

Blessings on thy peaceful feet,  
Hush thy breathing—trembling, sweet;  
Come near to me, tell me why  
Damsels, ye are lingering by.  
The wounded heart is in her nest,  
The mourner's spirit hath found rest.

## Chorus.

How fares it with him?—dear one, say;

## Electra.

Sad and tearful is my lay,  
Breathing on his couch he lieth,  
Still his orphan bosom sigheth.

## Chorus.

What say'st thou, mourner? Electra, Woe  
to thee,  
If the dewy slumber flee,  
Darkening round his weary eye,  
Bringer of festivity.

## Chorus.

Among the clothes his body shaketh—  
Look, thy weeping one awaketh.

## Electra.

Curses on thee dark and deep,  
Thou hast stirr'd his eyelid's sleep,  
Never more thy voice shall swell—

## Chorus.

Hush—he sleeps—Electra, Thy ~~sweet~~  
well!

I forewarned my readers, in the observations on *McLeager*, that these papers would be only the rambling notes of my own heart, and, in pursuance of my ambulatory propensities, I must say something, before I conclude, of the author of the *Ode on the Passions*. His poetry is so much like the quiet singing of some antique fount, unthought of among the myrtle vallies of Thessaly, that I link his history among the hallowed memories of ancient story.

William Collins goes further towards realizing my idea of a poet than almost any one I remember. His spirit seems to have been full of the dim beautiful light ever glimmering in the tent which "beauty pitched before him;" we can fancy him to have sat in the shadow. Johnson's notice of Collins is written with more affectionate interest than any other of his lives, with the exception of the *Life of Savage*; but his estimate of the poetry is perfectly worthless. I scarcely recollect a more complete failure in the appreciation of a character. "He loved fairies," says his biographer, "genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment—to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces—to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens. This was, however, the character of his inclination, rather than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance were always desired by him, but were not always attained. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life; but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviations in quest of mistaken beauties."



William Collins could not have found a less congenial critic than Samuel Johnson; of the pure glory of the imagination, the gleaminess which seemeth to fall like an angel's raiment about the form of poetry, the author of the *Rambler* knew absolutely nothing—nay more, he did not believe in its existence. Pope, and even Dryden, he was able to appreciate; for their poetry was, for the most part, “the blossom of all knowledge.” I say nothing of Collins's Pastorals, except that they are much better than Pope's, which, heaven knows, is saying very little. The only people calculated to write pastorals are such men as Robert Bloomfield, whose *Farmer's Boy* is the best existing. But the Odes—surely, Dr. Johnson, you never read the odes. “Golden palaces, and genii, and monsters”—where did you find them? In the Hymn to Evening, or the Ode to Liberty, or that on the Passions, of which it is hardly justice to say that it is equal to any thing in the language? In the meanders of enchantment his heart might

certainly be said to delight—in the rich arabesque of the imagination; but it was like a glad field-bird cheering its path along the lights and glooms of some silvery rivulet, and nestling itself down every instant among the dewy hedge-flowers so silently that, but for the trembling of the leaves, its hiding-place would not be discovered. Collins is our Simonides—his imagination is like some ancient flute forgotten in an old ruined temple, upon which the breath of a passing stranger hath produced a faint and yet most entrancing harmony. How melancholy the reflection, that all the long train of sorrows attendant upon this gifted enthusiast was attributable to the circumstance of there being no vacancy for a scholar at New College when it was his turn to be elected. It matters not now—he hath been admitted of that sacred company, where the voice of lamentation is not heard, and the spoiler cannot enter—the heaven of the heart's immortality!

THE HARROVIAN.

#### LARDNER'S CABINET :—VOL. CITIES AND TOWNS.

It delighteth us right marvellously to find that our friend Dionysius does not intend to monopolize for his Cabinet all the talent of the writing world; but that, besides employing literary stars of various magnitudes to enlighten the public, he will also occasionally make shift with a few dark lanterns. This is quite as it should be: if it be not a state policy, it at least evinces no common charity, to give a job now and then to old women—ladies, we should have said; although we cannot affirm positively that they are “ancient dames”—a portion of the sex whose appellation modern gallantry uses as the synonym of imbecile stupidity; since it is possible that they may be raw misses and boarding-school chits. Internal evidence, however, inclines us to believe that the understrappers of the Cabinet belong veritably to the former class, as they evince none of that playful friskiness which usually distinguishes the latter; but on the contrary, a certain steady, plodding dullness, which may impose upon many,

as its looks something like learned gravity. There is no danger of their starting off in a tangent, or kicking up their heels with unseemly levity; but much, very much, of their stumbling and breaking down. These old ladies, poor souls! use their stumt-up pens, as well as the generality of their class; and we only regret that the reverend editor has not thought proper to give to the world the names of the venerable sisterhood, more especially if, as we shrewdly suspect, there are among them any who attach to their cognomens those letters patent for dulness, F. S. A. Yet old-maidenly modesty may have defrauded the world and us of the gratification of knowing who are the respectable individuals to whom we feel so truly grateful for the occasion they have afforded us of scribbling a little ourselves.

The expression we have just used above touching pens, is to be understood rather metaphorically than literally, for the chief instrument employed in manufacturing the volume

before us, has been the scissors, with which the *Schneider litterateurs* have cut up sundry guides, gazetteers, and similar works; thus, and by the aid of good paper and types, fabricating what is to all intents a *bond fide* book, legible enough, if not exactly readable; and moreover, adorned with sundry minute wood-cuts, in which a strong imagination may occasionally discover some likeness to the scenes they are intended to represent.

The title of the volume led us to expect that it would be something more than a mere dictionary compilation of unconnected articles; that the subject would be treated with some degree of originality and taste, and supply that information in which other gazetteers are so provokingly deficient. We imagined that a work intended to form three spokes in the Cab. wheel, or, to express ourselves in more matter-of-fact language, three volumes of the Dionysian Cyclopædia, would have displayed something like a general view of the subject, in all its bearings; that it would not merely string together dry catalogues of buildings, but would depict the *physiognomy* of each city, with its local advantages and disadvantages; would point out the various epochs and causes of its increase or decline; and those revolutions in manners, style of living, &c., which constitute not the least important or interesting points in this species of history. But of novelty or research there is absolutely nothing, although abundance of that kind of ready-made, cut-and-dry erudition, and of that meagre, arid, adust chronicle style, which is considered indispensable to cke out the pages of the history of a fourth-rate watering place. The general prospectus of the Cyclopædia promised that it should combine "instruction with amusement:" of instruction there is in this portion of it, the minimum; of amusement there is, on the contrary, a tolerably fair sprinkling; and as we are of opinion with Sancho that half a loaf is better than no bread, we are thankful for this moiety of the fulfilment of the editor's engagement. Without exaggeration, then, it is a truly amusing volume, as we think we shall clearly prove to our readers, and is withal written in that insinuating style by which more is meant

than always meets the ear. Let us produce a few specimens:

"The interior [of Drury Lane Theatre] somewhat atones for this by its rotunda anteroom, magnificent double staircase, and its *shape or coupe* for the reception of the public. The grand, or rather only front of Covent Garden Theatre is of a high class of art and Grecian order. It consists of a Doric portico *imitated* from the temple of Minerva Polias at Athens, with two wings and the accessories of statues and sculptured panels in bas-relief. The effect scarce [scarcely] correspond<sup>d</sup> with the severe simple purity of the and style. It is stern to heaviness. The small Haymarket Theatre, with a handsome Corinthian portico, nearly faces, in the Haymarket, the Italian Opera-house. This [*i. e.* the *small Haymarket Theatre*] is a large building, of which the exterior has undergone modern repair and improvements. It is *lined* by a Doric colonnade, &c."

Now, by the powers! Dinnish, this is gloriously funny! and, faith! man, a glorious contributor you have picked up! Why *Regina* herself envies you the possession of such a darling rogue. At first we were rather puzzled to make any thing at all out of that said "shape or coupe for the reception of the public;" we suppose, however, that *shape* means *form*; yet whether the public are seated on a school *form*, or squat down upon a hare's *form*, we are at a loss to decide; but then the "*coupe*,"—surely they do not actually *cup* the audience at that house; to be *bored* is quite enough of all reason. To us it was quite a new, and rather an astounding, piece of information to learn that the *Doric* portico of Covent Garden is *copied*—we beg pardon, *imitated*, from the temple of the Minerva Polias, because this latter is *Ionic*! Nevertheless, as Dinnish must know better than ourselves, we will henceforth swear that it actually is so. But, oh! what an inimitable, *naïve* Hibernicism is that which confounds the imitation with the thing it imitates! None but a genuine son of the Emerald Isle could have used such a phrase. Positively, we must have the rogue to ourselves! What follows is a poser: the *sternness* of the effect does not correspond, it seems, with the *severity* of the design. Had the Sphinx spoken in this style, she would have non-plussed Oedipus himself. Hardly less mys-

terious is the circumstance of the small Haymarket Theatre being a large building; perhaps, though, the mistake is our own, but caused, nevertheless, by the not very laudable custom of the writer saying one thing and meaning another. The idea, too, of *lining* the Opera House with a Doric colonnade on the outside, is most exquisitely and happily Hibernian; that is, a truly Irish mode of applying the *lining* to any thing! And now, gentle reader, you have all this fund of amusement in a single page, *viz.* page 24 of the seventh volume of the Cabinet.

Spoken of Crockford's, the learned scribe says, "it is a celebrated, or rather notorious club-house, with its [a] tetrastyle portico of Corinthian pilasters"! The portico, if one there be, is to our optics absolutely invisible; perhaps Dinnish's scribe can see into a millstone, or through one, and, therefore, rather than question his veracity, we are content to disbelieve the evidence of our senses. Greatly, in sooth, should we like to behold this same portico, not only to allay our apprehension as to the state of our eyesight, but to have the pleasure of seeing so unusual a thing as a portico of pilasters. Nor is this all that the lynx-eyed gentleman, or old woman—as may be, perceives, since he speaks of the generally splendid façade. Splendid! forsooth; why we might as well talk of the magnificence of a drab bonnet, or term old Cobbett a patriot, or Dinnish Lardner himself a Moses in meekness.

"The new Post Office, *in operation*, but not yet quite complete, is an extensive, simple, and noble edifice, with three Doric porticoes at the centre and extremities. The new Custom House may be described as a most expensive, and most unfortunate building."

Here let us pause, to examine and analyze this cluster of beauties: "*in operation*," is a most daintily devised phrase, yet chronologically erroneous if it means that the operation of building was not completed when this egregious volume was published. Next, the harlequin-wand pen of this pleasant and instructive writer, converts at a single stroke the Ionic order into a Doric,—doubtless to the great discomfiture of Mr. Smirke, whose permission he ought, in mere politeness, to have

asked before he made the transformation. He has, however, made some amends by adding two porticoes to the building. But his *description* of the Custom House, of which we have given every syllable, is an absolute paragon for brevity and perspicuity. His pen must be a *condenser*! you behold not mere brick and stone, walls and windows—but a fine poetical abstraction; "a most expensive and a most unfortunate building." No; not unfortunate; the edifice thus brilliantly described is immortalized, and what is most enviable of all, is immortalized in the grand Cabinet.

"The church of St. Mary-le-Strand, *in the Strand*, by the same architect (Gibbs) is more decked in the luxuries of architecture." Aye, so it is, if gingerbread be luxury. We, however, being most goodnatured and charitable, will suppose that this is an error of the press, and that the sapient critic—truly may we so call him, after the specimens we have produced—actually wrote,—at least intended to write, "the *trumpery* of architecture;" or that he was meditating at the instant on the "luxuries" of his own style.

At Liverpool, we are informed, there is a "miniature imitation of St. Paul's cathedral, in the parish church of that name." Now we happen to know a learned gentleman who has visited Balbec, and found that the magnificent temple is very much like—St. Paul's, Covent Garden! The Cabinet scribe and the F. S. A. may shake hands most cordially and fraternally. "There is a river in Macedonia," says Fluellen; "and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth: 'tis so like as is my fingers to my fingers, and there is salmons in both." Nor is the Welshman's comparison a whit more ludicrous, although somewhat less thick-headed, than the resemblances the above egregious wights have discovered between structures utterly dissimilar from each other in every feature. The stupidity of the Cab contributor, however, has not even the merit of originality, having been faithfully transmitted through a long line of blunderers, and carefully handed down from dunce to dunce. With respect to that part of the volume which *describes* the continental cities and towns, it is, to use the tailors' phrase, mere *cabbage*, and

unskillfully botched; these knights of the scissars and paste being not quite so dexterous as their brethren of the scissars and thimble. Its gazetteer dulness is less frequently redeemed by those happy touches of blunder and blarney, that render this volume "a never-failing source of amusement." Still we do not say that it is totally barren of those entertaining qualities: we learn, for instance, that the Escurial was designed by Bramante, who died nearly half a century before the battle of St. Quentin was fought; and who of course never had any idea of planning a royal gridiron—a befitting residence, by the by, for such a princely roaster as the quondam spouse of our English

Mary of most heretic-roasting and heretic-grilling memory.

But our task is done, for we really cannot attempt to enumerate even a tenth part of the omissions we have noticed, relative to particulars that ought on no account to have been passed over in silence. There is not an iota of information beyond what is to be met with in the commonest compilations on the subject, to be found here. After all we will not part unkindly from a volume that combines for us the *utile* with the *dulce*; so long live the gentle Dionysius! long flourish the noble and gentle craft of

**Cabbage and Book-making!**

MACKENZIE'S HAITI,\* AND BAYLEY'S FOUR YEARS IN THE  
WEST INDIES.†

WE have already declared our opinions on the subject of Negro Emancipation. Those opinions were not hastily formed, and every fresh access of information on the subject tends to confirm them. We have here under our consideration two works; the one of which gives a faithful picture of the present state of Haiti, where freedom flourishes, just as Messrs. Wilberforce, Buxton, and O'Connell, could desire; while the other shows the despicable quiet and happiness in which the poor-spirited negroes of the British colonies are content to live, surrounded as they are by every comfort for which the peasantry of England sigh in vain. The authors of these two works are both manifestly impartial and disinterested—mild, too, in a degree which we are rather disposed to admire than to imitate; knowing, as we do, the unprincipled and hollow-hearted talkers, with whom we have on this subject to contend. We are fully impressed with the unfavourable aspect under which the advocate for negro happiness must appear to the many, who have had

their sympathies appealed to in pathetic phraseology by men as fully aware, as we are, of the non-existence of the cruelties, which their paltry purposes of self-interest prompt them to describe. But the philanthropic clamour of the designing and the duped has no terror for us. We know enough of the *façade* to despise the actors and the audience: yet something of a charitable feeling towards these latter impels us to lay before them a few facts—facts, which not all the sophistry or glib-tongued tactics of knaves can talk away.

In Haiti, where all the blacks are now freemen of the soil, they scorn to cultivate it; and we learn from Mr. Mackenzie, that in *Petit Goave*, most, if not all the sugar-works have fallen into decay: that in parts of the country, where, formerly, one thousand seven hundred carreaux were in canes, giving employment to one thousand five hundred slaves, now about seven carreaux are in cultivation, and fifty labourers employed; that in *Plantation Viallet*, above six hundred thousand pounds of clayed sugar were formerly made,

\* Notes on Haiti, made during a Residence in that Republic, by Charles Mackenzie, Esq., F.R.S., F.L.S., late His Majesty's Consul-General in Haiti, and now His Majesty's Commissioner of Arbitration in the Havannah, &c. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

† Four Years Residence in the West Indies, by F. W. N. Bayley. London, 1830. W. Kidd.

whereas, now, not an ounce is produced, nor a labourer to be found; that on the estate of *Habitation La-borde*, there were one thousand four hundred slaves, and the produce amounted to one million two hundred thousand pounds of clayed sugar, besides other matters; but now, not a cane is to be seen: that a whole plain yields less now than one respectable estate in 1789: that the estate *Duplat*, which, in Christophe's time, gave four hundred thousand weight of sugar, now belongs to the President, and yields less than fifty thousand pounds: that the estate *Brossard*, the produce of which, in Christophe's time, was from three to four hundred thousand French pounds of sugar, is now a waste; and, finally, that though the mountain sides are covered with coffee trees of spontaneous growth, which only require clearing to render them most productive, two-thirds at least of the coffee are lost for want of labour. This list might be lengthened to an extent truly astounding, but we think enough has been said to show the beneficial effects of freedom on the industry of the island. The authorities, roused at length to the alarming nature of this evil, have, in the *code rural*, declared all persons, who are not excepted by article 3, of that code, to be obliged "to cultivate the earth." It provides that they shall not quit the country to reside in towns or villages, without an express permission from the justice of the peace, which is also requisite before they can send their children, to be educated or apprenticed in towns. If, with these rigorous measures, the land is still left desolate, and its produce so far below what it was in former periods, who will contend that the natives are moved by that independent spirit and active energy which, we are told, will support every human being, the moment he feels himself a freeman? Such well sounding phrases are admirably fitted for a public meeting of persons, who come prepared to be clamorous on a subject beyond their comprehension—they may not be unsuited to the *fine pisantry* who return the Milesian as *ripristinitive* for Clare—but, surely, they can have no weight in the estimation of an impartial man, when set in the scale

against facts, detailed by a gentleman like Mr. Mackenzie, unprejudiced, disinterested, and every way qualified to afford important testimony on this question, to which he has devoted himself with unwearied and almost fatal assiduity? But, if the Haitians are no longer industrious, perhaps, by some moral mystery, they may compensate for this in the quiet and harmless tenour of their lives, and be worthy of admiration as patterns of negative virtue. On this point we learn, from the *Notes on Haiti*, that the men on the sabbath get very devoutly drunk, and then practise the amiable amusement of galloping along the road at a furious rate, to the great danger of themselves and every one else; that in Cayes and the adjoining districts, one hundred and eighty thousand gallons of liquor are consumed, not to mention the rum, which is a beverage much in requisition throughout the island; and that the few young females, living on plantations, seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery, to the vast delight of the military police, who encourage this "freedom" to the utmost of their ability. The ethical code of these sable patriots is worthy of them. One assured our author that an officer of rank was related to him: and how?—Hear the liberalized votary of love—*C'est mon beau frère, parce que je vis avec sa sœur*. The most gross and disgusting vices in Haiti, as every where else, spring from the fertile soil of indolence; and brutal lust and beastly intemperance are the great characteristics of the heaven-inspired patriots, who, according to Mr. O'Connell, "burst their fetters, and cried—'We will be free!'" O 'tis *themselves* that are free, sure! just as the "Willy-force niggers," of whom Mr. Bayley tells us, that "eating, drinking, and sleeping form the main business of their existence."

"From their natural idleness, their unconquerable unwillingness to do any thing they can avoid doing, they do not find the former of these so plentiful as they could desire. They, however, get enough to satisfy nature, and with this they are contented. It is from this cause that we observe them dwindling away from the stout, hale, and hearty appearance that com-

monly characterises the slave, to that lean, thin, miserable, and dejected condition which too often distinguishes the emancipated negro.

"The money, which they earn with their three days labour, will not only purchase for them necessities, but will afford them the further gratification of getting drunk at an early hour of the morning, and of lying deprived of their senses, and in the condition of a brute, sleeping in all the glories of their freedom, on the benches of that all polluting and polluted receptacle of disgusting perdition—a new rum shop; or folded in their tattered coverings, which leave them in a state little short of nudity, reclining on the side of the public road, the objects of the pity and commiseration of every passing slave.

"The mornings of their sabbaths are spent in the rum shops. They revel in drunkenness and sin, and before the hour of devotion arrives, they are plunged, by the influence of a pernicious liquor, into a dark, dangerous, and disgusting insensibility.

"The women, who have obtained their freedom, have not, generally, that miserable, sickly, and emaciated exterior which characterises the men. Indeed, their case is the reverse. They maintain their good condition, and look as well, as hearty, and as stout, as when they drank syrup and cane juice in crop time on the estates where they were slaves. They wear various kerchiefs, gaudy gowns, many coloured sashes, and a profusion of ornaments; and decked thus, they enter the house of God, and kneel with as much apparent devotion in their demeanour, as there is real shamelessness and impudence in their hearts.

"These women grow fat upon the bread of prostitution, and draw their support and finery from the foulest sources of shame, infamy, and guilt. Of course, while they are maintained by these sources, they will not work, and their lives are lives of idleness. All this, while they are strong, lively, and unthinking, may be congenial to their feelings; but when they are diseased, and their constitution weakened by dissipation and excess—when years have rolled away, and they find themselves no longer young, then their sources of support fail, and the dreadful curse of poverty falls hard on the affliction of decrepit age.

"When reduced to this condition, many of these miserable beings seek to return to slavery; and some of them have implored their ancient masters to receive them into servitude, and with it to the rights and privileges they once enjoyed."

Mr. Bayley then quotes a circumstance related by Mr. Coleridge, which we think will not be out of place here: "A very fine, coloured woman in Antigua," says Mr. C., "who had been

manumitted from her youth, came to Captain Lyons, on whose estate she had formerly been a slave, and entreated him to cancel, if possible, her manumission, and receive her again as a slave. "Surely," Mr. Coleridge adds, "she must have known the nature of that state, and of the contingencies to which she exposed herself by returning to it, at least as well as any gentleman of England."

Sufficient has been quoted to shew that industry, temperance, forethought, and every quality essential to the present comfort and future prospects of the negro, forsake him in his freedom. And this, because, as we have before contended, he has not passed through those previous stages of moral improvement, without which, liberty has ever been and will ever be, instead of a boon, the heaviest curse that can befall a people. We have said nothing of the outrageous, the monstrous illustrations of this truth, which were lamentably furnished during the Haitian revolution. Barbarities were then perpetrated, torrents of blood were shed, sufficient, one would imagine, to satisfy the most sanguinary demagogue. Who can, without shuddering to his inmost soul, peruse the undisputed atrocities of the "bold, bad" villains who successively deluged that devoted land with human gore? And can the brawlers for Negro Emancipation in our Colonies be such inconceivable dolts as to suppose that a mob, set in motion by similar designs, will not take similar means for the achievement of their object? What but the Parisian society called the *Amis des Noirs*, and others of the same description, first inflamed the Haitian population to that series of unparalleled cruelty and crime which has uncrowned and perhaps destroyed for ever the once fair Queen of the Antilles? The blasphemous quacks who call themselves the sole philanthropists, &c. tell us that they are the selected instruments of Providence for the fulfilment of its merciful designs in favour of the negro slave. Why, if self-conceit and false piety had not totally blinded these bigotted self-worshippers, would they not regard the example of Haitian independence as one of those awful admonitions, which Providence some-

times deigns to place before the eyes of man to warn him in his future course? There, the tremendous period of transition has been succeeded by systematic, and, we verily believe, incurable evil; and nothing meets the eye, on all sides, but the evidences of a once fertile land, now desolate; a once prosperous commerce, now destroyed; a once happy population, now brutalized by the worst of all degradation—an unbridled indulgence of base desires. And what are the expectations to be formed for the future? Lamentable, indeed! The very institutions which, in civilized countries, are the grand bulwarks of political freedom and popular rights, are, in Haiti, prostituted to the most venal purposes. Look, for instance, at the farce of their elections; at one of which, the return of a candidate was secured by declaring him to have twenty more votes than there were voters present! This is no uncommon occurrence; so that if a popular candidate be in any way obnoxious to the government, they may employ this plan of unlimited proxy and return a minion of their own. The government is, in fact, an absolute despotism, under the title of a republic—for the powers of the president are equal to those of any sovereign, and his office held for life. Thus these miserable savages, who are said to have started into the light of freedom, &c. &c., have, in reality, sunk into a slavery, worse than any endured in the most oppressive periods of the French occupation, and, deluded by empty forms, they hug their chains in drunken extasy, and call themselves the Sons of Freedom. We should, with more justice, term them her illegitimate children, thus having no acknowledged claim to inheritance. But enough of this republic, and its abuses: we will turn to a more welcome subject of reflection; to a population industrious, contented, cheerful, and, what is more singular, uncorrupted by the base or ignorant efforts of the "Men of black renown." Who would prefer the spectacle of a bloody struggle for misnamed rights, to the quiet and progressive preparation, by which the peaceful minded negro is advancing to a knowledge of his true interests, to a veneration for the laws of God and man?

We all know the harrowing accounts with which the "gentle shepherds" of the sable fleece are for ever regaling the long, long ears of gaping auditors. To believe these traffickers in tawdry sentiment, the negro is a being, doomed to toil in tears and hopelessness, trembling under the lash of the slave-driver, and, with the festering wounds of former infliction, daily exposed to burning heat and fresh barbarity. In proof of this, they quote invariably the same set of exaggerated anecdotes, from a period when cruelties were, indeed, exercised, but which has long since passed away, and the remembrance of which lives only in the memory of these mischievous praters. We are now about to quote Mr. Bayley's account of the present state of the slaves in our colonies—and the lovers of the horrible—those who delight in lashes, gashes, &c.—will be surprised, and, we doubt not, grieved, to find that the said slaves are the merriest set of fellows imaginable. Mr. Bayley's enumeration of negro miseries is as follows:

"In the first place, the slave has a comfortable furnished dwelling, for which he pays no rent, and no taxes.

"Secondly—The slave is under no apprehension of being separated from his family—families reside together, and are prohibited by law from being sold to different masters: and Mr. Barclay tells us that 'families are not only sold together, but, in general, they are allowed to choose a master for themselves.' And he shortly after adds, that 'purchases of negroes often cannot be effected in consequence of their dislike to go to the plantation they are wanted for; and the removal of them is never attempted but with their own free consent and approbation.'

"Thirdly—Slaves, if attacked by bodily illness and disease, experience no uneasiness, beyond that caused by personal pain. They have the opinions of a skilful physician, and the attendance of a careful nurse, and every medicine, cordial, or even luxury which the former may prescribe, the latter scrupulously administers. On their death-bed they are never troubled with the painful knowledge that they are leaving behind a starving wife, or helpless children: they know that the same master, who has protected them, will protect their children.

"Fourthly—They are provided with clothing suited to the climate; they have a regular allowance of provisions dealt out to them, and, in their reception of these,

but of the clothing especially, they show an independence and a scrutiny that could hardly be expected in a slave. Scrupulous of obtaining their full measure, and extremely tenacious of partiality, they will refuse any thing that is either damaged or worse in texture and appearance than that which is dealt out to their fellow slaves.

"Fifthly—Their labour is very moderate and well proportioned to their powers. They have a proper time allotted for their meals, and they have twenty-four hours in the week, besides the sabbath, to cultivate their land or carry their stock to market.

"Sixthly—They have the sabbath-day to themselves—may attend divine service, and receive the benefit of instruction, moral and religious.

"Seventhly—They have all a certain portion of ground attached to their huts, which, independent of the provision it yields, generally produces an overplus that sells to advantage.

"Eighthly—They *may*, and do keep fowls, pigs, poultry, goats, and live-stock of every description, with the exception of horses, which they are prohibited to keep, but to which prohibition they frequently pay no regard.

"Ninthly—They are, for actual crimes, liable to punishments, which very frequently do not exceed those which Englishmen receive for petty offences.

"Marked attention is paid by the colonists to the proper distribution of labour with reference to the powers of the individual. In the gangs of labouring negroes, the strong are always separated from the weak: each has a task proportioned to his powers, and what he must do he can do with ease.

"The slaves labour under the direction of a driver, who dares not strike any of them unless there be really good cause for so doing. And if he were detected in the slightest injustice towards the negroes immediate punishment and dismissal from office would follow.

"The soil of the cane fields is soft and easily tinned, the fatigue of hoeing is also considerably less than that of digging, and it might astonish some of those, who picture to their minds the labour of field negroes as something superlatively dreadful, to see the gaiety that prevails among the gang while pursuing their daily occupation. They would not see them execute their work with the affecting resignation of broken spirits, with tears of sorrow falling from their cheeks, or the sighs of affliction heaving from their bosoms—they would see them laughing and talking sometimes with their driver, and sometimes among themselves, passing their ready jokes on the characters and customs of the buckras; and, while they gave vent to a thousand live-

ly and vigorous sallies, pursuing their work in an easy and careless manner, that would remind the beholder considerably more of indulgence than oppression.

"The second gang have a lighter occupation than the first, and not being composed of strong negroes, have easy duties allotted to them, as weeding, stripping off dry leaves, gathering rubbish, &c.

"The minor children compose the third gang, and for the little labour they perform, are not, it may be supposed, at their tender age, of much service to the state. To keep them from habits of idleness, they are, however, placed under the charge of an old woman, and set to weed the garden of the proprietor, or gather green herbage for the goats and pigs.

"These are the three principal working gangs; the other slaves are tradesmen or mechanics, and these, with a few sick in the hospital, and the aforementioned collection of infant fatlings under the superintendence of the old dame in the nursery, complete the muster-roll of negroes on a sugar plantation."

We beg our readers to bear in mind that the gentleman, to whose work we are indebted for this information, is not a planter, nor in any way connected with colonial interests. His only object is to remove prejudice, and to give a faithful picture of what he *saw*, which is surely as worthy of attention as what others have *dreamed*. Having no prejudices or prepossessions on the subject, he comes forward, animated solely by the love of truth, and it is impossible for any one to peruse his volume, without giving him full credit for sincerity. His opportunities of observation have been great; these he has employed to the best advantage, without reference to any other consideration than the real advantage of the colonies and the true interests of the slave; both of which are inseparably united. We cannot do better than give Mr. Bayley's own words on this point:—

"I have often wished," he says, "that a statement of facts were brought forward to undeceive Englishmen on this subject; and I regret that the present volume is too small to allow of a full description of circumstances that might, in a great measure, tend to effect this. Not that I would set myself up as a vindicator of slavery, God forbid! I have before stated myself to be its enemy; but I should like to point out, that although it has gradually improved, and is gradually improving, though paganism is giving way to religion, the frown of dissatisfaction to the smile of content, and the former feeling of misery to a consciousness



of comparative happiness; yet that time must be allowed for the completion of the great work that is commenced, that a few more years must be suffered to roll away before the slave can be taught to know and estimate the true value of that gem, liberty. To give them emancipation at that future period, will be a justice and a charity; to give it them to day, will be adding fuel to a despoiling fire; will be pouring down destruction upon fair and fertile lands."

The truth is, that the idea of Liberty to the mind of an uncultivated negro, is nothing more than the thought of unrestrained indulgence, of a luxurious life, without labour or effort of any kind. To what such an idea leads we have seen in Haiti. But when the religious instruction, now so happily diffusing itself among the negro population in our colonies,

shall have taught them the true value and meaning of that freedom of which they now form a most erroneous estimate and conception, by a bloodless transition all may be effected which the true friends of the slave desire and the seeming philanthropists deprecate—namely, rational freedom and happiness for the negro, together with unimpaired prosperity for the colonist.

We cannot refrain from giving a negro boy's opinion on this subject. It is contained in a parody on Haynes Bayly's song of "I'd be a Butterfly," which, our author says, had not been four weeks in Grenada, when he heard every black little fellow in the island singing the following:—

" Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,  
 What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine;  
 Me learn to dig wid de spade and de shovel,  
 Me learn to hoe up de cane in a line.  
 Me drink my rum, in de calabash oval,  
 Me neber sigh for de brandy and wine;  
 Me be a nigger boy, born in de hovel,  
 What plantain da shade from de sun wha da shine.  
 Me be a nigger boy,  
 When me live happy, wha for me repine?

" Me neber run from my massa's plantation.  
 Wha for me run? me no want for get lick;  
 He gib me house, and me pay no taxation—  
 Food when me famish, and nurse when me sick.  
 Willy-force nigger,\* he belly be empty,  
 He hab de freedom, dat no good fro me;  
 My massa good wan, he gib me plenty,  
 Me no lohe Willy-force better dan he.  
 Me be de nigger boy,  
 Me happy fellow, den why me want free?"

In conclusion, we have to express our hearty acknowledgments to the authors of both the works, which have given occasion to the foregoing remarks, and confidently recommend them to the perusal of our readers. By the way, in return for the many interesting facts narrated by the author of "Four Years in the West Indies," we would give him an admonitory assurance that he is neither a *fine* writer, nor a *humorous* writer; and, though we have reason enough in his book for supposing that he will differ from us on this point, yet as we have tolerable experience in such matters, he may depend on it

we are right. We will not quote in support of our opinion, but take leave of himself and of Mr. Mackenzie by thanking them for the convincing illustrations which they have furnished of the following text from Coleridge:

"Unless we are infatuated by the mere sound of a word, we must acknowledge that the power of doing whatever a man pleases, if unaccompanied by some moral stimulus which shall insure habitual industry and correct the profligate propensities of savage nature, is so far from being a step in advance, that it is rather a stride backwards: instead of being a *blessing*, it is plainly a *curse*."

\* *Willy-force niggers* are those, who have served their apprenticeship during a certain period, and are now free.

## BROUGHAM ON THE SLAVE QUESTION.

THE former part of this article had been sent to press when Mr. Brougham made his grand speech in the House of Commons. We must, therefore, trouble our readers with some observations on the learned gentleman's display against the Colonists.

In the recent debates on Colonial Slavery, Mr. Manning hinted "his regret that" Mr. Brougham had brought forward his motion, *on the eve of a dissolution of Parliament*, because from the circumstances in which the House was placed, it was not possible *that any practical good could be obtained by the discussion, and although it might have some tendency in influencing the approaching Elections*, he could not but think that it would have been more consonant with the object of Mr. Brougham, *of effecting an amelioration in the moral improvement of the Slaves*, if it had been postponed till the meeting of another parliament." Mr. Manning also very significantly reminded the House, that in the Session of 1826, Mr. Brougham had made a similar motion in the House, only a few days *previous to the last dissolution*.

What may have been Mr. Brougham's real object in bringing forward the motion, and in making the speech which he did, on the night in question, we shall not take the trouble to enquire. Mr. Manning has, to our minds, solved the problem. Mr. Brougham's speech never had in view any improvement in the condition of the negroes—any practical benefit to the slave population—any fair or candid consideration of the system of slavery, at the point at which it has now arrived—but was nothing more than an attempt to inflame the public, for the purpose of influencing the approaching elections, by holding up to their gaze a completely false and distorted view of the subject.

There are some men who are content to bear the imputation of knavery, rather than that of folly; and there are some men whose talents are so universally acknowledged, that when they are guilty of the utmost apparent absurdity, it occasions no suspicion of a declension of their powers of mind, but immediately engenders a belief of some sinister project. Mr. Brougham professes to

have in view the early and the safe extinction of slavery; but the mode which he adopts to obtain his object, is precisely the reverse of that which is calculated for the purpose.

The first objection which must strike every practical man—every sincerely desirous of removing the evil of slavery—is the total want throughout the whole speech of any recommendation of any one plan by which it may be safely effected. We are told that the Parliament is supreme over the Colonial Legislatures—that man can have no property in man—that slave-labour tends to the diminution of human life—that crime is very prevalent among negroes—that Mr. Bridges was accused of flogging a slave severely in Jamaica, and was acquitted—that Mr. and Mrs. Moss behaved cruelly to a negro in the Bahamas, and were punished—that the people of Jamaica have great objections to the missionaries, and imprison them, when they break the laws of the island—and when we heard all these statements worked up with all the powers of which Mr. Brougham is the undisputed master, we ask—and ask in vain, for the remedy which Mr. Brougham has pointed out.

Any one indeed who reads this speech—and to how many thousands will it be sent, as containing a most perfect and accurate delineation of slavery, as it at present exists—would be induced to suppose, that the state of the slaves was precisely what it was half a century ago, and more particularly, that since the resolutions of 1823, not the slightest progress had been made by the Government in the adoption of measures in furtherance of those resolutions, nor one single step adopted by the colonial legislatures in conformity with their spirit. As a spirited denunciation of the abstract evils of slavery, we will afford to this speech our applause; but when we consider the splendid talents of the orator—how far superior his mind is to the weav-

ing of sentences, and sounding declamatory periods, it is with disgust we examine an effusion which possesses no superior pretensions, and which, as an investigation of the *present state* of the slave question—a fair and sober consideration of the methods by which it is to be furthered—a suggestion of modes either of conciliating or safely annihilating the colonial privileges—is utterly worthless. It is a tissue of empty declamation unworthy of the name of Brougham, and of the House in which it was uttered.

A very rapid examination of its leading points, will justify every word that we have used. We pass over his introduction, and come at once to the first grand topic upon which he has dilated. He commences the argument of his speech by asserting the supreme power of Parliament to legislate for the colonies over the independent assemblies of the islands, and he wastes two mortal pages of print, and wasted one good half-hour of time in uttering his opinion that “it is a great, an unpardonable delusion, to fancy that there ever has existed a doubt of the right of Parliament to give the colonies laws.”

Waiving every discussion as to this right, and assuming that Parliament does possess it, we ask, in what passage of his speech does Mr. Brougham point out that horrible necessity which calls upon Parliament to enforce it? When a similar argument was formerly urged, Mr. Canning used these memorable words: “I will only now say, that no feeling of wounded pride, no motive of questionable expediency, nothing short of real and demonstrable necessity, shall induce me to move the awful question of the transcendental power of Parliament over every dependency of the British Crown. That transcendental power is an *arcanum* of empire which ought to be kept back within the penetralia of the constitution. It exists, but it should be ruled. It should not be produced upon trifling occasions, or means of punishing petty refractors, and temporary misconduct. It should be brought forward only in the utmost extremity of the state, where other remedies have failed to stay the raging of some moral or political pestilence.” Mr.

Brougham did not attempt to make out such a case as any one of these emergencies mentioned by Mr. Canning, because he knew that he must have failed. But he mooted the question, and asserted the right without there having arisen any occasion for such trumpety declamation; and, after all, sat down without declaring what were the means by which he proposed that Parliament should exercise it, if called on.

The next passage of his speech is equally irrelevant to the present state of the Colonial Question. Mr. Brougham, *proh pudor!* for the thousandth time reiterates the argument “that man cannot be the property of man.” When such arguments were made use of in Mr. Canning’s presence, these are the words in which that great statesman reproached their unphilosophical—unlegislative—unpracticable bearing: “If there be those,” said this accomplished orator, “who think that this important question, involving, as it confessedly does, the lives, the interests, and the property of our fellow-subjects, is to be determined on the abstract proposition—‘That man cannot be made the property of man,’—I take the liberty of relegating them to the schools; and of telling them that they do not deal with this grave and complicated matter as members of the British Parliament, or as members of a society constituted, like that in which we live, of long-established interests, of conflicting claims to protection, of modifications and involutions of property not to be changed and simplified by a sudden effort, and of usages which, however undesirable, if the question were as to their new institution, ARE TOO INVETERATELY ROOTED TO BE DESTROYED AT A SINGLE BLOW. I must tell them, sir, that the practical adoption of their speculative notions would expose our West India possessions to ravage and desolation, which, I think, those honourable gentlemen themselves would be as little satisfied to behold, as I hope they are prepared wilfully to produce them.”

Let us, before we proceed to enforce further the absurdity of attempting to argue this great question upon such mischievous speculative absurdities, remind the reader of the resolutions of 1823—resolutions to which Mr.

Brougham was a party, but which resolutions he and his associates are now desirous to supersede or to misrepresent. The Parliament declared in 1823, that they were anxious for the "admission of the negroes into the participation of the rights and privileges enjoyed by other classes of his Majesty's subjects, at the earliest period, *that should be compatible with the interests of private property.*" What was the intent of the legislature in adopting these words, but expressly to recognize the right of the master to a property in his negro, and to provide that no emancipation should take place without a compensation for the loss which the planters' interests might sustain?

O but, says Mr. Brougham, "talk not to me of such monstrous pretensions being decreed by Acts of Parliament and recognized by treaties—man is not and cannot be the property of man." If Mr. Brougham be sincere in this opinion, "if, as a lawyer, he demurs to the declaration of the right," let him come forward honestly, and carry out the principle to the same length which is advocated by Mr. Otway Cave. This latter gentleman likewise contends for the native, inherent, indefeasible rights of man, but his is no vague declamation on the subject, because he honestly exhorts the negroes to revolt. He sees the "ravage and desolation" pointed out by Mr. Canning as the infallible consequences of carrying such a principle into effect—he is aware of the horrible catastrophes incident to a negro and a servile war—he contemplates with a fixed eye the entire loss of a commerce equal to the revenue of empires; but, emulating the respectable Robespierre in his language, he cries out, "Let the Colonies perish sooner than this principle!" If Mr. Brougham be correct, there is no occasion for Parliament to interfere at all in the matter. If "man be not the property of man," then are all the negro codes worse than blank paper, and every negro throughout the Antilles is at this moment free. But Mr. Brougham is not disposed to look at this question quite so abstractedly, for he will tell you that **EXPEDIENCY** prevents the declaration of the right, or encouragement given to the slaves to act upon it. This is

a point, therefore, where we meet him again, and convict him of an unstatesmanlike discussion, in mooted principles upon which he cannot, dare not act, and endeavouring to make a question rest upon an abstract doctrine which he never can apply to practice.

We think that we have now shown that a portion amounting to ten pages of the printed speech are totally irrelevant to the subject as it now rests, and consists of the idle adduction of theories, which few will dispute, but none, excepting always Mr. Otway Cave, may wish put into practice. His next statements are arguments against the evils of slavery, and he endeavours to prove its horrors from two facts: an alleged decrease in the slave population; and another, a great proportion of crime among the negroes—subjects to which we shall advert in another part of this article—observing now, *en passant*, that, assuming these evils to exist, it is still Mr. Brougham's bounden duty to point out the means by which they are to be remedied.

It is, however, quite impossible to pass by one prominent feature in this part of the case, and one which is common to every Anti-Slavery debater we ever encountered. They assume as the foundation of their argument, that the slaves are ill-treated; and if any private individual, if any public functionary, if any casual visitor—whatever be his motives, or his character, or his opportunities—dares to utter a word expressive of a contrary opinion, better were it for that man that he had a millstone "tied round his neck, and thrown into the sea," than to have thus provoked the wrath of the Anti-Slavery Society. They, not being resident in the islands, arrogate to themselves the privilege of deciding upon the reports of eye-witnesses: they stigmatize as a liar every one who utters a word in their favour, and persecute him with a rage and indecency, of which Major Moody and Mr. MacKenzie are two recent examples.

Mr. Brougham is equally absurd. The Protector of Slaves in Barbice has had the audacity to give this unsolicited testimony. "I cannot refrain from remarking on the contented appearance of the negroes;

and from the opportunities of judging, which I have, I think they have every reason to be so." Here is plain, straight-forward testimony given by an eye-witness, and surely it is inconsistent with common sense to allow such testimony to be overturned by the sarcasm of a lawyer who lives three thousand miles from the spot. But it is very remarkable that wherever we have the accounts of the voyage and examinations of disinterested visitors of all parties, their opinions all tend to the same effect. Coleridge's emphatic words are too well known to be requoted, but the following words, taken from Mr. Owen of Lanark, will bear repetition:—

"I was, after this visit [to Jacmel, St. Domingo], anxious to see the state of slavery in Jamaica, which I had an opportunity of witnessing two days afterwards at Kingston, the packet having to land a mail there. And after conversing with several of the domestic slaves, and seeing the proceedings of a large number in the market-place for two hours, and meeting great numbers coming from the mountains and other parts of the country, as I was going to the admiral's and bishop's residences, some distance in the interior, [where Mr. Owen spent several days,] I have no hesitation in saying most distinctly, that their condition, with the exception of the term slavery, is, in most respects, better than that of our working classes: and that a very large portion of our operatives and labourers would most willingly exchange situations with them."

The next argument, if it can be called one, consists of a recapitulation of Admiral Rodney's and Admiral Evans's evidence on the slave trade. Its peculiar bearing upon the present state of slavery is not very clear to our understanding, nor can we consider it at all relevant to the subject. Their testimony, no doubt, was correct as far as they had opportunities of judging, and can only be disputed when overborne by a contradictory authority of equally respectable origin.

One of the most scandalous parts of Mr. Brougham's speech—one which deserved the immediate reprobation of every member of the House—for its unfairness now comes under our notice. He wishes to prove that particular instances of ill treatment of slaves do really exist, and cites the following case:—

"A certain Reverend Thomas Wilson Brydges was charged with an offence of the deepest die. A slave girl had been ordered to dress a turkey for dinner, and the order having been disobeyed, he struck her a violent blow, which caused her nose and mouth to flow with blood, applying to her at the same time an oath, and a peculiarly coarse epithet, highly unbecoming in a clergyman, and indeed in any man, as it is the name most offensive to all womankind. He then commanded two men to cut bamboo rods, and point them for her punishment. She was stripped of every article of dress, and flogged till the back part of her, from the shoulders to the calves of the legs, was one mass of lacerated flesh. She made her escape, and went to a magistrate. The matter was brought before what is called a council of protection, where by a majority of fourteen to four it was resolved that no further proceedings should take place. The Secretary of State for the colonies, however, thought otherwise, and in a dispatch, with no part of which have I any fault to find, directed the evidence to be laid before the attorney-general. I understand that the reverend gentleman has NOT been put on his trial. I hope I may have been misinformed: I shall rejoice to find it so. I shall also be glad to find that there is no ground for the charge; although the man's servants, when examined, all admitted the severity of the flogging; and himself allowed he had seen it, though he alleged he was not near, but could not deny he had heard the screams of the victim. This Reverend Brydges I happen to know by his other works, by those labours of slander which have diversified the life of this minister of peace and truth."

In order to make the flagrant injustice of this accusation still more apparent to the reader, it is necessary to enter a little more deeply into explanation. Mr. Brougham, with consummate art and legal subtilty, from the fact of the Secretary for the Colonies having directed another inquiry into the proceedings, infers his opinion that Sir George Murray believed in the guilt of Mr. Brydges. From Sir George Murray's letter no such inference can be drawn, but it will be highly useful, by way of illustrating the control which the Anti-Slavery Society exercise over Sir George Murray's mind, to state how the circumstances came before him. It was through the medium of the Anti-Slavery Society. A Mr. Thomas Pringle, their Secretary, upon the information of an anonymous correspondent, transmitted to Sir George Murray the statement of the

case; and although fourteen to four of the magistrates who made the enquiry, were satisfied that the complaint was one which need not be further examined, Sir George Murray chooses to neglect the *prima facie* evidence of Mr. Brydges's innocence; and on the anonymous authority of a correspondent of the Anti-Slavery Society, to insult the magistrates of Jamaica by directing a further enquiry into the affair. Sir George Murray's conduct is to us inexplicable, unless he intended in his acceptance of his situation, purposely to irritate the colonial authorities. Mr. Brougham, however, in arguing upon this case, as if it were a *PROVEN* one, is flagrantly unjust. He himself acknowledges that he may be misinformed, and with this conviction how dare he, as a candid arguer, mention a case as conclusive against West India Society, which may turn out as pure a fiction as the memorable letter of the "eye-witness" in the Morning Chronicle?

Equally insulting—equally false, is Mr. Brougham's next assertion. He alleges that Mr. Brydges libelled Mr. Wilberforce (which is untrue,) and asserts "that he had so far succeeded, whether by the treatment of his slaves, or the defamation of Mr. Wilberforce, in recommending himself to his fellow-citizens in Jamaica, that a great majority of the protecting council forbade his conduct being inquired into." What, Mr. Brougham, after you yourself have acknowledged that the whole charge may be a fabrication, have you the conscience to assume that the magistrates of Jamaica could have no motives for abandoning the inquiry, but sympathy with cruelty and slander?—A more impudent attack was never made.

We have next the story of certain outrages alleged to be perpetrated on certain missionary preachers. The first was an attack on a Methodist chapel, but Mr. Brougham's objection to the administration of justice in the West Indies is at once removed, by the pithy remark of Sir George Murray in reply, that the magistrates who connived at the rioters have been dismissed!!! If therefore there has been sin, there has been punishment, and as far as this case is concerned all pretence for interference is at once removed. The other cases

are equally misrepresented:—certain missionary preachers offended against the laws of the island, and for their offences they were imprisoned. It matters not whether the laws were just and tolerant, or the reverse. They erred, and were punished, and the pathetic display of their sufferings is nothing more than usually proceeds from missionaries when they can get up any thing of a persecution against them. Their *forte* lies in the martyr line.

Next comes the exhausted case of the Mosses, which we have argued so thoroughly in the last number, knowing that it would cut a principal figure in any speech on the subject, that we cannot afford a word upon it now; and with this stale case and the usual rhodomontade heaped up, on such occasions, the statement against the West Indians concludes. The orator gives a lash against the foreign slave-trade, and concludes with the following peroration.

"Sir, I have done. I trust that at length the time is come when Parliament will no longer bear to be told that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery: no longer allow an appeal from the British public to such communities as those in which the Smiths and the Grimsdalls are persecuted to death for teaching the Gospel to the Negroes; and the Mosses holden in affectionate respect for torture and murder: no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic in empty warnings, and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same throughout the world, the same in all times—such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes;—such it is at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man! In vain you appeal to treaties, to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To those

laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not untruly; for by one shameful compact you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not assuredly by Parliament leading the way; but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now then let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the government at home beware—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of Negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering that annihilated the slave-trade; and, if it shall descend again, they, on whom its crash may fall, will not be destroyed before I have warned them; but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God!

"I move you, that this House do resolve, at the earliest practicable period of the next session, to take into its serious consideration the state of the slaves in the colonies of Great Britain, in order to the mitigation and final abolition of their slavery, and more especially in order to the amendment of the administration of justice within the same."

We have now given a fair representation of the whole of this celebrated speech, which is now printed separately in the form of a pamphlet, and is to be widely circulated, as containing the best information as to the present state of slavery.

Every one must perceive, that as a speech it is a mere rhetorical exercise—as the practical speech of a practical statesman, utterly worthless. There are principles advanced, that are not likely to be disputed—theories overturned, which have never been supported, and every subject relating to slavery is incidentally discussed, except the only one at all really important, how best to escape from the evil of slavery.

In a great national question of this kind, we are only doing an acceptable duty to the public, when we expose the shallow declamation of such pseudo-statesmen, as Mr. Brougham, and compare them with the sober views of practical men. After some vapouring from a Mr. Edward Protheroe, Mr. Keith Douglas addressed the House, and his

views are so sound—so practical—so immediately pertinent to the present state of the question, that we shall insert his speech entire. Mr. Douglas has done that, which Mr. Brougham, with all his solemn appeals—his pathetic adjurations, has failed to do; he, although a West Indian, has pointed out clearly and distinctly, the remedies for the evils of slavery, and the mode of fairly escaping from them.

"No person is more sensible than I am of the great talents, and power of address of my learned friend, but I must take the liberty of observing, that I think he has borrowed largely on the knowledge of his own powers in bringing a question of the magnitude of the present, affecting a state of society in another hemisphere, under the decision of this House on the last day of its meeting during the present Parliament, when the small attendance of its members shews how little calculated it is for the useful purposes of deliberation. I will not discuss with him the abstract question whether man may be the property of man, for this House has already adopted a resolution to ameliorate the state of society in our West India colonies. Neither I, nor any other person, can justify the case of Mr. Moss—but would join with him in holding it up to the reprobation of the world. Neither would I defend the case of Mr. Brydges, if it be as he has represented it, but of which fact I am ignorant. Nor is the present state of society in our colonies to be ascertained by representations of the slave-trade, or of Guineamen, previous to the abolition effected by us. My honourable and learned friend mixes all these matters together to serve the purposes of the impression he desires to create, but he avoids entirely grappling with the only question that is now fairly at issue. My honourable and learned friend presented a petition the other night on the subject of slavery, which he then proposed to make the ground of his present motion. The petition reminds the House that on the 15th of May, 1823, Parliament recognised the evil of slavery, and the necessity of putting an end to it; that seven years have since elapsed without any measures adequate to the carrying of the object into effect having been adopted by the colonial assemblies. Now as this is a charge which ought fairly to be met, and which I conceive is capable of refutation, I will state to the House shortly, but I trust distinctly, the nature of the allegations, and my reasons for believing that they are incorrect.

Mr. Keith Douglas then quoted from a publication entitled "An Abstract of the British West India Statutes for the Protection and Govern-

ment of Slaves," the heads of a variety of enactments which have been adopted since the year 1823, by almost all the British West India Colonies, for improving the conditions relating to the negroes. Their general result is, that almost all the measures recommended in Mr. Canning's speech in 1823 have been adopted in almost all the islands, with the exception of that which is usually called the compulsory manumission clause. How Mr. Brougham, with this document before him, and within his knowledge, carefully compiled as it is from Parliamentary Papers, could venture to make the astounding assertion, that seven years had elapsed without the West India colonists having done any thing, would surprise us, if we were not well acquainted with his usual practice. His speech was not designed for the House, but for the public, accordingly it has been published as a separate pamphlet; while the spirited replies—equally sound in argument and correct in facts—of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Manning, and Mr. Wilnot Horton, are suffered to pass by unnoticed.

We have said in another place that we should again revert to the subject of the decrease of the negro population, which Mr. Brougham has so unfairly treated, and we shall do so in the words of Mr. Douglas, premising only, that when the Anti-Slavery writers insist upon this topic, they are careful to omit all notice of the fact, that a necessary diminution takes place on account of the number of voluntary manumissions which annually take place. Mr. Douglas thus proceeds on this topic.

"I hold in my hand a statement I have extracted from Returns laid on the Table of the House for five years, and generally ending in 1826; by which it appears, that 7,640 persons have been manumitted, not including Tobago, during that time, or that there have been about 1,500 manumissions annually. The ratio, I have the best reasons for believing, is on the increase; and I have to-night moved for additional returns to the latest period, which will, I believe, establish this expectation. During the last twenty-five years, in Jamaica, the number of free black and coloured persons has increased from 20,000 to 40,000, principally by means of manumission.

"My honourable and learned friend has

said much of the diminishing population in many of the colonies; but he says he excepts Barbadoes from his calculation. Now, I complain of this being a most unfair way for a person so minutely acquainted with the bearings of such a question to deal with it. He knows that Barbadoes is our oldest established colony; and that the Creole population are of oldest growth there, and that that population is increased and increasing, greatly to the inconvenience of its inhabitants in that colony. In the instances to which he refers, he speaks of colonies where there is still a large portion of Africans remaining, imported previous to the abolition of the slave-trade; and where there is, consequently, a much larger proportion of males to females than ought to exist in a more settled state of society. But in such colonies, as the old people die off, and the young grow up, there is no doubt that the increase of numbers which appears in Barbadoes, will extend to our other colonies. In respect of the diminution of the number of slaves, it is also to be observed, that manumissions are accounted as deaths, for they are merely returned as a diminution of the slave population; so that reasoning on this subject is often founded on very wrong grounds.

Mr. Douglas then made some very strong, and deserved remarks on the presumptuous arrogance of the Anti-Slavery Society, who assume—"that no man, however respectable, be he of what calling he may, be his experience and knowledge what it may, is deserving of any credence if his testimony or opinions do not accord with those of the Anti-Slavery Society."

We have here given but a very imperfect notion of the whole of Mr. Douglas's speech, which contains a perfectly fair and dispassionate view of the present case of the West India Question, at the point to which it has now arrived. The Anti-Slavery party, and Mr. Brougham in particular, wish to insinuate that they, and they only, are favourable to the mitigation, and the final extinction of slavery—with the most shameless audacity their pamphlets and their speeches, all tend to this great object; to obscure, to conceal, to mystify the fact, that the Government has taken the business upon itself—that the colonial legislatures are unceasingly occupied in devising measures for the amelioration of the negroes—and that the greatest and most important improvements are



under their care and superintendence daily and silently taking place. Mr. Canning, in that beautiful speech which prefaced the introduction of the order in council, thus distinctly pointed out the only safe course that could be pursued in this great question.

"IF THE CONDITION OF THE SLAVE IS TO BE IMPROVED, THAT IMPROVEMENT MUST BE INTRODUCED THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF HIS MASTER. The masters are instruments through whom, and by whom, you must act upon the slave population; and if by any proceedings of ours we shall unhappily place between the slave and his master a barrier of insurmountable hostility, we shall at once put an end to the best chance of emancipation, or even of amendment. Instead of diffusing gradually over those dark regions a pure and salutary light, we may at once kindle a flame only to be quenched in blood."—*Mr. Canning, 16th March, 1824.*

And singular enough, Mr. Brougham himself once advocated the very same doctrine, which he now so strenuously wishes to overthrow. Mr. Douglas very pertinently quoted from the "Colonial Policy" his sentiments upon the impossibility and the impracticability of the mother country legislating for the colonies.

"Any Parliament, Council, or Senate, which should begin such a work, would find it necessary to give up legislating for the mother-country, in order partly to mar, and partly to neglect the legislation of the colonies. Let this branch of the Imperial Administration then be left to the care of those who are themselves the most immediately interested in the good order and government of those different provinces, and whose knowledge of local circumstances (of those things which cannot be written down in reports, nor told by witnesses) is more full and practical."

We cannot too often repeat the assertion that Mr. Brougham could not have made the speech he did, had he not relied in the ignorance of his readers, and their perfect readiness to receive as gospel truth any fallacy which he might wish to palm upon them. We shall make no apologies, therefore, for the length of our quotation, as our object now is, not to show how finely we can write, but to give a plain and intelligible account of the question as it now stands; and, for this purpose, we shall avail ourselves of the history of it from the year 1823, given by Mr. Wilmot Horton:

"It will be in the recollection of the House, and particularly in that of the Right Honourable Secretary of State for the Home Department, that, at the time of those memorable resolutions of 1823, Mr. Buxton moved a resolution, which I will take the liberty of reading to the House—it declared:—

"That the state of slavery is repugnant to the principles of the British Constitution, and of the Christian religion; and that it ought to be gradually abolished throughout the British Colonies, with as much expedition as may be found consistent with a due regard to the well-being of the parties concerned."

"I need not point out to the House, that in this resolution there is not one word concerning the interests of the planters as proprietors of slaves. It plainly told the House and the country, that slavery was inconsistent with Christianity, which was enough to justify the House (at least that portion of it which concurred in the principles of this resolution,) in proceeding at once to the abolition of it, without regard to anything but to the satisfaction of an imperative Christian duty. What occurred on that occasion? Mr. Canning moved counter-resolutions, which, after declaring that it was expedient to adopt decisive measures for ameliorating the condition of the slaves, and to prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges enjoyed by the other classes of his Majesty's subjects, went on to say:—

"That this House is anxious for the accomplishment of this purpose, at the earliest period that shall be compatible with the well-being of the slaves themselves, with the safety of the colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property."

"Mr. Buxton withdrew his own resolution, and the House assented unanimously to the resolutions of Mr. Canning. Now observe what has been the constant doctrine of the Anti-Slavery Society with respect to these resolutions—what has been the doctrine of the Honourable and Learned Gentleman himself who has this night addressed the House? what has been the doctrine of Mr. Buxton? We could safely agree, say these Gentlemen, to the resolutions of Mr. Canning, inasmuch as we hold that there can be no fair or equitable property of man in man. Therefore, notwithstanding that we assented to the resolutions of Mr. Canning, we are not bound by that part of them. The Honourable and Learned Gentleman has proposed that questions should be put by constituents to the candidates at the ensuing election. I hope that they themselves will be interrogated on this subject. If so, will they say, 'It is true, we solemnly declared that we would main-

tain the equitable interests of private property; but, as we contend that there can be no equitable property of man in man, we have no disposition to maintain the interests of the planters? Let them put that construction; but I contend that, whether we were right or wrong to recognise the interests of private property, those interests were recognised in the resolutions of 1823; and I perceive in all the measures of Government since that period, a distinct recognition and admission of that principle. The Honourable Gentleman, the Member for Norwich, in protesting against that principle, has protested against the sale of slaves. But the principle of the sale of slaves is involved in the very measure of compulsory manumission, which was introduced by Mr. Canning on the suggestion of the identical parties who now maintain the doctrine of the inequitable nature of slave property. I have heard them state themselves, that the mode in which emancipation was to be carried into effect under the incident of compulsory manumission, was, by giving to the planter such a price for the self-manumitting slave, as would enable him to purchase another slave for the purpose of carrying on his cultivation. *How, then, I would enquire, is compulsory manumission to be carried into effect, unless coupled with the incident of the sale of slaves?* If the planter cannot purchase a slave in substitution for the manumitted slave, he will be exposed to immediate ruin from the necessary cessation of the cultivation of his property. Let it not be supposed that I am arguing, in any degree, against the principle of compulsory manumission. I agree with the Honourable Member for Norwich, that if we merely depended upon voluntary manumission at the rate of 2 per cent. per annum, the period which must elapse before the object of the resolutions of 1823 could be accomplished, would be incalculably retarded. The practical question, however is, what has been done? and what are we to do?

After some discussion upon the subject of the compulsory manumission, Mr. Wilnot Horton put to Mr. Brougham and his coadjutors that plain question, which they take specific care never to answer:

*If they are dissatisfied with the present course pursued by the Government for the abolition of slavery, what plan do they propose to substitute?*

If they arrogate to themselves the praise of philanthropists, or of legislators, let them not stop short with vague declamations upon the natural right of man, the laws of God, and instances of isolated oppression, but let them come forward with dis-

tinct and tangible propositions calculated to relieve the evil.

If the slaves are not legally slaves, let them bring forward this proposition, as a fact, before the House of Commons.

If the Colonial Legislatures are obstacles in the way of improvement, let them bring forward a motion for their abolition.

We challenge them to do this, and until they have done it, we may dismiss them with the opprobrious and deserved appellation of empty quacks and political impostors, who are satisfied with indulging in fiery appeals to the passions of the public, but are unable or unwilling to detail, or to enter into a sober investigation of the means of encountering the immense difficulties which obstruct the path of freedom to the slave.

What those difficulties are, are but faintly shadowed forth in a part of Mr. Wilnot Horton's speech, which we give as a specimen of those obstacles which REAL statesmen and legislatures foresee and argue upon, while they are carefully avoided by those who are much safer when indulging in idle declamation, and irrelevant sophistry.

"I now come again to the question of what is to be done; do I mean to imply that the local legislatures ought not to adopt the laws we have recommended to them? No such thing; I cannot pretend to say that the Colonial Legislatures ought in policy, in justice, in humanity, and in prudence, to hesitate to adopt the legislation now introduced into the ceded colonies; but if it be said that the most beneficial mode of effecting this purpose will be by home legislation, I answer that such a course will be attended with the most serious difficulties. If it be true that the public mind in those colonies is in the state represented by the Honourable and Learned Gentleman—if it be true, that it has a sympathy for the tormentor, and a hatred for the sufferer—supposing that you do legislate from home, in what manner are the provisions of your laws to be carried into effect by juries with minds so constituted? How can you expect that such a course will lead to other results than those you deplore in the present instance? The true policy of this country is to avoid irritating the West Indians, and to satisfy them by appeals to their reason that their interests are not sacrificed, and that it is not only consistent with humanity and justice, but for their own advantage that they should do what is required of them.

"Let us not, therefore, hold out the threat, that if they do not legislate for themselves, we will at once legislate for them. It should be remembered that we gave to these islands constitutions framed upon the model of our own. Now whether, in doing so, we had sufficiently analyzed the principles of our constitution, so as to ascertain whether its working would be attended with the same advantage in those small communities as it is in our own, where public opinion exercises so great an influence—I will not, now, pause to inquire. It is sufficient to say that we have given them analogous constitutions. I do not mean to say—in that respect I entirely concur with the Honourable and Learned Gentleman—that we have no right to legislate for them; at the same time it is difficult to legislate without violating that principle so solemnly laid down in 1778, of avoiding all imposition of taxes except for commercial objects. Now what have we heard in the course of the present Session with respect to the Canadas? How often has it been laid down that it is our bounden duty to leave them alone to govern themselves, and not to meddle in any degree with their legislation?

"*Mr. William Smith.*—Slavery does not prevail in Canada.

"*Mr. Wilmot Horton.*—It is certainly true that slavery does not prevail there; but in reference to this remark of my Honourable Friend, let me ask him, supposing that in the year 1778 that Act which was called Lord North's Conciliatory Act had been accepted by our revolted colonies, and that they had returned to their allegiance,—does he believe that we should have interfered with the slave-owners of the Southern States, or that we should have proceeded to legislate with respect to their interests? I only protest against home legislation as inadequate for its purpose. I do not mean to say that if the colonies treat us with contumacy, they are not to be punished for it. Other modes of treatment have been shadowed out to accomplish our object, which I think far more advantageous. If, after it has been demonstrated that the new legislation of the ceded colonies is innocuous, our older colonies are determined not to adopt it;—do I pretend

to say that their conduct ought to be passed over without notice? Certainly not. But I should prefer to bring them to reason by laying a treble tax on the importation of their produce, than by having recourse to legislation, which cannot be enforced when the parties, for whom you legislate, conceive that you are not legally justified in carrying it into effect. I only protest against direct legislation, and am not wishing to screen the colonies from the consequences of contumacy. It is my deliberate opinion, that the legislation introduced into the ceded colonies, is a model which it is the duty, as well as the interest of the planters, to take the earliest opportunity of following. I must protest, however, against the inference that the House of Commons and the House of Lords of England, are not directly precluded by the resolutions in which they unanimously concurred, from entertaining this great question without due reference to the interests of private property. I contend that the words 'with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property,'—if we mean to act as honest men—*if we mean to act in a straightforward manner—if we mean not to subtilize away the English language—we must acknowledge that we recognised the property of the planter in the labour of his slave.* I protest against the course adopted by those, who, reserving to themselves this loophole which I have described, whereby to escape from inconsistency, denounce every man who abides by this resolution, as the friend of slavery. Much good has already been done, and in these great changes we cannot expect that all we wish should be accomplished in a few years. Entertaining these views, I should be glad to see certain resolutions adopted which I shall take the liberty of reading to the House. If they be objected to, I shall not press them upon its consideration, for I am only anxious to put them on record as a memorial of my own opinions."

We here leave the subject for the present. Sir George Murray's extraordinary conduct must form the subject of a separate article.

## "THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

## No. III.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, ESQ., EDITOR OF "THE QUARTERLY."

We are rising in the world, from the *Literary Gazette* to the *New Monthly*, from the *New Monthly* to the *Quarterly*. As we introduced Tom Campbell to our readers in his nightly guise, here we have John Gibson Lockhart in his morning attire.

There he sits in his Parisian morning gown, busily smoking his sempiternal cigar. Whatever may be thought of his critical severities, it is indisputable that there is no literary man in all the great republic of letters who is more constantly occupied with puffing. It would take several volumes to explain what may be the effects of smoking upon a reviewer: we have the authority of Lord Byron that sublime tobacco—

"From east to west,

Sooths the tar's labours, and the Turkman's rest."

But as a reviewer is neither a tar nor a Turkman, we are not in the least degree advanced towards the proper elucidation of the subject. Far less are we prepared to enter in this desultory and autoschediastic, off-hand, and extemporaneous article, as Sir Charles Wetherell would call it, to discuss what should be the form or vehicle in which the tobacco should be exhibited under the particular circumstances—whether as cigar, meerschaum, cheroot, perquito, dudeen, hookah, yard of clay—or whether the material should be oriental or occidental, Havannah or Turkey, Virginian or Chinese. This would open too wide a field, and we decline entering into a subject which has already called forth so much acrimonious controversy, marked by that personality which is the disgrace of the literature of the present day. It will be seen by a reference to our plate of Campbell, that the *New Monthly* and the *Quarterly* take different sides on the question—the former patronizing a pipe, the latter a cigar.

His keen eyes are fixed on a book held at arm's length, but what the matter of the book is, or wherefore it is surveyed by that scrutinizing glance, is beyond our power to conjecture; one thing is evident, and he will agree with us in thinking, that, as exhibited by our engraver, it has a decided advantage over most modern works—or indeed ancient—for it is here depicted, blank, and therefore escapes the fate of containing sixteen pages of nonsense per octavo sheet, which is the usual proportion. By its folio shape, we may perhaps conjecture it to be a Romancero, some ballad of which he is intently turning into those sounding fourteen syllable verses which his example has deluded various innocent damsels into considering as the original metre of Spanish ballad-mongers. We are tolerably certain it cannot be an article for the *Quarterly*; for we take it for granted that he is a gentleman of too much sense and acuteness not to fall into the regular editorial habit of never reading any such rubbish as the papers sent by contributors; it is quite enough to publish them.

As he is at present engaged in what Hazlitt would call his autobiography of himself, which we may expect in the next publishing season, (the fall of the leaves, as Bentley pleasantly says,) we shall not intrude upon his province any further, than to say, that he was born in the city of St. Mungo, the punch of which he has duly celebrated and immortalized; that he is a man of Oxford, of which also he hath celebrated the piety and politics:

["Unfading in lustre, unbroken in years,

The great mother of churchmen and Tories appears;"]

that having studied in the bowers of Baliol, whilom King of Scotland—that he has hewn down various Philistines in divers quarters, fighting for ever, we need not say most thanklessly, the battles of church and king; and that now he sits in the seat of Gifford, in the workshop of Murray. Long may he there wield his critical baton, but we must recommend with more truculence! He looks on too patiently, while literary atrocities of the most deplorable nature are daily committed: this should be amended, and as a parting hint, we earnestly entreat him to turn off Barrow. It will be felt as a compliment by a grateful public.

## ON RELIGIOUS POETRY.

BEING A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE, MR. EDWARD CLARKSON, AND OTHERS.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE is a class of critics who take up their opinions, not according to principles, but to circumstances. Indeed it is too commonly the case with criticism in this country, that it recognizes no intelligible formula of process, but pursues its vagrant course, at the suggestions of whim, pique, or caprice. Criticism, in this country, has not yet, as in Germany, improved into a science—it is, indeed, for the most part, merely an art of arraying words to serve a purpose, frequently paltry and pettifogging enough. But is this as it should be? No well-wisher to literature can answer that it is—but that so it is, no one acquainted with literature can deny.

The public has lately had the fact itself, abominable as it must be to the olfactory nerves of taste and honesty, brought close, with all its disgusting effluvia, under the very nose. Never was the incompetency of modern pretenders to the critical chair more fully and incontestably exhibited than in the recent instance of a pseudo-religious poet. The young man set up for a satirist, God knows, with faculties sufficiently feeble for the mighty duty, except one power, that of impudence. This made him careless what he either said or wrote; and so it was coarse enough, and vulgar enough—all was well. The sapient critics, from whom the reading public adopt their opinions of men and books, as of old they did

—“from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.”

stood aghast. Had the weapon which Mr. Robert Montgomery wielded, been of more ethereal temper than to one the incision would have been too fine for their gross apprehensions. But retail slang, retailed, in most instances, from the pages of their own abortive monstrosities, was too germane to their own peculiar taste, as well as too obvious to be avoided. They were frightened by the reflexion of their

own deformity. And even if they had been better men, the vociferations of a common Billingsgate, if only from their loudness, would have brought them to a pause, sooner than the mild reproof of a gentle spirit, that heals while it wounds, and only wounds to heal.

Under the impression of this fear many did what they were afterwards ashamed of—they extolled as one of the most magnificent of modern poems, a production in which there was neither truth nor nature. Successive efforts, by the same author, at last convinced these wiseacres themselves that they had nothing really to fear from his talents, and less than nothing from his genius. The baldness of his verses was so apparent—their utter vacancy of real meaning—their pretending fustian, and revolting cant, cried out so loudly for vengeance to the immortal gods, that these groundlings began to conceive another fear, that the impending ruin would fall not only upon the head of the pseudo-poet, but his shivering bepraisers, and some of them declared off, and sought to appease the angry skies by a sacrifice of abuse and censure instead of that offering of lies and fool-worship by which they had offended.

Now all this could not have happened if those who profess criticism had understood the principles of their art, and had followed them in practice with sincerity and truth.

So much for their ignorance of poetry. But another consideration yet remains. While this unfortunate young man was in the hey-day of his popularity, then high was the estimation in which these worshipful judges professed to hold poetry of the kind called *religious*. The pious poet, forsooth, had asked and obtained inspiration of Him who is the source and fountain of all; and he was applauded to the very echo that did applaud again, for having soared at once into the pure empyreum of devotional song. To so great an extent was this fulsome

extravagance carried, that the poetaster himself was deceived by its flattering unction, which he lay to his soul so sincerely as to suffer himself to be exhibited in a portrait, "his rapt soul sitting in his eyes" like the veriest charlatan who ever made the pulpit a stage, and played those monkey-tricks before high heaven which make the angels weep. But now the tables are turned; and, according to a new dictum, the great reason for the overwhelming number of religious poems is, it seems, "the tempting facilities of this branch of composition: the sacred character seems such a shelter against criticism, while the Bible is an inexhaustible mine of magnificent epithet and noble imagery: nevertheless their adoption is generally any thing but an improvement; and we cannot applaud this business-like and technical appropriation of words: the most sacred. Poetry can never be better employed than in the cause of religion; but let her beware of too familiar a use of its holy language."\*

Such, at least, Mr. Editor of the Literary Gazette, is the expressed opinion of one of your critics—whether it be a principle of criticism to be adopted on all occasions may be doubted. Perhaps it is intended to apply only to all poets, save and except Mr. Robert Montgomery.—For we observe, that in defending the Satanic poet, Mr. Edward Clarkson, that most excellent of volunteer critics, disputes the position.

Let us then turn our attention to you, Mr. Edward Clarkson, who are henceforth to be looked up to as the sole depository of "*the laws of criticism*;" whose acquaintance, moreover, with religious poetry, exceeds that of any other man's living, since you have discovered a poem, called the Messiah, written by one Klopstock, unshackled by metre as by rhyme, in a prose form.† Speaking of a critic, on the Satanic poet, you write, "He now argues that such subjects are so temptingly easy, (the splendour of biblical themes and their

*inherent poetry* helping out the *poetical defects* of the bardlings,) that it has recently 'become fashionable, among persons of pretty fair abilities, to turn it to account,' and to trust to obtaining a *borrowed lustre*, not from their *own merits*, but the *sublime sacredness* of the themes." In opposition to this doctrine, you, Mr. Edward Clarkson, properly reply, that, "Dr. Johnson was of opinion that, it is very difficult to write successfully on biblical or sacred themes, for the very reason that the critic before us thinks it very easy; *viz.*, that such themes 'can only be new versions of what has been said before to better purpose.' So much the greater merit in Mr. Montgomery, &c. &c." In a note, you add, "Johnson, speaking of the noblest of Young's sacred poems, says, that 'the great reason why the reader is disappointed, is, that the thought of the last day makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinction, and disdains expression.'" He draws a similar inference as to difficulty in such subjects, in his critique on Cowley's translation of the Psalms, and on his *Davidéis*.

To use your own words, most sapient critic, "Writers thus at war with themselves may be safely left to fight out the battle." But it is necessary to point out this contradiction of principles in the partisans of inflated nonsense, that the public may see, whatever the show of principles, and whatever may be said to serve a purpose of the laws of criticism, they are not recognized in practice. They are made to change places, according to the interests of the parties. It makes all the difference in the world, if the poet of *The Descent into Hell* be reviewed, or the poetaster of *Satan*.

It may seem strange, that critics, whose very character depends upon the impartiality of their decisions, should so mix themselves up with the interests of the poet on whom they are called to sit in judgment. You,

\* Literary Gazette, April 24, 1830.

† "True poetry may be written in a prose form, *i. e.* without metre. Of this, Gessner's Idylls, and Klopstock's Messiah, are obvious proofs."—*Montgomery and his Reviewers*, p. 38. Klopstock's Messiah, as all the world knows, but Mr. E. C., is written in hexameters.

Mr. Edward Clarkson, however, have solved the mystery. "It must," you say, "be confessed, that I have a personal feeling in the enquiry, that my taste as a reader, and my judgment as a critic, are committed in the question. My opinion has been so publicly and unequivocally pronounced, that MY CHARACTER for the above qualifications must stand by the verdict in favour of Mr. Robert Montgomery's admitted pre-eminence, or fall with his fall to a lower grade than his admirers are willing to admit." This is the feeling on which they act; and by this feeling, the critic in the *Literary Gazette* is as much influenced as Mr. Edward Clarkson. Hence it is, no wonder that the aforesaid critic speaks of the latter gentleman's "little volume as a performance of much information and talent." Yet they disagree on first principles! and Mr. Edward Clarkson will not, he says, allow that one person "should pronounce the shield of Haco to be gold, and the other maintain it to be lead! Is THERE (he exclaims in capital letters) NO UNVARYING STANDARD OF CRITICAL TASTE AND LAW? If there be not, the whole 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' of criticism are worse than useless." Yet this is the critic set up by Mr. Edward Clarkson in opposition to Fraser's Magazine.

For you, Mr. Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, we entertain an unfeigned respect, but cannot esteem your reviewer as the best of all possible critics on poetry; and as we have before observed, know not that he has ever stated his principles of poetical criticism for the direction of his readers. Indeed, we must be allowed to suspect that he has, perhaps, neglected to realize to himself the grounds on which he judges of those productions to which such criticism is applicable. And it is owing to this neglect of his—a pardonable one, it must be confessed, since herein he has only erred in common with the race of periodical reviewers—it is owing to this neglect of his—not to any deficiency in his power of judging—that he was so wofully misled in his estimation of Mr. Robert Montgomery's merits. But err he did—mis-

led he was; this, however, he thinks it not now consistent with his dignity that he should acknowledge. He does not forsake his *protégé*, like some thin-skinned deserters of "the youthful genius." No; he adopts another course. Unwilling to think that he could be mistaken in regard to the degree of poetical merit, he entertains a lurking suspicion, that the subject might have disarmed the virulence of criticism; and that, in addition to the score of poetical talent, he had allowed something for religious feeling, which, deducted from the total amount of praise accorded, would leave his critical conclusion tolerably correct. This deduction, in all future instances, it seems that he has determined to make; and as minds, which have little motive-spring of action, besides what exists in accidental circumstances, are ever borne away with "every wind of vain doctrine," and generally fall into extremes, and "confounding contraries;" so he now runs the hazard, as in the extract already made, of allowing all too little for the poetical feeling, and charging all too much on the religious.

No one, but for the *exposé* of personal feeling thus made by Mr. E. Clarkson, would have believed for an instant that any critic would have suffered himself to become so part and parcel with Mr. Montgomery's interests, as, by applying such a rule in his estimate of others, which he forgot to apply to him, to endeavour to remove all competitors from his Satanic laureateship's forthright advances to fame and fortune. This, we repeat, no one would have believed; at least we would not willingly have believed it; however, we might have recollected, that in Byron's opinion,\* "the common trick of Reviewers is, when they want to depreciate a work, to give no quotations from it."

This was done in the *Literary Gazette*, in respect of seven religious poems. Never was there a better judge than Lord Byron in these matters—and this express opinion of his deserves consideration in a case of this kind—though we have no desire to press it any further than the reader

\* Medwin's *Conversations*, p. 145.

fect age, and under a better dispensation.

The examples of Virgil, of Tasso, and of Milton, sufficiently demonstrate the advantages of the connexion between learning and poetry; but of all poetry, to religious poetry is learning most necessary. A criticaster may probably think that it presents only fatal facilities. A certain class of religious poetry may possess such facilities, which are fatal enough, both to author and reader. The class to which they appertain is that to which learning is not necessary, that which claims uneducated originality, and inspiration, though maudlin, which is underived. It is that class of pseudo-poetry which is produced by ignorance, addressed to ignorance, and applauded by ignorance. Poetry originating in a state of factitious enthusiasm, or in a spirit of interested hypocrisy, and sectarian cant. In fine, such poetry as *The Omnipresence of the Deity* contains—a work composed wholly of centos from evangelical writers, and the ravings of religious bedlamites, unrelieved by the least suggestion of philosophy, and unredeemed by any manifestation of piety or truth. Such is the religious poetry which presents the tempting facilities so strongly urged. And such as the poetry, such is the religion of which it is the expression. The sects that affect this style of sentimental devotion, despise learning in their spiritual teachers, and prefer the unintelligible ravings of ignorant enthusiasm. With such the profoundest ignorance is the mother of the truest devotion. This is a very common idea with those who have never felt the influence, nor attained that perfection of which the human understanding is rendered capable by education. Religion, they think, is entirely independent of any acquirements of science, and incapable of receiving either elucidation or aggrandisement from any of its speculative refinements. But it can be shewn, that religion is likely to be more approved, where its truth and nature are more sensibly perceived; and better practised, where knowledge has inculcated a stronger conviction of its importance. From the long period which has elapsed since the first development of revealed religion to the world, the astonishing and lament-

able revolutions which have taken place in the human mind; from its progressive decay, with the downfall of civil and intellectual liberty; its final subjugation and debasement under the despotism of papal ignorance and superstition; until the almost extinguished spark was fanned into a flame by the revival of literature, and gradually restored to its pristine brightness by a release from spiritual thralldom:—Religion, as it were, regenerated and propagated anew, stands in need of some proofs, if not of its identity and truth, at least of its purity and perfection; and must, therefore, present itself to the consideration of its professors in the present day, more particularly under a philosophical aspect. It is the business of philosophy to discover and authenticate the important truths of religion. To the attainment of this philosophy, learning is absolutely indispensable. Without learning, the religious man cannot satisfy himself concerning the sacred oracle, which he is to regard as the confirmer of his hopes, the certain guide in that narrow way which shall lead him to happiness. Without learning, he cannot collect and examine the external evidences of its authenticity. Without learning, he cannot explore and discover the internal marks of sacred truth. And when, with the most patient and persevering labour, the enquirer shall have traced this religion through its promulgation, its dispersion, its persecutions, its debasement and decline, its night, its dawning, until it again reached the splendour of noon-day; when, in conjunction with these events, he shall have observed the equally alarming violations and pollutions which attended the sacred record itself; has seen it disguised and mutilated by the surreptitious interpolations, or wanton omissions, of polemic theologians, and the sense perverted and abused by the disputatious cavils of arrogant and supercilious schoolmen, where ignorance and want of candour, self-conceit and intemperance directed their inquiries, enslaved their opinions, and depraved their judgments; when he has perceived it almost lost to mankind by the ignorance and superstition of papal priestcraft; when he shall have attended it through its more cheering progress on the revival



of learning; after reason, so long captive and confined within the fetters of monkish tyranny, again awoke to freedom and unrestrained exertion; when he shall have beheld its purity recovered, and its mutilated text restored; have known the labours which marked the life of a Wickliffe and a Luther, a Cranmer and a Latimer—he then only will be able to comprehend what infinite labour, what patient perseverance, what science, and what learning, are connected with the philosophy of religion; what attainments are necessary to be possessed, what talents exerted, in so wide a field, so intricate a maze of inquiry.

To human learning mankind has been indebted for a second revelation; it was the instrument appointed by providence, by which, a second time, the light of the gospel was enkindled, and which has shone forth to this our day. It was when learning emitted its rays from the obscurity of the dark ages, that Luther, giant-like, arose from the general slumber, and restored to astonished Europe the gospel in its original character of purity and perfection. And have we not reason to expect that when science and learning shall cease to be cultivated, the sun of our righteousness will again set in darkness, and sink in the ocean of ignorance and superstition?

When reason was clouded by prejudice, and the understanding darkened by ignorance, the exertion of the divine power in miracles, or immediate fulfilment of familiar and long expected prophecies, could alone be sufficient to establish the divine authority of the Christian religion. But when education and science have matured the understanding, and reason has discovered and felt the strength of its powers, it then wanders forth secure, in the labyrinths of enquiry—can trace the nature and attributes of the Deity in the perfection of his works: from observing its own freedom to will and do what is good, can discover its own deficiency in the purity of his sight, and, from the principles of natural justice, infer the punishment which such a defection from duty deserves, the need of expiatory services, and the inefficiency of human endeavours to effect them. From these and similar modes of reasoning, and an inability

to arrive at any certainty, it at length perceives the want of some supernatural communication; and when, by means of the same faculties, it shall have investigated and approved of the dispensation offered, and been satisfied of its authenticity, its purity, and perfection, from such internal and convincing proofs of reason, the soul becomes enabled to render to God the acceptable homage of faith in his promises, and the merits of his Son; of faith, not merely assenting, but quick and lively; productive of all that benevolence and good will to mankind, for which the advent of the Saviour was proclaimed to the world.

Religious poetry, in this age of the world, should take this high point of philosophical endeavour. If learning be so necessary to the religionist, more especially is it necessary to the religious poet. For every poet is an enthusiast. The ignorant enthusiast acts from the dictates of internal conviction, and his internal convictions proceed (at least according to his own ideas,) from the knowledge of truth; but here he stops; he enquires no further, either how he came by them, or how far they are consistent with, or contrary to the great laws of natural reason and justice; his convictions, therefore, arise from no certain authority, nor are they confirmed by the decisions of cool and dispassionate judgment; by what motives his conduct may be directed is left to the doubtful operations of prejudice or passion, and by what arguments defended, to the blind and partial system of *inward feeling*; like the madman, who reasons right from wrong principles, he also takes for granted the truth of certain principles, of which his mind, neither enlightened by science, nor strengthened by learning, is unable to detect the error, or, if detected, remove; and on these he acts with all the impetuosity, and often real fortitude, which the occasions may demand. The poor man who fancies himself a king, and acts with the dignity which he is conscious should be attached to such a station, calls forth, indeed, more pity, but excites far less apprehension. To preserve the religious poet from this madness, and to prevent him from making others mad

also, learning and science are indispensably necessary.

To return: for poetry, whether religious or not, the critic of the *Literary Gazette* appears to have no proper feeling. "Were we to be asked," he begins, "what branch of our literary profession most reverses the general rule, and, while it gives most trouble, is repaid by least pleasure, we should unhesitatingly say, poetry." Now a critic, whose sympathy is so cold towards the "divinest of all arts," is totally unqualified, by his disposition, to appreciate a poem, or to enter into the extasies of a poet. "The poet's eye in a fine phrensy rolling," must appear to him an exhibition only proper to the cells of Bedlam. A competent critic of poetry must partake the enthusiasm of the poet.

But if this *Literary Gazette* critic has no sympathy for poetry in general, much less has he for religious poetry in particular. We have heard several clergymen express their admiration of those paraphrases from the psalms, which occur in two or three places of *The Descent into Hell*. In general, the metrical versions of scripture passages smooth away all the beauty of the original. In this poem, wherever they are introduced, they are presented (by virtue of the poet's great skill) in unabated majesty, and without the loss of a single image. This the said critic looks upon as a "business-like and technical appropriation of words the most sacred." But in this he is only censuring a reflection of his own habits. He can only look upon a poem as something by which money is expected to be made, and which is hurried off the press as quickly as possible for that only purpose. The author of *The Descent into Hell* deems higher of the heavenly muse. His poem was composed slowly, in moments of inspiration, and upon the principle which has been expressed in the critique on Klopstock's Odes:\*

"Klopstock looked on the art which he had adopted as one of sacred origin, and appears, with a truly Miltonic spirit, to have cultivated his faculties as a religious duty. Poetry he made the business of his life, and was not ashamed of it; indeed,

he was anxious, at the outset of his career, to make it, if possible, his only business; and this is the true secret of excellence in a poet. He loved his art—for itself alone. He valued it not for any extrinsic reward, (if we except the sublime recompence of love and friendship, which, however, are not external guerdons, but matters of the heart within,) but for the personal satisfaction which it was capable of affording to his own mind and feelings—for the honour which it could procure him from the great and good; and, above all, for the glory which would thereby accrue to his country.

"With no less worthy aims than these, should the poet, who is solicitous of genuine happiness, adopt the practice of the divinest of all arts? To give breath to that aspiration after those purer, lovelier, mightier, and sublime attributes of being, of which the germs are enfolded in the energies of this present life—to develop the processes of nature, and the antagonism of spirit, and to manifest those powers of growth and perfectibility, which are the instincts of the human soul, is a task of no vulgar attainment, and not at all to be reached by one who would make a trade of his inspiration, and set his feelings up to sale. In success from these sources of worldly prosperity, he may be disappointed; but the genius which looks to the more certain sources of success—in the increasing life of the eternal soul, the awakened and ever more awakening might of the indefatigable imagination, the heightened and ever more majestic stature of the immortal mind—shall find its reward, in its own progression, in its union with universal being, its sympathy with unearthly intelligence, and its anticipation of those excellent states of power and glory, and beauty and blessedness, whereof the promise is the food of faith, which are themselves the objects of hope, and shall only be realized in the full development of the energies and activities of imperishable love."

This gentleman's poem has been of a quality to try the skill of those criticasters who pretend to know something of religious poetry. They have been found as incapable of reviewing it, as they would have been of writing a tolerable critique on the *Divina Comedia* or the *Paradise Lost*. To the proper appreciation of religious poetry, it is expedient that the critic should understand theology.—This it would appear is an attainment beyond the grasp of modern critics. The doctrine of *The Descent into Hell* is a controverted one, and even the better order of critics have been

found at fault in the discussion. Those who praised the poetry condemned the doctrine, and some condemned both on account of the last. With such nothing could be more extravagant than the defence of such a tenet. The author quoted Bishop Horsley's authority, but in vain : Dr. Parr has been quoted in opposition. Let us try the question a little.

Dr. Parr was a learned man.—Granted; but his mind was sectarian and not catholic, and he loved to differ, as far as he might, from those articles of religion to which he had sworn his assent. The doctor's sermon on this subject, however, happens not to be learned, but ignorant, and is, over and above, a mass of error and absurdity. And more ignorant of the subject, if possible, than he, must that critic have been who set his authority in opposition to Horsley's. They are not in opposition—Horsley begins the subject where Parr ends it. Parr saw as much of the truth, as a radically sectarian mind could, in an entire ignorance of the matter in dispute, be reasonably expected to see. His argument is, in fact, directed against the vulgar notion that the hell into which Christ descended was the place of torments. So far Horsley and the poet agree with him. But, in order to get rid of this vulgar notion, Parr adopts the interpretation of a Mr. Pyle, and with him proceeds to interpolate and garble the scripture text. He translates it thus—"Christ being put to death in the flesh, but restored to life, (or *made alive*,) by the spirit, by which also he went and preached to the spirits *now* in prison, who formerly disbelieved," &c. The little word *now*, and the phrase "*made alive*," is, according to Pyle and Parr, to transfer the agent from Christ to Noah; for, says he, it was not Christ personally who preached, but the spirit. Christ by the spirit preached in the person of Noah, to the contemporaries of that patriarch, not in hell, nor during the three days when Christ lay in the grave, but in the country, and during the time, in which Noah lived. So says Parr; but not so St. Peter. He says not, according to this translation even, that Noah preached by the spirit, but Christ; not that he

preached to the contemporaries of Noah in this life, but to the spirits; and if he preached to spirits he must himself have preached as a spirit, and not in the body. Such is the direct meaning of the words. This translation, however, cannot be admitted. "The words '*flesh*' and '*spirit*,' in the original," (as Bishop Horsley correctly remarks,) "stand without any preposition, in that case which, in the Greek language, without any preposition, is the case either of the cause or instrument by which—of the time when—of the place where—of the part in which—of the manner how, or of the respect in which, according to the exigence of the context; and, to any one who will consider the original with critical accuracy, it will be obvious, from the perfect antithesis of these two clauses concerning flesh and spirit, that if the word '*spirit*' denote the active cause by which Christ was restored to life, which must be supposed by them who understand the word of the Holy Ghost, the word '*flesh*' must equally denote the active cause by which he was put to death, which, therefore, must have been the flesh of his own body—an interpretation too manifestly absurd to be admitted. But if the word '*flesh*' denote, as it most evidently does, the part in which death took effect upon him, '*spirit*' must denote the part in which life was preserved in him, *i. e.* his own soul; and the word '*quicken*' is often applied to signify, not the resurrection of life extinguished, but the preservation and continuance of life subsisting. The exact rendering, therefore, of the apostle's words would be, 'being put to death in the flesh, but quick in the spirit,' *i. e.* surviving in his soul the stroke of death which his body had sustained; 'by which,' or rather 'in which,' that is, in which surviving soul, he went and preached to the souls of men in prison or in safe keeping."

To these remarks of Horsley's no real objection can be taken by any scholar. Dr. Parr, after thus floundering on in error and mis-translation, besides making some perfectly gratuitous assertions relative to what is and is not contained in the scriptures, and a needless enquiry as to the when and the where of

may, in his own mind, think that it might be justifiably enforced. Add to this the fact, that a second notice of *Satan* appeared, while *The Descent into Hell* was waiting for reviewal.

The fact is, that the success of one poetaster in this line has encouraged many in pursuit of the same phantom of air; which would scarcely be worth their pursuit, if they knew how soon and surely it must vanish utterly. But this is one bad consequence of the pretended guides of public opinion misleading public taste. Every great poet, it is well known, has to create a taste for the appreciation of his works—And why?—because the public, as a public, has no taste previous to the poet's creation, for any thing really original. And a taste for such always wins its way slowly though surely; and it is the part of a good critic to direct it in the due appreciation of a new star whenever it appears in the heaven of invention. The critic will find it always more difficult, in the first instance, to guide it in the admiration of excellence than of mediocrity; because the many are, and must be, of the mediocre rank, and some below it. A good instance, on a small scale, has lately occurred to our notice, of the way in which public opinion may be led, and how readily it concurs with inferior minds in the acceptance of the value of a thing; and how precipitately it hastes to the exercise of that prerogative, which Ben Jonson well observed, "the vulgar have, to lose their judgment, and like that which is naught." A certain workhouse keeper at —, at a time, when the late Mr. Canning was afflicted with rheumatism, out of the abundance of his affection for his Majesty's minister, inclosed to him, by letter, a recipe for its cure. His Majesty's minister of course, as his Majesty's ministers are wont to do, returned an answer of thanks for the attention shewn to him by one of his Majesty's subjects. This same subject immediately hastes with the important intelligence to the village apothecary, who smiles at the man's infatuation. The thing, however, is spoken of at parish committees, and a belief very readily obtains that the premier had received great benefit from the said recipe, which accord-

ingly gets circulated to a great extent. Let it not be thought that the lower orders constituted alone the class that was so easily humbugged into a good opinion of a recipe which may be found in any book of farriery, and none of the best either—No; the gentry of the village were the chief patrons of the quack mixture; and we are informed by the apothecary, that he annually makes up hundreds of prescriptions, and obtains considerable profit from Canning's embrocation for the rheumatism. Something like this quackery was practised in the dedication of *The Omnipresence* to the Bishop of London, whose good opinion the public misdeemed they were but partaking in their too confiding admiration of that very *jejune* production.

But it is not to carp at the conduct either of Mr. Robert Montgomery or his critics, that this letter is written; but to prevent a very serious mischief to literature, by the dissemination of an injurious principle. The *Literary Gazette* observes that "poetry, and the love of poetry, always have existed, and always will exist. The noble band of poets that have lately enriched our literature, have far from satiated the appetite they did so much towards creating: but they have refined taste to a degree of luxury, and the spirit of the lyre now walks abroad in company with the strictest criticism." cordially do we concur in the sentiment of the luxurious refinement of poetical taste; but we dispute the position that criticism has made equal advances. Criticism has been little better hitherto than the expression of personal pique—or caprice. It has been grounded in no principles—guided by no reason. But criticism must improve with the refinement of poetry and the improvement of the age. Such criticism as we have animated upon might have done "fifty years ago;" "that time is past"—something more sterling, more honest, more rational, is now demanded by intelligent readers. And so the critic will find in the long run, and we heartily hope and verily believe that this our Magazine will materially contribute to that refinement and improvement in the spirit and conduct of criticism, which is "so devoutly to be wished."

Now it is inconsistent with the history of literature, that any of its branches should be detached from the service of religion. The oldest literature which we have, is in the Bible. "The human heart," it is said, "will always ask some higher expression for its feelings and imaginations, than the common language of life." Literature is this same higher expression; but of all the branches of literature, the poetical is the highest expression of the feelings and the imagination. The oldest poetry which we have is in the Bible. Poetry is the most ancient form of literature, and religion is the most ancient form of poetry. For what is the sublimest poetry, says a foreign reviewer, but religion, the truths of which, in all ages and countries it has been its office to represent and embody in expressive symbols? And religion itself, though infinitely higher than poetry, by reason of its purity, and still more differentiated from philosophy, as being itself the very principle of life, can only be suitably exhibited in those magnificent forms, by which it is the business of imagination to express, however mythically, the otherwise incommunicable ideas indelibly impressed on the human mind, by the hand of its omnipotent Creator.

"'Twas God himself that first tuned every tongue,  
And gratefully of him alone they sung."

Hence the earliest poetry of which we have any record treats of theogony and cosmogony—the generation of the Gods and the creation of heaven and earth, furnish the sublime arguments of the earliest bards. And it is remarkable, that wherever literature has been revived after a long period of seeming death, its revival has been owing to an under-current of religious reformation, which was seeking for its appropriate expression. What has the literature of our own country not owed to the Reformation? And when did the poetic genius of England assume an erect attitude, but at the Reformation? Whence originated our national drama, but in the religious mysteries and moralities? And when did our national poetry arrive at its highest elevation, but at the Revolution, (a religious one) when the same spirit inspired the divine Milton, which of old inspired

"That shepherd, who first taught the  
chosen seed,  
In the beginning, how the heavens and  
earth  
Rose out of chaos?"

History then establishes the connexion between religion and literature in general, and poetry in particular. Why, then, should the modern poet be debarred the use of his Bible, and the profound mysteries of faith? Is "a business-like and technical appropriation of words the most sacred," only proper to the author of *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, and *Satan*; and are all other poets to be debarred from the treasures of holy writ, that he alone may make his way in the world, by profaning the word of God in the concoction of poems, which are literally not written, but scribbled, with a rapidity which shews the little regard the poet felt for his theme?

We have said above that his pernicious example has had many followers. Let us, however, not be mistaken—we must except from this censure *The Descent into Hell*, for we have reason to know that that poem was commenced long before the author was conscious that Mr. Robert Montgomery had a being. Indeed, it will be readily conceived that a poem on such a subject, so elaborately composed, and in so difficult a style of versification, could not be written in a moment. In fact, it was owing to the admiration expressed of the poem while in its manuscript state by the highest literary authorities, that its author has attained so respectable a rank and station in the literary world, as that which he now happily enjoys. These authorities, high as they were, mentioned the poem in the same sentence with the *Paradise Lost* of Milton, and the *Divine Comedy* of Dante. We are quite sure that they never would, for an instant, have thought of placing in juxtaposition with these immortal names the author of "*Satan*."

This excellent writer it has, however, been alleged, only followed in the wake of his Satanic laureateship's pestilent example. This circumstance, however, has only shewn the imbecility of these critics, and by what mere chances their judgment is guided. One of these gentry, in the *Monthly Review*, takes up the cry

which he was far from commencing, against poor Mr. Robert Montgomery. This wisacre is a mere "word-catcher, and lives on syllables," and much wants you, Mr. Edward Clarkson, to set him right in this affair. He particularly objects to a phrase "trumpet-gleam," which he calls "gleam of a trumpet's blast." Now the latter expression would have been sheer nonsense—not so the former—though it is too bold an expression to occur in the third page of a poem, and on this account objectionable. It means in this place a revelation made as with the sound of a trumpet; an object of sight is substituted for one of the ear. A similar licence Byron took in the celebrated line—

"The mind—the music breathing from the face."

And Mr. F. Howard, the artist, in the last exhibition at Somerset House, made a similar attempt in painting. He endeavoured to excite by the eye the same ideas as those excited by the ear in music. The subject he chose was Weber's overture to "Oberon." Any reflection of this sort was not likely, however, to suggest itself to a criticiser of this calibre. It is, however, by these little tricks that such persons contrive to assume critical airs, to which they are not at all entitled. This man's ignorance, however, is as great as his audacity. He affects to doubt of the piety of an author, who, in proposing the subject of his poem, ("Hell and Messiah,") placed hell in juxtaposition with the Messiah, and, of the two, gives the priority in place to the former. This gentleman evidently was not aware that Virgil's *Æneid*, in imitation of Homer's *Odyssey*, commenced in the same way—

"Arma virumque."

*Arms and the man.*

That Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered"

begins in a similar manner; and that therefore such an order of words has precedent and propriety in its favour, and is no evidence of impiety. After such a display of ignorance, there is no room to wonder that the same reviewer should mark out "the prologue of death" for reprobation, which, to borrow the words of the excellent critic in the *Atlas*, is characterized by a "fine vein of bold expression, and a powerful grasp of the dire accompaniments, and attributes, and images that make up the figure of doom."\* How is it, Mr. Edward Clarkson, that critics are found to differ in this extraordinary manner? Perhaps, they never read the book. Only the first few pages are quoted by this respectable reviewer, probably all he perused. This series of the *Monthly Review* is called an improved one. In what respect? Who the editor is, we know not. The Rev. H. Stebbing once acted in that capacity, but we understand it has long been out of his custody, and has now fallen into hands incompetent enough.

Such being the connexion between poetry and religion, as is asserted by philosophy, and confirmed by history, instead of the religious merit being deducted from the poetical, it ought in fact to be added—for the more religious, the more poetical! This may appear to some a paradoxical assertion, but it will not so appear to those who know how to estimate the merits of Milton and Dante. What constitutes the sublimity of *Paradise Lost*? What, but its religion! What constitutes its beauty? What, but its religion! What places it above all epics, and gives it an universal interest? What, but its religion! It is, however, the fashion of the *Literary Gazette* of the present day, to speak with contempt of "a Miltonic taste."† Shade of the

\* This same passage is quoted in the *Belle Assemblée*, which remarks that, in their extract, "a gigantic power and grasp of mind will at once be perceived; and, what is remarkable—notwithstanding the occasional affertation of obsolete words and phrases—the language has been subjected to a high and most elaborate polish. Here is wonderful condensation of thought, vigour of expression, vividness, splendour and magnificence of imagery. The inversions are, in many instances, violent; yet, violent as they are, they are often strikingly happy and effective; instance the expression, "With a red eye and fiery!" What would this have been worth, had the poet contented himself by saying, "With a red and fiery eye?"—*Belle Assemblée* for June.

† All that the *Literary Gazette* deems it worth while to state of "The Descent into Hell," is "we recommend *The Descent into Hell* to those readers of *Miltonic taste*, who may like to follow through the mysteries of time and space." (!!!)

immortal Milton! could one of those

• "Who speak the tongue  
Which Shakspeare spake—the faith and  
morals hold,  
Which Milton held—"

venture on the *iniquity* of such contempt? But he never felt the religion of Milton, or the nature of Shakspeare, who dared impiety so abominable! He must have been one of those whom Dr. Johnson described as "forsaking their master, and seeking their companions"—and their companions are such as Mr. Robert Montgomery!—Who shall bid them God speed?

Such as the *protégé*—such is the patron! The patronage of such an one invalidates the judgment of the patron on all questions of poetical merit. It has been asked, what Mr. Robert Montgomery's patron means by the word *genius*—a word so frequently employed in the *Literary Gazette*? We need not define it now, having defined it sufficiently, and deserted on it at large in the first number of this Magazine. The reason for which essay was neither more nor less than this, that we wished to establish the principles of poetical criticism before we proceeded to the practice. By the *Literary Gazette*, however, something very different from our meaning is intended. It appears that it signifies something that is opposed to Learning. Mr. Robert Montgomery has genius, because he is uninformed—and it is so wonderful that an uneducated man should write bombastic verses. Other writers are informed of models, and their knowledge of such models is discoverable in their poems. This was the case with Virgil—this was the case with Tasso—this was the case with Milton. Was their genius, therefore, less? Nay, but are they not held as models in their turn? and are they a whit, properly considered, less original than their great prototypes? Uneducated men of genius have, indeed, in popular estimation, great advantages over their better instructed brethren. The originality of their genius is, by the vulgar, more readily admitted. They readily believe that nature works in him who is apparently destitute of all the resources of art. The writer, on the contrary, who has received a

regular education, cannot claim this merit with equal success. He, moreover, feels an habitual reverence for the names of old, and having been taught to vail his genius at the altar of "hoar antiquity," he directs its exertions according to authority and example. He is induced partially to sacrifice the ambition for originality to the restraints of precedent. The example of Milton proves that to an author of genius these restraints are rather beneficial than injurious. Yet, perhaps, Milton will never obtain that reputation for originality which Shakspeare has all along possessed. Milton, indeed, has been described as a writer of centos, and few readers would think of elevating him above Homer on the score of originality. Yet, we are free to confess, that he is as much entitled as Shakspeare himself, *on account of his originality*, to our admiration and homage.

"*The Descent into Hell*" is a strikingly original poem. Equally original is it in conception and construction; the measure, also, in which it is written, is, it may be almost said, untried in the English language, and never before has been so well managed. Yet, notwithstanding that the verse of Dante is adopted, so careful has the poet been to avoid the charge of servile imitation, that he has rejected his style. We ourselves objected this to him as a fault. We blamed him for linking the grandiloquence of Milton to the rhymes of Dante. But though, like Milton's, the poet's style be grandiloquent—yet it is far from the same sort of style as Milton's—the grandiloquence is of another kind. Milton's style is made up of classic allusions, episoical similes, and learned technicalities. There is little of this in the recent poem. Its allusions are, as they ought to be, to the Sacred Scriptures, its similes are few, of technicalities it has none. It is true, that when the poet undertakes the sublime task of depicting the Catholic Church in the Heavenly Jerusalem, he introduces the sages of the days of old, and of classic countries; but he is careful to give a Christian meaning to every allusion, and to explain the type by reference to the antitype—the infancy of time by its fulness and maturity in a more per-

## STRICTURES ON ART AND EXHIBITIONS.

If talking about art, artists, and exhibitions, may be taken as proof presumptive of real taste and unaffected admiration, the fine arts have no reason to complain of public apathy and neglect in this country. It is, in good truth, the fashion to discourse of such matters—although not always intelligibly or intellectually—to talk of liberal patronage on the one hand, and of evident progress on the other. In spite, however, both of this apparent regard for art, and of the advancement, such as it is, that it has actually made, there is little of real feeling, still less of popular sympathy for that quality of it, which alone can establish for us a perdurable fame among the nations of the earth; for unwelcome as such a truth may be, especially to those who would fain have the reverse believed, the improvement to which we allude is merely mechanical, or at the best confined to those lower branches of painting, which are to the higher what prose is to poetry: the two regions are parted from each other by a gulf, and have nothing in common, save the atmosphere which embraces them. That we have attained to a certain tact and cleverness cannot be disputed: in every walk of the profession, we have clever men, persons whose dexterity passes off, for a time at least, as actual power; while of routine elegance and borrowed taste, there is assuredly quite as much as is desirable. Yet this is, in our opinion, very far from being a subject for gratulation, as it rather indicates that we have reached that pitch of well-trained mediocrity, which is of all things the most fatal obstacle to farther improvement, unless we have the courage to retrace our steps, and, like prudent generals, abandon a post that cannot be retained without sacrificing more important aims. Now, it is one disadvantage of this same mediocrity, that it renders us most complacently satisfied with our own petty achievements, and so contracts our ideas, that we abso-

lutely mistake our own little trim domain for the universe of art. We put ourselves on a tread-mill, and then, because we are always in motion, imagine that we are making a rapid progress; or, we might not unaptly be compared to a man, who, because he should have paced backwards and forwards between four walls, as many steps as would measure the equator, should deem that he had effected as much as if he had actually circumnavigated the globe. In short we have advanced to a striking point—to a very unfortunate *pons asinorum*. We have the surface of art,—not that “which passeth show,” in many instances the mere upholstery work, which is certainly well enough in its proper place, and so long as it continues in fashion; but its mode is transitory, and it soon becomes a by-word, and a reproach. Greatly do we lack of those noble imaginings, whose outward beauty is their meanest merit; and which reveal, by means of the shapes of this visible world, some glimpses of the invisible realms of intelligence.

This will of course be contradicted and set down as a base aspersion, by all young ladies who have received instructions in drawing, who make sketches for albums, and who paint fire-screens. Of a certainty; *yes*, will it be denied by that numerous class of easy, unsuspecting people, who are seized with an extasy of wonder at the embellishments of Annuals, which they laud as the *ne-plus-ultra* of graphic excellence; at the same time predicting the immense benefit that its professors will derive from the new school of art. Now far be it from us to object to such innocent amusements, as oriental tinting, or Poonah painting, sketching from—generally indeed very *far from*—nature, and depicting shells and flowers; provided we ourselves be never called upon to criticise, that is to compliment the splendid albums and scrap-books,\* in which productions of this sort are carefully treasured up; thus

\* As soon as our legislators shall have settled the affairs of Greece, we trust, that before they proceed to discuss the Moor question, and our interests in that quarter, they will pass some act to abate the crying and intolerable nuisance of the said Albums and scrap-books. Let it, for instance, be a misdemeanour and assault for any young lady to



reversing the ancient mythos of the Hesperian gardens, for there golden fruit was guarded by dragons, while here the vilest rubbish is frequently hoarded up by blooming nymphs and angels; terrestrial it is true, yet very passable angels nevertheless. To speak, however, with less flippancy, and in sober earnestness, we must say that the present system of drilling every girl whose parents can afford to pay for the visits of a drawing-master, into a machine for colouring Bristol board, and manufacturing card racks, has no other than the negative merit of affording innocent occupation, and so far, it may be, of keeping them out of "harm's way;" but with regard to real taste, and the cultivation of the faculties, it effects, in the generality of cases, absolutely nothing; we might rather aver that it lowers the taste, and deadens the perception of real excellence, substituting the spurious for the genuine in art, and familiarizing with the trivial and paltry.

As little can we concur with those who, it should seem, would fain exalt the certainly pretty and graceful embellishments of *Annals* into works of real moment; not but that we admit many of these productions of the graver to be beautiful; elegant, yet still trifles; eminently praiseworthy if estimated with reference to their own class, but utterly incapable of supplying the place of nobler efforts of the pencil. They may be said to constitute a little boudoir school, which, should it not be suffered to interfere, as there is some danger of its doing, with the more manly styles of art, may be tolerated as harmless—perhaps commended as useful. It will of course be thought that we estimate size above quality, sentiment, and expression: let us not be misconceived; we are not so absurd as to prefer a colossal daub to an exquisitely finished and finely touched cabinet piece; we merely contend that, admirable as a work upon the latter scale may be, it cannot affect the mind like one

whose very size bespeaks power; that is, supposing each to be executed with equal ability in other respects; else, mere magnitude will operate inversely; and it is certainly the lesser evil of the two to have noble ideas upon a petty scale, than gigantic trivialities. Noble ideas, however, cannot be adequately expressed to the eye without physical magnitude: diminished to the size of an emmet, the figure of an elephant might convey a notion of the proportions and form of the latter animal—but what impression would it make on the beholder? None; it would be a mere symbol, which the spectator must first magnify and expand by an effort of his own imagination, before he could conceive the enormous bulk of such a fleshy mountain. We admit that it is by no means impossible for an able artist to accomplish much in a petty space—as for instance was done by Callot; but in such cases the objects may be rather said to be suggested and hinted at, than to be delineated—to be sketches for the fancy to work on and shape out, than to be the perfected forms of the artist's own imagination; and, while the latter acquire a species of actual existence, the former resemble the shadowy images of a dream; in short, the difference between the two may be compared to that between the opposite states of sleeping and waking. In corroboration of our opinion we may observe that, unless there be sufficient physical extent of surface in the objects, however clear be the ideas excited by the representation, the eye itself, as a bodily organ, will not receive a due impression, any more than the ear would be affected by one or two musical notes. There are, to be sure, extreme cases of both kinds, where diminutive objects, or single sounds, may excite far stronger emotion than would be occasioned by a much greater external impression on the respective organs; yet, as the effect here is chiefly to be attributed to other influences, such

attack an innocent visitor with any book, paper, or drawing of this description; thereby maliciously instigating him or her to a breach of veracity, (vulgarly a lie); and be it further enacted, that every papa or mama aiding and abetting in such attack, be considered as a *socius criminis*. We have no doubt but that a conscientious jury would generally allow heavy damages in actions of this kind. Our legal friends, particularly those who happen to be briefless, will of course approve of our suggestion.

anomalies do not overturn the general theory. Grandeur of conception and sentiment there, undoubtedly, may be, independently of actual magnitude; but the latter is necessary to excite the corporeal organ of vision, in order that it may transmit them vividly and impressively to the mind. We doubt whether any one could exist on the extract of roast beef, even could the art of Ude concentrate the essence of an entire sirloin in a wafer; there must be something to fill, to expand, and to satisfy, as well as to nourish; and as with the bodily, so fares it also with the mental powers. If a growing taste for the *petite*—for mere graphic *bijouterie*—be injurious, in a general point of view, its influence upon artists themselves is particularly so, inasmuch as it inevitably tends to contract their minds, to enervate their style, to render them content with what is pretty, when they should aspire to what is dignified. He of Urbino might probably have immortalized himself had he painted only easel-pieces; and Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton might still have lived in literary history had they no other title to fame than their sonnets; but would such productions have displayed to the world, in all their fullness, the intellectual glory, the mental energy of the divine artist, and the illustrious poets? One good sonnet is, we grant, a better passport to reputation than half a dozen lumbering epics; Zappi, for example, has achieved as much for himself by his fourteen lines on the Moses of Michael Angelo, as Trissino by his twenty-seven books of the *Italia Liberata*; but an entire nation of sonneteers must be content with their own admiration—by the rest of the world they would be regarded as literary pigmies.

Now, by far too much of a stunted, dwarfish taste—as exhibited in the minute magnificence of the *Annals*—seems to be growing up among us; and unless it be counteracted, we are in a fair way of becoming a myopical, microscopical race, of most Lilliputian vision and intellect. Some of these performances are certainly admirable in their way, but still let those concerned in them talk as grandiloquently as they please, it is not the way to promote the real interests

of art; for upon the whole we are losers to a considerable extent. In such matters we ought to reverse the thrifty housewife maxim, since it is the *pounds* that must be taken care of, while the *pence* will take sufficient care of themselves. The minor departments of graphic art may be safely left to traders, to the patronage of newspaper puff, and the sugary notices of critics, mollified into complacency by the sight of tomes bound in crimson silk and gold; it is the loftier and nobler styles that need protection and encouragement. For our own part, we should hardly have thought it worth while to say so much on such a subject, were it not that it has been magnified into importance by some of the editors of this butterfly race, who boast of employing *first rate* artists, and giving to the public *chefs d'œuvre* of talent. This is really offensive, and not a little ominous withal; for if we take these people at their word, they are the men who are henceforth to direct influentially the course of painting in this country, and their pretty prints are to be considered as representing the best talent of the English school. The conceit and arrogance of all this is intolerable, still, were it no more than a vain fond conceit in them, they might indulge in it undisturbed by us; but unfortunately they are likely to exert a pernicious influence, for many—some too who should be above it—will condescend to paint down to the requisite degree of namby-pamby prettiness; and will select such nice milk-and-water subjects as are likely to prove saleable articles in such a market. Art, which, Heaven knows, is puny enough here already, and requires to have its constitution braced and invigorated by tonics, stands a fair chance of being put upon a diet of pap and water gruel, and taught to assume all the pretty little airs of a boarding-school miss.

We are far from wishing to proscribe works of this kind; they are for the most part really beautiful, and, considered as book-plates, have great claims to admiration; nor do we deny that they are well calculated to inspire a taste for the fine arts, where there would otherwise be none. Very much, however, do we question, whether the taste thus formed would have any other value beyond that of

affording an unobjectionable amusement: it, most assuredly, would not tend to invigorate the tone of art, or stimulate to undertakings that call forth the higher powers of the mind, and in return, afford exercise both to the feelings and the intellect.

In our age and country, art has too grovelling and mercantile a spirit; it keeps its ledgers, its debtor and creditor account, and smacks of the counting-house. By the generality of men it is considered but as one of the ways of money-getting; reputation is desirable enough for many reasons, one of which is, that it helps to more money-making; but hard cash is better than post-obit bills on fame. This *virtus post nummos* principle is a moral *hysteron-proteron*, creating ambiguity and perplexity where all should be ingenuousness and deep sincerity. An artist with the soul of a stock-jobber or a Jew clothes-man, is a monster; the outward man indeed may paint, may drudge, and even work himself into an R.A., but his mind will have no more share in the operation, than if he were engaged in any other mechanical employment. We would not have artists to be imprudent and needy; indifferent and improvident; or ascetics or cynics; but we do not see why they should be a money-making race, or become fine gentlemen or miserly hunks. There is a golden—a literally golden—medium between the offensive cynicism of poor Barry, and the more despicable meanness of old Nollekens. Let the young artist be high-minded—high-souled would perhaps be a better phrase—and rigidly prudent, for prudence is of all roads the straightest and the shortest to real independence; but that point once attained, let him neither drudge for wealth, nor trifle for a summer reputation, but labour earnestly and unremittingly for fame.

"Quis locus ingenio, nisi cum se carmine solo

Vexant, et dominis Cirrhæ Nysæque feruntur

Pectora nostra, duas non admittentia curas?"

If on the one hand, the history of art records too many instances of reprehensible indiscretion in its followers, it likewise records by far too

many cases where persons destitute of talent have raised themselves to unmerited opulence by cunning, effrontery, and servility. Those of the latter stamp are at once despicable and dangerous; they infect the atmosphere of art with their own reeking pollution, while the Will o' the wisp flame kindled from their foul miasmata, lures on the needy, the grovelling, and the base, to seek the same success by the same ignoble means.

Indiscriminating and indiscreet patronage is little better than positive neglect; it bestows on mediocrity what ought to be the reward of genius, thereby pampering it into insolence and self-conceit. This, in itself, would be of little moment, since it matters not whether the parasite that basks in the lap of fortune be called poet, artist, or any thing else; but the evil influence operates widely and permanently: art is deteriorated, and public taste corrupted; mechanical dexterity is substituted for mind, and skilful tact passes for real talent. Now, if we be not mistaken, this applies, more than could be wished, to the present state of art in this country, where it is become a sort of matter of fact affair, and treats mere matter of fact subjects admirably. In scenes of every-day life it is perfectly at home and at ease; when, on the contrary, it tries to be poetical, it grows prosy; when it affects to be historical, it is too frequently merely hysterical.\* Truth of execution is one—truth of sentiment and expression another: we do not mean that superficial and obvious expression which may be learned technically and by rote, like Le Brun's passions, and of which each guise and mode may be inventoried, itemed, and labelled:—No; the latter is the result of a diligent study of nature, aided by sensibility of feeling, and, as he who attains it is indebted to no other rules than those he has unconsciously elaborated in his own mind, so neither do his works offer any clue by which others may retrace, at will, all the mazes, and explore all the recesses of the labyrinth through which he has emerged to upper day. Owing to a deficiency of this power, an air of something second-hand,

\* The hysterical style was peculiarly Fuseli's forte.

the insertion of the article in the ancient creeds, sums up the whole matter by declaring, that in reading the Apostles' Creed he had used and would always use the word "*Hades*" instead of Hell, leaving his hearers to their own interpretation. "I hold," he says, "with Dr. Clarke, that, according to the scriptures, we are to believe the descent of Christ to have been, not into the receptacle of damned spirits, but into the grave, the common repository of all who die, whether they be good or bad."

Such is the doctor's conclusion, and he pursues the matter no farther. Bishop Horsley, who arrives, in part, at a similar conclusion without resorting to mistranslation, misinterpretation, or interpolation, shews that the English word Hell in its primary meaning is the same as the Greek word *Hades*; both signifying only an invisible place, without reference to torment; a fact which makes any change of the word in the creed unnecessary and nonsensical. Nor is this the only instance in which he improves on this over-vaunted doctor. He also shews that the Evangelists understood by the word "*Hades*" what Homer and Hesiod understood thereby; and that was, not the grave of the body, but the state of separate spirits.

Now the biblical doctrine respecting this state of separate spirits is this: that the body and soul shall remain in the state of separation in which we find them after death, according to their appropriate modes of existence, until the day of judgment, when they shall be re-united.

Christ, in his human character, suffered death, and this consequent separation of soul and body—the former of course, as in all other instances, going to its appointed place, and the latter being deposited in the grave. But, according to St. Peter, in the second chapter of Acts, ii. 24, "it was not possible that he should be holden of death," and therefore he waited not for the re-union of soul and body until the last day, but "was raised up by God, having loosed the pains of death."

His resurrection thus effected, is to stand as an earnest that the souls and bodies of all men shall ultimately be re-united. This is the simple doctrine, in addition to which St. Peter states, by way of symbol, and with reference to the rite of baptism, that, while existing in the separate state, our Saviour's spirit was employed in preaching to the spirits of those who had formerly been disobedient in the days of Noah. Nothing can be more clearly revealed than this, nothing more easy of apprehension. That vulgar opinions have prevailed upon this subject is certain, and that they ought to be cleared away is equally obvious. Bishop Horsley's sermon has effected much towards this desirable end, and the poem of *The Descent into Hell* will, as all poetry does, so realize the thing to the imagination, that it is very probable the conceptions of general readers will, in future, be as clear as hitherto they have been confused and obscure, on this great and important doctrine.

THEOPHILUS.

#### LETTER FROM A TORY FROM PRINCIPLE, NOT PREJUDICE.

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

SIR,

WHEN your Magazine first made its appearance, I hailed it with delight; it declared war with charlatanry, quackery, and pottery in the most uncompromising manner—so would I. Its principles were Tory—so are mine. But there is one fault which, in common with very many of your readers, I have regretted to observe in several of the articles; I allude to the dragging forward of individuals, and inflicting upon them personally, for private failings, that castigation which should be only laid upon the acts of the society, the institution, the body, or whatever it may be, which you would hold up to public censure. This fault was too apparent in your fifth number, in your philippic against the Anti-Slavery Society. You could not be too strenuous in exposing the motives which actuated those *ominent* men, Brougham, *et hoc*

*genus omne*, who at the late meeting stood forward to advocate emancipation; and in showing how they were merely making the Society a cat's paw to answer their own private selfish purposes, or a stepping-stone for advancing the projects of their own intriguing political coterie. Satan likes "to transform himself into an angel of light;" but why, for instance, let me ask, why should you apply such rancorous, hard-mouthed, and, I hesitate not to say, untrue epithets against Mr. Wilberforce? You certainly had a right to deal with him as the chairman of the Society, for in that capacity he was public property, and fair game for criticism; but to enter into his private movements, and to befoul him as you did, was going quite unnecessarily out of your way, and certainly not tending to strengthen the case you were arguing.

The same remarks, but with more force, apply to those severe critiques which your last number has upon our late beloved King, and seeing you have intimated your intention of giving "a political history of the late reign," I take the liberty of pointing out where, as it appears to me, to speak plainly, you commit yourself. I hold, as a Tory, you have no business with the private life of a king; and although I do not go all the way with our first James, who declared that, "as it is atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute what the Deity may do, so it is presumption and sedition in a subject to dispute what a king may do, in the height of his power;" yet I am decidedly of opinion, that to uphold our sacred constitution, it is absolutely necessary to regard the king as perfect and incapable of doing or thinking wrong, and, therefore, that your intended account should be exclusively historical and political, without touching at all upon the private actions of his late Majesty. You have to deal with the King, not the man; the office, not the person; with royalty, not humanity; and in dealing with the King, the office, and royalty, of course you will have to regard the advisers of the Crown as the individuals responsible for all the acts of the late reign. Many, in these *liberal* days, are apt, I know, to treat all these ideas of the King's perfection, immortality, divinity, &c., as worse than ridiculous; but contempt, we know, is not argument, and such reckless ignorance as they display, is surely not to overthrow those institutions which, grant them to be but figures and theories, are nevertheless based in truth, and have been proved to be the most conducive to the well understanding of the art of governing and being governed.

The violence done to our constitution by repealing the test acts, and more especially by the committal of that other dreadful deed of last session, which despoiled our constitution of its greatest glories, will never, I hope, allow you to say, you have finished with the reign of George the Fourth. Against those who were instrumental in carrying these things into effect, you cannot be too harsh. *Timeo Danaos dona ferentes*—they are not patriots, they are *hostes humani generis*; the more you oppose, chastise, and annoy them, the more we Tories will give you hearty thanks, and ever be content to remain your debtors, and we will applaud you to the very echo. But I must not trust myself on this subject.

These observations are written very hastily, and with the intention of their reaching you as early in the month as possible; they are penned in downright honesty and good feeling, and by one who is

A TORY FROM PRINCIPLE, NOT PREJUDICE.

THE preceding Letter contains so much of fair intention, that we not only have much pleasure in giving it insertion, but also in answering the two or three charges which it contains against the taste and decorum of REGINA.

First, then, in respect to MR. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, the Saint, κατ' ἐξοχήν, who would anticipate the millennium, and convert the fair surface of this earth into one vast receptacle

for the abode of resilient and noisy saints like unto himself? We deny, in respect to this individual, the charge made against REGINA by our friend the Tory. He accuses us of entering into Mr. Wilberforce's private movements; or, in other words, of diving into the intricacies of his domestic life. If this be his meaning, our friend, the Tory, can have read our article on the Anti-Slavery Society to little purpose indeed. We

said nothing of either the gentleman's lying down or rising up—of his eating or drinking—of the order of his household, or of his mode of distributing charity—of the manner of his having brought up his family; or any other matter, equally distant from the important subject then under our discussion. What we did say, had reference to that important subject only. Hard epithets we did most certainly apply to Mr. William Wilberforce, but they had an exclusive reference to his Anti-Slavery transactions. We then said, what we repeat—Mr. Wilberforce had no commission from Heaven to take the name of the Almighty in vain at the septennial meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society; and this either as regards himself, a simple individual, and, like the rest of mankind, obnoxious to all the weaknesses incidental to humanity, or as regards the medley of sceptics and infidels assembled around him on that occasion, to do tongue-service to himself and the other showmen of the day.

Mr. Wilberforce has been praised as the originator of Negro Emancipation: it has been said, that he was the fulminating Jove who, with his red right arm, destroyed the atrocities of the Slave Trade.

“Non est, Tucca, satis, quod es gulosus:  
Et dici cupis, et cupis videri.”

We believe that Mr. Wilberforce has been greedy of popularity; and that his appetite has led him to take to himself all the praise of every measure in respect to the amelioration of slavery, to the total exclusion of Mr. Clarkson, by whom the scheme was first suggested, through whose self-abandonment to the cause, the destruction of the Slave Trade was accomplished; and who, in his career of beneficence, has injured his health, and anticipated old age. This is a part of Mr. Wilberforce's character which we do not like, and we have honestly and boldly expressed our opinion to that effect. Our friend and correspondent, ‘The Tory,’ may say, that this has been the fault of Mr. Wilberforce's friends, and not of that personage himself. To this our reply is simple; that inasmuch as this injudiciousness on the part of his friends has been concurrent with his political and philanthropical ca-

reer, he must, of necessity, have been acquiescent to their behaviour, and that by such his approval, he is partaker in the injustice done to the character of Mr. Clarkson. Even so late as the last occasion of Mr. Brougham's oratorical display on the subject of the Slave Trade in the House of Commons, that gentleman applies the following compliments to Mr. Wilberforce; and in the whole speech, the name of the excellent Mr. Clarkson is not even mentioned.

“This Reverend Brydges I happen to know by his other works, by those labours of slander which have diversified the life of this minister of peace and truth. For publishing one of these, a respectable bookseller has been convicted by a jury of his country; others have been passed over with contempt by their illustrious object—that venerable person, the great patriarch of our cause, whose days are to be numbered by acts of benevolence and of piety; whose whole life—and long may it be extended for his own glory and the good of his fellow-creatures!—has been devoted to the highest interests of religion and charity; who might have hoped to pass on his holy path undisturbed by any one calling himself a Christian pastor, even in a West Indian community.”

The fact which we brought before the public about the poor infidel negroes, who were hired to parade before the Freemasons' Hall during the sitting of the Septennial Convention, has struck the saints with confusion. It exposed their hypocrisy. We also used, as well we might, some bitter epithets against Mr. Wilberforce for allowing such an abomination to pass before his eyes without using his exertions to counteract it. From his passiveness in that respect this inference is fair, that his exertions to spread the true faith amongst the infidel negroes resident in London, would be too circumscribed in their operation to excite public attention or amplify the glory of his sufficiently lauded philanthropy; whereas whatever he did *pleno concilio* would make a rattle and a noise abroad, and his name be carried in repetition round the girdle of the earth.

In fine we deny the charge of our friend the Tory. Whatever we have said concerning Mr. Wilberforce has had reference to his public acts in favour of slavery. To this one point all our observations were confined:

of his private actions we have said nothing, and care nothing.

We now proceed to notice the latter portion of his letter, which treats of our article on the late King.

With respect to our intention of giving "a political history of the late reign," we have, on reflection, thought it advisable to postpone that article till our next number, when Mr. Croly's volume of George the Fourth shall have appeared, and one or two others on the same subject, which we see advertised in the newspapers. But for our Tory, we beg to say, that we must demur to the monstrous proposition which he has rather dogmatically laid down. "I hold," says he, "as a Tory, you have no business with the private life of a king," and "that to uphold our sacred constitution, it is absolutely necessary to regard the King as perfect, and incapable of thinking wrong (!!!); and, therefore, that your intended account should be exclusively historical and political, without touching at all upon the private actions of his late Majesty. You have to deal," he continues, "with the King, not the man; the office, not the person; with royalty, not humanity; and in dealing with the King, the office, and royalty, of course you have to regard the advisers of the Crown as the individuals answerable for all the acts of the late reign."

There to us is a new doctrine, which argues that, being Tories, we have no business with the private life of a king. The private life of a king, in this constitutional country, is part and parcel of his public life. The king's minister is his master's protection against the hostile feelings of his subjects; and a fickle, or weak, or sensual, or selfish monarch, might, under the wing of his minister, carry all his intentions into effect with impunity, unless their evil were counteracted by notoriety. Supposing, for argument's sake merely, that we had a king, noted for his gallantry and attachment to other men's wives;—supposing that this king lived in concubinage—openly—that is in the circle of his court; supposing that his private friends were corrupted husbands, and ribald jesters and buffoons; supposing that his concubine

had dispensed places and pensions, had circumvallated the royal paramour by a guard of her own creatures, had amassed enormous riches by the sale of offices, and drugged with golden opiates the public press into a profound sleep; supposing a monarch weak enough to allow such a concubine to meddle with bishopricks, and dignitaries of the church; with embassies abroad, and prime ministers at home, so that she might with impunity mingle in state plots, and, by her assistance, influence intriguers, and the carrying of great political questions—ought the Tory, or any party, to suffer the private life of such a monarch to pass unheeded and without public reprobation? We have put a supposititious case, and a strong one, merely for argument's sake. In this view, however, would not the private life of the monarch be the source of all the public acts of government? Would not the influence of royal depravity insinuate itself into all ranks and classes of the community? Would not religion become a mere cloak for vice; disorder pervade the morals of the nobility, boastful extravagance be the order of the day; virtue and integrity be things for mockery and scorn? Would not the royal example be a tenfold worse pestilence than that which in the fourteenth century depopulated Europe from one extremity to the other? The answer to these questions, we apprehend, must be in our favour; not that any thing which we have said has any application to the late reign. Then every thing was conducted on right principles. Decency clothed our nobility with its pure apparel; virtue waved its banner over their heads; the public morals were of a more chastened character than in the reign of even George the Third and his spotless queen; immorality was banished the land, immodest women were driven from the court, and devotion hallowed the life of the lower orders of the people! The land was a land of milk and honey, and nothing contaminated the sweet waters of innocuous pleasure and innocence of life. Happy age—ungrateful people, who knew not the full blessing it possessed, in a virtuous and a righteous King!

OLIVER YORKE.

her with a morbid affectation and outrageous mannerism, taints the majority of the works of the present day. Exaggeration is mistaken for force, sickliness for pathos, silliness for simplicity, vulgarity for unsophisticated nature; while particular ideas and effects are repeated so frequently and so indiscriminately, that, whatever their merit might have been at first, they are become absolutely hackneyed, and nauseously stale. There is a very disagreeable Birmingham and Manchester quality in the works of a lamentably great proportion of the English School. The work of each may be instantly recognized by something in the fabric that informs us from the workshop of what maker it has issued. Stothard, Westall, Good, Newton, Hill, Prout, Cristall, Stephenoff, and many others of note and notoriety, are all mannerists;—some less decidedly so than others, but still mannerists: however opposite be their subjects, their mode of treating them is one and the same. The same cuckoo note is employed to express whatever they attempt. Their very landscapes and trees are made according to the pattern each man has fixed upon for himself, so that a series of rejected pictures might be painted on the plan of that pleasant work the *Rejected Addresses*, wherein we might behold, ingeniously parodied, the characteristic ideas and manner of the respective artists. To a certain degree every production of the same mind will bear the stamp of individuality. It is only when this individuality becomes offensively prominent and egotistical, when it perversely warps and distorts general nature, that it degenerates into a vice. Mannerism differs from style in this; that whereas the latter accommodates itself to circumstances, the former obstinately determines to have every thing its own way, and to have but one way for every thing; it usually affects, too, something out of the way, extravagant and queer. Those who indulge in this “one-sidedness” push, what might originally be a clever idea, to the verge of fatuity, and so render themselves as ridiculous as the gentleman, who, because he conceived that green was particularly becoming his complexion, was not content with having his coat, but

would even have his shirt, hat, and every article of dress, of that hue. Such is at present the predicament of Turner: every object in his pictures must be of that flaring yellow colour which would obtain respect for them at the court of Pekin, but which, here, induces people to give credit to what is said of the effect of the jaundice on the retina, and to suppose that the painter is incurably afflicted with that malady.

Flagrant as this error of mannerism is, and pernicious as its consequences are, there is that which operates more fatally still, and against whose insidious agency precaution is unavailing, because it exhibits no external symptoms, nothing to excite alarm, or to suggest the adoption of prophylactic treatment; we mean that astheny of mind which is utterly incurable. No one, we think, can have examined any considerable number of works of the English school, without having felt how very few exhibit any of that deep sentiment—that intense *con amore* spirit—that prostration of self to art, which confers such a value upon the works of great artists, investing with the glory of poetry not only the Madonnas of a Raphael, and the angels of a Correggio, but even the beggar-boys of a Murillo. It is not every one that is called to execute great things, but every one ought to strive to make little things great. In the hands of a man of genius, even the homeliest subjects acquire a captivating grace, and a refinement of expression, without sacrificing propriety of character or truth. Nay, provided that the painter be in downright earnest, be his subject what it may, or himself ever so rude and unskilled, there will yet be a native intelligence in his work, that cannot be mistaken. Under the influence of strong emotion, the most inert express themselves with force, the most untutored with eloquence; so wherever there is a strong impulse of mind, together with devoted affection, there will be some corresponding energy of effect in the painting. What is thus produced may not always be legitimate—not always really fine; yet be it ever so bastard it will at all events be better than the feeble things “begot ’twixt sleeping and waking,”—nerveless, unimpassioned,



the very types of insipidity and dullness,—with about as much character in their composition as those renowned heroes, *fortisque Gyas*, *fortisque Cloanthus*. Woe to him who enlists under the banners of art, from the motives and with the feelings of an hireling! woe also to art when she finds that by such men her battles are to be fought—her citadel defended!

That to the absence of enthusiasm, to the want of sincere and devoted feeling, is to be attributed the degeneracy of the present race of artists, compared with the mighty ones of old, can, we think, hardly be disputed. There are many exceptions; but the general character of art is trivial and low. We have clever hands—what we want is great minds of daring, yet not of inconsiderate, overvaulting ambition, but minds conscious of their powers, and determined to exert them. How far indifference or ignorance on the part of the public, or other unpropitious circumstances may co-operate to thwart the efforts of the artist, to chill him into apathy, or to sink him into inanity, is another and a very serious question. So much has already been said repeatedly with regard to the exclusion of painting from churches,\* in this country, that it is hardly necessary for us to touch upon that topic; except it be to remark that great as this disadvantage is, it appears to us

to be somewhat exaggerated; at least it accounts only in part for the absence of genius complained of; and this opinion is countenanced not a little by the circumstance that at the present day, painting has achieved no extraordinary works, even in those countries where its productions are admitted into the temples of religion. Neither can the inferiority of the living schools be attributed to the want of academies and institutions, for of these there is certainly no lack. The evil, then, must lie deeper, and we have mistaken the diagnosis of the disease. In this, as in every other similar case, there are so many various combining causes, that it becomes difficult to pronounce which is the primary one. We should say that what has contributed more than all beside to reduce painting from its "high and palmy state," to its present comparatively mean and servile condition is this—THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE IS NOT WITH IT. If this be a truth, it is a formidable one, since it shows the case to be hopeless, for neither the fiat of sovereigns, the acts of legislators, nor the premiums of academies can avail aught to remove the evil.—That is too deeply rooted: it may be mitigated, but not the original vigour of the art restored. Here again other questions arise, the foremost of which is—How has it happened that public feeling is no longer on the side of art? the reply

\* Since, however, painting is excluded not from these alone, but from nearly all our other public buildings, we would here suggest that, in case either of the plans lately brought before the public, for forming a general metropolitan cemetery should be carried into execution, it should be made in some degree subservient, not only to the encouragement of sculpture, but of painting likewise. There might at least be one covered cloister or portico appropriated to the reception of frescoes, the subjects of which should be so selected and arranged, as to constitute a grand cyclus of religious and moral representations, inculcating christian duties; unfolding, as it were, the mysteries of the christian dispensation. That numerous objections and difficulties would arise as well as to the practicability as to the propriety of such an idea, we are perfectly aware; the prejudices of some would revolt against it, as an unbecoming innovation—as tending to convert the abodes of death into a place of amusement for the living; while, on the other hand, many would denounce it as puerile and superstitious. With regard to the former class of persons, we would agree with them that were such the real object and intent here contemplated, the plan ought by all means to be discouraged; instead of which the very reverse of this might rationally be expected; namely, that such a series of paintings would become a school of instruction—of instruction rendered more impressive by the associations connected with the place itself: none could return in a worse frame of mind than when they entered—many in a far better. At the same time we are aware that such a suggestion will in all probability be scouted by a third set of objectors, who would consider the scheme as too forced and extravagant, utterly foreign to our feelings as Englishmen, and ill calculated to assimilate with the spirit of the nineteenth century. Still we could wish to see the experiment made, were it only for the purpose of deciding whether the opportunity thus presented to them, would awaken in our artists any genius which is now dormant because no field is open for the exertion of its energies.

is; because enthusiasm has subsided, and the faith that once burnt so warmly, has grown lukewarm. Before we proceed, however, we must anticipate an objection, which we foresee will be made to our argument; namely, that what we have just been saying will in nowise apply to this country, where painting was hardly known till after the reformation; nor can that enthusiasm and faith be said to have ceased which in fact never existed. We were speaking not so much in reference to its state here at home, as of the inferiority of modern art generally, especially in that loftier department of it, in which its noblest triumphs were achieved. Although, therefore, it would be incorrect to say that painting has declined in this country, something like the same causes that have tended to its degeneracy in the climate where it once flourished, have prevented and will prevent its taking firm root in this. There its glory has departed, but it has not, like the prophet, left its hallowing and inspiring mantle behind, for us to invest ourselves withal. With us, art may be a welcomed and an honoured guest, royally lodged, courteously entertained, nevertheless an alien to our affections: she may be the mistress of our dalliance, but not the wife of our bosom; the sharer of our revels, but not the participator in our counsels. Whether the reader will be able to frame out our meaning from our jumble of metaphors, we somewhat doubt: at all events, we hope that he will fancy he can do so, as that will spare us a long statement of facts, for which we have no room. Lest, however, we should be charged with wrapping up their no-meaning in the splendour of Delphic ambiguity, we will briefly advert to a few of the circumstances which, in our opinion, will debar painting from attaining in this our country and age, that eminence of dignity it elsewhere and in other times possessed.

Independently of painting being here excluded from all places of public worship, and thereby prevented from acquiring any authority and influence over the mass of the people, the nineteenth century is by no means a propitious period for its growth, nor is the English nation disposed to foster it with cordiality. The spirit of these

our days has little sincere sympathy with pursuits which, while they demand assiduous culture and unremitting diligence, do not promise in return any direct and tangible advantages. The patronage of courts and of princes will no longer suffice, as formerly, to give an all-commanding vogue; popular opinion has become the lord of the ascendant, and we have so many other concerns to attend to, either of business or amusement, more immediately affecting our interest, or more congenial to our tastes, that we have little leisure or inclination to make a serious business of that which seems to be a mere luxury—particularly if it be a luxury that can be relished in perfection only by an acquired taste. We are an intelligent people; a reading people; a luxurious people—not an imaginative, not a poetical, not a picture-loving people: in addition to these positive and negative signs in our national character, it should be borne in mind that the class of society whose influence is most direct in matters of art, is, *κατ'εξοχήν*, *fashionable*; and where fashion bears paramount sway in all, it is easy to divine what must be the fate of art. How this can render the case, with regard to art, so very desperate, will be questioned by many, since fashion is always ready to engage in her train, and take under her protection all who can contribute to her eclat. Without doubt—and therein lies the mischief—she will assume the character of the patron, provided she may exercise the dominion of the tyrant: so long as art will condescend to be the crowd-attracting lion of the day, or the sycophantic toad-eater, will she pet and pamper it. But, alas! hers is that kind of patronage which would task a Milton to write *nimini-pimini* verses for albums; it is the patronage to which imbecility aspires, and which genius disdains. In submitting to the pride of the illustrious and noble there may be bitterness—to submit to the vulgar caprices of fashion is ignominy; and when merit does so, it barter its birth-right for a mess of pottage. Fashion and art are antagonistic principles, without any thing in common, and incapable of coalescing. The one is of tardy, the other of most mushroom growth; the one must be nurtured

by the genius of a whole people, the other, is the narrow affectation of a particular class. It is upon national character alone that art can be permanently based so as to exert a powerful moral energy, and achieve great and noble works, as in ancient Greece or modern Italy; while of fashion the very essence is artificialness, than which nothing can be more opposite to pure art, whose business lies with nature, although refining it from leaven and dross. Fashion is altogether a thing of convention and external form; it conceals or perverts the natural feelings and sentiments; it substitutes another—not a better—nature for humanity; whatever is common to the species it shuns as vulgar. Notwithstanding all this, it ~~may~~ sometimes happen that its favour will set in the direction of art, but then this is merely a fortuitous and temporary circumstance. It likes art as it does a pet lap-dog, and when it is a creature of that mean, mongrel, spiritless nature; not because it has any particular affection for the over-fed, sickly brute, but because it flatters a certain paltry vanity to have its own self-importance reflected even in so despicable a creature.

In all probability this will be thought not only very much overstrained, but positively contradictory to fact, since it most unquestionably is the *fashion* for people to affect connoisseurship, and to make a parade of their love of art; the public flock to exhibitions of every kind, nor are these exhibitions confined to the metropolis and its sister capitals; every provincial town of eminence having now its annual or biennial exhibition of paintings. As far, too, as employment can be considered synonymous with patronage, there is more of the latter than there ever was at any former period; while the ranks of art are daily receiving new adventurers, who are either impelled by instinctive love of such pursuits, or seduced by the prospect of gain, if not of fame: in short, the symptoms are all highly flattering. External symptoms, however, are apt to be deceitful; and the chill of misgiving must come over the most sanguine, when it is demanded—What is the upshot of all this seeming prosperity? We are like a trader making immense

returns, yet so far from realizing any profits, that his thriving business has brought him to the verge of the gazette. There is in this country too much canting about the fine arts, and too little sincere devotion for them; not but that there are at the same time many individuals of distinguished taste and intelligence, yet without that zeal that urges men to make crusades or to gain proselytes. Even the present tone of society is by no means eminently propitious for the developement of those tastes without which there can be no sincere affection for art, because there can be no vivid perception of its charms. Notwithstanding its refinement of exterior, the temperament of fashionable life is decidedly opposed to that delicate sensibility, that single-heartedness, and that unaffected enthusiasm, in short, that poetic character and contemplative frame of mind, which are indispensable to those who would hold converse with the muse of art, and who aspire to be admitted to her mysteries—to participate in her revelations. The difference between drawing-room flirtation, and the devotion of love, is not greater than that between a mere liking for seeing pictures, and a passionate admiration of painting, not for its superficial and merely sensual beauties, but for its abstract charms of mind: to sum up the gist of our argument in one brief sentence, society is a worldling, and art is a Platonist. The consequences are obvious. We do not object to painting as an amusing dangler. So long as it is content to “do the agreeable,” to flatter our vanity—nay even to support the part of a tolerably decent buffoon, for want of something better to attend to; we are very well satisfied with it; but no sooner does it assume the tone of an instructor and a monitor, than we dismiss it, *sans cérémonie*, as a dull-pedant whose lessons are crabbed and austere; whose manners are repulsive and uncouth. We may farther observe, that it is with painting as it is with the sex; most men, let them disguise it as they may, have a certain dread of intellectual women; showiness of person and manner will secure more admirers than elevation of mind,—not that any man, unless he be a fool himself, likes an absolute simpleton neither, but the pert flippancy—we

have scratched out the word *philosophy*—of a Morgan, will prove far more attractive than the masculine intellect of a De Stael.

Let us just ask ourselves, what sort of encouragement painting has actually experienced here—on what kind of works has it chiefly been employed? It is unnecessary to advert to portrait painting, both because its success is incontestable, and because that branch of the art is too decidedly matter of fact, to come within the scope of our argument; setting this aside then, for what and for whom have our painters generally worked? for exhibitions, for dealers in art, for publishers. Much has been said of the liberal and enterprising spirit of the Boydells, and of the magnificent encouragement they gave to the British school. That they were munificent in their way, we do not question, neither that they were well-intentioned men; and, most probably, sincere when they conceived themselves to be fostering art, and rearing up professors of it, who should accomplish great works. Still there was too much both of self-complacency and *Henry-Colburnism* in the business; witness the Shakespeare Gallery, which, making every possible allowance, was, after all, a failure, although quite as good as was to be expected from such a system. With here and there an exception, it was woefully dull, a heavy mass of graphic commentary on the dramatist's text. Some of our readers may perhaps have heard the phrase of good "furniture pictures," or prints, nor do we know of any more significant and characteristic epithet for the generality of the productions thus got up, in which there is about as much feeling and mind as in those more useful pieces of furniture, chairs and sofas. We suspect that art is but ill-fitted to thrive in bargain-making with the public; for it is either above such business, and suffers itself to be overreached by the merest novice, or, in order to convince the world it is not so, falls into the opposite extreme, and becomes a very curraudeon. Without offence, too, to those otherwise worthy persons who seek to form such an alliance between the genius of painting and the spirit of mammon, we are of opinion that in spite of their affected regard for the

former, they exhibit in their attempt too much of that offensive prudence which induces some persons to select a wife for the very qualities that recommend a housekeeper.

But it is time that we should turn the medal: the obverse has been unpromising enough—homely and dowdyish; the reverse is certainly much better, in many respects admirable. Where matter-of-fact is all in all; where mere cleverness is a sufficient title to distinction; where the treatment of accessories is all important; where the subject signifies nothing, and the execution every thing; where technical dexterity and pictorial sleight of hand avail more than real nerve and sinew, there we do signalize ourselves; and had art no more ambitious aim than that of merely pleasing the eye, and amusing the mind, we might justly flatter ourselves with the idea of having attained the highest summit, leaving to those who are to succeed us, the task of climbing down again from the lofty eminence. That we are really elevated to an altitude which makes the brains of some persons giddy, may, not unreasonably, be inferred from the extravagant vapouring and extasies of those who extol cleverness as an absolute prodigy, and who see no difference of mind in minds so differently constituted as those of Cristall and Poussin. The hand of the draftsman and that of the colourist are, for the most part, expert enough in landscape, local portraiture, and architectural delineation; in still life and low life; in familiar and domestic subjects we generally display that degree of cleverness and skill which is sufficient to satisfy the spectator and insure success. In works of this stamp, dullness is not absolutely fatal, because it is not positively ridiculous; for if a school-boy blubbers without grace, or a cobbler exhibits an obvious vanity of countenance, there is nothing in this to shock the beholder; but a ninny-looking hero, or a Psyche with the expression of a pretty milliner, or a Pandora who seems playing with a *bonbonnière*, is at once ludicrous and revolting. Even had we nothing else on which to ground our national pretensions, our school of Water-colour Painters would entitle us to respect; and it may be considered to represent, upon the

whole, the quality of English mind and feeling, as appertains to art: it seems expressly formed for us, and we for that. Pleasing and graceful delineations of actual nature, executed with materials that prescribe a moderate scale, and a particular attention to delicacy of effect, are those most congenial with our disposition, and which particularly recommend themselves to us, inasmuch as they require no effort on the part of the beholder, since he who runs may read. What in oil-painting would be either coarse, or cold, or insipid, in this style acquires an amenity that, by flattering the eye, passes for the superior skill and taste of the artist; whereas it ought, in most cases, rather to be attributed to the nature of the workmanship and materials.—However this may be, there is certainly far less of obvious deficiency and mediocrity in the productions of this class; probably, because they aim at little more than the imitation of nature in her familiar moods. One circumstance, too, which may tend to prepossess the public in favour of this branch of painting, is that as on the one hand it rarely affects subjects that demand any vigour of mind, or any profound knowledge, and consequently displays few abortive attempts; so neither on the other does it seek those coarse and vulgar ones that seem painted expressly to meet the taste and understanding of the lowest grade of exhibition-visitors. In fact, this style seems more peculiarly adapted for subjects where the scenery constitutes the principal, and human actors support only the subordinate part; and where manner is of equal, if not of superior, importance, to the matter itself. Another branch of art, to which we must briefly advert in this place, although we have already anticipated some of our remarks, while speaking of the *Annals*,—is that which is concerned with the embellishment of books. Here there is certainly very much to commend; at the same time, not a little to disapprove: compared with the rude scratchings, the mawkish, unmeaning designs that were formerly wont to be employed for this purpose, the engravings now introduced into, or published as accompaniments to, literary works, are really prodigies—*chefs d'œuvre* of

taste and execution. In the character of mere embellishments they are more sparingly employed, it being no longer deemed necessary to recommend a dictionary by an allegorical frontispiece of vile design and unintelligible rigmarole; and it is some satisfaction to reflect, that this maudlin taste is entirely gone by. Now-a-days the pencil is seldom called in, except to represent actual scenes and objects which would be imperfectly understood from mere verbal description, and this also is as it should be, since in scenes of mere imagination it generally happens that, so far from illustrating, the designer rather contradicts the printed text. In this humble and mechanical, yet really useful, descriptive style, where little more is requisite than to transcribe accurately from nature, there is, of course, nothing that can with any propriety be termed art, unless we also include under that term pattern-drawing, the laying down maps, and constructing diagrams.

Whilst alluding to this subaltern department, we ought not to be altogether silent on the subject of lithography. This novel process has been jealously viewed, both by engravers and others, as tending to lower art by making it cheap and common: this is rather a singular complaint, for another step would conduct us to the conclusion, that engraving on copper ought also to be proscribed, since, by multiplying the productions of the pencil, it makes them more common than they otherwise would be. By making the sterling and excellent cheap and common, in other words, generally accessible and public, lithography would render a real service to society: we look on it with mistrust for a very different reason, namely, because it multiplies and disseminates the base, the paltry, the vitiated and the vitiating; because it facilitates the means of bringing to market a deal of trash, possessing a certain spurious taste, that imposes upon the multitude, and which is, on that very account, more injurious than what is actually intolerable; for as a St. Giles's courtesan would seduce no one above the rank or taste of a scavenger, so the wretched scratchings which the invention of lithography has nearly banished, could neither mislead nor seduce any one

with a particle of judgment and common sense. On the other hand, it has been asserted, that this mode of engraving is calculated to introduce a poor, flimsy, feeble style of execution, without correctness of drawing, and utterly devoid of feeling; and, indeed, were we to judge solely from the specimens produced in this country—excepting, however, those really exquisite things by Mr. Lane, and one or two others—we should unhesitatingly acquiesce in this opinion; they, however, who have beheld any of the truly masterly productions of the Munich school, cannot entertain a doubt as to the ability of lithography to reflect all the most valuable qualities in a work of art—character, expression, sentiment, and spirit. It is questionable whether this mode of execution can be ever brought to produce an effect equivalent to that of highly-finished, elaborate line engraving; yet even granting that it could accomplish this, it is very evident that such works could not be afforded at a much lower price than if they were done in the latter manner, since, to say nothing of the care requisite in working, and the necessity for frequent re-touching and repair, the talent employed upon them must be adequately remunerated.\*

We have now laid before the reader, at somewhat greater length than we purposed, our ideas respecting the state of public feeling for art in this country, endeavouring to account for those apparently irreconcilable contradictions arising from affected fondness and real indifference; and have pointed out the direction to which art itself inclines. The inferences are not particularly flattering either to the public or to artists: if the former be but cold or injudicious patrons, we are not quite sure that the latter merit more zealous encouragement. But, good reader, we cannot dismiss you yet; for we have not said a word either of the exhibitions, or of the system of exhibiting, and this latter may throw some farther light on the subject. Ask any per-

son who is any body—that is, any well-dressed man or woman—we might add child—if exhibitions be of any real service in furthering the interests of art, and the tone of their reply will convince you that the question is considered an impertinent one—something very much like doubting whether two and two make four. We, however, are somewhat sceptical: we do not regard the matter as a self-evident proposition; or we might say, that, every point considered, we are very much disposed to doubt whether the disadvantages of the system may not equal or even outweigh its benefits. We have, likewise, a suspicion that, although exhibitions may further the views of artists, they are not—at least as we find them managed, calculated to promote the interests of art; for art and artists, it should seem, not unfrequently pull opposite ways. Now, that annual exhibitions accomplish the object for which they were instituted, there is unequivocal testimony—testimony which nothing can invalidate—for wherefore should so many thousands pay their shillings, and toil up the dismal staircase at Somerset House, save out of pure enthusiasm, and most disinterested affection for painting? An ill-natured person—heaven forbid that such epithet should be applied to us!—might hint that there are numerous other reasons that induce the public—the having-nothing-to-do idlers of the town, and the bustling, sight-loving, lion-hunting idlers from the country, to go and stare, and admire, and pish and pshaw, and criticise, and “heaven help us!” in the frowsy rooms and closets of the Royal Academy, or in the better appointed apartments of the Suffolk Street *parvenus*. There are reasons as “plenty as blackberries:”—*imprimis*, the bustle and the squeeze, the how-do-ye-doing with *propria persona* acquaintance, and the pleasure of recognizing those whose prosy faces display themselves in gilded frames. Then again there is the still more frequent satisfaction of being

\* What, in our estimation, renders lithography a valuable discovery with regard to art, is, that it enables a painter to commit his first ideas and sketches to the material which is to multiply them, with as much facility and freedom as if he were drawing upon paper, so that nothing of that original spirit and finer essence which render studies of this description almost inestimable, can evaporate, as must more or less happen in copying.

admired, at least being stared at, one's-self. We forbear enumerating various other motives, all of which are more or less influential, and almost any one of which would of itself prove a sufficient inducement to visit an exhibition under the pretext—frequently the self-delusion—of understanding, or caring for paintings. The very circumstances that, to the great majority, prove an attraction, is a serious annoyance to the lover of art, viz., the crowd of visitors, and the dense throng of pictures. Both of these are essential to satisfy the vulgar;—the former gives them confidence, serves to keep them in countenance, and carries conviction to their consciences that are looking at what is worth seeing, while the other shews them that they have their money's worth for their money. Then there is such an agreeable medley of subjects,\* and such variety in the mode of treating them, that every one is sure to find something to his taste, be his *penchant* for millinery and trinkets; for ladies bedizened out in borrowed finery, or more chastely displaying themselves in *puris naturalibus*; for horses as large as life, or minikin heroes; for lugubrious sentiment, or hearty practical fun. No one, when he glances his eye around, can accuse the Royal Academy of being stingy and fastidious, or deny that the public is particularly good-natured and indulgent. Universal toleration, if not discretion, seems to be here the order of the day; else could so many things, that one would be ashamed to admit into a corner of a back parlour, be suffered to display themselves in an academy whose president and members have, it is to be hoped, some little regard for the character of the profession to which they belong, as well as for those arts over whose interests they profess to watch? There is hardly a single exhibition without a tolerable sprinkling of mere daubs, or without several of those subjects which are in such request with the decorators of

snuff-box lids. Willingly would we devise, if possible, some plausible excuse in favour of this system of indiscriminate admission, yet, the only thing that can be urged in its favour—if, indeed, it be of any avail, is, that by immediate comparison with what is detestably bad, even very mediocre performances will appear to some advantage. Nay, that we do not err egregiously wide of the mark in this suspicion of ours, we are the rather inclined to believe, seeing that the academy appear to have no dislike in their hearts to what is superlatively bad; or, to speak more to the purpose, we might say, that they would rather receive bad pictures than very good ones, should the latter not be painted by an R. A., or at least by some one who is of their party. Now that there is a rival exhibition, the Royal Academy may see the policy of not carrying this spirit of enmity, on the one hand, and of favoritism on the other, too far; yet, no one in his senses can believe that the worst things exhibited in their rooms this year, are still better than the most tolerable of the excluded pictures; for if so, the latter deserved, not only to be turned, but absolutely kicked out; or they would have been treated more according to their merits, had they been sentenced to an *auto-da-fe*. When the newspapers told us that an unprecedented number of pictures and drawings had been rejected this year, their inference, and that of the public, was, that we should have an exceedingly choice Exhibition, for it was hardly to be supposed the R. A.'s would take any skimmed milk when they might have all cream. That they could have had all pure cream, we much doubt; that they have taken a considerable portion of skimmed milk, and milk and water, is now no secret; and if they helped themselves to the latter more liberally than there was any necessity for doing, it is not for us to say that they did so unadvisedly. The Royal Academy—perhaps corporate bodies in

\* There are occasionally some very curious juxtapositions in the arrangement of the pictures, and this year a particularly droll one occurs, for the spectator has at the same time a front view of Tom Moore, and back view of a naked lady, with a most formidable length of spine, whom Mr. Ward is pleased to designate Venus. We hope there was no libellous intent on the part of the academy, to insinuate that the Irish bard has after all exhibited in his poetry only the back side of Venus, and that, too, of such a Venus as this.—The hanging committee are sad wags!

general—are prudent after a fashion of their own, which is apt to puzzle the uninitiated. The good folks out of doors cannot understand what motive can by any chance induce the Academy to reject the better for the worse; since nothing seems more accordant with plain common sense, than that they should endeavour to get as much as they possibly can of what is good, with as little of the bad as they can help. So they would, we dare say, did nothing interfere with such a straight forward mode of proceeding. It is not so much the merit of the pieces that requires to be discussed, as the pretensions of those who send them: thus, Mr. A. may paint portraits too well for one who is not an R. A.; Mr. B.'s, on the contrary, are but very so so, consequently may very safely be admitted; Mr. C. has offended some of the *illustrissimi*; Mr. D. is suspected of being a radical; Mr. E. is too independent; while Messrs. F. G. &c. to Z. are all, from some cause or other, sadly out of favour at Somerset House. To save appearances, their works will sometimes be admitted; special care being taken that they shall not be very prominent; they are accordingly either *floored*, or exalted to that post of bad pre-eminence, the very summit of the room.

It is not necessary for us to observe how very ill the rooms belonging to the Royal Academy are adapted for the purposes of exhibition, since this has been complained of again and again. The principal object in arranging the pictures seems to be to cover the walls entirely from top to bottom, with pictures of all sizes and qualities; and provided this be accomplished, so as to produce something like symmetry in the general sorting of the frames, little else is attended to. The ill consequences of this dove-tailing system are manifold: as the pictures are not insulated, no repose is afforded to the eye, nor can any individual picture be contemplated without its immediate neighbours obtruding upon the field of vision, so that a soberly coloured piece looks dull and insipid, should it happen to be placed beside a dashing, gaudy rival. Another evil attendant upon this economy of space, is, that there is no alternative but to dispose the great majority of

the pictures just as they may fit in according to size. At the best, this mode is productive of great vexation and much injustice; in the lower apartments at Somerset House it is pushed to the verge of absurdity. There the walls exhibit an absolute chaos of the most heterogeneous elements, large oil paintings, water-colour drawings and miniatures; bird's-eye views suspended above the eye, while subjects that require such a situation, are as frequently placed below it. The larger drawings, too, are generally placed upon what is termed the *line*, and the most diminutive at the greatest distance from it. All this, it will be said, is of very minor importance, indeed hardly worth adverting to on the present occasion, since it arises merely from local disadvantages and from the increased number of exhibitors. In our opinion, however, this is, besides being a serious inconvenience in itself, not altogether so trifling a matter, inasmuch as we may deduce from it some judgment as to the regard the Academy have for the generality of the works exhibited, and their exhibitors. We are afraid we have just made use of that figure of speech designated a *bull*; as what is barely visible, can hardly be said to be exhibited, yet such is the case with at least one third of the pieces hung upon the walls, and which are noticed merely in the catalogæ. Wherefore, then, do the Academy act so preposterously, crowding themselves with so much that it were, on every account, far better to exclude? Why are they not more fastidious, when a lesser degree of toleration would be mercy to themselves, to the public, and to the unhappy scrubs whose canvasses and frames are employed merely as gap-stoppers? They have, surely, no occasion to go into the highways to call in the blind, the maimed, and the halt; nevertheless, such is their universal charity, that they open their doors to all; no degree of wretchedness is excluded, unless, indeed, there be a grade, of which we have no idea. Had exhibitions been instituted for the express purpose of encouraging feebleness and imbecility, of displaying the very nakedness of the land, a better plan for attaining that end, than the mode in which they are at present con-



ducted, could hardly have been devised.

If those, then, who assume to be the hierophants of art, the members of its sacred college, evince such an utter disregard to common sense; if they postpone general interests to petty personal ones; if they are influenced by paltry and illiberal prejudices; if they display indifference where we have a right to look for enthusiasm and perseverance; how can it reasonably be expected that the lay public should entertain any great reverence for the deity in whose fane such ministers as these serve? When its source is muddy, it is no wonder that the stream is not clear.

It is exceedingly natural that the members of any society, be it a Royal Academy or any other body, should select the best situations for their own pictures; and, provided this be done without any very flagrant abuse of the power they thus possess, by entirely monopolizing to themselves all the most advantageous places, it cannot fairly be made a subject of reproach against them.\* There is another privilege enjoyed by them, which we consider altogether indefensible; namely, that of touching up their works after they are placed on the walls. Now this is monstrous: it gives extraneous assistance to the very persons who are supposed to need it far less than any others, and is, consequently, like arming trained athletes with more powerful weapons than the less expert combatants to whom they are opposed; while, what renders it more unfair, all are supposed to meet on equal terms. The privileged are thus enabled to adapt any picture to its precise situation, while other exhibitors must depend solely upon their own foresight. We do not say that this is always, or even frequently done; it is sufficient injustice that it is permitted at all. Setting aside all other considerations, it may be questioned, too, whether this mode of suiting a painting to particular circumstances, be not, in reality, injurious to those who avail themselves of it. In such cases permanent merit will be sacrificed to temporary effect. We might go still

further, and say that public exhibitions—especially if there be nothing like classification of any sort, either as regards the subjects themselves, or the various modes of execution, have a tendency to encourage a showy, bravura style. Instead of considering how his picture looks in his own *studio*, the painter is too apt to consider principally what figure it will make in the exhibition-room: hence almost every other quality is sacrificed to exaggerated colour and meretricious glare: hence, too, that neglect of correct drawing and of refined expression, which is so common a vice that it ceases to be disgraceful. Nor is this the whole extent of the mischief: every thing must be *ad captandum*, to please the million, although it should make the judicious grieve. If it be, in itself, any particular recommendation, the academy may justly boast that the majority of the pictures they annually receive are painted *expressly* for the exhibition. For this purpose, and no other, are most of the productions got up; and it is hardly necessary to observe that no very profound study is requisite for such an end. One evil attendant on the system of exhibitions is that they do not so much serve to nourish a real taste and healthy feeling for art as to keep alive a curiosity that, by many, is mistaken for attachment, and to which a constant succession of novelties administers. They create a great deal of *bustle* about pictures and painters; the public go and stare, but have, in fact, were they ever so much disposed to do so, no leisure to form a cool, dispassionate judgment of any thing—to detect talent, to notice merits, or blemishes, or to receive any lasting instruction from the works thus set before them. A public gallery and a public exhibition are two very different things: what is treasured up in the former is for all times and generations; we converse year after year with the masterpieces which familiarity has endeared to us, from which we have received so much delight, and whose influence has not been the less forcible because it has

\* They manage these matters better—more impartially at least—at the Manchester Institution, where the business of arranging the pictures is not entrusted to the artists, but to a committee of private gentlemen.

worked silently on the mind, intermingling itself with our other associations. An exhibition, on the contrary, is viewed and forgotten; if we have been amused we are satisfied, and look forward to its successor. Those who carry along with them a well cultivated taste will undoubtedly find something to gratify it, yet there is, at the same time, so much of an inferior stamp to mislead the ignorant and impose upon the credulous, that the mischief, perhaps, more than counter-balances the good. In order to be really beneficial, an exhibition ought to be select—not an indiscriminate medley, an *omnium gatherum*, a mere *scrap-book* on a larger scale; in short it ought to be something altogether different from the strange *higgledy-piggledy* mobs of pictures that take place every year in this country. *Multa, haud multum*, seems to be our motto in this as in many other concerns; nor do we even so much as suspect that what we consider to be the means of promoting the fine arts among us, may, if carefully examined, be found to have a directly opposite tendency, and to keep the public taste in a state of continual error.

That there is not the improvement which might be expected, after the lapse of more than half a century, is generally felt, and partially acknowledged; and this is attributed principally to the undue encouragement of portrait painting. We are not quite satisfied, however, that such is really the case, for we very much doubt whether, if this branch of painting were less cultivated among us, that the others would be more liberally patronized than they now are. At any rate it must be allowed that mediocrity is much less offensive in this than in any other species. We may apply to it what the younger Pliny says of history, "*quocunque modo scripta delectat*;" and, if it frequently ministers

to vanity, it still more frequently ministers to the best and purest of human affections—to private friendship, to public gratitude, and to all the charities of domestic life. It is in unison with one of the best traits of our national character; neither is it deficient in historic value and dignity; for that which endears itself to contemporaries as the transcript of the living individual, will, for after-ages, possess the charm of an authentic record of the past. What! then, do we actually approve of all that crowd of faces which peer upon us from their well-gilt frames at every exhibition at Somerset House? Certainly not—albeit we much doubt if even their places would be better supplied. Common-place portraits of common-place persons have no more pretension to shine in public than have the individuals themselves, whose faces are thus exposed to its gaze. The absurdity is not so much in the things themselves as in the offensive obtrusion of them where they are utterly misplaced, being of "no use to any one but the owners."\*

These remarks are, we think, fully borne out by the complexion of the exhibitions of the present year, every one of which would have been greatly improved by judicious weeding and thinning. The British Institution might very well have spared us the sight of such a piece as Sharp's '*Crossing the Line*;' and, had the painter himself possessed any prudence, he would have been contented with pocketing the price paid for it, (400*l.*, we understand,) without exposing himself by the *exposition* of that deplorable performance. The subject is coarse enough of all reason in itself; but the manner in which Mr. S. treated it rendered it far more so than was necessary. We pity the man who paid four hundred pounds for a shilling's worth of humour, and most certainly for the latter sum might he have purchased as much of that commo-

\* The British Institution professes not to admit portraits: it however does what is far worse; for it tolerates what, if not portraits, as far as costume is concerned, are obviously mere copies of faces, with some vague or silly designation attached to them in the catalogue. Now of these kinds of things the sole merit, supposing they possess any whatever, must be in the likeness, because, considered as pictures, they are intolerably mawkish, and devoid of ideal or natural character. Among the contraband ware smuggled in in this way, was, not long ago, a full length of Madame Vestris in breeches, a commission, we presume, from some Bartholomew-fair booth, although almost too vulgar even for the meridian of Smithfield.

dity at any caricature shop in town; much more do we compassionate the painter, who, for that, or, indeed, any number of pounds sterling, could avow himself the author of a production utterly destitute of any thing to atone for its shocking vulgarity.—What are the noble directors of the institution about, that they permit works of this stamp to enter their gallery? Their very porters must blush when they hang up such things on those walls which have been graced by the works of Hogarth, Zoffany, and Reynolds.

But while we can yet find room to mention it, let us just take a glance at the sixty-second exhibition of the Royal Academy. A second or a third generation of artists has arisen since that body was first instituted; if therefore any benefit is to be derived from it, we may reasonably expect that we should by this time have evidence of it. So far, however, is this year's exhibition from manifesting any marked improvement, as compared with any former ones within our recollection, that, besides the works by the late president, there are hardly a score others of any note—certainly nothing very great—not even an attempt indicating any unusual effort; nothing, in short, that forcibly impresses itself on the spectator. Wilkie is excellent, yet even he this year is not equal to his former self: his picture of the King's Visit to Holyrood House is inferior to his Chelsea Pensioners. To say the truth, we were a *little* disappointed by this performance; probably in consequence of our expectations having been too highly raised by the flattering promises of newspaper report, sounded from time to time during the last three or four years; or it might be that we anticipated something even superior to that crowning piece of his fame. It is nevertheless an excellent picture—such as no other living artist could have produced; nor, in looking at it, ought we to forget the difficulties the painter had to contend with in such a subject. There is little of the pompous array that one would look for upon such an occasion; for, if Mr. Wilkie be at all a faithful historian, the “gude folk of Edinbro’” received their sovereign in very homely guise, without much etiquette or

order, or rather they seem to have left the matter to old women and children, while poor Sir Walter looks on quite a barren spectator, and with not a particularly sapient air, as if either he could make nothing of the scene, or the artist nothing of him. With respect to the execution of this picture, there are *passages* in it truly admirable, giving all the effect of the most exquisite finish, with apparently very little manual labour, and altogether there is by far too much merit in it not to make us regret that David should have turned any of his attention towards mere portrait painting, especially upon a scale so ill adapted to his peculiar excellencies. Nor is our dissatisfaction at all diminished by looking at the full length of his late majesty in the Highland dress. Many artists could produce as good, and some a better portrait than this: the portraiture, by the bye, is confined to the face, the costume being mere masquerade, not all identifying itself with the usual attire of George the Fourth; and rather too outlandish withal to find favour in the eyes of us Southrons. If the truth must be known, we have a dislike little short of antipathy to portraits in disguise. Apropos to disguise of a different kind; there is a picture by Oliver, designated in the catalogue as the portrait of a gentleman, meaning, we presume, the likeness of some gentleman's coat, for as to the face (perhaps the sitter himself might have been *disguised* in liquor at the time), no *real* gentleman ever wore such a visage; Lavater would have given it as a specimen of decided vulgarity. We may here observe, *par parenthèse*, that we approve highly of the catalogue giving us the information it frequently does, since were it not for the words “portrait of a gentleman,” or “lady,” we should often mistake the parties for their butlers and waiting-women. Mr. Oliver writes himself A. R. A.—much good may it do him and his sitters! but this will hardly excuse the offence of inflicting on us the enormities he generally does. While such abominations are conspicuously displayed, works of real merit are unceremoniously turned out of doors. We ourselves can speak to one picture, at least, that was so treated this very year—or rather which was

stowed away in some cellar, after the artist had been informed that it was admitted; and when we compare it with most of the productions that have been accepted, we cannot help thinking that the Academy must be actually besotted. We cannot indeed produce to our readers the work in question in confirmation of our opinion, but fortunately we can point out to them Turner's pictures, and ask whether the epithet we have just used is not far too lenient for persons who were mad enough to expose to universal derision such unintelligible pieces of canvass as the "Jessica," and the "Pilate." The palm of demerit incontestably belongs this year to Mr. Turner: in extravagance he is *facile princeps*, in absurdity superlative. The fair Jewess looks as if she was half-smothered in the contents of a huge mustard-pot, from which she is endeavouring to extricate herself; while the other picture, so far as any thing whatever can be made out of it, seems a parody on the scene it professes to represent, and only not profane, because no meaning is to be detected in it.

As we are not writing a critical account of the exhibition, and have besides nearly filled the space allotted to us, we shall say nothing of the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, except that their merits are too obvious to require comment; unless therefore, we could enter into something like a full notice of their peculiar beauties, remark would be almost impertinent. We are tempted to mention both Etty's Judith, and Briggs's Inez de Castro; not because they have satisfied us, but because they convince us that those gentlemen mistake clever painting for graphic poetry; attitudes and draperies, and skilful colouring, ill supply the absence of imagination and sentiment. They have more of the character of *tableaux de genre*, on a large scale, than of the historical style; they are pictures exclusively *for the eye*, not for the mind. Yet such as they are, these are almost the only attempts of any note in that department. Etty is more at home in his smaller compositions, against which the principal objection is their offen-

sive, and oftentimes gratuitous indelicacy—indelicacy of subject, if not in the mode of treating it, and sometimes the double indelicacy combined in the same piece. This pruriency of the pencil, although it may be regarded as a mere license of art, rather than licentiousness, is certainly reprehensible enough; what then shall we say of such impotent attempts at voluptuous subjects as Ward's Venus, and one or two others?—that they are sheer nauseous indecency, equally offensive to public decorum and good taste. It is the oil paintings that form the leading feature of this exhibition, and the more ambitious subjects, among them, are almost without exception, very far from what they aspire to be; of the others, some half dozen possess considerable, though not very striking merit. We pass over the drawings and miniatures, not because there are none conspicuous for the talent they display, but because they do not affect the general estimate. We cannot, however, dismiss our article, without noticing two works of distinguished beauty, one in architecture, the other in sculpture—each of these sufficient of itself to fill a room, and both of them nearly smothered from observation; we mean Parke's\* interior of a Sepulchral Chamber at Alexandria, and Westmacott's statue of the Duc de Montpensier. The former is absolutely above all praise, and upsets all theories: on contemplating it, all that has been written on the pre-eminence of Grecian architecture seems arrant drivelling: it is beauty—poetry—inspiration; it is grace commingled with sublimity! Mr. Parke has, we know, visited Egypt, and as his drawings have convinced us, has profited by his studies in that country; yet we are disposed to doubt whether this be a *bonâ fide* view of an actual edifice or not: if it be, how happens it that so glorious a work of architecture has not been described and delineated as accurately and as frequently as the Parthenon; if, on the contrary, it be an *imposture innocente* on the part of Mr. Parke, this single drawing ought to immortalize his name. The statue, too, is a work of exceedingly great merit, and

\* If we mistake not, this gentleman is the son of the late Mr. John Parke, the eminent musician, who died August 2d, 1829.

of excellent taste : it is full of unaffected nature and feeling. There is in it that which addresses itself at once to the heart, and which, while we gaze upon it, almost causes us to forget all the inconvenience of the vile lumber hole where it is placed, more in mockery than in honour of the art of sculpture. So little countenance or support, in fact, do the painters, who constitute the majority of the academicians, give their brethren that it would be far better for the latter, were they to be actually turned adrift ; or were they to imitate the example of the water-colourists, and detach themselves from an alliance, which tends neither to advance the interests of architecture and sculpture, nor to the independence of the artists who profess them. If there be any advantage whatever in association—that is practical advantage, as far as art is concerned, it would be increased by the efforts of all being directed to one specific object ; whereas at present, there is union without unity, and complete anarchy is prevented only by the painters arrogating to them-

selves on every occasion the lion's share.

Aware that the general tenour of our remarks must prove unpalatable, we should not be surprised were they to be imputed to decided hostility. By personal feeling they certainly have not been dictated, for beyond their works, we know nothing either of those whom we have censured, or those whom we have commended. We plead guilty, however, to the charge of hostility, open and avowed hostility, to a system fraught with quackery, betraying the most portentous mismanagement, and disregarding even the outward proprieties and decencies that should regulate a public display of works of art. We abhor a system in which mere merit goes for nothing, favour is every thing ; and where art is made the stalking-horse to the paltriest self-interest. So rooted is the evil, that we should actually despair of improvement, were it not to be hoped that notorious abuse must shortly pave the way for something in the shape of reform.

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#### ON A CHILD.

A YEAR—an age shall fade away  
 (Ages of pleasure and of pain,)   
 And yet the face I see to-day  
*For ever* shall remain,—  
 In my heart and in my brain !  
 Not all the scalding tears of care  
 Shall wash away the vision fair ;  
 Not all the flocking thoughts that rise—  
 Not all the sights that feed my eyes  
 Shall e'er usurp the place  
 Of that little gentle face :  
 But there I know it will remain,—  
 And when joy or pleasant pain  
 Turn my troubled winter gaze  
 Back unto my April days,  
 There, amongst the hoarded past,  
 I shall see it to the last,—  
 The only thing, save poet's rhyme,  
 That shall not own the touch of Time !

J. B.

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## THE DEAD PARLIAMENT.

BEFORE these pages can meet the eyes of our readers, the last Parliament of George IV. will have passed away, and the first of William IV. will be in all the agonies of birth. We may afford to speak of the deceased Parliament with more freedom, now that its powers of *argumentum à Newgate* have been extinguished—it was the only argument which was worthy of attention coming from the collective wisdom of the defunct assembly.

A brief history of its political movements as a body will give it high claim to a remarkable place in the history of the *Girouettes*. Elected in 1826, under the dynasty of the Earl of Liverpool, it showed every reasonable symptom of following the quiet politics of that timid and cautious statesman—of believing in the propriety of a cabinet divided upon vital questions—of letting the evil day pass by as long as the ruling angels would permit, trusting to chance or fate as the means of meeting it when it did come—of carrying in the House of Commons every folly or mischief which popular or sham-popular clamour demanded, in the hope of its being thrown out in the House of Lords; and, in short, of acquiescing in all the make-shift expedients which were consonant to the genius of the Liverpool administration, and the vacillating temper of the premier. To that temper we may justly attribute much of the degradation that has marked our domestic politics of late years. His lordship had no compass of original genius—no marks of profound intellect about him. His oratory was mean, trite, plebeian—his policy temporising and timid. Nothing grand, nothing comprehensive ever distinguished any of his actions—nothing that can be remembered is to be found in his speeches or his diplomatic compositions. He was not a second-rate man, scarcely a third rate, and his undoubted honesty on one or two questions which he understood, and on which his conscience dictated to him the path he ought to take, was the only recommendation which he brought to his office. The great legal and constitutional learning of

Lord Eldon—the high, and then unspotted name of the Duke of Wellington—the brilliancy of Mr. Canning—the tried and unshakeable honesty of Mr. Peel (alas! for days gone by!)—with the general support of the great families, the church, and the well-ordered body of the people—gave to the cabinet a solidity which superficial observers were generally inclined to attribute to the character or energy of its chief; and as that chief took especial care never to say any thing which decidedly committed him, except upon the one or two points to which we have already alluded, he continued until his political death to be considered as a man especially fitted to bear upon his shoulders the weight of a great nation's affairs—a minister born to the situation. Yet now that he is past like a snow-flake on the river, what *was* the policy of his administration but *laissez-faire*? In commerce and finance he surrendered himself to the quacks of free trade, because he did not know how to resist them; in foreign politics (after Lord Castlereagh was gone) to the quacks of the Æolian school of blustering interference, even against his own judgment; in the domestic management of the country to the thousand and one quackeries of the Malthuses, Wilmot Horton, Ramsay M'Culloch, and others “whom their place knows now no more.” It would be hard indeed to say what was the policy that Lord Liverpool could not have been led to adopt, and even defend, in his own bald and ungracious oratory. His conduct in the case of the Queen was the index of his whole political life. Convinced of the guilt of that lady, and pledged to pursue the cause against her to the utmost, he withdrew when popular tumult had reached its climax of impudence, and could have been repressed by the slightest demonstration of vigour. But then there should have been *vigour*, and to dream of that would have been too much for Lord Liverpool.

On no points, then, did he appear determined, except Parliamentary Reform, and Roman Catholic Emancipation. To the latter he was conscientiously opposed; and we believe

that no inducement would have made him vote for it, (though we confess that the ready tergiversation of his brother, the present Lord Liverpool, on the first opportunity that such tergiversation could be practically useful to one side, or mischievous to the other, make us not quite certain); as to the former, if it were at all possible that a parliamentary insurrection could be got up in favour of reform, he would, no doubt, have yielded. But *there* he was safe; and, under shelter of the fine tropes and figures of Mr. Canning, ventured to indulge himself in cheap bravery against the rabble of those shabby and ignorant fellows, who then, for their own mean purposes, prattled with mechanic ignorance of universal suffrage and annual parliaments. Against *them* he knew that he was secure; that none of his colleagues would annoy him on behalf of them, or their nostrums; but he permitted a division in his cabinet on the other measure, to which he stood still more decidedly opposed; because having become a point practically mooted in Parliament, it was too prominently obtruded upon the circles by which he was surrounded to be passed by without giving him more trouble, and exposing the rickety system of his administration, to more danger, than he either desired or dared. But the principle of a cabinet divided upon a question allowed on all hands to be of the highest moment, was a principle of political dishonesty, and it gave its character to the Parliament which was elected under its administration. We were compelled to make this short digression upon Lord Liverpool, if for no other purpose, yet for that of ascribing to his influence and example the weather-cock disposition of the Parliament just dissolved.

It opened with a speech more vague than even such vague compositions generally are. An address was moved according to pattern, and the abortive efforts of Lord King and others to carry resolutions of an opposing tendency, showed that Lord Liverpool was to have every thing his own way—to trim and balance as he pleased. Afflictions sent from God prevented him from continuing in office. His worth then was known. It was then discovered that he was the peg which kept the cabinet

together; a thing which, in itself, was of no worth or wonder, but whose withdrawal knocked to pieces the patchwork and disconnected structure which it had held. A total disjuncting followed, and here the admirable character of the Parliament was shown. It cautiously waited upon Providence before it gave a hint of deciding how it would turn, and it is now comical enough to recollect that the most searching questions as to the course likely to be pursued, were put by the late Mr. George Tierney. That Tierney was more dishonest than those who made his trickery a matter of jest, we do not believe; the poverty in which he has since died proves that there were many more lucrative tricks than his; but his traditional fame for cunning made his anxiety peculiarly characteristic.

The pause was followed by the accession of Mr. Canning, after a series of intrigues which now that we know what were the latent designs of the intriguers must seem incomprehensible. The earl of Eldon has consistently adhered to the line of politics with which he opposed Mr. Canning; he continued his opposition to the emancipation of the Roman Catholics to the end; but what can we think now of the motives of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in grounding their secession from office upon their hostility to the pro-papery views of Mr. Canning? Must it not appear to be a hollow *ruse* arising on the part of Sir Robert Peel from jealousy of the more showy abilities of the ascendant minister—on the part of the Duke from the deeply calculated game which he had determined to play, and which up to the present hour, has been crowned with signal success, however it may fare hereafter? Of the conduct of the subordinate persons in this farce we may speak a little as we go on; our business at present is with the Parliament.

Whatever were the means by which he attained his eminence, Mr. Canning was in power, and, with its true consistency, the legislature was his for the time being. The sleepy dominion of Lord Liverpool had passed away, and the new master was determined to do something decisive. His was to be a reign of *coups d'états*. The miserable falsehoods and shuf-

flings which marked the commencement of his operations, we willingly omit. Events that have since occurred, have convinced us that he was just as honourable, and as straight-minded as those who made it a test of their honour and their openness to depart from his administration; but it cannot be denied that the bent of Mr. Canning's mind led him to the employment of sinister means in all the great occasions of his life. When successful at last, and by whatever means in the great object of his ambition, his hour for potential display had come, and he looked abroad. By one speech about the power, and the implied inclination of England to let loose the perturbed spirits of the Continent against the constituted authorities, he alarmed all Europe. By a practical illustration of the way in which he intended carrying into effect those magniloquent threats, he calmed it again. A craze seemed to have come over him with respect to Portugal, and that country he selected as the ground of his experiment, the first example in which his

“—Celsa sedet Æolus arce  
Sceptra tenens, &c. &c.”

was first to work. Accordingly, he sent there under the easy government of Lord Liverpool, and kept there under his own administration, a large body of English troops, for the avowed reason of forcing the crudities of the Portuguese Cortes down the throats of a demi-barbarous people. To this measure the Parliament consented. Loud were the cheers when Mr. Canning evolved his frothy periods, tinkling with all the *dis-graces* of meretricious oratory—still louder the acclamations when with diplomatic mouth, he talked learnedly of a *casus federis*, in a language strange to the ears of so many of his auditory, and quoted Puffendorff, whose name, on the principle of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*, served him as a tower of strength in the assembly to which he spoke. Portugal was to be regenerate—she was our ancient ally. Then there was the cause of freedom all over the world; and many other comely commonplaces, decked up and bedizened with an infinity of prettinesses, that did as well as eloquence for the company that was to hear,

and the newspapers which were to report.

The result of this melancholy display is now matter of history. Our Guards were not exactly kicked out of Portugal, for they “had that about them” which prevented any attempt at such a ceremony; but they were pursued with curses and execrations both loud and deep. It would be easy to prove that the needless, or rather the impertinent expedition, sent by Mr. Canning to Portugal, is the proximate cause of the present mis-government of that country. The Portuguese of any real independence of spirit, recoiled against the arrogant interference of a foreign power, and the general antipathy, no matter whence arising, to the government of the Cortes, was heightened into tenfold displeasure and hatred when it was openly avowed, with all the swagger of a rhetorical declaimer, that a constitution was to be forced upon Portugal by the over-hearing power of an ally, too potent to be withstood. Mr. Canning fancied that he was keeping out Don Miguel, when, in fact, he was irresistibly fastening that prince upon the country, by enlisting in his behalf the national feelings of self-government and independence; and he deluded himself with the idea that he was setting up this country as the arbiter of the destinies of Europe, when he was in reality exposing it to as much ridicule as can ever be the lot of a nation really powerful, even when it is mismanaged by a *charlatan*. Equally sagacious was his boast of having called into existence a new world to balance the old; but as nothing of much consequence, (except the individual losses, to an enormous extent, which it occasioned,) followed from this vapouring, and as the very phrase is now generally laughed at as something worthy, both in conception and utterance, of Bombastes Furioso, we shall not dwell upon it any further.

In these windy schemes of foreign policy he had the aids and subsidies of the faithful Commons; in domestic affairs they were equally true to their own golden rule. It would not be easy to decypher what Mr. Canning imposed upon himself as principles. He declared himself a friend of civil and religious liberty, and an enemy



of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—a friend to conferring parliamentary power upon the members of the Church of Rome, and an enemy to admitting a baptist to a corporate office. He professed himself a liberal, and yet pledged to oppose any material alteration in the representation of Parliament. “I disfranchise Grampound,” said he, “but I stand here for Old Sarum.” Loud cheers, of course, followed this declaration, although it would have puzzled the orator and his applauders to have pointed out what might be the principle on which this magnanimous distinction was made. In a word, Mr. Canning had no fixed principles—there were certain *words* which habit had made him praise or dispraise—reform, established constitution, innovation, vested rights, &c.—but as for *things*, except place, pay, patronage, puffing, &c. he never gave himself the least trouble of inquiring.

“He fagoted his notions as they fell;  
And if they rhymed and rattled, all was well.”

Here too, of course, Parliament supported him. The ancient Gods of their idolatry being pushed off their pedestals, were no longer objects of worship. Mr. Canning’s *casus fœderis* abroad—Mr. Canning’s mixed principles at home, were the creed of the day. In vain did the votaries of the departed ministers seek even a hearing. Mr. Dawson, for daring to ask a question, was treated with the most marked scorn—a surly “No,” was all the reply which he could extort, and the House laughed with indignant contempt at the daring which dictated such an intrusion. Another year saw this same Mr. Dawson, advocating, with all the blundering of his ragged eloquence, the very cause for which he pretended that he differed from Mr. Canning, and in his zeal for which, he thought it prudent to swallow every affront that might be offered him.

The dynasty of Canning was but short. His death, it is said, was hastened by anxiety. At all events, he did not die one moment too soon for the sake of his personal reputation. He, in his agony of looking for support, promised every thing to every body of every side. To the Whigs he professed himself

Whig—to the Tories, Tory. To each, in separate knots, he had pledged himself to carry the most discordant measures, and what was still more fatal, to confer the most discordant patronage. This was easy to say: it cannot be too often remarked that he had no fixed principles, and could colour either side of any question brought before him with gay daubery, good enough for exhibition, but it was not so easy to execute. Parties would have come forward to taunt him in public with his professions in private; and, still worse, each of the dozen claimants to whom a place had been promised would have displayed a tenacity of recollection, and, in eleven cases out of the twelve, a fierceness of indignant virtue against broken engagements, that would have upset the loquacious minister. Besides, even his glibness could not always conceal the fact, that he had no real knowledge. He accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a chuckling boast, that he could never “tot” up a line of figures in his life; and the display he made whilst in the office fully proved that his assertion of his unfitness for holding it, was perfectly correct.

In his declining days, after many intrigues he was at last driven into the arms of the Whigs, and in their arms he died. The confused state of the ministry during 1827, was a most convenient excuse for not doing any business, and Parliament therefore was contented in displaying its contempt of the retired ministers, without pretending to anything further. On the death of Mr. Canning however it was puzzled, but the hermaphrodite cabinet of Lord Goderich kindly came in the way.—

Can we mention that great man without an especial stop?—

Lord Goderich—it was said that King George the Fourth nick-named him Goose Goderich, probably from a recollection of a neighbourly alliteration and resemblance of sound in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in the ballad of “Fause Foodrage;” but be this as it may, it is beyond question that the administration of his lordship did not in any manner so far resemble Solomon, during his short-lived management of the state, as to be hailed by the title of the Wise.

Wise however or foolish—goose or no goose—the majority in Parliament was still with him, or rather prepared to be with him; for his motley and heterogeneous cabinet, composed of the most discordant elements, did not hold long enough together, to enable him to put the pliancy of the House to the test. His administration was but a series of blunders, and it fell by the untoward event of Navarino abroad, and the discordant jangling of its own members at home. Few things in real history are more comical than the quarrel between Messrs. Huskisson and Herries, who disagreed so bitterly with one another, that Lord Goderich was obliged to resign, as he could not reconcile their differences, and who yet remained most harmoniously in office together, after the abdication rendered necessary of their quarrels.

The Parliament had now a fourth master, and his hand was not a light one. The Duke of Wellington, who had given up office, because he could not assent to Mr. Canning's carrying a modified measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation, now returned to place amidst the triumphant exultations of the Protestant party, and the intense anathemas of the Whigs and Liberals. Under his auspices, in the first year of his ministry, the Roman Catholic question was contemptuously flung out of the Lords—it barely escaped being lost in the Commons. This was the principal domestic measure of the year: abroad, as if to mark as decisive a contrast as possible between his policy and that of Mr. Canning, non-interference in foreign affairs was made his rule of action, or rather in-action. Mr. Canning, a civilian, who had never set a squadron in the field, was all for war; if a mouse were stirring from one end of the world to the other he was ready to follow or to oppose its motion with armed hand. No comet that ever fired the length of Ophiuchus, huge in the arctic sky, was more pregnant of battles than Mr. Canning, and all for the sake of sounding a period, or introducing a sonorous quotation culled from a book of syntax. The Duke of Wellington, who had already arrived at the summit of military glory, felt no necessity of displaying

any warlike propensities; and it may perhaps be reasonably questioned, whether he has not on some occasions, carried his non-interference principle rather too far. For our own parts, however, being firmly convinced that the interest of this country is to remain at peace as long as possible, we do not find fault with a pacific administration; but what are we to think of the consistency of a Parliament, which, after hailing (as we said) with rapturous shouts of applause the swelling sentences of Mr. Canning, when he unfurled the flag, or held the balance, or drew the sword, or blew the blast, or any other of the fine things, in which he rejoiced, in behalf of every trumpery cause all over the world, were equally enthusiastic, when his taciturn successor permitted, without even a speech, the overthrow of that power, which, with a compliment as ill-timed as the bow of Obadiah to Dr. Slop, when he had flung him into the mire, it had just voted to be our "ancient ally"—the aggrandizement of Russia, both in Asia and Europe, or the annexation of Algiers to France? It is needless to observe, that the very House of Commons, which saw all the events take place, without any alarm or remonstrance, *because the Duke of Wellington so wished it*, would, if under the ascendant of Mr. Canning, have voted the most trifling affair among them, as cause sufficient for an internecine war. Any of these events do we say? They would have seen, even in the affairs of the Duke of Brunswick, ample reason for girding on the panoply of Great Britain, or any other trope or figure that might be hatched for the occasion. Mr. Canning would have shone to much advantage in the debates and diplomacy, consequent upon the great case of Mr. Smith-Fiddlestick, and the House with delighted ear would have heard many a sage application of Grotius, to the important international relations of Brunswick Oels.

In June or July, 1828, the Duke of Wellington declared in the House of Lords, that he was decidedly opposed to the Roman Catholic question. He had said the same at the Pitt-Club dinner in May. In November he assured the Popish primate of Ireland that he thought carrying it impossible.

In December he returned a scornful, nay, an impertinent answer to the Duke of Leinster, who had forwarded him an address on the subject. In January, 1829, he dismissed the Marquis of Anglesea from the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland for some civilities to one of the Irish agitators. In a word, he gave every indication, direct and indirect, that he was unchanged—that the principle on which he had first resigned, and afterwards accepted office, still governed him; and that his was to be a No Popery administration to the end. Careful observers had indeed prognosticated that a change was at hand, from some apparently trifling, but still significant circumstances. Some of the lower members of the ministry had been put forth as feelers; and as ticklish experiments are commonly made *in corpore vili*, Mr. George Robert Dawson, ex-member for Derry, was appropriately selected for the principal; but to the body of the Tories the change came like a thunderclap—they were taken by surprise—the Duke carried his manœuvre with all the tactics of a veteran general.

*The House of Commons, which had carried a far smaller measure in 1829, by a paltry majority of six, now carried all that the Duke demanded by a majority of 178. The House of Lords, which had rejected even a consideration of the question by a majority of 45 in 1829, carried it in toto, in the year 1830, by a majority of 105, including in that number ten of the bishops of the church.\**

Need we offer any commentary on the above sentence? We shall not argue the merits or demerits of the Roman Catholic question. It may have been just or unjust—it may work benefit or mischief—but the manner of its carrying has settled the character of the Parliament. No new fact had occurred—no new argument was adduced—every thing was precisely in the same state in 1830 as it had been in 1829; but the Duke of Wellington had, for causes of his own, altered his policy, and

with as much rapidity as diamonds change into spades, or clubs into hearts, in the hands of an experienced juggler, the Lords and Commons of England shifted their principles. How much individual baseness there must have been in the transaction it is unnecessary to remark, but as a body the character of the last Parliament of George IV. had gone for ever. Even those who out of doors heartily approved of the measure, could not approve of the means by which its success was ensured. The Jesuit principle that the means sanctifies the end has not yet taken root in England, and the honest men of every party were indignant at the lying artifices, and disgusted with the mean hypocrisy by which emancipation was forced or smuggled upon the country. In the last session, it is evident that the House of Commons was looked upon with decided contempt, and the Quarterly Reviewer (it is an ominous thing that such an observation should have appeared in that quarter), who declared that the intellect (he might have added the honesty) of the House was far below the average of England, only spoke the sentiments of all classes among us, high and low.

We have then got rid of a Parliament which has proved faithful to the powers of Downing Street, under all changes. Lord Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, the Duke of Wellington, were all equally the objects of its adoration. Changes of foreign policy, from the most swaggering attitude of war, to the most indifferent aspect of peace, have been adopted, without hesitation, at the word of command. Under one minister, it played the part of Pistol, giving the fig of Spain to all opponents—under another, that of the same worthy ancient eating the leek when offered. With equal and more remarkable ductility, the principles that had distinguished parties for half a century, were cast aside, the quondam Orangeman forgot his vows, and voted for the cause

\* As the names of these persons cannot be too often published, we here reprint them. The apostate prelates were—Sumner, bishop of Winchester; Sumner, bishop of Chester; Ryder, bishop of Lichfield; Bathurst, bishop of Norwich (a consistent man, however); Copleston, bishop of Llandaff; Murray, bishop of Rochester; Jenkinson, bishop of St. David's; Lindsey, bishop of Kildare; Knox, bishop of Derry; and Lloyd, bishop of Oxford, since gone to his account.

that he had once devoted to the infernal gods—the Whigs learned to praise a military administration, and to applaud the decision and energy of a dictatorship—the Radicals extolled a standing army as the best school for statesmen, and their mouth-pieces in Parliament pledged to obey the popular voice, scoffed at the right of petitioning, and declared that it was absurd to attend to such a voice, when the sentiments it uttered differed from their own. In the days of the South Sea bubble, a thief who had committed a most daring and violent robbery in the mid-day, in the open street, (he stopped a carriage in Chancery-lane,) palliated his guilt, on trial, by saying that his crime was committed in the year when all men had turned robbers. The historian of 1829 will be entitled to designate it as the year when almost all public men had turned liars.

After the passing of the Roman Catholic bill, the wits of the Whig party dared to ask what harm had resulted from that measure. Every thing went on as before: the sun rose and set—the moon influenced the tides—there was no avenging fire from heaven—no visitation of judicial earthquakes. All this was true enough, but it was not very wise. No physical calamity occurred; but is it no calamity that all faith in public men is gone—that trickery, fraud, and duplicity are the recognized instruments for effecting political objects—that place and power may be held after honour and self-respect have departed—that the middle class is wholly separated from the upper? The consequences of these things may not appear for a long period, but they will appear at last. If any great convulsion, similar to the French revolution was to occur now, could the aristocracy appeal with any hope of success to those orders by whom they, forty years ago, weathered the storm? Would the working clergy, the sturdy yeomanry, the inferior gentry, the independent inhabitants of cities, removed equally from the court and the rabble, respond to the cry of church and king if raised by those who despised their prayers in 1829? or who, after having been the chosen champions of their principles, deserted them without a moment's no-

tice, and then taunted them with the helplessness, which that unexpected desertion had occasioned. The alienated feelings already appear in the general desire for reform, which prevails for the first time in these classes. They now see that the only defence they acknowledged for the anomalies which undoubtedly exist in our system of representation, can be pleaded no longer—it does *not* work well. They find that they are neither actually nor virtually represented, and with reluctant foot have gone towards the camp of the parliamentary reformers.

With this sign of the times we shall conclude. During the seven years of the existence of the Parliament it scarcely did any thing else worth commenting upon. As usual, before its decease, it showed symptoms of economy, and the blow which the unanswerable work of Mr. Sadler has given to the hard-hearted school of political economy, is beginning to tell. The law reforms, which were even announced from the throne, have either been total failures, or pettifogging changes of no value, or superfluous slayings of defunct statutes, or roguish schemes for drawing business from cheap local courts into Westminster Hall, for the benefit of the bill-framers themselves, or blundering alterations that save culprits and breed endless confusion in practice. The existence of public distress to a dreadful degree was acknowledged in the first speech from the throne in November, 1826; it has increased under the excursions of Parliament to a treble degree. In short, the House did nothing but job—Waithman asserted that it contained 200 swindlers dipped in the roguery of 1825, and no one in the House or out of it dared to contradict him—and followed ministerial orders. [The campaign of Sir James Scarlett against the press is matter for a separate dissertation.]

We may then bid it farewell. A more servile or contemptible body can never again assemble within the walls of St. Stephen's, but we have, nevertheless, to thank it for having gone to such a depth of degradation. It has convinced the most dull and careless that an alteration must take place; it has made the most intrepid defenders of the present system quail.

What stronger argument for reform could be exhibited than that displayed in the person of Sir Robert Peel himself, standing up to resist it? There he stood, rejected from Oxford, unable to get into the House for any district that had the shadow of a constituency, marked with all the disgrace of apostacy, and yet enabled to lead the House of Commons by the purchased patronage of a Jewish dealer in boroughs, whose notoriety in the traffic had incarcerated him in Newgate. Does that part of the system work well? We answer no! and the same answer will be echoed from a million of tongues. Nor is it the less gratifying that it will come

from those who scorn the rabble and its idols, who spurn from them the mock-patriotism that is bold and noisy with no chance of any real reform being effected, supple and sycophantic when need exists for corrupt services, and who are fully aware that there are no worse enemies of freedom—no men more thoroughly slaves in body and soul,

“In entrails, heart and head, liver and reins,”

than those alternate braggadocios before the mob, and servile instruments of the ministry, who are so fully represented in the persons of the Hobhouses and Burdetts.

### EUGENIUS ROCHE.

We beg the attention of our readers for a few sentences—we shall not detain them longer.

Mr. Eugenius Roche was for many years connected with the press, in various capacities. For fifteen years he was sub-editor of the *Morning Post*, for the couple of years before his death he was editor of the *New Times*, and finally of the *Courier*. He was a gentleman of considerable talent, the most kindly disposition, and the most unwearied industry. No man in his situation, it may be averred, without fear of contradiction, laboured more earnestly, and, in many instances, more successfully, in advancing the interests of those to whom his influence or his purse might be of advantage.

He married twice; by his first wife he left behind him eight children—by his second wife, married not more than a year and a half before his death, an additional infant. His professional income of course ceased with him, and the real property which he left behind is mortgaged to Mr. Stewart, of the *Courier*, as the payment for the twenty-fourth share of that paper, which Mr. Roche had covenanted to take. The price of this twenty-fourth share is fixed at 5,000 guineas, and it absorbs the whole of the proceeds of Mr. Roche's estate.

It may be that the twenty-fourth share of the *Courier* will return to Mr. Roche's family a full equivalent for the five thousand guineas claimed by Mr. Stewart, but in the mean time that family is in the most dire distress, amounting even to the want of actual means of subsistence. There is a poem of Mr. Roche's coming out, called *London in a Thousand Years hence*, with other smaller poems, for which a subscription is getting up; and we hope our readers will assist it as far as they can. The poems, we assure them, are better than a thousand others of finer names; but if they were worse than ———'s [*fill the blank, good readers, as you please*] is it not a good thing to help the widow and the orphan?

Lest any persons should think that newspaper services done to ministers are remembered when the day of service is gone by, and that therefore the case of Mr. Roche's widow and orphans may be safely left in the hands of the Treasury, we have only to say that there is no hope there. We do not wish to prejudice, in any quarter, the cause we are here advocating, and we add no more. Government may be very right in rejecting all petitions on behalf of their literary retainers—that we do not dispute; but we hope that the literary world will feel itself the more called upon to assist those for whom we write this appeal, by the certainty that they have no other interest to appeal to.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

## POETRY, DRAMA, &amp;c.

The Camp of Wallenstein, from the German; and original Poems. By Lord Francis Levison Gower. 1 vol. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

Monsieur Mallet; a humorous Poem. with Engravings. 18mo. 1s.

Alfred the Great; a Drama in five acts. By Thos. Aird. 8vo. 3s.

Vol. 3rd of Pickering's Aldine Edition of the Poets, containing the Poems of Thomson.

The Captive of Fez; a Poem in five Cantos. By Thomas Aird. 12mo. 6s.

Poems; chiefly lyrical. By Alfred Tennyson, of Trinity College, Cambridge. 1 vol. fcp. 5s.

## POLITICS, &amp;c.

The Regency Question. Memoirs of the Administration of the Right Hon. HENRY PELHAM, collected from the Family papers, and other authentic documents, and illustrated with original correspondence never before published. In this work will be found an interesting account of the formation of the regency at the death of the Prince of Wales, father of George the Third. By the Rev. W. Coxe, M.A., F.R.S., F.A.S., Archdeacon of Wilts. 2 vols. 4to. 5l. 5s., or, on large paper, &c. 10l. 10s. bds., republished.

An enquiry into the causes of the long continued stationary Condition of India and its Inhabitants, with a brief examination of the leading principles of two of the most approved Revenue Systems of British India. By a Civil Servant of the Hon. E. I. Company. 8vo. 4s.

Suggestions as to the conduct and management of County Contested Elections, &c. With an appendix of the Statutes, &c., including those of the late session of Parliament. By G. Butt, of the Inner Temple, Esq. Second edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

The Pocket Dictionary of the Law of Elections, with the practice from the issuing of the writ to the final decision of the House of Commons. 8vo. 5s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The twenty-second volume of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. bds.

Elements of the Economy of Nature; or, the principles of Physics, Chemistry, and Physiology. Founded on the recently discovered Phenomena of Light, Electro-Magnetism, and Atomic Chemistry. By J. G. Macnivar, A. M. 8vo. 16s. bds.

The Phrenological Journal, and Miscellany. Number 24. 2s. 6d.

Lives of British Physicians; being No. 14 of the Family Library.

The Cook's Dictionary. By Richard Dolby, of the Thatched House Tavern. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

The Noble Game of Billiards; wherein are exhibited extraordinary and surprising Strokes, which have excited the admiration of most of the Sovereigns in Europe. Translated from the French of M. Mingaud by J. Thurston. 1l. 1s.

A Catalogue of Maps, Prints, Drawings, &c.; forming the Geographical and Topographical collection attached to the Library of his Majesty George the Third, and presented by his late Majesty George the Fourth, to the British Museum. Printed by order of the Trustees. 2 large vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s. bds. Folio copies, 3l. 3s.

One Hundred Studies for Drawing in groups, Single figures of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, and other domestic Animals, engraved on thirty copper plates, from the most celebrated masters. This work is published under the superintendence of George Cooke. 1l. 1s. on plain paper, 1l. 11s. 6d. India.

The Real Devil's Walk; embellished with 13 Engravings in wood, from designs by G. Cruikshank. 2s.

The 1st vol. of Botanical Commentaries. By Jonathan Stoke, M.D. 8vo. 14s. bds.

No. 10 of the Domestic Gardener's Manual, and English Botanist's Companion. 8vo. 1s.

## TRAVELS, &amp;c.

Pananti's Narrative of a Residence in Algiers. 2nd Edition, with Notes and Illustrations, by Edward Bluquiere, Esq. 1 vol. 4to. 1l. 5s. boards.

Journal of a Tour made by Senor Juan de Vega, through Great Britain and Ireland in 1828 and 1829. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 6s. bds.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A Supplement to the Royal Naval Biography; or Memoirs of the Services of all the Flag Officers, &c. &c. By John Marshall, R.N. Part 4. 8vo. 15s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Life and Reign of George the Fourth, interspersed with numerous Personal Anecdotes; to which is prefixed an Historical account of the House of Brunswick from the earliest period. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo.

The History of England. By Sir James Mackintosh, M.P. Being No. 8, Vol. 1, of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. Fcp. 6s. bds.

## MEDICINE, SURGERY, &amp;c.

Remarks on the Disease called Hydrophobia, Prophylactic and Curative. By John Murray, F.S.A. &c. 1 vol. 4s. bds.

The varieties of the Arterial System by Mr. Green, Surgeon, &c. &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 4s.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*A new and splendid edition of the Holy Bible, with numerous illustrations by J. Martin, and under the patronage of King William IV., is announced. This work will, it is confidently expected, add considerably to the already well earned fame of this distinguished artist, and prove an honour to the fine arts of the country.*

Lady Morgan is engaged in preparing for speedy publication her new work on France, which she intends to call *France in 1829-30*.

The *Midsummer Medley*, for 1830, comprising a series of comic tales and sketches, by the Author of *Brambletye House*, &c. 2 vols. small 8vo. is nearly ready.

The *Persian Adventurer*; forming a sequel to the *Kuzzilbash*. By J. B. Fraser, Esq., 3 vols.; and a *Narrative of a Journey over land to India*, by Mrs. Colonel Elwood; in 2 vols. 8vo. plates, are in the press.

An additional volume of the *Transactions of the King's and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland*, will soon be published.

General Sir Hew Dalrymple has announced for publication an account of his *Proceedings whilst in command at Gibraltar*, and subsequently when Commander of the British forces in Portugal; intended to assist in furnishing a full and faithful narrative of the peninsular war.

Sir William Beetham, Ulster King of Arms, has announced a work under the following title—*Dignities; Feudal and Parliamentary; the nature and functions of the Aula Regis, or the High Court of Barons, of the Magnæ Concilia, and of the Commune Concilium Regni*, &c.

The second volume of *Moore's Life of Lord Byron* is nearly ready.

An *Historical Sketch of the Dalmonii, or ancient Inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall*, by Joseph Chattaway, is announced.

The Rev. George Croly, A. M., has nearly ready for publication a *Memoir of his late Majesty George the Fourth*.

Mr. Dyce has announced the *Dramatic Works of Robert Greene*, uniform with his editions of *Peele* and *Webster*; to which are added the *Poems* contained in his prose tracts; with an account of the Author and his writings.

Mr. Burchell, the well known African Traveller, has returned to England, after an absence of nearly Six Years, employed in exploring the Inland Provinces of Brazil. His *Zoological and Botanical Collections* are said to be immense. We understand that an account of these interesting travels will be published.

We hear that Lord Nugent has been for a long "time engaged on a work, to be entitled *Hampden's Character, Conduct, and Policy*, as well as those of the party with whom he acted." The friends of the noble Author state that he has discovered new and interesting traits in the character and conduct of *Hampden*, and anticipate much original information in the promised work respecting that important period of English history.

The *Bampton Lecture for 1830*.—An Enquiry into the Doctrine of the Anglo-Saxon Church; in Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1830, at the Lecture founded by the Rev. John Bampton, M. A. Canon of Salisbury. By Henry Soames, M. A. of Wadham College, Rector of Shelley, Essex, and Author of the *History of the Reformation*. In 8vo. Will shortly appear.

A translation of the celebrated Professor Heeren's works, which has been so long a desideratum to the literature of this country is at length announced as nearly ready for publication.

The *Life and Correspondence of Samuel Horsley*, LL. D., F. R. S., F. A. S. Lord Bishop of St. Asaph, by Wm. Parker Lawson, M. A. 8vo., is announced.

Mr. Boaden is preparing for the Press, "*Memoirs of the late Mrs. Jordan*." They will embrace a Public and Private History of the Life of that celebrated Actress, from her first appearance upon the Irish Stage, until her lamented death at St. Cloud, together with Anecdotes of all the eminent individuals and distinguished personages with whom, during her life, she associated. The work will be printed in 2 volumes, 8vo., and illustrated with a Portrait.

*Tractatus Varii Integri, ex operibus Patrum Græcorum et Latinorum excerpti*. A Thoma Turton, Sanctæ Theologiæ apud Cantabrigienses Professore Regio. In 1 large vol. 8vo. In forming this work, it is the Editor's intention to publish, for the use of Students in Divinity, a Selection of the most valuable productions of the Fathers who flourished during the first four centuries.

The *Book of the Seasons*. By William and Mary Howitt. 8vo. small, is nearly ready.

The "*Separation*," a new Novel, by the author of "*Flirtation*," will appear in a few days.

A second edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. of *Lord King's Life and Correspondence of John Locke*, with considerable additions, is almost ready.

*Mothers and Daughters*; a tale for the year 1830, 3 vols will soon be published.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE .

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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No. VIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1830.

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Vol. II.

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polemics, Warburton. He had, however, the happiest blending of qualities which can be brought into the composition of a mortal man—buoyancy of animal spirits, the heart melting with affection, the means of indulging the promptings of charity, a deep poetical feeling, and an enthusiastic temperament. Learning to these qualities is but of secondary importance; but, like the ballast to the vessel, it is an indispensable acquisition. Bishop Heber possessed this acquisition in its perfection—and thus constituted, he went forward on the stage of life, acted his part with the sincerity and single mindedness of a true Christian—and has left behind him a name, the glories of which cannot be counteracted by atheistical prejudices, or tarnished by age.

The circumstances of his life are very briefly related—that is to say, the visible circumstances; the moral, which he induced by his holy ad-

ministration, will be long felt, not only in that circumscribed cure to which his labours in England were confined, but in that immense portion of the oriental world which Providence has given to the sway of England. He was the cadet of an ancient family, brought up to the church, for which his early habits and reading had well fitted him; was endowed with a family benefice, and at length appointed, on the death of Bishop Middleton, to the see of India, which he traversed in the fulfilment of his sacred mission, and where he fell a martyr to his exertions in the cause of Christianity.—The following lines to his memory, are the production of Mrs. Hemans. We have great pleasure in transcribing these, and wish much that we had space to lay before our readers what the Laureate has written on the same worthy subject.

#### “ TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

“ BY MRS. HEMANS.

“ If it be sad to speak of treasures gone;  
Of sainted genius call'd too soon away;  
Of light, from this world taken while it shone,  
Yet kindled onward to the perfect day;  
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,  
Flow forth, O guide and gifted friend, for thee?

Hath not thy voice been here among us heard?  
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,  
Have we not felt its breath in every word  
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower?  
Yes! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burn'd—  
Of Heaven they were, and thither are returned.

How shall we mourn thee? With a lofty trust,  
Our life's immortal birth-right from above!  
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just  
Through shades and mysteries, lifts a glance of love,  
And yet can weep! for nature so deplores  
The friend that leaves us, tho' for happier shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier;  
One strain of solemn rapture be allow'd—  
Thou who, rejoicing in thy mid career,  
Not to decay, but unto death hast bow'd—  
In those bright regions of the rising sun,  
Where vict'ry ne'er a crown like thine hath won.

Praise! for yet one more name, with power endow'd  
To cheer and guide us onward as we press;  
Yet one more image, on the heart bestow'd,  
To dwell there—beautiful in holiness!  
Thine Heber, thine! whose mem'ry from the dead  
Shines as the star which to the Saviour led.”

His exertions in India seem indeed, to have been excessive, though as a joyful labourer in the vineyard of Christ he never thought of the fatigue, or of the exhaustion of his strength and health. The following extract will give the order of his daily work. Every one must join in Mrs. Heber's aspirations contained in the last sentence of the paragraph.

"This morning the Bishop preached on the good Samaritan, and then administered the Sacrament both in English and Hindoostanee. The service was nearly four hours' long; and from the active part which his Lordship took, it seemed as if he would never be tired while thus engaged. At five in the afternoon we had Divine Service in Hindoostanee; the whole church was thronged with native Christians, and the aisles were crowded with hearers; there must have been many hundreds present, of whom the greater part were drawn by curiosity. Immediately after, English evening worship commenced. Thus has his Lordship devoted about seven hours this day to public worship. May his example and his zeal for the extension of Christ's kingdom influence very many!"

Bishop Heber was in youth celebrated for his poetical powers. In the first pages of his "Life," some early lines of his composition are given, under the title of the *Prophecy of Ishmael*. It runs in a smooth measure, as the following extract will show, though it is not remarkable for any other quality.

"High on a hill that veiled its murky brow  
In clouds, and frown'd upon the plain below,

Still fondly watchful o'er his children's good,  
The shade of Mecca's mighty founder stood.  
Confess'd he stood, known by his dauntless air,

His bow, his fillet, and his length of hair.  
And, 'Stay, ye fools,' he cried, 'ye madmen, stay,

Nor further prosecute your vent'rous way.  
Of Syria's sons full many a numerous host  
Their lives amid my burning sands have lost;

There, led by Persia's tyrant, millions fell,  
Nor one surviv'd the dismal tale to tell.

There first was check'd the Macedonian might,

Repuls'd and baffled in th' unequal fight:  
My sons a barrier set to Roman pride,  
And many a legion by their arrows died;  
And now shall Gaul with conqu'ring armies come?

Gaul! but a province of defeated Rome!"

&c.

Poetry, however, was part and parcel of Reginald Heber's composition. In earliest youth, his fancy loved to revel over the transcendent descriptions of Spenser, and wing its flight amidst the mazes of oriental romance. The progress of true genius must be slow at first, to be lasting afterwards. The imagination must familiarise itself with the things of earth before it can soar aloft and become conversant with the things of heaven. Were it otherwise, men would become mad, and converse on matters in which their understanding and reason had no concernment, for the obvious cause, that understanding and reason would be wanting to them altogether. No man has ever yet sprung forward into the full energies of a true poet. And as it is with poetry, which is a part of religion, so is it with religion itself. It is said in the book of Samuel, that he, even after his infant communing with God, was established to be a Prophet in Israel. His birth was ordinary—his rearing was ordinary—his first interview with the Almighty was slight—the assurance of the prophetic power became stronger and stronger in his mind, until he grew up to the fulness of manhood. Thus was it with Moses, and thus with David: thus is it with every true religionist, every true poet, every favourite of God. God is, indeed, all-wise and all-merciful in thus dealing with circumscribed mortals, whose understandings are weak, whose constitutions frail; for he makes the agent akin to the object to be acted upon, that the nature of the instruments may be brought home to human conviction.

As far as we are competent to judge of such high and mysterious subjects, we may say that Reginald Heber was, even from his earliest years, a servant chosen by God, for his own inscrutable purposes. The whiteness of Heber's infantine soul remained uncontaminated even to the day of his death. Human folly and perversity seemed to fly its approximation. The words of God, though unintelligible, were breathed with fervour by the child, who, like the child Samuel, "ministered unto the Lord." He continued this ministration from year to year, until he grew strong in faith, in learning,

in universal charity, and beamed forth, at last, a perfect man. His soul, as far as human soul can be, appears, indeed, to have been spotless. What Milton has said of virginity in women, applies equally well to virginity of mind :

"Some say, no evil thing that walks by night

In fog or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unkind ghost  
That breaks his stubborn chains at curfew time,

No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity."

And thankful ought we miserable creatures to be to the infinite goodness that from time to time raises up for general observation and veneration such perfect characters as Reginald Heber. One glimpse of such a subject amply repays us for years of bitter disappointment and earthly griefs. One smile from the benignant face of such a man can heal jealousies and heart-burnings innumerable—can change fierce hatred into reconciliation. One recommendation from his lips can convert infidelity into trusting and fervent faith—can eradicate from the heart those vices which unfold it with the strong clasp of venomous and biting serpents—can diffuse love throughout all ranks of society—make pride to veil its insolent front, and true humility to be expectant of a bright hereafter. Such characters, although few and far between, are absolutely necessary for our corrupt state. Were it otherwise, the same woeful consummation would await us, as is predicted of the absence of Love by Diotima, the Priestess of the Platonic banquet.

"Hear what Diotima, the priestess, told  
Of mighty love to Socrates of old;  
Love, demon power, in every form resides,  
And nature's self in all her motions guides.  
For ancient order may attempt in vain,  
His empire free from ruin to maintain;  
Unless the mighty power of love is nigh,  
And tempers every part in harmony.  
Hence hostile elements, no longer fight,  
But bound in measure, peaceably unite."

Reginald Heber, though not in his earliest years ever suspected of capability for learning and scholarship, acquired by zeal and sedulousness a very high reputation at the University. He produced *Palestine*, which

has been justly ranked foremost amongst the sacred poems of the present day. The poem itself is so well known, that we will spare our readers any mention of the subject, further than what is conveyed by the following artless sentence, written by his widow.

"When Reginald Heber returned from the theatre, surrounded by his friends, with every hand stretched out to congratulate, and every voice raised to praise him, he withdrew from the circle; and his mother, who, impatient of his absence, went to look for him, found him in his room on his knees, giving thanks to God, not so much for the talents which had, on that day, raised him to honour, but that those talents had enabled him to bestow unmixed happiness on his parents."

*Ex uno disce omnes* :—this one act will convey to our readers the perfect conception of the man's character.

University celebrity in this country carries with it lasting and more profitable honours than those awarded to the successful candidates at the Olympian victories. *Palestine*, the only prize composition of the kind which has established the fame of a writer, enrolled Heber amongst the poets of his nation. His subsequent labour gained for him the reputation of a thorough scholar; with he possessed in an eminent degree, and in theologian learning, few men may compete with him for the palm of excellence. Our readers must be satisfied with this general notice of the particular attainments and moral constitution of this excellent, and truly eminent man. Our further attention must be directed to Mrs. Heber's volumes.

Many pieces of Bishop Heber's early poetry have been published in various quarters, and a collection has been made of them in America: what we here give are, we believe, new to our readers. They are dispersed throughout the two ample volumes under our notice, and will be found beautiful pieces of composition. At the end of the second volume, is a long poem, entitled *Morte d'Arthur*, which we are prevented from mentioning further than by name.

The first of these extracts is an "Inscription for a Drinking Cup," presented by his Regiment to Sir Watkin William Wynne:—

" Ask ye why around me twine  
Tendrils of the Gascon vine ?  
Ask ye why, in martial pride,  
Sculptured laurels deck my side,  
Blended with that noble tree,  
Badge of Albion's liberty ?  
Cambria me, for glory won  
By the waves of broad Garonne,  
Sends to greet her bravest son ;  
Proved beyond the western deep,  
By rebel clans on Ulster's steep ;

Proved, where first on Gallia's plain,  
The banish'd lily bloom'd again ;  
And prov'd where ancient bounty calls  
The traveller to his father's halls !  
Nor marvel, then, that round me twine  
The oak, the laurel, and the vine ;  
For thus was Cambria wont to see  
Her Hirlas-horn of victory :  
No: Cambria e'er, in days of yore,  
To worthier chief the Hirlas bore !"

Oriental imagery seems to have been most congenial to the fancy of Mr. Heber. The three following pieces are good specimens of an ardent and glowing inspiration ; tempered, however, by the rigour of classical taste.

" SPEECH OF GEORGIN TO BEYUN.

(From the *Shah Namah*.)

" Seest thou yon shelter'd vale of various dye,  
Refreshing prospect to the warrior's eye ?  
Yon dusky grove, yon garden blooming fair,  
The turf of velvet, and of musk the air,  
Surcharged with sweets the languid river glides,  
The lilies bending o'er its silver tides ;  
While through the copse in bashful beauty glows  
The dark luxuriance of the lurking rose.  
Now seen, now lost, amid the flowery maze,  
With slender foot the nimble pheasant strays ;  
The ring-dove's murmur lulls the cypress dell,  
And richest notes of trauced Philomel.  
Still, still the same, through every circling year,  
Unwearied spring renews an Eden here.  
And mark, my friend, where many a sylph-like maid  
Weaves the lithe dance beneath the citron shade !  
Where chief, of Touran's king the matchless child,  
Beams like a sun-ray through this scented wild ;  
Sitara next, her sister, beauteous queen,  
Than rose or fairest jasmine fairer seen ;  
And last, their Turkish maids, whose sleepy eyes  
Laugh from beneath each envious veil's disguise,  
Whose length of locks the coal-black musk disclose,  
Their form the cypress, and their cheeks the rose ;  
While on their sugar'd lips the grape's rich water glows.  
How blest the traveller not forbid to stay  
In such sweet bowers the scorching summer's day !  
How fain'd the knight whose dauntless arm should bear  
To great Khi-Khanoo's court a Turkish fair !"

" FROM THE MOALLAKAH OF HARETH.

" And Asma, lovely sojourner ! wilt thou forsake our land,  
Forgetful of thy plighted vows on Shamma's glittering sand ?  
No more in Shoreb's rugged dell I see thee by my side,  
No more in Katha's mead of green where vocal waters glide !  
In Ayla and in Shobathan all lonely must I go,  
And, therefore, sleep has fled my soul, and fast my sorrows flow !

Yet am I loved, and yet my eyes behold the beacon light  
Which Hinda kindles on her hill, to lure me through the night,  
Broad as the dawn, from Akik's brow its ruddy embers shine,  
But Hinda's heart may never meet an answering glow in mine !  
And I must seek a nobler aid against consuming care,  
Where all the brethren of my tribe the battle bow prepare.

My camel with the mother bird in swiftness well may vie,  
Tall as a tent, 'mid desert sands that rears her progeny,  
That lists the murmur of the breeze, the hunter's lightest sound  
With stealthy foot at twilight fall soft gliding o'er the ground ;

- But not the ostrich speed of fire my camel can excel,  
Whose footstep leaves so light a mark we guess not where it fell;  
Now up, now down, like wither'd leaves that flit before the wind,  
On her I stem the burning noon that strikes the valiant blind.

Yes, we have heard an angry sound of danger from afar,  
Our brother's bands of Tayleb's seed have braved us to the war;  
The good and evil they confound, their words are fierce and fell,  
'Their league,' say they, 'is with the tribe that in the desert dwell.'  
Their men of might have met by night, and as the day began,  
A proud and a disdainful shout throughout their army ran,  
And horses neighed, and camels screamed, and man cried out on man!"

#### "TIMOUR'S COUNCILS.

"Emirs and Khâns in long array,  
To Timour's council bent their way;  
The lordly Tartar, vaunting high,  
The Persian with dejected eye,  
The vassal Russ, and, lured from far,  
Circassia's mercenary war.  
But one there came, uncall'd and last,  
The spirit of the wintry blast!  
He mark'd, while wrapt in mist he stood,  
The purpos'd track of spoil and blood;  
He mark'd, unmov'd by mortal woe,  
That old man's eye of swarthy glow;  
That restless soul, whose single pride  
Was cause enough that millions died;  
He heard, he saw, till envy woke,  
And thus the voice of thunder spoke:—  
'And hop'st thou thus, in pride unfurl'd,  
To bear those banners thro' the world?  
Can time nor space thy toils defy?  
Oh king, thy fellow-demon I!

Servants of Death, alike we sweep  
The wasted earth, or shrinking deep.  
And on the land, and o'er the wave,  
We reap the harvest of the grave.  
But thickest then that harvest lies,  
And wildest sorrows rend the skies,  
In darker cloud the vultures sail,  
And richer carnage taints the gale,  
And few the mourners that remain,  
When winter leagues with Tamerlane!  
But on, to work our lord's decree;  
Then, tyrant, turn, and cope with me!  
And learn, though far thy trophies shine,  
How deadlier are my blasts than thine!  
Nor cities burnt, nor blood of men,  
Nor thine own pride shall warm thee  
then!  
Forth to thy task! We meet again  
On wild Chabanga's frozen plain!"

The following is from the "Fragments of the Masque of Gwendolen."  
The action takes place in Wales. The spirit which attended at the side of our own immortal Milton, when his fancy glowed with the pictured scenes of Comus, seems to have waved his wand over Bishop Heber, and flooded his brain with romantic and true inspiration.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Enter two Goblins bearing a casket.)

Gwendolen. What forms are these?  
Goblin. Spirits of nether earth  
Are we, and servants to the mighty Merlin,  
From whom we bear these treasures to his bride.  
Or ere the raven twice hath flapt her wing  
He will himself be here.  
Gwendolen. Good angels guard me!

Enter two Sylphs and two Sea Nymphs.

#### SONG.

<p>Nymphs of air and ancient sea, Bridal gifts we bring to thee! Lo these plumes of rich device, Pluck'd from birds of paradise! Lo these drops of essence rare, Shook from a wand'ring meteor's hair! Nymphs of air and ancient sea, Such the gifts we bring to thee!</p>	<p>Take these shells, approach them near, And they shall murmur in thine ear Tunes that lull the slumbering sea More than mermaid's harmony! Take these pearls, no diving-slave Drags their like from ocean cave,— Nymphs of air and ancient sea, Such can only bring to thee.</p>
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Enter two Genii of Fire, with a Vase.

1 Genius. Loveliest of mortal mould! distant we kneel,  
Lest our hot breath should mar thy snowy skin,  
Or scorch thy raven locks! We are of fire

The swarthy ministers, whose active heat  
Is as the soul of earth and sea and air ;  
Who sow the seeds of gold, who give the diamond  
Its eye of flame, and wake the carbuncle  
To rival day. Of such strange alchemy  
We bring thee tokens ; and before thy feet  
Bow down our crisped heads, and in the dust  
Abase our terrors !

\* \* \* \* \*

*Merlin.*

Am I proud, who lay

Mine empire at thy feet ? All thou hast seen  
Are but the least of wonders. Toiling fiends  
Shall sweat to work thy bidding, and their claws  
Rend from the greedy earth its buried treasure,  
And drag the deep for thee. The sylphs of air  
Shall fan thy slumber, and their viewless harps  
Pour on thy waking ear strange melody.  
The elfin nations, with fresh herbs and flowers,  
Shall in thy chambers keep perennial spring ;  
And the wild mermaid sleek, with coral comb,  
Thy dark and perfum'd tresses. Seek'st thou more  
More is in Merlin's power ! Be thou my bride, ?  
And I will place thee on a regal throne  
Of solid adamant, iill above hill,  
Ten furlongs high, to match whose altitude  
Plinlimmon fails, and Idris' stony chair  
Sinks like an infant's bauble ; there, enshrin'd  
A queen and goddess, shall the elements  
Wait on thee, and the countless multitude  
Of Genii worship thee supreme in hell !  
I pause for thy reply.

*Gwendolen.*

This then it is :

Thy power I know not, but thine art I know  
For most unholy, and thy person hateful !  
I own my folly, with remorse I own it,  
Which play'd with such a visitor ; but mine ears  
Drank in thy wisdom,—and it soothed my pride  
To see the powers of magic tax'd for me,  
And the strong features of a face like thine  
Relaxing in my presence ! This forgive me !  
My last request ! Nay look not thus on me,  
Nor press my hand ! I may not dally longer.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Merlin.*

Ah, do not raise the fiend within my soul,  
Nor arm, sweet petulance, against thyself  
My worsè nature ! In this rugged breast  
The heart which throbs is Etna's earthy fire,  
Which, unprovok'd and slumbering in its strength,  
Rejoiceth Ceres, and with fresher flowers  
To Enna's valley lures back Proserpine :  
But, if it burst its bounds, hath hellish mettle  
Which is most dangerous ! I was not made  
To soothe a lady's scorn, or woo her lattice,  
What time the cold moon on her garden bower  
Flickers in silver whiteness, and the winds  
Blend with mine amorous harp's sad lullaby.  
My love or vengeance must be gratified.—  
Wherefore, proud dame, I say to thee, Be wise !  
In love unmatch'd, in hate unmatchable,  
I have done that ere now which mine own eyes  
Have wept to look upon. My Father's spirit  
Is blent with mine, and schools me to such horrors !  
Wherefore, I charge thee, as thou lov'st thyself,  
Be timely wise ! One little moment more,  
I feel the demon rush into my soul,  
And prayer will then be vain ! Be wise ! Be wise !

*Gwendolen.*

Oh horror, horror! Oh for leprosy  
 To scathe this fatal form! Oh that the veil  
 Wherewith I shroud me from thy dreaded glance,  
 Were some wild thicket, some brake-tangled wood  
 Where this poor head might shelter,—where no foot  
 Of man approacheth: that myself were made  
 A thing of loathing and of natural horror,  
 Such as is pain to look on!—better so  
 Than thus to tempt thy wooing: take me, throw me  
 To the wild boar, or where the lioness  
 Seeks for her brindled young their human banquet;  
 Yea, rather marry me to death, and make  
 My bridal bed within the sepulchre,  
 Than bid me mount with thee thy guilty throne!

*Merlin.*

Thy wish be on thine head, and thine own curse  
 Feed on thee till it waste thee! Exquisite maid!  
 Ev'n in the bitterness of my revenge  
 I love thy graceful passion! But my sire,  
 Whose flames now burn within me, goads my purpose  
 To wittier malice! Shroud thee in thy veil,  
 Oh my fair enemy;—for that withdrawn  
 Thy face shall never win a suitor more!  
 Hear, Spirits, hear!—

*(Thunder.)*

I fix on thee  
 Curses, curses, one, two, three!  
 Fouler than a grandame ape,  
 Be thy features and thy shape;  
 Be thy face, so fresh and fair,  
 Worse than those of furies are;  
 Be thy snowy forehead dark,  
 And rougher than the maple bark;  
 In the green wood range alone  
 Thy disastrous lot to moan;  
 Lion wild and bristly boar,  
 Let them fly thy face before;  
 And the wolves that round thee prowl,  
 More from fear than hunger howl;  
 As a thing most scorn'd and hated,  
 And with demons only mated,  
 Every kindly creature shun thee:  
 And this burden be upon thee,  
 Till a youth of form divine,  
 Sprung from Brutus' ancient line,  
 Of beauty careless, and delight,  
 Shall woo thee to the nuptial rite;  
 Shall his arms around thee twine,  
 Shall his warm lips press to thine,  
 And sign thee with the holy sign!

*(Thunder. Merlin sinks.)*

\* \* \* \* \*

*(Gwendolen asleep as transformed by Merlin. Three  
 fairies strewing flowers and leaves over her.)*

What follows is a Song from the same fragmented masque:—

## SONG.

“ Rest thee on this mossy pillow  
 Till the morning light!  
 Softly wave this whispering willow  
 O'er thy bed to night!  
 Every mortal grief forsake thee  
 As our drowsy spells o'ertake thee,  
 Nought from blessed sleep awake thee  
 'Till the morning light!”

Here is a true out-flowing of mystical devotion:—

" Oh for the morning gleam of youth, the half-unfolded flower,  
That sparkles in the diamond dew of that serener hour,  
What time the broad and level sun shone gaily o'er the sea,  
And in the woods the birds awoke to songs of extacy.  
The sun, that gilds the middle arch of man's maturer day,  
Smites heavy on the pilgrim's head, who plods his dusty way;  
The birds are fled to deeper shades—the dewy flowers are dried,  
And hope, that with the day was born, before the day has died;  
For who can promise to his soul a tranquil eventide?  
Yes—though the dew will gleam anew—though from its western sky,  
The sun will give as mild a ray as morning could supply—  
Though from her tufted thorn again will sing the nightingale,  
Yet little will the ear of age enjoy her tender tale;  
And night will find us toiling on with joyless travail worn,  
For day must pass, and night must come before another morn."

These are words set to a beautiful Welsh Air :—

" I mourn not the forest whose verdure is dying;  
I mourn not the summer whose beauty is o'er;  
I weep for the hopes that for ever are flying;  
I sigh for the worth that I slighted before;  
And sigh to bethink me how vain is my sighing,  
For love, once extinguished, is kindled no more.  
The spring may return with his garland of flowers,  
And wake to new rapture the bird on the tree;  
The summer smile soft through his chrystalline bowers;  
The blessings of autumn wave brown o'er the lea;  
The rock may be shaken—the dead may awaken,  
But the friend of my bosom returns not to me."

The following " Carol for May-Day," is not unworthy of Herrick; without, however, any of that poet's quaintnesses.

" Queen of fresh flowers, Whom vernal stars obey, Bring thy warm showers, Bring thy genial ray. In nature's greenest livery drest, Descend on earth's expectant breast, To earth and Heaven a welcome guest, Thou merry month of May!	While all the goodly things that be In earth, and air, and ample sea, Are waking up to welcome thee, Thou merry month of May!
Mark how we meet thee At dawn of dewy day! Hark! how we greet thee With our roundelay!	Flocks on the mountains, And birds upon their spray, Tree, turf, and fountains, All hold holyday; And love, the life of living things, Love waves his torch, love claps his wings, And loud and wide thy praises sings, Thou merry month of May!

The poem on the same subject with Montgomery's " World before the Flood," was never completed; as a fragment it is here introduced. We have seldom read a passage of more vigorous description. The flow of the diction is as it should be, pompous and stately. It is above the standard of Milman, and almost equal to any part of the Oriental Poems of Mr. Southey.

" 'The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair.'"—GEN. vi. 2.

" There came a spirit down at eventide  
To the city of Enoch, and the terrac'd height  
Of Jared's palace. On his turret top  
There Jared sate, the king, with lifted face  
And eyes intent on Heaven, whose sober light  
Slept on his ample forehead, and the locks  
Of crisped silver; beautiful in age,  
And, (but that pride had dimm'd, and lust of war,  
Those reverend features with a darker shade,)  
Of saintly seeming,—yet no saintly mood,  
No heavenward musing fix'd that steadfast eye,  
God's enemy, and tyrant of mankind.  
To whom that demon herald from the wing  
Alighting, spake: ' Thus saith the prince of air,



Whose star flames brightest in the van of night,  
 Whom gods and heroes worship, all who sweep  
 On sounding wing the arch of nether heaven,  
 Or walk in mail the earth,—‘ Thy prayers are heard,  
 And the rich fragrance of thy sacrifice  
 Hath not been wasted on the winds in vain.  
 Have I not seen thy child, that she is fair ?  
 Give me thine Ada, thy beloved one,  
 And she shall be my queen ; and from her womb  
 Shall giants spring, to rule the seed of Cain,  
 And sit on Jared’s throne !’ Then Jared rose,  
 And spread his hands before the Evil Power,  
 And lifted up his voice and laugh’d for joy.  
 ‘ Say to my Lord, Thus saith the king of men,—  
 Thou art my god,—thy servant I,—my child  
 Is as thine handmaid !—Nay, abide awhile,  
 To taste the banquet of an earthly hall,  
 And leave behind thy blessing !’ But, in mist,  
 And like a vision from a waken’d man,  
 The cloudy messenger dissolved away,  
 There melting where the moonbeam brightest fell.  
 Then Jared turn’d, and from the turret top  
 Call’d on his daughter—‘ Haste, my beautiful !  
 Mine Ada, my beloved ! bind with flowers  
 Thy coal-black hair, and heap the sacred pile  
 With freshest odours, and provoke the dance  
 With harp and gilded organ, for this night  
 We have found favour in immortal eyes,  
 And the great gods have bless’d us.’ Thus he spake,  
 Nor spake unheeded ; in the ample hall  
 His daughter heard, where, by the cedar fire,  
 Amidst her maidens, o’er the ivory loom  
 She pass’d the threads of gold. They hush’d the song  
 Which, wafted on the fragrant breeze of night,  
 Swept o’er the city like the ring-dove’s call ;  
 And forth with all her damsels Ada came,  
 As ’mid the stars the silver-mantled moon,  
 In stature thus and form pre-eminent,  
 Fairest of mortal maids. Her father saw  
 That perfect comeliness, and his proud heart  
 In purer bliss expanded. Long he gaz’d,  
 Nor wonder deem’d that such should win the love  
 Of Genius or of Angel ; such the cheek  
 Glossy with purple youth, such the large eye,  
 Whose broad black mirror, through its silken fringe,  
 Glisten’d with softer brightness, as a star  
 That nightly twinkles o’er a mountain well ;  
 Such the long locks, whose raven mantle fell  
 Athwart her ivory shoulders, and o’erspread  
 Down to the heel her raiment’s filmy fold.  
 She, bending first in meekness, rose to meet  
 Her sire’s embrace, than him alone less tall,  
 Whom since primæval Cain, the sons of men  
 Beheld unrivalled ; then, with rosy smile,” &c.

The two following pieces shall close our poetical extracts :—

#### “ THE GROUND SWELL.

“ How soft the shades of evening creep  
 O’er yonder dewy sea,  
 Whose balmy mist has lull’d to sleep  
 The tenants of the tree.  
 No wandering breeze is here to sweep  
 In shadowy ripple o’er the deep,  
 Yet swells the heaving sea.  
 How calm the sky ! rest, ocean, rest,  
 From storm and ruffle free ;  
 Calm as the image on thy breast,  
 Of her that governs thee !

And yet, beneath the moon’s mild reign,  
 Thy broad breast heaves as one in pain,  
 Thou dark and silent sea !  
 There are whom fortune vainly woos  
 With all her pageantry,  
 Whom every flattering bliss pursues,  
 Yet still they fare like thee ;  
 The spell is laid within their mind,  
 Least wretched then when most resigned,  
 Their hearts throb silently.”

## "THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.

"As borne along with favouring gale,  
 And streamers waving bright,  
 How gaily sweeps the glancing sail  
 O'er yonder sea of light!  
 With painted sides the vessel glides  
 In seeming revelry,  
 And still we hear the sailor's cheer  
 Around the capstan tree.  
 Is sorrow there, where all is fair,  
 Where all is outward glee?  
 Go, fool, to yonder mariner  
 And he shall lesson thee.  
 Upon that deck walks tyrant sway,  
 Wild as his conquered wave,

And murmuring hate that must obey—  
 The captain and his slave!  
 And pinching care is lurking there,  
 And dark ambition's swell,  
 And some that part with bursting heart  
 From objects loved too well.  
 And many a grief with gazing fed  
 On yonder distant shore,  
 And many a tear in secret shed  
 For friends beheld no more;  
 Yet sails the ship with streamers drest  
 And shouts of seeming glee;  
 Oh God! how loves the mortal breast  
 To hide its misery!"

But the excellence of the poet, (in the vulgar acceptation of the word) and the attainments of the scholar, sink into insignificance when we speak of the Protestant Divine and the Bishop of Calcutta. Here, indeed, he was perfect.

We pass over entirely his residence at Hodnet and his labours in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, where he was preacher. We can say nothing of his conduct at both these places, neither can we extract any passages from his learned and excellent criticism on Scott's *Force of Truth*, nor yet the many admirable letters to his friends, which the volumes contain, setting forth, in beautiful colours, the duties of a true Christian. We pray our readers to turn to the volumes themselves. Before, however, we notice his proceedings in India, we are induced to dwell shortly on that portion of Mrs. Heber's labours which contains the Bishop's refutation of those arguments which the impugnors of Ecclesiastical Revenues so loudly urged in the years 1822-3, and which have been very recently set forth by the enemies of Episcopacy, as at present constituted. The controversy between Lord Mountcashel and the Bishop of Ferns must be fresh in the recollection of every one. Scarcely any subject has been so misrepresented as the condition of Church property. It is, indeed, a subject difficult of investigation, from its ramified distribution, consequently it has been a favourable field for the malevolence of designers and malcontents against Protestantism in particular, and religion generally.

Charges of idleness and luxury against our clergy have been plentiful: they are easily made, for luxury

and idleness are arbitrary terms— and they are greedily believed, for envy is the prime source of all opinions with the vulgar and ignorant. These last take a great deal against the clergy on credit, and judge of uniform conduct by single occurrences; as, for instance, if one fox-hunting parson exists in any district, all clergymen are set down as fox-hunters; if one minister of the Church gives a grand entertainment, or lolls in his carriage, all ministers of the Church are supposed to be gluttonous and of wine-bibbing propensity, and fond of the gaudy pomp which riches can purchase. The Methodist and Dissenter are not similarly obnoxious to public censures as are the ministers of the Protestant church; and this for two reasons: first, they derive incomes from voluntary contributions; secondly, they hold less prominent situations. If the Dissenter be found guilty of any flagitious act, he is dismissed in secret by his superiors, and his name and crime are confined within the small circle of his congregation. If one of the Established Church, however, be detected in gross immorality, a ferment is excited from one end of the country to the other, because the public attention is drawn to the spectacle of his dismissal, which must be effected through the medium of courts of law. An abominable notoriety is the consequence. The vulgar mind, moreover, which is not capable of much discrimination, attaches the crimes of an individual to the whole order:—

"There really was a time when much of this censure, to which the Church is liable, was far better deserved than at the present day. With every allowance for the desperate party virulence of Burnet, who,

good man as he was in other respects, hated the majority of his brethren heartily, because they were opposed to him in politics, and believed them to be drunkards, because he knew them to be Jacobites, there is some reason to believe that the English clergy were really no gainers, in character or usefulness, by the part they took in the squabbles of Whig and Tory, and by their alliance with a faction of country squires, who seem to have measured a man's loyalty to King James, by the bumpers of October which he swallowed, and to have required and admitted no other test of his orthodoxy, than a total difference in manner and conversation from the precise gravity of his puritan rivals. Nor were the Whig hierarchy themselves (for out of this party the hierarchy was chiefly selected) without their besetting snares, and their faults of a different character. As the party to which they adhered, and on which they depended, were even more suspicious of the ecclesiastical than of the kingly power, they were most of them chosen for the moderation of their talents, as well as their principles, and a want of energy was a recommendation, far more than an objection, with those who held the key of honours and preferment. Between them and their clergy was little community of feeling or of interest; and from those who had not sufficient virtue to reside on their dioceses of their own accord, the letter of the law, and the low state of public feeling on such subjects, required no more than that they should go thither for their triennial visitation. The rest of their time was, in a great measure, spent in the levee of Walpole, or the closet of good Queen Caroline; while the richer clergy were gradually encouraged to imitate their example, and Bath and Buxton were filled with idle ecclesiastics, till the slumberers were alarmed by the war-cry of Wesley and Whitfield.\*

"Of the reaction produced by their preaching and popularity, and of the improvement which both the efficiency and the character of the clergy, as a body, have since exhibited, we have elsewhere spoken, and we may, hereafter, speak more fully. But what we would here observe is, that however real and extensive the amendment, the evil effects of the scandal have, as yet, by no means died away; that there are too many persons interested in the outcry, to suffer it readily to subside; that many, whose fathers left the Church when the conduct of its members really deserved reprehension, still suppose its failings to be as unchanged as its ceremonies; and that some, who are not

unwilling to allow those particular clergymen, with whom they are in habits of intercourse, to be blameless or exemplary men, and diligently employed in the discharge of their duty, indemnify themselves for this praise of those whom they know, by an indiscriminate censure of those of whom they know nothing, and persist in regarding the favourable sample as no more than an exception from the general and traditionary character of the body to which it belongs. And when we take into this part of the account the particular animosity of the Jacobins against the Church, (and though, as yet, not a numerous body, no other class of men are so active); and when we pay due attention to the effect of the popular phrensy excited by the Queen's trial, (the chief odium of which, by a singular and most unfortunate policy, was contrived to be thrown on the clergy,) it is, perhaps, less to be wondered at, that the Church of England should have a certain share of unpopularity, than that she should have retained or recovered any degree of popularity or influence.

"To all these occasions of slander must be added, the effects of the tithing system; an addition well calculated, of itself, to prevent even the greatest store of talents, virtues and acquirements, from obtaining that influence which naturally belongs to them, over the minds and affections of the people. As a burden on the state, indeed, and as a hindrance to agriculture, we are persuaded that its evil effects are greatly and wilfully overstated. Nor, at a certain stage of national improvement, and under certain forms of society, is there any way in which a tax is more lightly felt, or more willingly borne by the people. During the peasants' war of Germany, one of the demands of the commons was, that their rents, like their tithes, might be paid in kind; and Luther, who was well acquainted with, and, on this occasion, spoke the popular feeling, contrasts, in his Commentary on the first Book of Moses, the leniency and equity of the Divine Law, which took a tenth of that which the ground actually brought, with the severity of the Teutonic lords, who demanded a fixed rent under all circumstances of disappointment and unkindly seasons. But when money is abundant, and markets always at hand,—when agriculture has become a mercantile speculation, and instead of one uniform succession of crop and fallow, new modes of culture are resorted to, of the most expensive character, and of great, but uncertain profits,—the system is certainly calculated to weaken the mutual affection

\* These remarks of the Bishop were intended as a Review of the three works then recently published, and severally entitled, "*The Black Book, or Corruption Unmasked*;" "*Remarks on the Consumption of National Wealth by the Clergy of every Christian Nation*;" "*The Rights of the Clergy asserted*."

of the pastor and his parishioners, being at once uncertain and litigious; the impost is also levied on lands which the tenants hold from another proprietor, and is paid, therefore, without any of that feeling of mutual interest and hereditary attachment which, where a lay-landlord is concerned, alleviates, in a small degree, to the farmer, the bitterness of his expected rent-day.

“ But the ill effects of the tithing system, so far as the Church is concerned, have been, we apprehend, more felt during the last fifty years, than during any former period of our history. The system of agriculture has become more costly. A race of educated and gentlemen agriculturists has sprung up, who, as they frequently began their enterprise without counting the costs, were furious at every deduction which was made from those profits to which they fancied themselves entitled; and, above all, the collection of the tithes has fallen generally into the hands of the parochial clergy themselves, instead of only reaching them through lay-tenants and lay-patrons, who, while they shared in the fruits of the system, bore also their proportion of its unpopularity. We are ourselves old enough to have some recollection of the time when, in the midland and north-western counties of England, and, we believe, over the greater part of the kingdom, the parochial tithes were uniformly rented by the lord of the manor, or some other principal freeholder, who paid a fixed and, generally, a very moderate sum to the clergyman, and collected, in kind, the produce of the farms. At present the tithes are let by the parson himself, either annually, or for a term of years, to the tenants; and those tithes are gathered which they will not take at the valuation. This arrangement, it is evident, is more advantageous to the tenant, at once, and the tithe-owner, inasmuch as the profit made by the middle-man is now shared between them; but it is equally evident that, by excluding this last from his part of the spoil, a new and formidable recruit is given to the party interested in decrying tithes; while, at the same time, the odium and misery of arranging or enforcing his bargains with each individual parishioner, devolves on him who ought, on every principle of reason and mutual comfort, to have as few dealings of the kind, and with

as few of his parishioners as possible. In the earlier days of the reformed Church indeed, and almost down to the period, of which we are speaking, no complaints appear to have arisen of the too great opulence of the parochial clergy, who are represented by our playwrights and novelists as a frugal and farmer-like race of men, of manners unpolished and pedantic, whose admission into good society was of an extremely dubious character, and who thought themselves not ill off, if they compassed a marriage with my lady's maid, or, at best, a poor relation of the family. The vicarages, in particular, are described by Echard as sordidly poor, and the whole notion of clerical wealth was confined to the bishops and dignitaries, of whose incomes, then as now, the popular estimate was sufficiently exaggerated. These things are altered, and altered for the better. But, while the condition of the clergy has been really, in many respects, improved, we cannot be surprised that their advantages have been overrated; or, that the aggregate amount of their revenues is supposed to be very great, when there are so many persons who feel the payment of part of those revenues sufficiently burthensome.

“ In the first place, their numbers are too great.—Assuming, as undoubted fact, that, of the 12,000,000 inhabitants of England and Wales, only one half, or 6,000,000, are hearers of the established church; and assuming also that one clergyman is sufficient to take care of 1,800 hearers, he concludes that about 3,500 parish priests would answer all the wants of that portion of the community who depend on their instructions. But following the calculations, or, to speak more properly, the *conjectures*, of Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. David Simpson, he states the episcopal clergy of England and Wales at no less than 18,000! an army of preachers which, as he with some reason concludes, is extremely disproportioned to the service which they have to perform, and to the general population of the country.

“ In the next place, the clergy are too rich.—This he attempts to establish by the following table, the comparative moderation of which he proves by subjoining a still more portentous calculation from the writer of the Morning Chronicle.

“ *Estimates of the Revenues and Property of the Established Church in England and Wales, and Ireland.*

ENGLAND AND WALES.

*Estimate used in these Tables.*

Annual value of the gross produce of the land of England and Wales . . .	£150,000,000
One-third of the land of England and Wales not subject to tithe for the clergy, being either tithe-free, or lay impropriations . . . . .	50,000,000
Leaving the amount on which tithes for the clergy is levied . . . . .	£100,000,000
Supposing the clergy to levy 1-16th, they get . . . . .	6,250,000

Tithes . . . . .	£6,250,000
Estates of the bishops and ecclesiastical corporations . . . . .	1,000,000
Assessments in towns, on houses, &c. . . . .	250,000
Chapels of Ease stipends . . . . .	100,000

The estimate of Church property used in these tables . . . . . £7,600,000

*Remarks, p. 58.*

“ ‘ The Church property of Ireland he reckons at 1,300,000*l*.

“ ‘ To make a part of this immense wealth applicable to the purposes of the state, and to the maintenance of the clergy of other sects, as well as those of the Protestant episcopal persuasion, the projector recommends that—

“ ‘ The commissioners appointed for this purpose be empowered to sell all church property, both tithes and estates. A preference in the sale of tithes to be given to the owners of the lands. The money gradually arising from the sales to be vested in the public funds; the interest to be paid to the holders of the livings for their lives; which payment will be about equal to their present income, and paid without

irregularity or dispute. At the death of the present holders, the successor to be paid according to the scale of national stipends, unless in cases of reversions having been sold. No sales of reversions to be valid, if made after the new arrangement.

“ ‘ The tithes may be computed to bring twenty-five years’ purchase, and the estates thirty years’ purchase. To compensate the owners of presentations, nine years’ income or 9-25ths of the capital arising from the sale to be paid to them; the remainder, or 16-25ths to be applied to the use of the nation. The whole proceeds of the livings in the presentation of the crown, the bishops, and the ecclesiastical corporations, to be applied to the use of the nation.

“ ‘ *Estimated amount of the Church Property which can be resorted to for the use of the State.*

Tithes belonging to livings in the gift of the crown, the bishops, and the ecclesiastical corporations, 3,250,000 <i>l</i> . per annum, at twenty-five years’ purchase . . . . .	£81,250,000
Tithes belonging to livings in the gift of individuals, 3,000,000 <i>l</i> . per annum, at twenty-five years’ purchase . . . . .	£75,000,000
Less 9-25ths to be paid to the individuals . . . . .	27,000,000
	<hr/> 48,000,000
Tithes . . . . .	£129,250,000
Estates 1,000,000 <i>l</i> . per annum at thirty years’ purchase . . . . .	30,000,000
	<hr/>
Value of Church property in England . . . . .	£159,250,000
Ditto in Ireland 1,300,000 <i>l</i> . at fourteen years’ purchase . . . . .	18,000,000
	<hr/>
Total value of Church property . . . . .	£177,250,000

“ ‘ As soon as the commissioners have accumulated in the funds seventy-five millions of money unincumbered, and applicable to the use of the state, then so much national debt to be extinguished, and annual taxes, particularly affecting land and houses, to the amount of three millions, to be taken off, and the plan of national stipends, and the new provisions for all denominations to take place; the remaining one hundred millions, as it accumulates, to be applied in the same manner. By this means, the national debt and taxes will be reduced materially, and yet no man will have injustice done to him; for those who are in possession of benefices, will continue to enjoy them for life; and to those who have the right of presentation to a living, the nation pays the money value of such right.’—pp. 70, 71.

“ ‘ In the mean time, and while this work is in progress, a fresh tax of two millions is to be imposed on the rents of lands and houses, valued at 40,000,000*l*. in England and Wales; of one million two hundred thousand, at one shilling and ninepence in the pound, on similar rents in Ireland; and of eighty-five thousand in Scotland, at three-pence in the pound, in addition to the present ecclesiastical payments made in the last country, and in order to raise them to that level which the author thinks desirable for the maintenance of a learned priesthood, and the further provision for the different bodies of dissenting clergy in that nation. These sums to be distributed as follows:—

“ ‘ *Projected Expenditure on the Clergy of all denominations in England and Wales.*

*Episcopal Body and other Dignitaries of the Church of England.*

EPISCOPAL BODY.

2 Archbishops . . . . .	at £8000 each . . . . .	£16,000
24 Bishops . . . . .	at 3000 each . . . . .	72,000
60 Archdeacons . . . . .	at 1000 each . . . . .	60,000
27 Deans . . . . .	at 1000 each . . . . .	27,000

113 persons, the episcopal body, to receive . . . . . £175,000

OTHER DIGNITARIES.

200 Canons, Prebends, &c., at 200*l.* each . . . . . £40,000

Whatever number of canons and prebends enjoy the honour of the title, only 200 to receive the national stipend.

313 persons, episcopal body and other dignitaries of six millions of hearers, to receive . . . . . £215,000

‘ *Estimate of the projected Expenditure on the working Clergy, both of the Established Church and of all other denominations.*

Number of Clergymen.	Number of Persons accommodated in each Place of Worship.	Number of Persons to each Congregation.	Total Number of People in their Congregations.	Amount of Annual Stipend.	Total Amount of Stipend.
500	2000	3300	1,650,000	£350	£175,000
1000	1500	2500	2,500,000	320	320,000
2500	1000	1700	4,250,000	290	725,000
2500	666	1100	2,750,000	250	625,000

6500 clergymen, pastors of 11,150,000 people, to receive . . . . . £1,845,000  
Episcopal body and other dignitaries of the Established Church . . . . . 215,000

Total amount for all the clergy of all the people of England and Wales . . . £2,060,000  
Twelve millions of people, at £170,000 per million . . . . . 2,040,000

“ ‘ The congregations would, of course, always consist of many more persons than the lowest number requisite for each stipend, and thus it may be computed they would contain the whole twelve millions of the people.

“ ‘ The Kirk, or Church of Scotland, being the best clerical system in existence, not to be interfered with, unless, perhaps, an addition to be made to bring all stipends up to 200*l.*

“ ‘ The clergy of the half million of people in Scotland, who are not of the Kirk, to have a provision on a similar plan to that of the working clergy in England. This provision might cost about 85,000*l.*, computing it at the same rate as in England, 170,000*l.* per million of hearers.’—*Remarks*, p. 64.

IN IRELAND.

“ *Episcopal Body and other Dignitaries of the Church of England and Ireland.*

EPISCOPAL BODY.

4 Archbishops . . . . .	at £8000 each . . . . .	£32,000
18 Bishops . . . . .	at 3000 each . . . . .	54,000
34 Archdeacons . . . . .	at 1000 each . . . . .	34,000
33 Deans . . . . .	at 1000 each . . . . .	33,000

89 persons, the episcopal body, to receive . . . . . £153,000

## OTHER DIGNITARIES.

100 Canons, Prebends, &c., at £200 each . . . . . £20,000

“ Whatever number of the canons and prebends enjoy the honour of the title, only one hundred to receive stipends.

189 persons, the episcopal body and other dignitaries of 400,000 hearers, to receive . . . . . £173,000

“ *Estimate of the projected Expenditure on the working Clergy, both of the established Church and of all other denominations in Ireland.*

Number of Clergymen.	Number of Persons accommodated in each Place of Worship.	Number of Persons to each Congregation.	Total Number of People in their Congregations.	Amount of Annual Stipend.	Total Amount of Stipend.
500	2000	3300	1,650,000	£350	£175,000
1000	1500	2500	2,500,000	320	320,000
1000	1000	1700	1,700,000	290	290,000
1000	666	1100	1,100,000	250	250,000

3,500 clergymen, pastors of 6,950,000 people, to receive . . . . . £1,035,000

Episcopal body and other dignitaries of the Established Church . . . . . 173,000

Total amount for the clergy of all the people of Ireland . . . . . £1,208,000

Seven millions of people at £170,000 per million . . . . . £1,190,000

“ The sum which the Roman Catholics are, like others, entitled to, according to their congregations and accommodation in places of worship, to be subdivided. The Catholic pastors, being single men, to be paid only two-thirds of the stipends; the

other third to form a fund, out of which to pay their episcopal body and dignitaries, and also the additional clergymen required by the observances of their religion, as follows:—

4 Archbishops . . . . .	at £1000 each . . . . .	£4,000
18 Bishops . . . . .	at 700 each . . . . .	12,600
18 Archdeacons . . . . .	at 250 each . . . . .	4,500
18 Deans . . . . .	at 250 each . . . . .	4,500

58 persons, the episcopal body, to receive . . . . . £25,600

## OTHER DIGNITARIES.

100 Canons and Prebends, at 50*l.* each . . . . . 5,000

158 persons, the episcopal body, and other dignitaries of 5,500,000 hearers, to receive . . . . . £30,600

The remainder to be paid in stipends to auxiliaries of 120*l.* each.

N. B. This plan to be followed with the Catholics in Great Britain.—*Remarks*, p. 66.”

Such is his plan, of which we have given, we trust, a perfectly fair and intelligible exposition. It now remains to be seen how far the principle on which the Bishop sets out is conformable to the broad line of justice, and how far the golden fruits which he anticipates will bear the test of impartial inquiry.

“ I. In the first place, it may serve, though in itself not very material to the question, to show the accuracy of the statements which are most generally re-

ceived concerning the English Church, to examine the *real numbers* of the Protestant episcopal clergy, and how nearly they approach to the estimate of 18,000, which Mr. Colquhoun, and other writers of the same description, have assigned to them. The question is one of no great difficulty, inasmuch as the names of all English and Welch incumbents are contained in an alphabetical list at the end of the Clerical Directory, while the Red Book informs us of the *dignitaries*, and a comparison of the two will readily inform us of the names which both these lists

enjoy in common; and the result of this comparison will be found to be, that the beneficed and dignified Clergy of England and Wales amount to about 6,700; but the stipendiary curates, from the best enquiries in our power, are greatly over-rated at 2,000 more; and, as no man can be ordained in England without a title, either arising from a benefice, a curacy, or the fellowship of a college, as the total number of fellowships in Oxford and Cambridge does not exceed 800, of whom barely one-half are ordained, and two-thirds of those included in the list of curates or incumbents, it follows that the entire number of clerical persons falls short of 9,000, instead of reaching to 18,000; while of those 9,000, 2,000 at least are supported, it should be borne in mind, neither by tithes nor lands, but by stipends paid by their more wealthy brethren. So much for the first alleged fact of the enormous multitude of clergymen in England and Wales.

"II. When, however, he goes on to state that, taking the whole country through, a single clergyman may suffice for 1,800 hearers, it becomes necessary to examine still further the principle on which he proceeds, and to call the recollection of our readers to the duties which every clergyman has to perform, and which are actually performed by the very great majority of English episcopalian clergy. The double service and double sermon on Sunday is a very small part of this duty. He has to baptize, to bury, to visit the sick, to admonish the immoral, to inspect the schools, to hear the complaints, and assist, so far as his means extend, the wants of the district allotted to him. Are these duties unnecessary?—that will not be pretended. Are they insufficiently performed and too often neglected?—this calls for the exercise of a more severe discipline over the labourers now employed, rather than such a diminution of their numbers as would render a due performance impossible. But that they are not, in fact, either systematically or generally neglected, we appeal to the experience of each of our readers in his own immediate neighbourhood, and would ask of each whether his own parish priest does not competently perform such duties; whether any children remain unbaptized, any bodies unburied; whether any frequent or well-grounded complaints are made of the sick neglected, or the Sunday functions not attended? And nine-tenths of the gentry of England will, we apprehend, be compelled to answer, that the cases of glaring neglect or gross impropriety are not many; and that the individuals of whose conduct they are most able to judge, are, for the most part, decent, orderly, and diligent.

"III. But, what shall we say to the assertion itself that a single priest may,

taking a whole kingdom through, suffice for 1,800 hearers? Did this writer suppose that all England and Wales were covered with population of equal density? That pastoral inspection of 1,800 souls in Caernarvonshire required no longer walks than the same number in Mary-le-bone?—or, that a parson who might conveniently take charge of the one, could, without wings, or a chaise and four, at all adequately superintend the other? Has he no mercy on the peasants who are to come five or six miles to Divine Service, to be christened or married; or, with their deceased friends on their shoulders, to join in the last solemn ceremonies? The thing would be difficult enough, even if all the dissenters dwelt in one part of the country, and all the churchmen in their separate Goshens, in the remaining half. But when both dwell promiscuously it is plain that each, supposing this writer's calculation accurate, must take up twice as much ground, and require twice as much labour as it otherwise might, and who will assert that 3,500 clergymen would suffice for the duties required by 6,000,000 of persons so strangely mingled, and dispersed so widely and irregularly?

"IV. Still this is not all.—His estimate of that proportion of Englishmen who belong to the established Church is manifestly and greatly under rated. The ground on which he himself founds his calculation is, that the licensed places of dissenting worship are about equal in number to the Churches and Chapels of the establishment. Now, when he considers how many of the former are built on speculation, and, when that fails, withdrawn from their original destination; when he considers the difference in size between the usual run of dissenting Chapels throughout the country and the Churches with which he compares them;—when he considers the outcry for additional Church-room, which has been heard throughout the land, and the crowds by which, wherever a free place of worship is opened in connexion with the establishment, that place has been uniformly attended,—he might be led to believe that a methodist meeting may sometimes look full for no better reason than that it is of narrow dimensions, while a Church may seem empty because its area is great for the dependant population; and that, as no minister can well serve more than one Church on a Sunday, the number of Churches and of ministers, instead of being excessive, is hardly equal to the growing wants of the Church of England.

"V. The truth is, that those political and religious economists are greatly mistaken who suppose that in England and Wales the great mass of the population is divided into sects irreconcilably estran-



ged from each other: that, among the lower and middling classes, a churchman or a dissenter never strays into each other's precincts, or that a great proportion of those who make up the congregation of the 'chapel,' do not also frequently resort to the parish Church and to the ceremonies of their ancestors. We say nothing of the fact that all or almost all *marriages* are celebrated within those walls,—that dissenters and Roman Catholics, as well as Churchmen, are very frequently *buried* in the same place, and according to the same forms with their neighbours; and that there are very few dissenters, indeed, who, if they admit of infant baptism at all, bring their children to any other hands than those of their parish minister. But it is well known to every person who has paid even a moderate attention to the state of religious feeling and habits among us, that very many persons who attend the meeting in a Sunday afternoon, have, in the morning, with equal devotion, appeared in the Church and among the number of its communicants; that the methodists, the most numerous of all those who frequent licensed places of worship, repel, many of them, with considerable asperity, the imputation of having separated from or forsaken the Church of England, and that they seldom fail to pour in their swarm of hearers in every instance where free sittings can be obtained, or where a popular preacher has arisen. Instead, therefore, of reckoning the systematic dissenters at one half of the population, we are persuaded that one-fourth would be considerably nearer the truth; and that, even of these, there are many who have no great animosity against the Church, and, occasionally, attend divine service there without scruple or reluctance. We are aware that many hot-headed alarmists within the Church, as well as many without her limits, who seek to detract from her usefulness, have, for different reasons, taken a view of the subject directly opposite to ours:—and we have, therefore, been at some pains to ascertain the truth by a comparison of many different parishes in different parts of the kingdom. The truth is, there is, in England, no *considerable* body of dissenters but the methodists: and of these, we appeal to their own teachers, whether the number of both denominations amounts to

any thing like two millions, at the largest valuation, and including every age. The Roman Catholics, the Baptists, the old Presbyterians, are none of them numerous. The Unitarians are only to be heard of in a few large towns, and the Quakers are the fewest of all. In this, as in every other instance, the smaller party has made most noise and been most active; but it is only necessary for the friends of the Church to know their own strength, and to exert and increase it by the harmless arts and honourable exertions of popularity and public usefulness, to demonstrate to mankind that the hearts of the nation are still on their side, and that, even of those who have been for a time estranged, the greater number are far from irrecoverable. And this may suffice for that part of our author's statement which relates to the numbers of the clergy.

“VI. There is another circumstance which we cannot avoid noticing, as it proves the inconsistency of his plan with his own principles and his own assumptions. He sets out, in his title-page and in the opening sentences of his pamphlet, with taking that for granted, which some other religious economists have also supposed, and which, we believe, is pretty generally believed in that country, of all others, where the Church of England is least known, we mean our sister kingdom of Scotland—that the English clergy are divided into two races of men, the dignitaries and the *working clergy*, of whom, as this distinction itself implies, the former are utterly idle, and take no part in the public functions of the ministry. We shall have hereafter occasion to show that this is utterly untrue:—that there is no body of men in the English Church who have not their appropriate and important duties; and that the few sinecures which really exist, are, in nine cases out of ten, made supplementary to the reward of an active discharge of duties elsewhere. But what we would now remark, is the strange inconsistency of this reformer, who, while he would prune down the number and income of the labourers in the vineyard to the lowest possible ratio, would keep up a hierarchy, the utility of which he denies, in very nearly its full amount of numbers and opulence!—But these are points of minor or less general interest when compared with those which follow:—

“*Extract from the Account laid before the House of Commons, 1818.*

Total number of benefices . . . . .	10,421
Of those under 150 <i>l</i> . . . . .	4,361
Of which no fewer than 1050 fall short of 60 <i>l</i> . a year each.	

Rental of England and Wales . . . . .	£32,726,608	15	4
Tithe-free in toto . . . . .	£8,805,530		
part . . . . .	862,960		
Free on payment of modus . . . . .	539,243		

Remains titheable . . . . . 23,268,733  
 Tithes returned to tax-office in 1814 . . . . . 2,732,898  
 Tithe estimated by the tax-office at one-eighth of rental.—Try the above by this rule:—8 ) 23,268,733

2,908,591 5. The difference to be accounted for by expenses of collecting, bad debts, &c. Of this, one-third may be supposed to be appropriated on the following grounds:—

In Camden's time there were . . . . . 3284 parishes,  
 of which were appropriate . . . . . 3815 ) 2 . . . 9284  
 ——— 7690 3845  
 1591 5439

(*Britannia, Introd.* p. cxxxiii. Ed. Gough.)

“ Now, though the number of parishes and parochial chapelries has been since augmented, this has only been effected by dividing the 5439 which remained in the hands of the parochial clergy; and the amount of great tithes, which has since been restored to the vicarages, is very small. But there is not the least reason to suppose that the appropriated livings were one with another, *smaller* than those which re-

mained. An inspection of the king's books will rather lead to the contrary supposition as well as the fact, that the abbots, whom the impropriators represent, are understood to have engrossed the very richest benefices to themselves. It is reasonable, therefore, to believe that one-third of the tithes are alienated from the parochial clergy.

“ But of this third, one-third belongs to the dignified clergy 3 ) 3845  
 and the universities, which, though lay-societies, may be included . . . . . 3845 1282  
 “ Deduct 1282 from 3845 . . . . . 1282

“ There remain . . . . . 2563 parishes in the hands of the laity, or above one-fourth of the whole. It will follow that, of the total amount of tithes—£2,732,898.

“ One-fourth, or 4 ) 2,732,898

683,224 2 are in the hands of the laity. . .

“ From this, indeed, the small, or vicarial tithe must be deducted. Now, in agricultural parishes, the small-tithe seldom equals one eighth of the great. Rate it, however, at one-fifth, to allow for the vicarages in towns, which are, proportionally, more valuable, and it follows that—

5 ) 683,224 683,224  
 136,644 4 136,644  
 546,580

the total of tithes, great and small, with which the clergy, the bishops, cathedrals or universities have any concern, is,—

£2,732,898  
 “ Deduct . . . . . 546,580  
 £2,186,318

“ To this 2,186,318L must be added the augmentation-lands, purchased for the smaller livings by Queen Ann's bounty, which Carr values at . . . . . £100,000  
 Also the glebes and surplice-fees.—These he estimates at 40L, on an average, to each parish, most ridiculously; inasmuch as, on an average of the parishes in a very large and wealthy county, they did not amount to more than 10L. Putting them, however, at the highest, they will be . . . . . 426,000

£526,000

“ The revenues of bishops and Cathedral Churches must next be considered.—Of their incomes, however, it should first be noticed, that two-thirds are derived from appropriated tithes, and included, therefore, in the foregoing estimate.

“ The following valuation of the bishops' sees is taken, in default of any official authority, from Debrett's Peerage; a statement founded on common parlance, and, therefore, it may be sufficiently impartial . . . . . £120,000 0  
 The Cathedral Churches we should greatly overrate at 10,000L each, since many of them are merely nominal. The Welch canopies are

• many of them not more than 5*l.* a-year, and the arch-deaconries,  
one with another, average 60*l.* . . . . . 260,000

“ ‘ Deduct two-thirds for tithe . . . . . 3 ) 380,000

“ ‘ Remains . . . . . £126,666 2  
2,186,318

£2,312,984

“ ‘ Or rating, at a fair guess, the tithes held by the universities at 23,000*l.*, the sum of 2,300,000*l.* will remain, as the actual wealth of the Church of England.

“ And hence, to allow for the depreciation of produce, and of land and tithes, which amounts to more than one-third, the income of the clergy will be 1,600,000*l.*, or, at most, 2,000,000*l.* yearly.—But the

number of incumbents, as appears from the Ecclesiastical Directory, are about 7000.

“ ‘ Divide—7000 ) 2,000,000 (

£285—the average income of the beneficiaries and dignitaries throughout England and Wales. It will not, we think, be said that this is immoderate.

#### *Residence of Clergy.*

“ ‘ There are benefices, of different sorts . . . . . 10,421  
Of these, without glebe-houses . . . . . 2626  
Glebe-houses unfit for residence . . . . . 2183

4809

	Under	
	10 <i>l.</i>	12
“ ‘ There are livings which cannot singly afford a maintenance to a clergyman, and which, therefore, necessarily imply the holding of two or three of each . . . . .	20	45
	30	119
	40	246
	50	314
	60	301
	70	278
	80	251

1566

“ ‘ And allowing two-thirds of these to be included in the list of those without fit glebe-houses, there will remain considerably above 5000 livings, where residence is very difficult, if not impracticable.’

All this is extremely satisfactory. Should, however, any doubts still linger in the minds of our readers, we beg to refer to their attentive perusal a recent pamphlet, published by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle street, and entitled “The Revenues of the Church of England not a burden upon the public.” The excellent Bishop of Calcutta deals in facts; the anonymous writer of this pamphlet adduces historic arguments of so cogent and convincing a nature that no man can be so obstinately incredulous as not to be led to the author’s conclusions; unless, indeed, he be of the conceited school of the political economists. “Tithes,” says the writer, “constitute merely a portion of the surplus produce of the soil, which the cultivator yields to an ecclesiastical, instead of a lay owner. Their burden does not fall upon the consumer, because they do not affect the price of agricultural produce; nor upon the occupier, because his rent

is reduced in proportion to the average value of the tithes; nor upon the owner, because this charge was taken into calculation when the property which he holds was purchased.”

These positions are clearly demonstrated by the pamphleteer’s arguments; the occupier of land does not most certainly bear the burden of tithes, because, supposing any incumbent to receive five shillings per acre in composition, and the landlord a rent of forty shillings per acre, if the claim of the former were to be annihilated, the receipts of the latter would be increased by the amount of the composition. In this case, the abolition of tithes would clearly benefit the landowner.

If the above position be correct, it will perhaps be argued that the whole weight of the church establishment falls upon the landowner. But this is by no means the case; the landowner or his ancestor purchased the land, subject to this in-

cumbrance, and paid for the land a sum minus the estimated value of that incumbrance. The writer of the pamphlet very justly observes—"that portion of the produce of the soil which has been reserved and set apart in this country for ecclesiastical purposes, never was the property of the present lay owner of the estate on which it is levied, nor did it ever belong to any of his immediate predecessors."

The author also makes it clear that the burden of tithes does not fall on the consumer of titheable commodities. Admitting, say the impugners of the system of tithing, that tithes neither diminish the owner's rent, nor the occupier's profits, yet the exaction makes an addition of one tenth to the growing price of the article on which it is raised. The futility of this argument is apparent on the surface. The tithe is a separate estate. If an acre of land produce twenty bushels of wheat—valued at one hundred shillings—the value of the tithe would be of the amount of ten shillings. Supposing that the titheowner were to waive his claim, and the tithe to revert to the landowner, would the latter sell the twenty bushels for ninety shillings, the price of those eighteen bushels which would have remained to him, after he had handed the tithe of two bushels over to the titheowner, or would he take a fair advantage of the titheowner's waiver and sell the twenty bushels for what they were really worth—one hundred shillings? We apprehend that, unless he did the latter, his neighbours would call him dolt and idiot, appellations which his conduct would richly deserve. The tithe, therefore, is a separate estate, and this last argument of the modern political economists which they are pleased to name the "incidence of tithes," ends in a complete nullity.

We are sorry that want of space obliges us to omit all reference to the author's outline of the history of tithes. We can only recommend it to our readers, assuring them that it is remarkable for its lucid positions, and convincing arguments. The point, however, at which the author arrives, is, that whatever may be the emoluments set aside for the maintenance of the church, they by no means press upon any class of in-

dividuals—they are a separate, infeasible property, derived by a very ancient title, and constituted by a surplus produce which, if given up, would fall into the hands of landowners, in the character of rent.

Every person must be struck with admiration at Mr. Heber's conduct, in respect to his acceptance of the Indian bishoprick. The ambition of the conscientious man was tempered by the scrupulousness of the devout Christian. He thought that he could be of service to the Eastern Church, and yet he had ties of almost insuperable strength in this country: he had a wife whom he loved with an earnest and undying affection: he had a child for whom his breast yearned with the excess of parental fondness; and their health he was unwilling to place in danger. He was, moreover, diffident of his own efficacy, and was astounded at the greatness of the charge of the Indian see, as contrasted with the small circle of his own poor parish of Hodnet. It was, however, the will of God that he should go: the spirit prompted him, and he obeyed. Love of wife, and kindred, and child, and fatherland—were all secondary to the impulse of duty. He departed for his distant Church. "For England, and the scenes of my earliest and dearest recollections," he says, in a letter to the Rev. J. Blount, "I have no better farewell than that of Philoctetes.

"Χαίρ', α ποδὺν ἀμφιβαλὼν—  
Καμ', εὐπλοῖα, πέμψον ἀμεμπτῶς,  
Εὐδ' ἢ μεγάλη μοῖρα κομίζει  
Γυναικὶ τέ φίλων, χῶ πανδαμάτωρ  
Δαιμον, ὅς τ' αὐτὴν ἐπικρανέει."

The duties for his performance in the country, apportioned for his futureministration, were more numerous and severer than can be well imagined. We have Mrs. Heber's own words, as set forth in her preface.

"There is one point on which the editor wishes to be allowed the expression of her opinion. Her loss invests her with the melancholy privilege of raising her feeble voice in support of the forcible representations made in the memorials to government, which are included in the appendix to the second volume, on the necessity of dividing the see of Calcutta. Few can better estimate the weight of responsibility which this diocese imposes upon an individual; and no one else can bear such witness to the mental labour and anxiety which it caused to her husband. He him-

self, zealous as he was to discharge all its duties to the utmost, at the expence of domestic happiness, of health, and of life itself, was deeply convinced of the necessity of such a division. He never complained, even to his wife, of his own discomfort or fatigue; but he was anxious for assistance, because he felt that no one, however great his energy, or however entire his devotion to his task, can do all, or near all, that ought to be done in the great field of usefulness presented by the Indian bishoprick; a field which, to the glory of God, is enlarging every day. That such an impossibility is not merely imaginary, must be apparent to any who reflect that, not only the spiritual interests of the Indian continent and of Ceylon, but those of New South Wales, including Van Diemen's Land and its dependancies, of the Mauritius, of the Cape of Good Hope, and, by a recent enactment, even of Madeira, are committed to the charge of the Bishop of Calcutta."

Added to the amazing difficulties thrown in his way by the extent of his see, the Bishop had little or no aid from resident clergy, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter to Dr. Phillimore:

"Tittyghur, February 27, 1824.

"\* \* \* The clergymen whom I have seen or corresponded with, are very respectable, and many of them intelligent and well-informed. I only wish there were many more of them in the country; but their paucity is really most grievous. The promised establishment of twenty-eight chaplains for this presidency (a very small one for a territory three times as extensive as Great Britain and Ireland) has never been completed. Even of those on the list, a large proportion are on furlough. Many very important stations are, at this moment, as effectually cut off from preaching and the Sacraments, as if they were in the centre of China. \* \* \* Even in Calcutta and the neighbouring stations, though some of the clergy officiate three times a day, and though I myself and the archdeacon work as hard and as regularly as any of 'the labouring clergy' (to use the modish phrase) in any part of the world, we could not get the ordinary Sunday duty done, without resorting to the aid of the missionaries. With these last I have good reason to be satisfied. They all cheerfully (such, of course, as are of the Church of England) have received licenses, and submitted themselves to my authority; they are, in fact, very respectable and pains-taking young men, who are doing far more in the way of converting and educating the natives than I expected, and are well-pleased to find themselves recognized as regular clergymen, and treated accordingly."

Every part of our Eastern possessions was in the same deplorable state. Here is the Bishop's account of Ceylon.

"Ceylon, by all the accounts which I have received, is one of the most improvable countries in the world, both in a political and moral view. The people have always shown themselves well-disposed to receive education; and the number of Europeans who need moral and religious instruction is, as you well know, very considerable. There are, however, so few chaplains on the establishment, that many large stations are entirely without clergy; and others only receive an occasional supply from missionaries, of whom many, though very good men, are better suited for Indian than European auditors; and all of whom are, by such arrangements, taken off from their proper work, the instruction of the natives. The garrison of Caudy has been only supplied with a chaplain by robbing the less numerous one of Galle; and in fact, two or three more than the present establishment, were they even always at their posts, would be quite little enough to attend to the spiritual comfort and instruction of the European population."

The following are the observations of Mrs. Heber, and they yet more clearly define the difficulties under which the good and beneficent Bishop laboured:—

"The scarcity of chaplains in the Bengal presidency, and the bad health of some of those who were resident in Calcutta, made the Bishop feel it necessary to perform, himself, as much or more duty than he had been accustomed to do in England. On one Sunday, some weeks after his arrival, he wrote two sermons; preached twice in the Cathedral; baptized a child in the fort; and read through, and commented on a large packet of papers on ecclesiastical business. The unfortunate detention of the ship which contained nearly all his manuscript sermons, added much to the pressure of business in which he was involved; inasmuch as he generally had to compose one whenever he preached. But though he frequently went to bed exhausted with the labours of the day, to which were added the demands upon his time and attention which the common civilities of life require, and which were the more cheerfully complied with, as he felt that his influence among the higher ranks of society in Calcutta increased, the more familiarly he associated with them, he seldom could be persuaded to relax from the rules he had prescribed to himself, so soon as he became acquainted with the state of the Church in India, and in which he persisted with rather augmenting than decreasing diligence to the last.

And this too in a climate which more particularly indisposes men to exertion of any kind, whether mental or bodily; and where the constant exhaustion during the greater part of the year is such, as no one, except from experience, can picture to himself. The bishop thus describes the heat. 'It is impossible to sit still under the most favourable circumstances, without streaming with perspiration; our windows are all close shut up, and our rooms darkened to keep out the hot and molten atmosphere, which streams in wherever it can find an entrance, like the breath of a huge blast furnace.' Often has the editor earnestly requested him to spare himself, when, on descending from the pulpit she saw him almost unable to speak from exhaustion; or when, after a few hours rest at night, he would rise at four o'clock to attend a meeting, or visit a school, and then pass the whole of the day, till sunset, in mental labour, without allowing himself the hour's mid-day sleep in which the most active generally indulge. To such remonstrances he would answer, that these things were necessary to be done; and that the more zealous he was in the discharge of his own duties, he could, with the greater justice, urge activity on such of his clergy as he might deem deficient.

"The applications for resident chaplains from the inhabitants of many of the principal stations, which the Bishop received, occasioned him much painful uneasiness; they were but too generally such as he had it not in his power to flatter with the least hope of receiving a favourable answer from government, though he never failed to lay them before the proper authorities in as earnest a manner as possible, nor to state their requests at home. The greater number of the Company's chaplains are licensed to districts, separated from each other by large tracts of country, containing a considerable number of Europeans, who are either entirely debarred from the ordinances of their religion, or obliged to take long and expensive journeys to the nearest station of a resident clergyman. From six stations within the presidency of Fort William, the Bishop received, during his visitation, most pressing demands for resident missionaries, with an assurance that every assistance and encouragement would be given them, while to only two or three was he able to assign even the occasional services of the nearest chaplain."

The Bishop thus describes the commencement of his journey for the purpose of visiting the Christian congregations of the Upper Country:—

"'We set out,' he writes to a friend, 'attended by two smaller boats of very rude construction, with thatched cabins and huge masts and yards of bamboo, something like the canoes of the Friendly

Islands, as Cook as represented them. One of these is a cooking-boat, the other, for our luggage and servants; and it may give you some idea of the number of hands employed in Bengal for all purposes, when I tell you that twelve servants are thought a very moderate travelling establishment for myself and a single friend; and that the number of boatmen for the three vessels amounts, I believe, to thirty-two. We are, indeed, obliged to carry every thing with us, even to milch goats, supplies being seldom to be procured in the line of country through which we have to travel. Our diet must, therefore, have been salt meat and poultry, had not a few instances of fair dealing with the fishermen procured us an almost daily supply of their commodities. I was surprised to see many of these poor men paddle away at our approach as fast as their canoes could carry them; but learned soon after, from the complaint of one of their number, that the servants and boatmen of 'great men,' were apt to take their fish by force and without paying for them. This I easily prevented; but these and some other abuses of the same kind, which even my imperfect knowledge of the language enabled me to detect, show how prone these people are to plunder and tyrannize over each other, and how much odium may be unknowingly incurred by Europeans through the rascality of their followers.

"Our way was through the heart of Lower Bengal, by the Matabunga, the Chundia, and those other branches of the Ganges which make so tortuous a labyrinth in Rennell's map. The sundarbunds would have been a nearer course; but this was pleasanter, and showed us more of the country, which along the whole line of the river was fertile, well cultivated and verdant to a great degree, and sometimes really beautiful. The banks are generally covered with indigo, and beyond are wide fields of rice or pasture, with villages, each under a thicket of glorious trees, banyans, palms, plaintains, and bamboos; and though we here and there passed woods of a wilder character, their extent did not seem to be more than in one of our English counties. The villages are all of mud and bamboos, the roofs arched like the bottom of a boat, to prevent their pliable supporters from bending in a contrary direction, and both the country, the houses, the boats and the people are, on the whole, of a better description than any thing in the immediate neighbourhood of Calcutta.

"Our little fleet unmoored early, and brought-to for the night about six; after which we generally contrived to get a pleasant walk, and to see more, by far, of the country and the people than we could have done in many months spent in Calcutta. The general impression made on my mind was, certainly, that of prosperity

and good government; and perhaps it was, in a certain sense, an indication of both these, that the peasants, such of them as spoke Hindoostanee, were rather forward to talk of their grievances, and grumble about the 'times' in much the same way with English cottagers. Their complaints were all of the same character,—the dearness of rice, the rise of rents, and the burthen of tolls and local taxes. I believe, indeed, that in all these respects they have some reason to complain. The famine in Madras, and our expedition to Rangoon, have contributed materially to drain Bengal, and Lord Cornwallis' famous settlement is said to have left the ryot too much at the mercy of the zemindar. As for the tolls, the East India Company have generously given up their whole proceeds to the internal improvement of the districts where they are levied. Nor do their rates seem high to an Englishman. But the generosity of the Company does not seem known or understood, while these rates are collected by native officers on the necessities of life, as they are taken to market, with very considerable extortion and injustice. Except on account of the local taxes, I could not find that they had any quarrel with government; and with the exception of the fishermen, I found nobody either afraid of, or averse to, the presence or conversation of a European. A wonderful change seems to have taken place in this respect, which, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, I have heard attributed to the missionaries and their schools. But in the districts of which I am speaking, there are neither life one nor the other; and I know no cause for it but the general good conduct and good temper of the Company's servants in the situation of Mofussil magistrates, who, certainly, by all which I have seen, are generally actuated by right feelings, and display in their diligence, patience, and modesty of appearance and demeanour, a very different picture from that which is often drawn of the manner in which fortunes are made, and men governed in India."

Bishop Heber was the very man for the eradication of the evils so long dominant in India. For his pleasing wit and agreeable conversation his company was eagerly sought in the metropolis of Bengal; so that he could not fail to be powerful in example. By his serenity of manner and general kindness of behaviour he ever won the natives to his cause, and thus smoothed down every ruggedness in that path, by which the true Gospel might be transmitted from one end of the continent to the other. The state of his feelings towards the inhabitants of India generally, and friends and fellow-labourers in the

same holy field with himself, will be seen by the two passages which follow:

"At Mulpas, his birth-place, of which his father was for several years co-rector, Dr. Heber had many friends, of whom he was anxious to take a personal leave. In its Church he preached for the first time in his life on the 9th of March; the sermon he chose was that on 'time and eternity,' printed, as subsequently corrected, in the volume of 'sermons preached in England.' During this visit he heard the story, of the truth of which he was afterwards assured, that an officer, having found a dying Indian exposed by the side of the Ganges, in conformity with the religion of the Hindoos, that he might expire within reach of its sacred waters, raised him up, and restored him to life by forcing nourishment down his throat. The man was a Brahmin, and having eaten from the hands of a European, though unconsciously, lost his caste, and was abandoned by his whole family. Being poor he was forced either to starve, or to become a dependent on the officer for subsistence; the love of life prevailed; but every morning when he came to the camp to receive his rice, he cursed his benefactor in bitter terms, as the cause of his becoming an outcast from his family and sect. At the conclusion of this story, Dr. Heber exclaimed, 'If I am permitted to rescue one such miserable creature from this wretched superstition, I shall think myself repaid for all I sacrifice.'"

The next letter relates to the death of his fellow-traveller and chaplain through the provinces of Upper India, during his visitation, to Mr. Stowe.

"To Augustus W. Hare, Esq.

"Delaserry River, near Dacca,  
July 22, 1824.

"My dear Augustus,  
"Little did I anticipate, when we parted, with how heavy a heart I should commence what (I am almost ashamed to say) is my first letter to you. We have lost poor Stowe! He set out with me five weeks since, on my visitation; leaving his sister with Emily and her children, who were dissuaded by our medical advisers from accompanying me in my formidable journey, but whom we hoped to meet at Bombay, whither they were to proceed by sea, while we pursued our way across the Continent through Rajpootana and Malwah. Stowe had been seriously unwell in Calcutta, of something like a dysentery; but it was anticipated by every body that a sail of three months on the Ganges and a subsequent journey in a cooler climate would be of the most essential service to him; and he was not only permitted, but strongly advised by Dr. Abel to accompany me. These favour-

able expectations seemed verified by the experience of our first fortnight. The cool breezes of the river seemed to revive him most effectually, and his spirits, strength, and appetite increased perceptibly; while he took a daily increasing interest in the wild and sequestered, but luxuriant and beautiful scenes through which we passed, while threading the great delta of the Ganges in our way to Dacca. Unhappily, as his strength returned, he became less cautious; he, one evening, particularly, exposed himself to the sun, while yet high, and to the worst miasma which this land of death affords, by running into a marsh after some wild ducks. From that time his disorder returned, and he reached Dacca on the fifth of this month, so weak and exhausted as to be carried from the boat to the bed-room prepared for him. The means of cure usually employed were tried without success, inasmuch as, why I could not learn, mercury took little or no hold on his constitution. He struggled, however, against the complaint, with a strength which surprised both myself and his medical attendants, and which long flattered us, alas! with a delusive hope of his recovery. During the three last days of his life he was sensible of his approaching end, and, I trust, I shall never forget the earnestness of his prayers; the severity and deep contrition with which he scrutinized all the course of his (surely) innocent and useful life; the deep humility and self-abasement with which he cast himself on God's mercy through Christ; or the blessed and still brightening hope, which, after his first mental struggle was over, it pleased his gracious Master to grant him. He sent his love to you, with a request that all his papers might be sent to you, 'to do what you thought best with them.' \* \* \* \* \*

He often named his 'poor sister,' recommending her to Emily's care and mine. But all the rest of his time was occupied in praying, with me, or mentally, and in listening to different texts of Scripture, which he took great delight in my reading to him. 'God,' he said, on Friday evening, 'God and His dear Son are mercifully making this passage more and more easy to me.' He slept very little, being disturbed by constant spasms. Laudanum was resorted to; but this, without removing the symptoms of his complaint, clouded his head and gave him evil dreams; and he earnestly begged of me not to let them give him any more. At length, in the course of Saturday, a slight wandering of intellect came on, though he never ceased to know me, and to express uneasiness, if, by an alteration of position or any other cause, he for a moment lost sight of me. His end was now visibly fast approaching, and his face had assumed that unequivocal character which belongs to the dying. \* \* \* \* \*

Some violent but short spasms succeeded; after which he sunk into a calm slumber, and a few minutes after twelve literally breathed his last without a groan or struggle. I myself closed his eyes, and, with the help of a surgeon, (whom, in the forlorn hope of some favourable turn taking place, I had got to remain in the house the three last nights) 'composed his decent limbs.' It was necessary that we should do so, since the superstition of the wretched people round us, made them fly the room as soon as a corpse was in it. He was buried in the evening of the next day (Sunday the 18th) in the cemetery of the station, which, that day week, I had consecrated. A wild and dismal place it is as ever Christian laid his bones in, at about a mile's distance from the inhabited part of Dacca; but surrounded by ruins and jungle, and containing several tall ruinous tombs of former residents, in the days when the commerce of this province was the most important in India. Some of these have been very handsome, but all are now dilapidated, and overgrown with ivy and the wild fig tree. There is, however, a high wall with an old Moorish gateway, which protects the graves effectually from the jackalls; and I have given directions for a plain monument to be erected over my poor friend. His illness—his youth—his amiable manners with the few in Dacca who saw him, and his general character, excited a great sensation in the place. Enquiries after him came every day, with presents of fruit and offers of books, which might elucidate his distemper or amuse him; and he received similar marks of attention and interest, not only from the English residents, but from the nawab, from the principal zemindar of the neighbourhood, and from the Armenian bishops of Ecmiazin and Jerusalem, whom I met here, engaged in a still larger visitation than my own, of the different churches of their communion in Persia and India. All the English residents and the officers from the military lines, with a detachment of artillerymen, came unsolicited to the funeral.

"Emily entreated, on hearing the first alarm, that in the event of poor Stowe's death or inability to proceed, I would not refuse her permission to join me at the Rajmahal Hills, and to go with me, at whatever risk, through the rest of the journey; and I know her so well, that, though there will certainly be some circumstances trying to her strength, I am disposed to believe she would suffer more by not being allowed to follow me; so that, in about a month's time, if it pleases God, I may hope to see her and my children. Whether Miss Stowe will accompany them, or immediately return to England, I know not. Her brother seemed to think she would prefer the former, and I have written to invite her to do so. Yet, alas! what



motive has she now for lingering in India.

"This is the second old and valued friend (poor Sir Christopher Puller was the first, though my intimacy with Stowe was far greater) which this cruel climate has, within a few months, robbed me of. In the meantime I have great reason for thankfulness that, in all essential points, my own health has remained firm; that my dear wife (though she has been an invalid) has been so from causes unconnected with climate; and that my children (since they were taken from the close and pestilential air of Fort William) have been pictures of health and cheerfulness. How long this is to continue, God knows; and I thank Him that my confidence in His mercy and protection has not yet been shaken. I am far, however, from repenting my coming out to India, where I am sure I am not idle, and hope I am not useless; though I have, alas! fallen far short of my own good intentions, and have failed to a greater extent than I expected, in conciliating the \* \* \* \*

\* \*. But I cannot help feeling most painfully the loss of a sincerely attached, intelligent, and most gentlemanlike friend, to whom, under any difficulties, I could open myself without reserve; whose cheerful conversation was delightful to me in health, and to whose affectionate solicitude and prayers I looked forward as a sure resource in sorrow or in sickness. God bless you, dear Augustus! Give my most kind love to Lady Jones, and best regards to your brothers,

"Ever your's affectionately,  
"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

The young missionaries had manifested great intolerance towards the native converts of the South of India. They clung fast to their prejudices respecting the distinctions of caste, and these were excited towards the pariah Christians. • The prejudices of the Soodras had been gradually disappearing, under the mild ministry of the excellent Missionary Schwartz: but through the ill advised conduct of the successors of that benevolent man, they had been renewed. The Bishop, under these circumstances, addressed himself to Christian David, a native of Tanjore, and a pupil of Schwartz; and we copy the answer of the native preacher.

"Bishop's College, Aug. 5, 1825.

"My Lord,

"I have been truly gratified by the very kind and interesting letter of the 26th ultimo, with which your Lordship has been pleased to honour me, and which was immediately forwarded by the Rev. Principal Mill to Scrampoor, where I was

at the time, attending my son, who was afflicted with fever and liver complaint. I have shown your Lordship's letter to the Reverend the Principal, and have communicated to him verbally, from my own knowledge and observations, the answers to the several questions put by your Lordship, which, partly by his advice, I now detail as follows:

"Your Lordship's first question was—

"1st. Whether the native Christians in the south object to intercourse with the pariahs on any superstitious ground of *caste*, or simply because these last are mostly poor, and belonging to the *meaner* ranks of society?

"*Observation.*—The two ideas are, in the minds of these people, nearly the same: *i. e.* their idea of rank is only that of *caste*. It is altogether distinct from the consideration of poverty or low circumstances in the world. It is necessary to observe also, that their's is purely a worldly idea; it is not connected in their minds with any notion of true or false religion; nor is there, to my knowledge, any superstition connected with it by the native Christians. Consequently I would answer the question thus:

"*Answer.*—They object on the ground of *caste*, though not on a superstitious ground, but as being the only rule by which they are accustomed to measure men's rank in society: *i. e.* on the ground of worldly pride, only joined to the worldly fear of degradation in the eyes of their own people, Christians as well as heathens. (The third question will illustrate this.)

"Q. 2d. Whether they object to sitting in the same Church, or merely to sitting promiscuously in the same part of the Church with them?

"*Answer.*—Only to sitting promiscuously in the same part of the Church.

"Q. 3d. Whether, supposing a Christian pariah were by industry and good fortune, to elevate himself above the rank which (according to those remonstrants) they now generally hold, of horse-keepers, scavengers, &c., to decent and affluent circumstances, they would still object to associate with him or his children?

"*Answer.*—If the person merely became rich, and so independent of menial occupations, it would make *no difference whatever* in their judgement of him; but if, even without becoming rich, he should yet become well-learned in physics, in astronomy, or (such is the present course of their thoughts) in the doctrines of Christianity, he will then be called shastree or pundit, and be respected in that character. They will sit with him and admit him to their circles, even to sharing the betel-nut; *still they will not eat food* out of the same dish with him, through the *worldly fear or pride above mentioned*. And there are several pariahs who are catechists in our

congregations, so situated; and some of yet lower caste, who are listened to with deference and attention, even by the most prejudiced of the high caste converts.

“ Q. 4th. What are the peculiarities, if any, in the conduct and language of these poor pariahs, from which they profess to apprehend pollution and infection to themselves and their children? Are there among the pariahs any practices, though indifferent in themselves, yet offensive to the persons of the higher caste? And if so, may they not be induced to abandon them?

“ *Answer.*—There are certain vulgar, and occasionally, as in jest or anger, certain indecent expressions, from which no son of a pariah, though a Christian, can well escape, except such as receive the learned education above mentioned; these expressions not being reckoned at all shameful among heathen pariahs, but extremely abominable to all others, heathens as well as Christians. Not only language, though this is a great point, but many practices allowed, and even enjoined by custom on the pariahs in general, make the idea of their society to be feared as a source of contamination, even by the Christian natives of India; such as their custom of eating animals that have died a natural death; that of men, women, and children, drinking toddy and arrack together in the open streets; and these, though not common among the Christian pariahs, are yet not so completely obliterated, but that they are feared as belonging to the caste, except again in the case of the educated pariahs above mentioned.

“ Q. 5th. What was the practice of Mr. Schwartz's congregation in these respects?

“ *Answer.*—From the days of Zeigenbald, and downwards, a period of nearly one hundred years, the practice, as I have learned from my predecessors, and as I have myself seen, was as follows: That the native converts should sit at Church in two separate divisions; those of high, respectable *caste* in one; the pariahs and those of *caste* still lower, in the other; yet in such a manner, that a stranger's eye would not discover the distinction, but only the missionaries, or those acquainted with the feelings and ways of the native Christians. (To prove this, it is only necessary to observe, that the unconverted natives, Hindoos and Mussulmans, constantly conceive and speak of the Christians, as being all of *one caste*.) They also drink out of the same cup at the Communion, yet in such manner that those of the first division never drink after those of the other; for this purpose they always go first to the rail: the men and women also separately. The two divisions have a common burial ground; and in the funeral rites they walk promiscuously, as if with the consciousness, contrary to the heathen notions, that death

entirely dissolved these distinctions. The old missionaries, from the venerable Zeigenbald to the present survivors, Drs. Rottler and Cœmerer, the former of Madras, the latter at Tranquebar, and the Rev. Mr. Kholhoff of Tanjore, always lamented those feelings in their converts, which they felt themselves, nevertheless, obliged to consult in the above regulations of precedence in Church and Communion. They made it a constant subject of prayers, both among themselves and with their native preachers and catechists, that these feelings of distinction might become extinct, justifying their own practice in this respect by the accommodating (though undissembling) practice of St. Paul and the other apostles; and, under this mild system, especially under the most venerable Schwartz, the feeling in question, with the practices resulting from it, was visibly losing ground. A change of this mild practice was, for the first time, introduced by Mr. Rheniers, of the Church Missionary Society, and by him recommended to various other missionaries recently arrived, as well of the sectarian denominations, as of those in connexion with our Church, including Mr. Hambroe (not Mr. Falcke) of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. These junior missionaries agreed among themselves to make the immediate abolition of every shade of these distinctions an indispensable condition of Christian communion with the existing native converts. And in their mode of conducting this, they not only opposed, in the most marked manner the senior surviving missionaries above mentioned, but spoke, both from the pulpit and in private, of them and their venerable predecessors, Schwartz, Gericke, Pöhl, &c. as having done great mischief to the cause of Christianity. To the native Christians, who hold the memories of these illustrious men in the highest esteem and affectionate veneration, these young men were not content to speak of them as having *permitted* such and such things ‘because of the hardness of their hearts,’ (which, supposing them right, they ought to have said, after our Lord's example, speaking of Moses,) but denounced them in the offensive manner above mentioned as corrupters of the Gospel. The consequence of this harsh procedure and of the innovations in the translation of the Scriptures, even of the most known and familiar symbols, the Lord's Prayer, Decalogue, &c. of which they obtained fresh translations, greatly disliked by the old converts, (*i. e.* as we may truly say, by all the native Christians now in being) is the heart-burning of which your Lordship has seen one specimen.

“ Q. 6th. Whether Bishop Middleton made any order in the business?

“ *Answer.*—I have heard, though I cannot trust my memory for the particu-

lars, that a contest of this nature in the Vepery congregation, was once submitted to the late Bishop, and that by his Lordship's intercession with both parties, greater forbearance was obtained, and harmony was, for the time, restored. The Annual Report of the Christian Knowledge Society for 1821, contains, I believe, a letter of Bishop Middleton's, alluding to this subject.

“ ‘ Q. 7th. What is, in your conscientious opinion, the best remedy for the difficulty ?

“ ‘ Answer.—I would humbly beg to suggest, as a means which must have a good effect, a word of advice in private only (for the contest with the congregation will not admit of any other,) from your Lordship to the junior missionaries, on the necessity for prudence and tenderness with respect to their flocks; of unity and co-operation with their missionary brethren of the same communion; and of reverential esteem for those who have preceded them in this great work with a zeal and success which they cannot pretend to have themselves equalled. I would venture to suggest also a pastoral letter from your Lordship to these converts, enjoining them at the same time to obedience to their pastors, and Christian estimation of all their fellow Christians; explaining to them from Scripture, the utter opposition of all proud notions of caste to the Gospel; and intimating the earnest wish of their European instructors to remove this, with as little offence as possible to any of their national feelings or prejudices, without touching any just and proper distinction of rank, education, or degree in society. This would certainly have very great weight with them. And it might, in my humble opinion, be made still more useful to them, if a special address were made to the pariahs and those of lower caste—reminding them that, as Christianity had an evident and proper tendency to elevate them, with respect to themselves and their countrymen, they should carefully abstain from every expression or habit (however supposed essential to their condition in life,) which might have a tendency to excite disgust and dislike in their higher brethren; reminding them also of that necessary regard and deference which Christianity not only *allows* but *commands* to be paid to our superiors in knowledge or worldly respectability; and of the special direction of St. Paul addressed to Christian slaves against the contempt of their heathen masters. I should not have presumed to offer these suggestions, my Lord, had not your Lordship so condescendingly invited me to do so. I beg leave to enclose for your Lordship's perusal, the copy of my letter to Dr. Rottler, as it bears on the subject in question, and may throw further light upon the state of things at Vepery.’

“ Reserving to another opportunity to express on one or two further points in your Lordship's letter, irrelevant to the preceding enquiries, having already too greatly extended this letter, for which I beg your Lordship's indulgence, I remain, with a strong and lasting sense of the great condescension and kindness I have experienced from your Lordship, and with ardent wishes for your continued health and happiness, and long usefulness in the Church,

“ My Lord,  
“ Your Lordship's very obedient,  
“ and most faithful servant,  
“ CHRISTIAN DAVID.”

What we are about to insert here has no affinity to the labours of Bishop Heber; but it is so characteristic a story of Indian fraud and superstition, that we hope to be allowed the reader's indulgence for the few moments necessary for its perusal. It came under the Bishop's notice, and was in his MS. Journal, though its publication was omitted by Mrs. Heber, from the fear of its reaching the court of the King of Oude. The King, however, being defunct, here is the story.

“ Many whimsical stories are current in Lucknow, respecting the foibles and blindness of the poor king, and the raschality of his favourite. His fondness for mechanics has been already mentioned. In trying some experiments of this nature, he fell in with a Mussulman engineer of pleasing address and ready talent, as well as considerable, though unimproved, genius for such pursuits. The king took so much delight in conversing with this man, that the minister began to fear a rising competitor, as well knowing that the meanness of his own birth and functions had been no obstacle to his advancement. He therefore sent the engineer word, ‘if he were wise to leave Lucknow.’ The poor man did so, removed to a place about ten miles down the river, and set up a shop there. The king, on enquiring after his humble friend, was told that he was dead of cholera, ordered a gratuity to be sent to his widow and children, and no more was said. During these last rains, however, the king sailed down the river in his brig of war, as far as the place where the new shop stood; he was struck with the different signs of neatness and ingenuity which he observed in passing, made his men draw in to shore, and, to his astonishment, saw the deceased engineer, who stood trembling, and with joined hands to receive him. After a short explanation, he ordered him to come on board, returned in high anger to Lucknow, and calling the minister, asked him again if it were certain that such a man was dead. ‘Undoubtedly!’ was the reply.

'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your majesty's bounty to the widow and children.' 'Hurumzada!' said the king, bursting into a fury, 'look there, and never see my face more!' The vizier turned round and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of, 'God be merciful!' 'Satan is strong!' 'In the name of God keep the devil from me!' he said, 'I hope your majesty has not touched the horrible object?' 'Touch him!' said the king, 'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.' 'Istufirullah!' said the favourite, 'and does not your majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?' The king still stormed, but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation. 'It is certain (refuge of the world,)' resumed the minister, 'that your majesty's late engineer, with whom he peace! is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably.' The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore with a horrible oath, that 'if he did not put himself on the other side of the company's frontier before the next morning,—if he ever trod the earth again it should be as a vampire indeed.' Thus is, I think, no bad specimen of the manner in which an absolute sovereign may be persuaded out of his own senses."

Bishop Heber landed in India in October, 1822, and commenced active operations for the due arrangement of the Church. His ministration in India was about three years and a half, in which time he traversed it from one extremity to the other, going up as far as Meerut. In a letter to his sister, Mrs. Dashwood, he describes his progress to Bombay.

"\* \* \* \* There have been indeed very many occasions in the course of my long journey, when your society would have been most agreeable and comfortable; and there are many objects offered by India (some of them Emily and I have, since our reunion, seen together,) which would have highly interested you, and given very

full scope to your pencil. Were the climate better, this would, indeed, be a most agreeable place of banishment, a visit to which, for a short period, would well repay the privations and monotony of a double voyage. The climate, (though I believe that I bear it as well as most people of my acquaintance, and though I do not think that its general effect on the health either of me or mine has been unfriendly,) is certainly, however, a grievous drawback, inasmuch, as even during the coolest season of the year, there are many hours in every day, during which, without necessity, no one can expose himself to the sun. A still closer imprisonment is forced on us by the rainy season; and the extreme heat of part of March, April, May, June, August, September, and the early part of October, far exceeds, both in actual annoyance, and the languor which it induces, every thing which I had been taught to expect in a tropical country.

"The climate and air of Calcutta are, I think, the worst I have yet met with, having the heat untempered by sea breezes; the rainy season aggravated by the marshy character of the surrounding country, and the enormous rivers which intersect Bengal in every direction; and the remaining five months of cool weather invaded by thick fogs, as dense as I ever saw at the same season in London. Calcutta has, however, the advantage of a smaller share of hot winds than the upper provinces; and from the size and loftiness of the houses, the judicious methods adopted for excluding the outward air, and keeping the rooms at a moderate temperature (we think it moderate when the thermometer does not exceed 85°), and other little comforts and precautions which elsewhere are neglected, or unattainable, it is found that, on the whole, the probabilities of life and health are greater there than in many regions of India which seem more favourable by nature.

"Of the upper provinces, Bahar, Oude, the Dooh, Rohilcund, and Rajpootana, I was, myself, disposed to form a very favourable judgement. The weather during the five months of which I have spoken, is there not only agreeable, but sometimes actually cold. The rains are moderate; and there is an elasticity in the air; a deep, bright, matchless blueness in the sky; a golden light which clothes even the most common objects with beauty and riches, and a breeze so cool, calm, and bracing, as to render the country singularly propitious to every work of art, and every natural feature of the scenery, and more exhilarating than can be expressed to a person coming, as I then was, from the close heats and dripping thickets of Bengal during the rains. This difference, indeed, is felt by every living thing. The animals of Upper India are all larger and of better quality than those of Bengal. The natives are a taller,

handsomer, and more manly race. And Europeans, who all, when in Calcutta, look like kid-skin gloves, and seem as if they had been boiled, recover here their natural complexion and firmness of flesh and muscle, as if they had returned to their own country. Even here, however, the sun, during the greater part of the day, is too fierce to be confronted with impunity; and the annual prevalence and fury of the hot winds, which blow during March, April, May, and a part of June, for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, like the stream of air from a great blast-furnace, is regarded as a plague, which more than counterbalances the superiority of these provinces in other respects, and are no less destructive both to comfort and health than any thing to be endured in Calcutta. Still, if I had the power of choice, it is here that I would pitch my tent in the neighbourhood of Meerut, the most considerable of our northern stations; and with the power of migrating every year during the hot winds to the lofty valleys of the Dhoon, about one hundred and fifty miles off, where the breath of the furnace is said to be but little felt, and where the view of the Himalaya, with its eternal snows, is of itself enough to communicate a comparative coolness. A yet finer and more bracing climate is, indeed, attainable at a much smaller distance, by climbing the wild and majestic ridges of Kemaon, and approaching the monarch of mountains, Nundi-Devi, in the more direct line of Almorah, by which I myself went up to his neighbourhood. But this is a route only practicable during a few months in the year, being cut off from the plain by a belt of marshy forest, the most unwholesome in the known world, and, during the hot and rainy seasons, deserted even by the wild animals. Meerut, therefore, and the Dhoon, may be regarded as the most agreeable parts of India.

"Malwah, and the Deccan, being on high levels supported by mountains, are both described as temperate, and, during the greater part of the year, comparatively pleasant. But for some reason which has not been satisfactorily explained to me, there are no parts of India where fevers are so common, so frequently fatal, and (even when not mortal in the first instance,) attended with so lasting ill effects on the constitution. As to the hot low countries of Guzerat and the northern Concan, they are, though beautiful in point of scenery, mere charnel-houses to the majority of Europeans, where nobody can long reside without repenting it, and where I was moved with a very painful sorrow on seeing the colourless cheeks, shrunk figures, and pale, thin, white hands of the poor English soldiers, who, a few months before, had brought to this inhospitable shore as broad shoulders, and as ruddy countenances as ever followed a plough in Shropshire.

"Of Bombay, from my own experience,

I should judge favourably. Its climate appears, in productions, in temperature, and other respects, pretty closely to resemble the West India islands; its heat, like theirs, tempered by the sea breeze, and more fortunate far than they are in the absence of yellow fever. But I know not why, except it may be from the excessive price of all the comforts of life on this side of India, the provisions made against heat are so much less than those in Calcutta, that we feel it quite as much here as there; and the European inhabitants do not seem either more florid, or at all more healthy than in Calcutta. On the whole, I am inclined to think that, since I cannot live at Meerut, Calcutta is the best place in which my lot could be thrown (as it is certainly the place in which the most extensive and interesting society is usually to be met with) and both my wife and myself look forwards to returning thither with an anxiety which you will easily believe, when you know that she was obliged to leave her little Harriet there.

"Inferior, however, as Bombay is to Calcutta in many respects, in some, besides climate, it has very decidedly the advantage. With me, the neighbourhood of the sea is one of these points; nor is there any sea in the world more beautifully blue, bordered by more woody and picturesque mountains, and peopled with more picturesque boats and fishermen, than this part of the Indian ocean. I know and fully participate in your fondness for latteen sails. They are here in full perfection; nor do they ever look better than when seen gliding under high basaltic cliffs, their broad white triangles contrasted with the dark feathers of the cocoa-palm, or when furled and handled by their wild Mediterranean-looking mariners, with red caps, naked limbs, and drawers of striped cotton. All these features are peculiar to the Malabar or western coast of India, and are a few out of many symptoms which have struck me very forcibly, of our comparative approach to the European Levant, and the closer intercourse which is kept up here with Arabia, Egypt, and Persia. In Calcutta we hear little of these countries. In Bombay they are constant topics of conversation. It is no exaggeration to say that a very considerable proportion of the civil and military officers here have visited either the Nile or the Euphrates; arrivals from Yemen, Abyssinia, or the Persian Gulph, occupy a good part of our usual morning's discussion. The sea-shore is lined every morning and evening by the Parsee worshippers of the sun; Arab and Abyssinian seamen throng the streets; and I met the day before yesterday, at breakfast with the governor, an Arab *post captain*; or at least, if this title is refused him, the commander of a frigate in the navy of the Imâm of Muscat. He is a smart little man, a dandy in his way, speaks good English, and is reckoned an extremely good seaman.

"The society of Bombay is, of course, made up of the same elements with that of Calcutta, from which it only differs in being less numerous. The governor, Mr. Elphinstone, is the cleverest and most agreeable man whom I have yet met with in India, and the public man of all others who seems to have the happiness and improvement of the Indians most closely and continually at heart. He reminds me very often of the Duke of Richelieu, when governor of Odessa, but has more business-like talents than he had. \* \* His popularity is also very remarkable. I have found scarcely any person who does not speak well of him. Emily and I have reason to do so, for we are his guests, and the more we see of him we like him the better.

"Lord Amherst, with whom I have kept up a pretty constant interchange of letters, is, I hope, growing more popular in Calcutta, by the success which has lately crowned his measures. In all which has passed, he has, in my opinion, been exceedingly misrepresented and ill-used; having really attended all along most sedulously to public business, and having begun the war by the advice of those who were supposed best acquainted with India. Peace is now pretty confidently expected; and it seems peculiarly fortunate that our eastern frontier is thus to be placed in tranquillity at the present time, since there is every symptom that the west will, ere long, be more or less in a blaze. The thunders were beginning to roll when I myself passed that way. At present a hollow truce has been arranged, but which nobody expects to last long; and it seems probable that, next cold weather, our new Commander-in-chief will have to do the same thing in Rangoon, which Sir Archibald Campbell is now doing in Ava. Such is the unhappy tenure of a government founded by conquest, and too extensive to be governed or defended by any thing but an army always in the field.

"It is as yet in some degree uncertain how long we shall be detained here. Next week we think of undertaking a three weeks' excursion into the Maharatta country as far as Poonah, where I have a Church to consecrate, and other ecclesiastical matters to attend to. About the middle of July, if I am able in the mean time to despatch some other and very vexatious concerns which occupy me here, we hope to embark for Ceylon, and to reach Calcutta in September. Even there, alas! I can hope for a very short repose, since at Christmas it is my design to be at Madras, and to employ the early part of next year, till June, in going through the principal stations of that presidency.

"\* \* \* God bless you, and be assured of the love and the daily prayers of,

"Dearest Anna,

"Sincerely your affectionate brother,

"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

From Bombay, the Bishop proceeded to Ceylon, and thence to Calcutta. In February, 1826, he quitted Calcutta for Madras, where his labours were eminently useful; and leaving Madras, and visiting Pondicherry and Tanjore, he finally arrived at Trichinopoly, where he died. Of Tanjore, the widow thus writes of her husband, and of the Apostolic Schwartz:

"It was at Tanjore, in the institutions of the venerable Schwartz, in the labours of those excellent men who have succeeded him on the same field, and in the numerous Churches of native Christians which they have founded and built up, that his interest was most strongly excited, and the energies of his powerful mind most earnestly employed. He lived, alas! only to feel how much there was of future usefulness before him if his life were spared; to witness, with deep and holy pleasure, the numbers, the apparent devotion, the regularity and Christian order of the several congregations assembled round him; to mourn over the contracted means at the disposal of the missionaries (which in truth is the only limit to the extension of their usefulness), and to collect such minute and accurate information, and make such immediate arrangements as the shortness of his time, and the magnitude of his other avocations allowed."

\* \* \* \* \*

"After dinner the Bishop walked over the premises of the mission, visited Schwartz's chapel, hallowed by the grave of the apostolic man, and copied the inscription on the stone which covers it, interesting as being the composition of the Rajah himself, and certainly the only specimen of English verse ever attempted by a prince of India. He was particularly pleased with the natural simplicity of expression in the last lines.

Sacred to the Memory  
of the

REVEREND CHRISTIAN FREDERICK  
SCHWARTZ,

Missionary to the Honourable Society  
for Promoting Christian Knowledge  
in London,

who departed this life  
on the 13th of February, 1798,  
Aged 71 years and 4 months.

Firm wast thou, humble and wise,  
Honest, pure, free from disguise;  
Father of orphans, the widow's support,  
Comfort in sorrow of every sort,  
To the benighted dispenser of light,  
Doing and pointing to that which is right.  
Blessing to princes, to people, to me:  
May I, my father, be worthy of thee,  
Wishes and prayeth thy Sarabojee.

And the following is the artless

description of the last day and last acts of the man of God, whose merits we have so unworthily treated in these pages.

"At day-break on the fatal 3rd of April, he went to the mission Church in the fort, where service was performed in the Tamil language; after which he confirmed fifteen natives in their own language, and again delivered his address on confirmation. He afterwards went to the mission-house and examined into the state of the schools, though without staying in the school-room, as he found it close and disagreeable from having been shut up the preceding day, and left it immediately. He then received an address from the poor Christians, earnestly praying that he would send them a pastor to watch over and instruct them. His answer was given with that gentleness and kindness of heart which never failed to win the affections of all who heard him, promising that he would take immediate measures to provide them with a spiritual guide. He had, indeed, before he received this application, resolved on appointing Mr. Schreivogel, a Danish missionary who had petitioned, under rather singular circumstances, for a removal from Tranquebar to Vepery or Trichinopoly, to this station. From all that the Bishop had heard of his private character, and of the esteem in which he was held by his own flock, in the Danish mission, as well as from personal intercourse with him, he thought that he could not better supply the wants of this important station than by committing it to his superintendence.

"The Bishop had gone to the fort in a close carriage, so that he could have sustained no injury from the sun; Mr. Robinson was too ill to leave his bed, but he was accompanied by Mr. Doran, and conversed with him both going and returning with animation and earnestness, on the important duties of missionaries, and on the state of Christianity in the south of India. On his arrival at Mr. Bird's house, before he took off his robes, he went into Mr. Robinson's room, and sitting down by his bed-side, entered with energy into the concerns of the mission. His interest had been much excited by all which he had seen; he spoke with sorrow of its poverty, and remarked how necessary it was for the Bishop to have regular reports from every mission in India, that he might, at least, know the wants and necessities of all. He said he had seen nothing in the whole of his diocese that so powerfully interested him, and his mental excitement was such that he showed no appearance of bodily exhaustion. He then retired into his own room, and according to his invariable custom, wrote on the back of the address

on confirmation, "*Trichinopoly, April 3, 1826.*" This was his last act, for immediately on taking off his clothes he went into a large cold bath, where he had bathed the two preceding mornings, but which was now the destined agent of his removal to Paradise! Half an hour after, his servant, alarmed at his long absence, entered the room and found him a lifeless corpse! Every means to restore animation, which human skill or friendship could suggest, were resorted to, but the vital spark was extinguished, and his blessed spirit had then entered on its career of immortality, and perhaps was at that moment looking down with fond pity on the exertions of those who would fain have recalled it to its earthly habitation, to endure again the trials and temptations of the world it had quitted. And, surely, if ever sudden death were desirable, it must be under such circumstances. With a heart full of love towards God and zeal for his service, and of that clarity and good will towards mankind which are its certain accompaniments, having just officiated in his sacred office, listened with kindness to the wants of his poor brethren, and detailed some of his plans for their relief, he was called to receive his reward.

"It were a useless, and a deeply painful task to enter into any detail of the apparent cause of his death: it is sufficient to say that disease had, unsuspected, been existing for some time; and that it was the opinion of all the medical men in attendance, that under no circumstances could his invaluable life have been very long preserved, though the event was undoubtedly hastened by the effects of climate, by intense mental application to those duties which increased in interest with every step he took, and was finally caused by the effects of cold on a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue. His mortal remains were attended to the grave with the highest honours, and followed by the tears of the inhabitants of Trichinopoly. They rest on the north side of the altar in St. John's Church."

We have nothing further to add: Good reader, if thou art a Christian, and thinkest of thy immortal salvation—go to thy secret closet, ponder on the actions of this good man—and pray fervently to God to favour thee also, even as his servant Reginald Heber was favoured, by the descent of his sanctifying and regenerating spirit. So wilt thou live in honour and universal love, and, in the end, be blessed with the visitation of that holy peace which passeth all understanding.

## THE MAN-HUNTER.

It can scarcely be more than eighteen months ago,\* that two Englishmen met together unexpectedly at the little town or city of Dessau. The elder was a grave person, in no way remarkable; but the younger forced observation upon him. He was a tall, gaunt, bony figure, presenting the relics of a formidable man, but seemingly worn with travel and oppressed by weighty thoughts. He must once have been handsome; and he was even now imposing. But poverty and toil are sad enemies to human beauty; and he had endured both. Nevertheless the black and ragged elf-locks which fell about his face could not quite conceal its noble proportions; and, although his cheek was ghastly and macerated, (perhaps by famine,) there was a wild deep-seated splendour glowing in his eye, such as we are apt to ascribe to the poet when his frenzy is full upon him, or to the madman when he dreams of vengeance.

The usual salutations of friends passed between them, and they conversed for a short time on indifferent subjects; the elder, as he spoke, scrutinizing the condition of his acquaintance, and the other glancing about from time to time, with restless, watchful eyes, as though he feared some one might escape his observation, or else might detect himself. The name of the elder of these men was Denbigh: that of the younger has not reached me. We will call him Gordon. It was the curiosity of the first mentioned that, after a reasonable period, broke out into enquiry. (They were just entering the public room of the black-castle at Dessau.)

"But what has brought you here?" said he. "I left you plodding at a merchant's desk, with barely the means of living. Though a friend, you would never let me please myself by lending you money; nor would you be my companion down the Rhine, some three years ago. You professed to hate travelling.

Yet I find you here—a traveller evidently, with few comforts. Come, be plain with me. Tell me—what has brought you hither? Or rather what has withered and wasted you, and made your hair so grey? You are grown quite an old man."

"Ay," replied Gordon; "I am old—as you say—old enough. Winter is upon me—on my head—on my heart; both are frozen up. Do you wish to know what brought me here? Well—you have a right to know; and you shall be told. You shall hear—a tale."

"A true one?" enquired Denbigh, smilingly.

"True!" echoed the other; "Ay, as true as hell—as dark, as damnable—but peace, peace!" said he checking himself for a moment, and then proceeding in a hoarse whispering vehement voice—"all that in time. We must begin quietly—quietly. Come, let us drink some wine, and you shall see presently what a calm historian I am."

Wine, together with some more solid refreshments, were accordingly ordered. Gordon did not taste the latter; but swallowed a draught or two of the bold liquid, which seemed to still his nerves like an opiate. He composed himself, and indeed appeared disposed to forget that there was such a thing as trouble in the world, until the impatience of his friend (which vented itself in the shape of various leading questions) induced him to summon up his recollections. He compressed his lips together for a moment, and drew a short deep breath through his inflated nostrils; but otherwise there was no preface or introduction to his story, which commenced nearly if not precisely, in the following words:—  
 "... About three years ago, a young girl was brought to one of those charitable institutions in the neighbourhood of London, where the wretched (the sinful and the destitute) find refuge and consolation. She was—you may believe me—beautiful; so

\* This narrative was commenced in 1827, or in the beginning of the year 1828. It is derived from *authentic sources*: and, although some few of the facts (the catastrophe more especially) appeared several years ago in a German paper, the whole chain of circumstances has never, to my knowledge, been introduced before to the English public.



beautiful, so delicate, and, as I have said, so young, that she extorted a burst of pity and admiration from people long inured to look upon calamity.

"She was attended by her mother—a widow. This woman differed from her child; not merely in age or feature. She was, in comparison, masculine; her face was stern; her frame strong and enduring: she looked as though hunger and shame had been busy with her—as though she had survived the loss of all things, and passed the extreme limits of human woe. Once—for I knew her—she would have disdained to ask even for pity. Oh! what she must have borne, in body, in mind, before she could have brought herself to become a suppliant there! Yet there she was—she, and her youngest-born in her hand, beggars. She presented her child to the patronesses of the institution; and, with an unbroken voice, prayed them to take her in for refuge.

"The common questions were asked, the who, the whence, the wherefore, &c. Even something more than common curiosity displayed itself in the enquiries, and all was answered with an unflinching spirit. The mother's story was sad enough. Let us hope that such things are rare in England. She was the widow of a military man, an officer of courage and conduct, who died in battle. If we could live upon laurels, his family need not have starved. But the laurel is a poisonous tree. It is gay and shining, and undecaying; but who-so tasteth it, dies! No matter now. The widow and three children were left almost without money. The father had indeed possessed some little property; but it consisted of bonds, or notes, or securities of a transferable nature; and was entrusted (without receipt or acknowledgement) to—a villain. The depositary used it for his own purposes; denied his trust; and, with the coldness of a modern philosopher, saw his victims thrust out of doors, to starve! A good Samaritan gave them bread and employment for a few weeks; but he died suddenly, and they were again at the mercy of fortune.

It was now that the mother felt that her children looked up to her for

life. And she answered the appeal as a mother only can. She toiled to the very utmost of her strength: nothing was too much, nothing too base or menial for her. She worked, and watched, and endured all things, from all persons; and thus it was that she obtained coarse food for her young ones—sometimes even enough to satisfy their hunger; till at last the eldest boy became useful, and began to earn money also; and *then* they were able almost daily to taste—bread! "It is a wonder how they lived—how they shunned the vices and squalid evils which beset the poor. But they *did* so. They withstood all temptations. They felt no envy nor hatred for the great and fortunate. The sordid errors of their station never fastened on them. They grew up honest, liberal-minded, courageous. They wanted not even for learning, or at least knowledge. For, after a time, a few cheap books were bought or borrowed, and the ambition which the mother taught them to feel, served the boys in place of instructors. They read and studied. After working all day, (running on errands, hewing wood, and drawing water) these children of a noble mother sat down to gather learning; never disobeying, never murmuring to do what she, to whom they owed all things, commanded them to achieve. Yet, little merit is due to *them*. It was *she*, the incomparable mother, who did all; saved, supported, endured all for her children's sake, for her dead husband's sake, and for the disinterested love of virtue!

"I know not what frightful crimes some progenitor might have committed, what curse he might have brought upon this race; but, if *none*,—In the name of God's mercy, why, (when they had been steeped in baseness and poverty to the lips,) *why* was a curse more horrible than all to come upon them? Poor creatures! had they not endured enough? What is the axe or the gibbet to the daily never-dying pain which a mother feels who sees her children famishing away before her? Sickness, cold, hunger, the contempt of friends, the hate or indifference of all the world besides, the perpetual heart-breaking toil and struggle to live! to get bread, yet often want it!

Was not all enough?—I suppose not; for a curse greater than all fell upon them.

“A friend—ha, ha, ha!—let me use common words—a friend of the elder son, (who had, by degrees, risen to be a manufacturer’s clerk,) visited them at their humble abode. He was rich. He was, moreover, a specious youth, fair and florid—such as young girls fancy; but as utterly hard and impenetrable to every touch of honour or pity, as the stone we tread upon. He—I must make short work of this part of my story—he loved the young sister of his friend, or rather he sought her with the brutal appetite of an animal. He talked, and smiled, and flattered her—(she was a weak thing, and his mummery pleased her): he brought presents to her mother, and, at last, ruin and shame upon herself. She was *so* young—not fifteen years of age! But this base and hellish slave had no mercy on her innocent youth, no respect for her desolate condition. He ruined her—oh! there were horrid circumstances—force, and fraud, and cruelty of all kinds, that I will not touch upon. It is sufficient to say that her destruction was achieved, and all her family in his power. The child, (herself now about to be a mother,) meditated death. She was timid, however, and shrank from the vague and gloomy terrors of the grave. So she lived on, pale and humbled, uttering no complaint, and disclosing no disgrace, until her mother noticed her despondency, and reproached her for it. With a trembling heart—trembling at she knew not what—she chquired solemnly the cause of all this woe. The girl could not stand those piercing looks. The mother whom she had obeyed, not only with love, but in fear also, commanded a disclosure, and the poor victim sunk on her knees before her. She told her sad story with sobs and streaming eyes, and with her figure abased to absolute prostration. Her parent listened, (she would rather have listened to her own death-warrant)—looked ghastly at her for a minute, and reproached her no more! Some accident—some intermission of employment, (I forget what,) made it impossible to support the poor fallen child with proper care. This

inability it was, joined to a wish to keep her shame secret, that carried the mother and daughter to the charitable place of which I have spoken. And there the child was deposited, under a feigned name, to undergo the pangs of child-birth.

“But the sons! Do you not ask, where are *they*? Ha, ha! I am coming to that. They knew nothing—suspected nothing, till all the mother’s plans were effected; and then, with a gloomy countenance, and a voice troubled to its depths with many griefs, she told them—*ALL*.”

“How did they bear it? What did they say, or do?” enquired Denbigh, breaking silence for the first time since the commencement of the story. Gordon answered:—

“Her communication was, at first, absolutely unintelligible. It was so sudden, and so utterly unsuspected, that it bore the character of a dream or a fable. They stood bewildered. But when the truth—the real, bad, terrible truth became plain—when it was repeated with more particulars, and made frightfully distinct, the eldest son burst into a rage of words. The younger, a youth of more concentrated passions, started up, opened his mouth as though he would utter some curse; but instantly fell dead on the floor.”

“Good G—d!” interrupted Denbigh again, “and did he die?”

“No,” replied the other, “he but appeared to die. Did I say ‘dead’? No; I was wrong. He was not irrecoverably dead. By prompt help he was revived. In the struggle between life and death, blood burst from his mouth and from his nose, and he felt easier. “Perhaps the oath which he, at that moment, was prescribing to himself—the fierce, implacable, unalterable determination which his soul was forming, tranquillized his spirit; for he awoke to apparent calmness, and expressed himself resigned. But he was not so to be satisfied. Patience—resignation—forgiveness—these are good words: they are virtues, perhaps; but they were not *his*. He was of a fiery spirit—”

“Like yourself,” said Denbigh, trying to smile away the painful impression which the story was producing on his mind.

“Aye, like myself, sir,” was the

fierce answer. "He thought that vengeance, where punishment was manifestly due, was scarcely the shadow of a crime; and I think so too. He swore, silently but solemnly, (and invoked all Heaven and Hell to attest his oath,) that he would thenceforward have but one object, one ambition; and this was—*REVENGE!* He swore to take the blood of the betrayer, and—*he did.*"

"When? where?" asked Denbigh, quickly.

"Let us take some wine," said Gordon; "I am speaking now," continued he, after he had drunk, "of what *must* be. The future is not yet come. But as sure as I see you before me, so surely do I see the consummation of this revenge. There is a fate in some things: there is one in this. Do you remember the story of the Spaniard Aguirre?"

"No!" answered the other.

"Yet, it is well known—it is true—it is memorable, and it deserves to be remembered; for (except in the one instance of which I now speak,) it stands alone in the catalogue of extraordinary events. You shall hear it presently, if it be only to rescue, by a parallel case, my story from the character of a fiction. At present, let it suffice to say, that sure as was Aguirre's vengeance, so sure shall be—*MINE!*"

"Yours!" exclaimed Denbigh, "Do I hear aright?"

"Aye, open your ears wide. I am *the Revenger!* My family it is who owe Fortune so little—to whom vengeance owes so much! My mother and her famished brood it was of whose sufferings I have spoken, and whose injuries I am destined to revenge."

"But the villain—?" enquired Denbigh.

"You do well to bring me back to him. Yet think not that I for a moment forget him. He fled when he knew—*ay, before he knew*—when he but *surmised* that we had discovered his villany. He collected money together, and left his country. But I was soon upon his track. I too had gathered some hard earnings, and my brother more; and with these united, I commenced a desperate pursuit.—I will not weary you by recounting the many difficulties of my task; how many thousand

miles I have journeyed barefoot, with little clothing, with less food, (for I was forced to economize my poor means,) how for three years I have been generally a beggar for my bread, a companion with the unsheltered dog; how I have been wounded, robbed, and even once imprisoned. *That* fortunately was but for a day, or it might have overthrown my plans of vengeance. Thanks to the furies, it did not; I followed him—over all countries, from Moscow to Madrid, from the Baltic to the Carpathians. He fled with a sense, with a knowledge that I was *for ever* on his track. He slept trebly armed, locked in and barred from all access. He has been known to rise at night, and take flight for a distant land. But, with the unerring sense of a blood-hound, I was always after him. I was sure of him. He never escaped me. No disguise, no swiftness of journeying, no digressions from the ordinary path, no doubles, nor turnings, nor common feints, such as the hunted beast resorts to in his despair, availed him. Wherever he was—*there was I!* not so soon perhaps, but quite as surely.

"Twenty times I have been near meeting him alone, and consummating my purpose. But, one thing or other perpetually intervened. A casual blow, without the certainty of its being fatal, would have been nothing. He might have recovered—he might have lived to see me proclaimed a malefactor, and have borne evidence against me; and then *he* would have triumphed, and not I. I resolved to make surer work; to *see* that he should die; and for myself, I determined to live, for some time at least, in order to enjoy the remembrance of having accomplished one deed of justice.

"I said that I would not weary you with a narrative of my travels and a repetition of my failures. But one adventure, amongst many, occurs to me, somewhat differing from the rest, and you shall hear it. One of my transits was across the whole face of Europe; from an obscure town in Flanders to the Porte. I had scarcely reached the Fanar, (where I was housed by a Greek, whom I had served in an accidental fray,) when I fell sick of a fiery distemper—some plague or fever begot in those burning regions,

which sometimes destroys the native, and almost always the luckless stranger. In my extremity, my kind hosts sent for a physician—a Jew. He came, and heard my ravings, and let the sickness deal with me as it chose. Some words, however, which I threw out in my delirium (at his second visit,) excited his curiosity; and coming, as they did, from a Frank, he was induced to communicate them to an Englishman who lodged in his house. This Englishman was—the *fiend*, the fugitive, whom I had chased so long in vain. A few words and a lump of gold concluded a bargain; and the next time the scowling Issachar came to my bedside, he ordered a cup of coffee for his patient. I had at that time recovered my senses, and became suddenly and sensitively awake to every thing about me. I saw the denier of Christ take a powder from his vest; and, after looking round to see that all was clear, put it, with a peculiar look, into the cup. ‘*It is poison,*’ I said to myself; and by a sudden effort (while the Israelite’s back was turned,) I forced myself upwards, and sate, like a corpse revived, awaiting his attention. After he had drugged the draught, he turned round suddenly and beheld me. There I was, unable to speak indeed, but ghastly and as white as stone, threatening and grinning, and chattering unintelligible sounds. He was staggered; but recovering himself with a smile, he tendered the detestable potion. I had just strength enough to dash it out of his hand, and sank on the bed exhausted. When I recovered I found myself alone; nor did I ever again see my physician.

“I do not complain of this. Life for life is an equal stake. I knew the game which I was playing. Death for one or both of us—that was certain. Quiet for him, at all events, (upon the earth or within it); perhaps revenge for me. I was not angry at this attempt on my life. I liked it better, in truth, than hunting day after day, week after week, a flying, timorous, unresisting wretch. The opposition—the determination he evinced to strike again spurred me on. It afforded a relief to my perpetual disappointment: it chequered the miserable monotony of my life. Sometimes I had almost felt compassion for my harassed and terrified enemy, and gene-

rally contempt. But *now*—an adder was before me. It rose up, and strove to use its fangs, and was no longer to be trod on without peril.—These thoughts, strange as it may seem, contributed to my recovery. I grew tranquil and well apace; and when I was fit to travel, I found that my foe had quitted, precipitately, the banks of the Bosphorus.

“I had little difficulty in learning his route; for my Greek had his national subtlety, and did not spare money to set me on the track. The Jew doctor (he had a second bribe,) said that he had overheard my victim bargaining with a Tartar courier, to conduct him to Vienna. Upon this hint, I set off on my dreary journey through the Ottoman empire and its huge provinces—Roumelia, Wallachia, Transylvania. I traversed the great uncultivated plains of Turkey; I crossed the Balkan and the muddy Danube; escaped the quarantine of the Crapaks; and finally dismounted at Vienna, just as a carriage was heard thundering along the Presburg road, containing a traveller to whom haste was evidently of the last importance.—’Twas HE! I saw him; and he saw me. He saw me, and knew in a moment that all his toilsome journey was once more in vain. I saw him grow pale before me, and I triumphed. Ha, ha!—that night I was joyful. I ate, and drank, and dreamt, as though I had no care or injury upon me. The next morning I looked to see that my dagger was sharp, and my pistols primed, and set out on foot to decoy my foe into a quiet place, fit for the completion of my purpose.—But I failed, as I had failed often before. I beset him; I tried to surprise him; I kept him in incessant alarm; but the end was still the same. He was still destined to escape me, and I to remain his pursuer.

“How it was that he retained his senses—that he had still spring of mind to fly, and hope to escape pursuit, is a mystery to me. I have often wondered that he did not bare his throat before me, and end his misery; as those who grow dizzy on a precipice, cast themselves from it, and find refuge from their intolerable fears—in death. But no; his love of life, his fear (caused by that love of life,) were so great, so insuperable, that they never seemed capable, as in or-

dinary cases, of sinking into indifference or despair. He had no moral, no intellectual qualities; no courage of any sort. Yet, by his *fear* alone, he became at times absolutely terrific. His struggles, his holding on to life, (when nothing was left worth living for,) his sleepless, ceaseless activity in flight, assumed a serious and even awful character. He pursued *his purpose* as steadily and as unflinchingly as I pursued mine. Terror never stopped him: hope never forsook him. From one end of the world to the other he fled—backwards and forwards—this way and that—he fled, and fled; not dropping from apprehension, like the dove or the wren; but still keeping on his way like some fierce bird of prey, who, driven from one region, will still seek another, and another, and fight it out to the last extremity. So frightful have been his struggles, so wild and fantastic the character of his fears, that once or twice, I—(his destroyer!)—I, who was watching him with an ever-deadly purpose, became absolutely daunted and oppressed. I resumed my strength, however, speedily, as you will suppose; for what his fear was to him, hate or revenge was to me; the sole stirring principle of life.—O, this accursed wretch! does he ever dream that I relax?—that toil and destitution and danger have any effect upon *me*?—He shall live to find himself in error. I am the fate—the bloodhound that *will* follow, and *must* find him at last. Let him give up the contest at once, and all will be quiet—no more fear for him—no more sad labours for me! Of what value is life to either of us? But yes—to *me*, it is of value; for I have a deed to do, an act of justice to perform on the most reckless and heartless villain that ever disgraced the human name.”

“And *his* name? what is that?”—asked Denbigh.

“Warne,—Warne,—the brand of hell be on him!”

“Hush! do not speak so loud! Look!—there is some one in yonder box, who has heard you,” said Denbigh again, in a suppressed tone.

“I care not,” replied the other. “This devil who walks in human shape, and under the name of Warne, is now in this city. He has eluded me for a short—a very short time, by shifting his course and changing

his disguises. But I am here, and shall find him, wherever he lurks. Be sure of it.”

At this moment a stranger was seen stealing from a box, where he had been taking refreshment. He appeared by his walk (for the two speakers saw only his back,) to be an old man. He said nothing; but, walking up towards the end of the room, where a person attached to the inn was standing, put a piece of money in his hand (evidently more than sufficient to discharge his bill,) and left the house.

From the first movement of the stranger, the attention of Gordon was upon him—his neck was stretched out, his eyes strained and wide open; he even seemed to listen to his tread.

“What is the matter?” said Denbigh. “There is nothing but an old man there, who is tottering home to bed.”

Gordon made no reply, but followed the person alluded to, stealthily from the house. After a minute’s space, Denbigh saw him again hiding behind the buttress of a building on the opposite side of the street. He was evidently watching the stranger. He did not continue long, however, in this situation; but stole forwards cautiously. After proceeding a short distance he turned, and followed the windings of a street or road that intersected the principal street of the town, and finally disappeared!

... Denbigh never saw him again. Three or four days afterwards, the body of an unknown man was found in a copse near the city of Dessau. It was pierced with wounds, and disfigured; and the clothes were much torn, as in a struggle. From one hand (which remained clasped) some fragments of dress, coarser than what belonged to the body, were forced with difficulty; but they did not lead to detection. The stranger was buried, and as much inquiry made respecting him as is usual for persons for whom no one feels an interest. His murderer never was discovered. Denbigh left the place immediately that the inquisition was over. He did not volunteer his evidence upon the occasion. His natural love of justice, and perceptions of right were perhaps obscured by his affection for his friend; besides which,

nothing that he could have said upon the occasion would have exceeded a vague suspicion of the fact. At all events, he kept Gordon's secret, until he deemed that it was not dangerous to disclose it.

In regard to Gordon himself—he was never more heard of. A man, indeed, bearing somewhat of his appearance, was afterwards seen in the newly cleared country near the Ohio; but, excepting the resemblance that he bore to Denbigh's friend, and a certain intelligence beyond his situation, (which was that of a common labourer,) there was nothing to induce a belief that it was the same person. Whoever he might be, however, even *he* too now has disappeared. He was killed accidentally, while felling one of those enormous hemlock trees, with which some parts of the great continent abound. A shallow grave was scooped for him; a fellow-labourer's prayer was his only requiem; and, whatever may have been his intellect, whatever his passions or strength of purpose, the frail body which once contained them now merely fertilizes the glade of an American forest, or else has become food for the bear or the jackall.

[J. BETHEL.]

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\*.\* The story of Aguirra, referred to in the foregoing narrative, occurs in one of our early periodical works, and is to the following effect:—Aguirra was a Spanish soldier, under the command of Esquivel, governor of Lima or Potosí. For some small cause, or for no cause, (to make an example, or to wreak his spite,) this governor caused Aguirra to be striped and flogged. He received some hundred stripes; his remonstrances (that he was a gentleman, and as such exempt by law from such disgrace; and that what he had done

was unimportant, and justified by common usage,) being treated with contempt. He endured the punishment in the presence of a crowd, of comrades and strangers, and swore (with a Spaniard's spirit) never to be satisfied but with his tyrant's blood. He waited patiently, until Esquivel was no longer governor; refusing consolation; and declining, from fancied unworthiness, all honourable employment. But, when the governor put off his authority, *then* Aguirra commenced his revenge. He followed his victim from place to place—haunted him like a ghost—and filled him (though surrounded by friends and servants) with perpetual dread. No place, no distance could stop him. He has been known to track his enemy for three, four, five hundred leagues at a time! He continued pursuing him for three years and four months; and at last, after a journey of five hundred leagues, came upon him suddenly at Cuzco; found him, for the first time, without his guards; and instantly—stabbed him to the heart!

Such is the story of Aguirra. It is believed to be a fact; and so is the story which I have recounted above. The circumstances are not only curious as shewing a strange coincidence, but they shew also what a powerful effect a narrative of this kind may produce. For, there is little doubt, but that the South-American tale, although it may not absolutely have generated the spirit of vengeance in Gordon's mind, so shaped and modified it, as to stimulate his flagging animosity; carried him through all impediments and reverses to the catastrophe; and enabled him to exhibit a perseverance, that is to be paralleled no where, except perhaps in the histories of fanatics or martyrs.

J. B.

## STANZAS.

Thou hast love within thine eyes,  
 Though they be as dark as night ;  
 And a pity (shewn by sighs,)  
 Heaveth in thy bosom white :  
 What is all the azure light  
 Which the flaxen beauties shew,  
 If the arrowy scorn be bright,  
 Where the tender love should glow ?  
 Do I love thee ?—Lady, no :  
 I was born for other skies,  
 Where the palmy branches grow,  
 And the unclouded mornings rise :  
 There—(when sudden evening dies,)  
 I will tell of thee before  
 The beauty of Dione's eyes,  
 And she shall love thee evermore !

## EPIGRAM.

## THE BEGGAR, THE COOK, AND THE IDIOT.

LED by the savoury fumes that steamed around,  
 An eating shop a needy Beggar found ;  
 Long did his nose with opening valves inhale  
 The rich luxuriance of the spicy gale—  
 When Master Cook, indignant to behold  
 A dinner made, and yet no viands sold,  
 Exclaimed, " Good Sir, thy reckoning prithee pay."  
 To this the sturdy beggar answered, " Nay."  
 Blows follow words. At length a fool passed by ;  
 And both agreed that he the cause should try.  
 The new made Judge then made the Man of Rags  
 Bring forth two halfpence from his leathern bags.  
 Betwixt two empty plates the pence he laid—  
 The shaken pence a jingling murmur made—  
 When thus the arbiter pronounced aloud  
 This weighty sentence to the listening crowd :  
 " On *smell alone* his meal the Beggar made—  
 " With *sound alone* the Cook is amply paid."

J. K.

## IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

IRUS odoriferâ nares contingier aurâ  
 Sentit, et extemplò sistit in æde Coqui.  
 Sub dapibus lautis pulcherrima mensa gemebat—  
 Sub dapibus, quales ipse Epicurus amet.\*  
 Dudùm hæsît, patulis dum naribus hausit odores ;  
 Illi solùm epulas suppeditaït odor.  
 Ut tamen aspexit, subitâ commotus ab irâ  
 Irruit, et nummos te rogat, Ire, Coquus.  
 Irus at indignans nummos se solvere posci,  
 Clamat se nullas ore vorâsse dapes.  
 Verba acuunt iras, et, dum furor undique gliscit,  
 Stultus adit, cultu versicolore nitens.  
 Ille ait, " O socii, tantos cohibete tumultus,  
 " Vestrâ pace modum litibus ipse dabo.  
 " Binos, Ire, tuâ nummos deprome crumenâ ;  
 " Et, Coque, tu patinas da mihi, quæso, duas.  
 " Nunc patinas inter nummos mihi ponere cura ;  
 " Nunc quatio patinas, et venit inde sonus.  
 " Tu solo, Ire, dapes naso, non dente vorâsti ;  
 " Nummi igitur sonitum nil nisi redde Coquo."

J. K.

## ON THE MARCH OF INTELLECT, AND UNIVERSAL EDUCATION.

IF any one possessing a moderate share of intelligence, will give himself the trouble to cast his eye over the chronological map of our domestic history for a century or more bygone, he will scarcely fail to be astonished if he will reckon up the succession of schemes which have in their turn occupied the minds, and called forth the admiration of the wise and thinking people of this benevolent empire. We have, unfortunately for our national reputation for common sense, a considerable superabundance of wealth in the hands of a prominent class; a large portion of the individuals of which are ever ready to launch it out in furtherance of any scheme, whose pretensions shall be sufficiently bold, and whose proffered advantages shall be judiciously placed in some country or time sufficiently distant, so as to allow of some exercise of the imagination; and which in these circumstances promises with proper confidence and effrontery, gains, glories, and blessings, such as preceding ages in all past time never had the courage to dream of. If the schemers and puffers of society, the projectors and orators, can get up a cry, and obtain the attention of those who have something to lose; if they can get a subscription set on foot, and a little cash in hand to set them afloat—if they can succeed in inveigling the names of a few public men, by way of sanction to any possible absurdity, (no very difficult matter,) now the plot is ripe, and the cry is up—the needy hounds of theoretic projection and barefaced empiricism are let loose to swell the chorus of delusion, and swear in the teeth of the timorous and the ignorant, and the cry is echoed from the very centre of wealth and influence, to the obscurest corners of imitative insignificance and gaping gullibility. What wonder is it then that the whole tribe of well meaning, silly, and sanguine people, whose money is readier than their wit, and who are always at the mercy of any needy fellow who has only to add promises to pretensions, and shew *clearly* and confidently to his open mouthed audience, the undoubted good of some-

thing never experienced, “since the world was a world,” and inveigh bitterly against something opposite, which has been long tried and known: and who has the talent to bolster up his reasoning, and garnish his Utopia with plausible sophisms and feasible declamation—should catch the prevalent disease and join the cry, and while they are under its influence, should be ready to visit with their severest displeasure and most puissant persecution, any stubborn unbeliever who shall dare to laugh at their present frenzy, or who has the courage to turn matters inside out, to the putting of the good people out of conceit with the scheme that happens to be their present favourite?

This however being the case, (not perhaps quite peculiar to the good people of this kingdom,) we have never been for any length of time for more than a century past without some public plan or plans for the achieving some fancied good, after which, so soon as a few of the wealthy have been caught, the public mind has run for a season with an enthusiastic and almost insane mania. Whether it be a South Sea bubble, or a South American mining bubble—a brilliant scheme for sweeping away the absurd and antiquated forms of government, established at the expense of the blood of our forefathers, who in those times, when people knew no better, were called patriots and benefactors to their country; and giving every man liberty agreeable to the plan of Thomas Paine, or of the French philosophers—or for a radical reform in church and state, according with the enlightened views of the weavers of Lancashire or the west of Scotland,—whether it be the establishment of societies all over the kingdom for promoting the perfectibility of man by means of “pure reason,” and the banishment of religion and all such absurdities, or for obtaining the same desirable end, by evangelizing the common people to such a pitch of theological knowledge and zeal, as shall effectually bereave them of all reason whatsoever, and turn them into ranters and jumpers, or some new denomination of the endless



groups of squabbling sectarians—or whether it be a scheme worthy of the march of intellect, for embuing the minds of our mechanics and all useful industrious men, who wear aprons, and rise at five in the morning, with “the sublime truths of philosophy:” no matter what it is, that has a colouring of speculative good, and associate benevolence; there is sure to be constantly some brilliant project in fashion, by which Mr. Bull gets rid of his spare money, and *does good*—which gives the Scotchman and philosopher a subject for *reasoning* and controversy; and the Irishman an opportunity for speech-making and luxuriating over his own misery: and all this at the expense (besides the waste of money), of a vast amount of individual deception, injustice, misdirection of talent and effort—disappointment, regret, and often ruin to their victims, as each of the schemes are discovered to have been delusively exaggerated or essentially irrational. Undoubtedly these several schemes would not be so successful, were there not more or less real or apparent good in most of them; but the public mind is such, and the gullibility of Mr. Bull so obvious, that from the trusted representations of their interested promoters, each of them as they happen to prevail, are thought for the time every thing that is good, great, and desirable; instead of being coolly viewed as at the best but good to a certain limited extent, and probably only in peculiar and defined circumstances, if the plan should not happen to be absolutely visionary and delusive.

Well, what public scheme have we now, to keep us employed in *doing good* for ourselves, or at least for some “antipodean power,” whom we know little of, for there is no war, and Napoleon is dead, and so is Queen Caroline, and Leopold the first won’t be a crowned king, even over the dear good Greeks; and then the joint Stock-Company mania has passed away, as many know to their cost, and even radical reform has changed hands? What are we to do then in these piping times of peace? We are to follow up the mania for educating the people. General and scientific *education* is now the thing; only give the common people know-

ledge—this is the prevailing palladium. In fact, say its advocates, we cannot help their becoming learned if we would. Mechanics’ Institutions have sprung up every where of themselves. There is no damping the ardour of the people for knowledge and philosophy. The schoolmaster is abroad, and no body sent him. It was the special hand of Heaven, no doubt; no, this is not the way these gentlemen consider human affairs—it is the progress of *reason*, legitimate reason, and truth. In short, mechanics and artisans *will be* philosophers, and there is no preventing it; so in order to meet the demand and accommodate them, a large building has been got up in London, where classical knowledge and philosophy is to be sold *dear*, for the benefit of the mechanical and trading classes, who can pay as prescribed by the “orders in council,” and every possible good is to flow from the universal diffusion of philosophy and scientific education.

But, from what was known of the quarter whence this new cry of education originated, a natural jealousy was excited among men of observation and experience who had some concern about the moral and religious, and less faith in the blessings of a philosophical education, upon the youth of our middle and inferior classes; and who, meeting together with the authorities of the nation at their head, appealed to that portion who had *not* set up the cry, yet who soon subscribed money for another, and in some respects, opposition college; so now we are to have two extensive Universities where there was none before; and we are to have all the private influence and public outcry about the blessings of education necessary to the filling of these enormous establishments, as well as, perhaps, the multitude of inferior seminaries to which these, and the prevailing cry, the schoolmaster being abroad, is likely to give birth.

Now, while we are as ready as those who raised the cry, to acknowledge fully the pleasures and advantages of liberal knowledge, and to wish for as wide a diffusion of it as is at all consistent with the wants and happiness of civil society; and admit that to knowledge, in its widest and most exalted sense, (including as

well the sober and practical conclusions of experience, as the miracles of science and the reaching inspirations of great minds,) we are mainly indebted for the blessings we enjoy. We yet have many considerations to present regarding the *application* of much of this knowledge to certain orders of society, and in common we believe with every intelligent unprejudiced person, entertain serious doubts, yea, more than doubts, of the good effects of the unlimited diffusion of such pamphlets as the vaunted "Discourse" attributed to Mr. Brougham, on "the advantages and pleasures of science," and of the corresponding measure of setting up two great Universities in the metropolis of a commercial nation; one of which, (if the sentiments of the pamphlet in question are to be taken as those of the originators of the general education scheme,) takes the trading and mechanical orders under its especial patronage, and duly bewailing their lack of science and philosophy, holds out to them in language about as fulsome, and scarcely as satisfactory, as the eloquence of a recruiting sergeant, the brightest prospects and most pleasing hopes from the acquisition of "useful knowledge," at least in Mechanics' Institutions; but, above all, if they can muster funds to procure a "good education" at the London University.

Well, then, what is the class of persons who are likely to be misled by the new cry about universal education? Not the gentry and persons of the liberal professions; not the wealthy merchants and others who leave property or social advantages to their sons; for these would have given the inheritors of their property or professions an university education of course, and properly so, although no such cry had been raised. It is that numerous class of persons *constantly rising out of the lower orders* by means of their mechanical or trading industry and *practical* skill; it is small traders of plain understanding—substantial men, who being as yet but little acquainted with luxury, have a little money to spare; and having little general knowledge to direct them, are most likely to be set upon and flattered into co-operation by the various schemers and promisers who are ever on the

alert—knowing, needy; mercenary men—men of education, it is probable, but possessing no other recommendation; or else, "amiable enthusiasts," and dreaming philosophers, who, buried in their closets, and ignorant of general life, are ever buoying themselves up with some wonderful plan to mislead the sanguine and unwise, and to increase the evils and multiply the disappointments, to some extent inevitable in civilized life.—Now this is the very sort of persons especially addressed in the celebrated discourse on the advantages and pleasures of science, and by the various puffs of education institutions from the same quarter; and the promised blessings of scientific and literary education are held out and urged upon them and their children, as well as upon all those discontented and longing persons who are ever to be found associated with poverty and the laborious employments.

Let us not be understood, we repeat, as if we meant to depreciate education *as such*, where a liberal education is a rational good, or to wish to check the diffusion of what we think *useful* knowledge—far from it; but we maintain distinctly, that much of the knowledge recommended in Mr. Brougham's "preliminary treatise," and professed to be taught by march-of-intellect societies and the London University, is *not useful* or good for the classes for which it is chiefly designed; and that to represent it to that numerous and industrious and well meaning class, who are themselves unable to judge either of its merits or of its probable effects upon the rising generation, as eminently *useful* and important to them and their sons, and to talk of its *necessity* and what it promises, in the terms usually employed by the puffs of the advocates of indiscriminate education, is to be guilty of downright quackery, and gross delusion, which is only calculated to mislead those to whom it is chiefly addressed; and when it has turned the attention and efforts of its victims away from their honest callings to the study of philosophy, and philology, and pneumatology, and geology, and mineralogy, and meteorology, and pathology, and osteology, and perhaps craniology, and all the ologies and onomies, and ographies, and aulics, and drau-

lies throughout the immense field of science—the result will be a vast amount of labour and time thrown away, or worse, for any purpose of individual tangible good, or substantial advantage, while sour disappointment shall, in a vast majority of instances, have to brood in unavailing regret over the folly of those, who have so zealously employed themselves in cheating individuals of their proper happiness, by an *education* unsuitable to their situation and pursuits in life.

It is very remarkable, that in all the schemes for turning the world upside down—for agrarian liberty and perfectibility, and all that—the charlatans in their generation always begin with the industrious mechanical, or the necessarily *ignorant orders* of society; always begin by making *those* discontented with their condition, by false and unwise representations, and, by stirring up their natural envy, and making them disrespect the orders placed above them in the natural scale of civil society—(who are represented as their oppressors and tyrants). When they have effected this, the demagogues endeavour to inflame the ambition of those whom they have made discontented, to strive to do something or to acquire something, agreeable to the present scheme of the innovator; by means of which he is to step out of his low and miserable condition, and into that of his oppressor and his tyrant, who is of course every thing that is bloated, ignorant, and corrupt. For instance if the demagogue has a religious scheme on his hands, he forthwith calls a meeting or gets to speechify or preach to the lower orders; and informs them that the national church is nothing but a cage of unclean birds, and full of all manner of abomination, and shews them moreover, as clear as the day, that her ministers preach rank and damnable error, and so forth. The man then, may not only get appointed to feed the flock himself—instead of the heterodox pastors of the church of England—from that day forward, (taking care that the flock shall feed him in return, better than ever he was fed in his life) but he shall stir up every other ambitious shoemaker or barber to see further errors and misdoings in their superiors, and

to set about preying also upon the gullible and the ignorant.

The plan of our demagogues of the day is to do the same thing by means of education and science, leaving religion in the meantime to shift for herself, or to creep in by the back door, if she can gain admittance. They have found out that the upper and influential orders of society are grossly ignorant and stupid persons; that from this cause the nation is in a very bad way, that there is no justice or fairness to be expected for any poor man; and that the only plan to remedy all this is to cheapen and facilitate education and “useful knowledge;” to bring it, if possible, within reach of the mass, who are of themselves gaping for it; so that when the working orders and petty traders shall have been made philosophers and learned men; when the application of the benefits of education shall have been reversed, or at least when learning shall have become universal, then the lower orders shall so tread on the heels of the higher, by means of universally diffused knowledge, that the aristocrats shall be forced to become profound philosophers in their own defence. No man of fortune shall hereafter dare to be ignorant of the *truths* of political economy, besides all the aulics and draulics, and onomics whatsoever, as well as the beautiful sciences of spinning jennies and force pumps—much less shall they be tolerated for countenancing the gross and unphilosophical amusements at home of horse racing or hunting, or any gentlemanlike jockeyship, or even any little intriguing abroad at Rome, or Vienna, or Paris, but they must all learn to be profoundly scientific and awfully wise, merely to obtain the countenance and good opinion, or even to rise to the level, of the philosophic mechanics of the nation.

Now we don't mean to contend for a moment that this is not a most excellent and praiseworthy scheme; or to insinuate that there is any thing else than the profoundest knowledge of human nature and society evinced in its concoction. We shall merely present to the understandings of those worthy tradesmen, shopkeepers, and mechanics of all sorts in London and elsewhere, who, moved by the modern

cry of general education, have a mind to make their sons philosophers and learned men, or at least to educate them for making their fortunes in one of the learned professions—a few plain considerations, plentifully backed, if we had room, by examples of the abuses of University education among ourselves in the north, which may at least serve to qualify the extravagant expectations which are apt to be formed from a diffusion of science and philosophy in very many circumstances of life.

Agreeable to the natural wishes of the laborious orders of society to better their condition in life and to *rise*, at least in the persons of their children if not in their own, it is a very common notion in the mind of the tradesman and mechanic, that, however successful he may have been with a knowledge of his business merely, and that species of knowledge of mankind which is accessory to his prosperity *in it*, he would have been still more so had he had *education*; and without knowing at all what education means, in the modern and scholastic sense of the word, or what it either consists of, or implies, he admires it at a distance as some marvellous and unknown good; and hearing it cried up by his betters as including every thing that is valuable and to be admired and sought after, the honest huckster or grocer begins to despise himself, however comfortable and respected in his station, because he lacks this unknown good—he becomes uneasy and discontented, and forthwith resolves (by the special concurrence of his wife)—mechanics' institutions every where stretching out their inviting arms, and a great university being just at hand, his sons in the meantime having received a smattering of scientific ambition in the mechanics' lecture room—to make them gentlemen and great scholars, by giving them “an excellent education.”

This crotchet would never, probably, have entered the old man's head, had the ancient ignorant state of things remained, when mechanics, unless very bright indeed, were not constantly told that knowledge was power; and had few opportunities of wondering at chemical and galvanic experiments; and when none but gentlemen and persons of pro-

perty thought of sending their sons to the great establishments of Oxford, Cambridge, or Eton, or haply when a genius arose he got noticed and partook also of the benefits of an University education. But now, when such pamphlets as the preliminary treatise, &c. &c. tells the honest man that useful knowledge consists of a string of *osophies*, and *ographies*, and *onomies*; the bare names of which would appal any father and son of average stupidity, and when the city of London is now not only to be the great focus of British commercial enterprise, but is to become another Heidelberg or Göttingen; and the banks of the Thames (namely, about Gower-street, or the Strand) is about to become like the banks of the Cam, the classical resort of tradesmen scholars, enjoying the calm delights of divine philosophy and pure reason; and when, in consequence, every ambitious hair-dresser, butcher, or enlightened green-grocer, in our honest hucksterman's neighbourhood, begins (as is the case at this moment to a foolish extent in some parts of Scotland) to stint himself in the comforts of his Sunday's dinner, and to starve the rest of his family, to make one or more of his sons philosophers and gentlemen, by sending them a few years to Mechanics' Institutions and the London University—why should not *he* do the same? for, says he to his favourite son or sons, I have myself been a hard working man, yet have I very little money to leave among so many of you; but I will give you a learned education, and that will be better to you than a fortune.

Accordingly, the schoolmaster who is abroad and waiting for his prey, gets a catch of two or three of the honest man's sons, and after making them miserable for some years by threshing Latin and all manner of *humanity*, as the Scotch call it, into their huckster skulls, and embuing their minds deeply with the classical beauties of the ancient mythology and heathen religion, and making them intimate with the delicate loves of the gods and goddesses, and all the edifying learning of the Pantheon, they are then drafted to the University at the farther end of the town; and if not kept hammering at Greek verbs for two or three years, they at least learn,

if tractable, all manner of philosophy within and without the college; and now the favourite son comes home, a very different sort of youth at eighteen or nineteen, from what his father was before him.

Now, during the time the youths are at the University, if the father is a considerate man, he is mightily puzzled what his sons are to do with all this learning when they have got it; and if he and his wife are very ignorant of the world out of their own sphere, as the good folks are likely to be, they are quite at a non-plus to decide to which of the three learned professions their several sons ought to be reared, so as they may become the greatest characters. Were his sons to be brought up as he was himself, and were it not for the march of intellect and philosophy, he would have little difficulty; for his eldest son should have been trained to succeed him in his own business, and a very good business he has made it, his second son should have been put apprentice to his friend, Mr. Last, the bootmaker, and Mr. Last is a respected comfortable man; and as for his third son, Mr. Knott, the joiner, had long bespoke him for an apprentice, had he not been designed for a great man—and Mr. Knott's is a good business, as times go—but as he had been at the expense of an University education, whereby his sons would be placed far above these low trades, and are destined for great things, the only question is, according to the number of sons the old man has devoted to these great prospects, in which of the learned professions they are to commence their career.

In this dilemma the honest tradesman naturally has recourse to his wife, who soon, like the dames in the same circumstances in Scotland and Ireland, decides that the favourite boy shall be a clergyman; for she sees in him the promise of great abilities which are sure to bring him forward—she insists that they have as good a right to have a son *educating* for a clergyman of some sort, as her neighbour, Mr. Felt, the hatter, has; and reminds her husband that the rector has an income of above a thousand a-year, and that many a bishop has less talent than her son evidently has. If the next

son is designed for a surgeon or physician, there are not wanting examples to flatter ignorant ambition, from the lowest London quack up to Sir Henry Hallford or John Abernethy; and if the law is to be the career in which the young victim of indiscriminate education is destined to figure, what may not be done by a *good education*, and the lord chancellor's chair, even in far perspective, is a thing greatly to be desired and worthy to be sought.

But it is not until the sons have returned home with all their education on their heads; after, by the indulgence of these imaginings, the conferring of it has been the means of draining the honest man's pockets, and probably of cramping the resources and hindering the prosperity of his trade—that the old folks will find out their delusion. As to the profession of clergyman, the old man, as well as the sanguine youth, will find, to their simple astonishment, that the churches are not waiting without ministers until he has finished his education, and that all the youth's Greek verbs, and his deep knowledge of things that his parents never heard of, will avail him nothing; for, however anxious Mr. Last, the shoemaker, or Mr. Knott, the joiner, might once have been to obtain his services in their respective trades, the church is not at all waiting in anxiety to obtain his ministrations; and that, in short, although his father's interest as a tradesman is considerable with persons like himself, and is a thing of which he is justly proud, the old man finds that he has not the slightest interest, or even knowledge, how to get his son put forward in that line of life for which he has unfortunately educated him.

If the man has educated his son for the medical profession, or for the law, he will find his hopes frustrated from the same cause; for, although the youth may set himself down and linger on as a poor surgeon, or a still poorer barrister, there is that in the constitution of civil society, and particularly in English society, which makes it indispensable to the success of those who are intended for the genteel professions, their obtaining or possessing, besides the necessary education, certain other advantages

of introduction and influence in the sphere of life where their services, as educated men, are chiefly required. Of this important fact our worthy tradesman is likely to be totally ignorant, from the ignorance of the upper world usual in his class; or, what glimpses of the suspicion of it may have come across him, are likely to be borne down by the clamorous promises and pretensions puffed off by the advocates of modern indiscriminate education.

If the son of our excellent huckster, green-grocer, pork-butcher, or pye-baker, should happen to be trained up by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, he is educated at the London University *for nothing at all*, but merely for a great man, a philosopher, and what not, a man of great learning and ready to make a great figure—another Richard Arkwright, or James Watt, or Benjamin Franklin; or perhaps he is to be nothing but a fine poet, like Akenside, or Kirke White, (who were butchers' boys, and carried the basket); or like Shakespeare himself, who, following at first his father's trade, used to kill a calf "in high style," according to Aubrey, and make an oration over the carcass when he had done. Good speed—he has got education! What the deuce more would he have? Let those who have got *education* now turn Arkwrights and Kirke Whites as fast as they can. What the mischief more would they have their fathers to do for them, but to give them the best of educations? and why don't they go and make their fortunes at once? What is their very expensive education good for, if they don't set about becoming great men?—if they can't go and invent some steam-engine, or some gas, or even some machine for fattening bullocks, or for multiplying lambs, and rams, or their dams, if it were only by some algebraical discovery—or "the differential calculus?" If they don't do something of this kind, as Burns asks—what serves their grammars?

"Better hae gien them spades or shoofs,  
Or knapping hammers."

But the truth—the melancholy delusion soon comes with sad conviction upon the astonished father, and the disappointed and disheartened son. The young Parson finds

that a pair of lawn sleeves, although within the reach of the *possibility* implied in the chances of one to fifty thousand, are not at all generally designed by nature for the sons of small tradesmen, and that even a curacy of fifty pounds per annum. may be waited for by this learned individual for an average period of ten years, or, perhaps, forty—if tradesmen should henceforth run much upon this splendid race of ambition;—and as for the surgeon, We do not deny but he may pick up twenty or thirty pounds a year by wheedling the wives of his father's acquaintances, and working his hand into obstetric jobs; or even if a war break out, he might fall gloriously in some foreign land as a fourteenth surgeon's-mate;—but, as for the lawyer! if he is really a barrister, and an esquire of the Temple, and is not a common attorney and a fox by profession—good God! what a fate awaits him! wig, and gown and all! if interest has not opened a door for the display of his abilities, and if talents, real and surpassing, happen not to be inherited from his vulgar father to second the united advantages of education and influential interest. It were better for that man that he had never heard of Gower Street, or of the glories of universal education. The very smell of his father's bacon or cheese-shop, vulgar as it is, will be a refreshment to him to think of, while starving about the purlieu of the Temple; or hungering and thirsting, waiting for a reporting job in the gallery of the House of Commons.

As to the mere scholar, who has received a first-rate *education*, and either knows Greek or Philosophy, or both, and whose mind is enlarged and his faculties cultivated by useful knowledge, we know no reason whatever why he shouldn't become a great man and turn his knowledge to account, as was intended. We know no reason upon earth why he should not invent an engine for brushing shoes or polishing grates by the pressure of the atmosphere, or why he might not contrive an admirable machine for opening oysters—to the great saving of manipulation, (or rather womanipulation) and the sending of all the oyster-women to the parish, (and a blessed bargain

they would be to the churchwardens!) Unquestionably our philosopher, if he set seriously about it, and if he spend any sum, supposable from two hundred pounds to two thousand, upon his various failures, might at length, in the course of a few years, succeed in making something which might be successful, and he might even obtain a premium of *five guineas* from the Society of Arts for it! We know a carrier's son in the West of Scotland, who received a liberal education in the College of Glasgow, who, having an extraordinary genius *for something*, (what it was has not been discovered as yet) after hanging about his father's house for several years, on his return from college, employed in strenuous idleness, reading philosophy, and keeping the place in a litter with all manner of marred machinery, the laughing stock of all the brass-founders, and blacksmiths, and wood-turners in the neighbourhood, besides vexing the hearts of his parents with a little occasional black-guarding o' nights, which he had learned at college, actually made a piano-forte with his own hands, which may be seen to this day! To be sure, the piano, when it *was* made, had a sound that would make Mr. Cramer run from the west of Scotland in a fright, should he ever go down to that most savage region, and cost in time and money more than two of Mr. Clementi's best would have done—but the achievement only shows what a carter's son may do by the force of his genius if his father can only give him an University education.

As for Chemistry and Natural Philosophy! good faith! what a field is open to any butcher, or baker, or linen-draper's ingenious son, who has received a liberal philosophical education! What wonders may he not do in the course of ten years after leaving college, with all the gases, and acids, and alkalis, and minerals, and fossils, at his command. If his father can only allow him the use of a spare room for his pots and pans, and crucibles and retorts, and give him twenty or thirty pounds every few weeks to lay out in the purchase of chemical apparatus, and materials to make his experiments, it is impossible to say how

much philosophy may be benefited by his discoveries. He may extract some wonderfully precious elixir out of certain unsavory materials, of the name of which it would be judicious to keep the swallowers of the preparation in ignorance;—he may discover a mode of sweetening his mother's tea by means of some combination of acids and alkalis, or of hydrogen and nitrogen, or some other *gen*, to the great rejoicing of the black emancipator, and the ruin of the West India Colonies. He may, like Swift's philosophic academicians of the Island of Laputa, discover a method of washing the heads of asses, (bless the mark!) and saving the soap. He may extract sunbeams out of a cucumber, and bottle them up; and who knows what he may not discover, if his father can afford to keep him at philosophy, which is the only thing he will be good for, and give him a few hundreds a-year for any length of time, for his expenses, should he not in the meanwhile set the house on fire in the course of his operations with the inflammable gases, or poison one or two of the younger children—who, with a philosophical curiosity, might get into his laboratory, and swallow the contents of one of his numerous bottles.

But if his father should get tired of this sort of thing, and become stubborn, and insist upon having his own way, and in spite of his mother's entreaties and the lad's philosophy, degrade the grown-up youth and his enlarged mind, by sending him, after all, apprentice to a joiner, a cabinet-maker, a baker, or a tailor, (and they are all good and respectable trades) it is impossible to say what his philosophical education may not enable him to achieve; for, as he, from his fine education, will disdain, and has not patience to earn his living, or make money, in the usual laborious, plodding way, he, as a baker, will be likely to raise himself to fame or the gallows, by poisoning us in our bread, according to the newest and most undetectable discoveries in chemistry. And as for him in his career as a joiner or cabinet-maker, if he be a dull matter-of-fact man, a mere mechanic and calculator, so that the metaphysical and philosophical part of his edu-

cation happens to be well kept down by the mathematical, this latter science may be of occasional use to him; but if he is at all *bright*—if he imagines himself a genius—he will either kick the plane and the plummet to the dogs, or he will ruin himself by some scheming discovery;—disdaining to erect a building, brick upon brick, and stone upon stone, according to the old-fashioned laws of gravity which Sir Isaac Newton discovered one windy day by the falling of the apples, he will, no doubt, find out a mode of building, beginning at the roof, and working downwards, like our philosophic friend of Lagoda, who didn't, however, live upon "this dim spot that men call earth," but upon some island that flies somewhere about in *empty* space.

But as for the man of science and university education, turning tailor—although a tailor is a profitable trade, and greatly admired and envied of all staving scholars—perhaps the thing is hardly possible, until it is too late; but admitting its physical possibility merely for the sake of argument, we are really at fault, for we cannot tell his honest father exactly what his university education is good for to him, in the exercise of that worshipful profession. At least our tailor's education we would not consider as *finished*, although he had run the gauntlet of all the professors at Gower-street, unless he had, in addition, a few years' practice in the model-rooms of the Royal Academy, as a draughtsman, studying the human figure, with which it is indispensable that he should be intimately acquainted. Upon the same principle, namely, merely the necessity for a proper *education*, we would recommend all persons who mean to make their sons *painters*, to put the aspiring youth apprentice to a *tailor*, in order that he may have a proper understanding of drapery, for we could easily shew (if the thing required a moment's argument,) how necessary a just knowledge of tailoring upon scientific principles, is to the making of a great artist. At least we could give much more creditable reasons for a painter learning the tailor's trade, than for the tailor learning Greek, or Aristotle's philosophy; and, whatever others may do, we would sooner trust our heads with a barber who had studied

craniology, or even pneumatology, than our persons to the decoration of a tailor who was deep in trigonometry and the conic sections. We cannot help again thinking of Captain Gulliver at Laputa; and how he, on his arrival, naturally sent for a tailor to get measured for a suit of clothes. But the tailor, as the story has it, being a man of science, instead of a tape with inches, &c. marked thereon, or a strip of parchment or brown paper whereon to *nick* out our traveller's shape, brings forth a quadrant, and, placing the captain between himself and the sun, (or the moon,) takes his altitude *upon scientific principles*; then, having with a pair of compasses divided him into quarters, and measured his angles according to mathematical rules, and calculated the whole by means of algebra, he goes home to make the clothes. However, it turns out, as the reader knows, that our scientific tailor spoils the captain's clothes, by various mistakes in his calculations, (in much the same way as the great Huskisson spoils the trade of Britain, *by his calculations*;) and the poor man is obliged to lie in bed for two or three days, while the philosophic tailor alters and re-alter the clothes, which are at length sent home abominably ill-made, and out of all shape.

And is all this matter of fact?—Have we experience for it? or is it merely a flourish of rhetoric dashed off for the invidious purpose of discouraging the new thirst for knowledge, and checking the modern march of intellect; at which every friend of his species ought to rejoice? No, it is no empty flourish of the pen; it is matter of certain fact and experience too, for which we could flourish off cases, and examples, and details, with names and references tacked to them, if necessary, from the experience of many worthy persons in that learned country, Scotland, to an extent that would of itself fill a volume, such as would make our honest and consistent English citizen stare when the sanguine fit is off him. It is no mere imagination of ours, that a cry of education, such as is now abroad in England, and the setting up of Universities, has long ago had the effect, in Scotland, of filling thousands of the common people, already comfortable and useful as they could well



be, with a spurious and irrational ambition, to the overrunning of society with a brood of poor scholars, to the breaking the hearts of many of the old, and entailing unnatural misery on many of the young, from depressing yet unavoidable disappointment. Honest Mr. Bull has it constantly dinned in his ears, what a superior sort of people are the Scotch; how learned and intelligent they are, how many great men they produce, &c.; and that all this is the effect of their cheap and excellent education. But while Mr. Bull hears much of a few Scotch clergymen and others making a figure, and rising out of the lower orders, perhaps he never hears of the vast numbers of broken-spirited scholars there are, wandering every where seeking employment, and wearying their lives out as poor teachers, ushers, tutors, &c., which makes the pitiable men called in the north, *sticked ministers*, so numerous as to form a class of themselves; while education, in some districts, is cheapened to the merest penury, and learned men are as numerous as and poorly paid as Irish labourers. It is no imaginary picture we draw, for it is well known that in many parts of Scotland, every poor man influenced by the same popular cry and ignorant ambition, and every man also who is able to make a little shew in mercantile life, who

has a favourite or two among his sons, in spite of the examples of its folly which on every hand stare him in the face, pinches his family, and inconveniences himself in his trade, and does himself and the rest of his children injustice, to give the favourite an university education, which is of no manner of use to the young man, if he is immediately after brought into the counting-house; and if in a lower grade of life, is in general highly injurious; and many a pathetic story could we relate of the heartless lives, and wretched ends of poor lads thus taken out of their natural spheres, and away from their legitimate employments, and driven about the world soured and disappointed *scholars*, until some, that we could name, having during the late war, enlisted at length in despair as common soldiers, fell, gloriously no doubt, a-campaigning on the continent; while their broken-hearted parents at home never could understand how it was that so much education, and so many talents as they had once seen in their poor boy, should have ended so singularly unfortunate.

But we find this subject would carry us farther than our limits would allow of, and must reserve what we have further to say in the way of meeting objections, &c., to a future opportunity.

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#### CHURCH-BELLS, HEARD AT EVENING.

O MELANCHOLY bells, who toll the way

To dusty death!

O damp, green, grassy churchyard—mounds of clay,  
Arched inwards by grey bones, which once, (men say),

Were moved by breath!

O never seek I *ye*, when the summer day

Is past and flown;

But rather do I wander far away,  
Where'er kind voices sound, or children play;

Or love is known:

By some friend's quiet heart! where gentle words

Unsought are won;

'Mongst cheerful music sweet of morning birds,  
Or list to lowings deep of distant herds,  
At set of sun!

Where nature breathes or blossoms—sweet thoughts rise—

Or rivers run—

Where'er Life's sunny summer spirit flies—

There let me be, until *my* spirit dies,

And all is done!

## THE UNEARTHLY WITNESS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

SIR,

WITH regard to the story which has reached you of the late consternation caused at Castle Gower, by the return of William Tibbers from the grave, and the events following on that phenomenon, I am without doubt enabled to write you at great length. And if a man is allowed to take the evidence of his own senses, I am entitled to vouch for the truth of a part of my narrative.

You knew Mr. William Tibbers, at least I remember of your having met with him. He was a man of that specious cast, of that calm reasoning demeanour, that he had great influence with all the gentlemen of the county, and could have carried any public measure almost that he pleased among them, so purely disinterested did all his motives and arguments appear. He was employed by them all, as a factor, a valuator, a land-letter, and an umpire in all debates. And then such general satisfaction he gave in all cases. O, there was no man like old Willie Tibbers! He was quite a public benefit to the country, and a credit to the class to which he belonged.

So far, so well. This was the opinion of the gentlemen concerning him, at least of all, save one or two, and their shakes of the head, and hems and haws, were quite drowned in the general buzz of approbation. But the sentiments of the common people relating to him differed widely from those of their superiors. They detested him; accounting him a hollow-hearted deceitful person; an extortioner, and one who stuck at no means, provided he could attain his own selfish purposes. They even accused him of some of the worst and most flagrant of crimes heard of among men; and I have heard them say they could prove them. This may, however, have originated in the violence of their prejudices; but there is one thing I know, and there is no worse mark of a man—he was abhorred by his servants, and I do not think one of them would ever have staid a second season with him for double wages. Such was the man, of whose fate you are pleased to enquire, and

of whose singular destinies I am now to give you an account.

When the good Sir John died, Mr. Tibbers was chosen by the relatives as acting trustee or factor, on the estate of which he got his will, for the young baronet was abroad in the army; and the rest of the trustees, knowing the late Sir John's embarrassments, cared not to trouble their heads much about it. And, in short, after an alteration of six or seven years, between the young laird and the old factor, the estate was declared bankrupt, and sold, and William Tibbers became the purchaser of the best part of it. The common people of our district made a terrible outcry about this; but the thing was not so extraordinary after all. It is rather a common occurrence for the factor to become the laird, and I know six or seven very prominent instances of it as having occurred in my own remembrance.

But the young baronet was neither to be holden nor bound. He came home in a great rage to expose the factor and get him hanged, and reverse all the sales of his father's property. As a prelude to this bold undertaking, he summoned a meeting of the friends and trustees of the family, before whom appeared the calm and specious William Tibbers. But the fury, the extravagance, and the utter defiance contained in the young soldier's accusations, had no weight when laid in the balance against the calm and strong reasoning of Tibbers, who concluded every statement by regretting, with tears, that the case was so, but he made it plain to them that it could not be otherwise. The friends only smiled at the indignation of the young baronet; but acquitted, on every charge, their respected friend, Mr. Tibbers. This decision drove the young soldier beyond all bounds. He threatened his ruinator with the High Court of Justiciary, of which Tibbers highly approved. He threatened him with every sort of vengeance which it is possible for one to inflict on another; and, finally, with a flogging every day when they met, until he should render him up his just rights.

This last threat the soldier was not

long in putting in execution, for no sooner had they left the court, than he began and gave him a good lashing with his hunting-whip, cursing him most potently all the while. Tibbers replied to all with a grin of despite, and these words, "O, how sweetly you shall repent of this!" He flogged him afterwards at the market of our county town, and another time at church, or at least on the way from it; on both of which times Tibbers resisted unto blood, which was fine diversion for the soldier, and made him double his stripes.

The country gentlemen deprecated these outrages in unmeasured terms, and said it was a shame to see an old man maltreated in that manner, and that this young bully ought to be legally restrained, for it did not behove that he should be suffered to come among them and take the law into his own hand. Some of them ventured to expostulate with him, but he only sneered at them, and answered, that no body knew how he had been used but himself, and that the old villain had not got one third of what he intended for him as yet; but he hoped he would live to see him hanged, that would be some comfort.

The common people viewed the matter quite in a different light. They were grieved at the violence of the young baronet, who, for his father's sake, was their darling; but it was for his own safety alone that they feared, for they were sure that Tibbers was studying some secret and consummate vengeance upon him. He never in his life, they said, bore a grudge at any one whom he did not ruin; and yet the deed never appeared to proceed from him, and never had he got such cause of offence as from the young baronet. Their predictions were too soon fulfilled, though, in all probability, not in the way Tibbers premeditated. At this time an event happened, which seems to have changed the vantage ground of the parties in a very particular manner.

Here there is a great hole in the ballad, as the old singers were wont to say. My narrative must grow confused, because the real events are not known to me, nor, as far as I can gather, to mortal man. All that was certainly known, is as follows:—

The soldier, who had been watching his opportunity, nay, straining

every nerve to discover something that would show the man in his true colours, now gained his purpose. He discovered him in some deadly crime, with full proof of its commission; of this there is no doubt. But what that crime was, or whether committed at that time or on a former day, I declare I know not. Reports were various and contradictory. It was said, and believed, that the young baronet got his cue from a man who had once been a servant with Tibbers, and that he followed it out with such persistency, as to watch his enemy night and day till he made the discovery he wanted. I have examined this man oftener than once, and though he admits that "he has a sayan guid guess" what the offence was with which the captain charged Tibbers, he will not so much as give a hint concerning it; but, on the contrary, always try to mislead from one thing to another. This then is the first great blank in the narrative, for I dare not even mention some of the reports that were current among the common people.

But one day, as Tibbers was standing among his harvest workers, the young baronet and Mr. Alexander McGill, a friend of his, and a relation of my own, came briskly up to him on foot. He, suspecting some new outrage, drew close to his work-people, and thus addressed his determined persecutor, "You had better refrain from any of your mad pranks to-day, spark; else, depend on it, I have those about me, will chastise you."

"I don't regard these a pin," returned he; "but I am come to-day with a different intention, namely, to make you a full and final recompense for all the favours you have so liberally bestowed upon my late father and me."

"I have never done ought either to you or your father which the laws of my country will not support me in," said he; "and while I have the law on my side, I defy you, and will yet revisit all your outrages upon your head seven-fold."

"O, it is a noble thing, the law of our country," exclaimed the soldier; "it is that which protects the innocent against the fangs of the oppressor, and bestows the due awards of justice on the villain and the wretch. And now to that blessed and infallible establishment I cheer-

fully resign you, old fellow. I have you on the hip now, and may honour blast my name if I do not follow up my advantage till I see you strapp'd like a worrying colley!"

The young baronet then with a face of the most inveterate exultation, stepped forward, and in an under voice informed Mr. Tibbers of something, appealing to M'Gill as a witness. The old fellow drew himself up with a shiver that shook his whole frame; his countenance changed into the blue and pallid hue of death, his jaws fell down, and his whole frame became rigid, and there he stood gazing on his accusers as if in the phrenzy of despair, until the malignant turned on his heel, and desired his humbled enemy to go to dinner with what stomach he had.

This scene was witnessed by twenty people, although none of them heard the accusation. Tibbers spoke not a word; his spirit shrunk within him like that of a man going to execution. He drew his cloak closer about him, and hasted home to his house, in which were none but his two daughters. When there, he threw himself upon the bed, and exclaimed, "O, girls, I am ruined, I am ruined! I am gone! gone! gone! I am ruined and undone for ever, and you are ruined and undone for ever! We must fly from our country this night, this very night, or hide our faces where they can never be seen again! O death, death! I dare not cross your dark threshold of my own accord! And yet I would hide me in the depths of the grave."

In this way he continued raving on till towards the evening, and, as the girls declared afterwards, would tell them nothing, save that they were all three undone. At night he sent express for his attorney, who had conducted all his legal business, knew his parents, and was suspected to be even a greater villain than himself. The two consulted together the whole night, counted over a great deal of money, and early the next morning set off for the county town. The young baronet and Mr. M'Gill followed some hours after, as Tibbers well knew they would, to deliver him up into the hands of justice. But he was before hand with them for that day, for when they arrived none of

the functionaries were to be found, and nothing could be done.

Tibbers must now have been put to his last shift; for it was perceived, that when the two gentlemen went up to the sheriff's house, that Tibbers was watching them; and as they returned disappointed, he immediately made up to them and desired to speak with them. At first, they looked at him with disdain, mixed with abhorrence, as men look upon a reptile; but on hearing what he said, they retired with him into an angle of the church which stands in the middle of the main street, where all the three stood debating for nearly an hour. There were hundreds of eyes saw this; for it was market-day, and all their motions were well remembered afterwards. They were manifestly entering into some agreement, for it was noted that the fiery and impatient soldier, after turning several times on his heel, as if to go away, at length held out his hand to Tibbers, which the latter, after a good deal of hesitation, struck, as people do on concluding a bargain. They went through the same motion a second and a third time, and then it appeared that the agreement was settled, for all the three went away together towards the river which runs not above two bow-shots from the spot where they were standing. They were seen to go all three into a boat by some people who were at that instant crossing the ferry to the market. The boat had a sail, and was managed by two seamen whom none of the party knew, and she immediately bore down the river before the wind.

I have been the more minute in those particulars, because they are the only ones known on which positive conjectures could be grounded. It was judged probable by those who witnessed the transaction, that, in order to get quit of the young man's insolence and upbraidings, Tibbers might have proffered him a good part of his father's estate again, in order to enjoy the rest in tranquillity. But then these people knew nothing of the hideous discovery made, and which it is quite manifest could not then, nor ever after, have been revealed. But what strengthened the people's conjecture most, was this. The sheriff was known to be that

day down at the village on the quay, five miles below the town, taking evidence on some disputed goods, and the greyhounds and terriers of the law along with him; and it was thought that, in order to strike the iron while it was hot, the parties had gone down forthwith to have their agreement ratified.

They did not, however, call either on the sheriff or any of the writers, nor has the young baronet or his friend ever been more heard of, either alive or dead, unto this day. Their horses remained at the hotel, which created some alarm; but no person could perceive any danger to which the young gentleman could have been exposed. At what time Tibbers returned to his own house, was not known; but it was nearly a week before he was discovered there, and then so frightfully altered was he in his appearance, that scarcely any person could have recognised him for the same man. He had, moreover, a number of wounds upon him. Strong suspicions were raised against him. The common people were clamorous beyond measure; and the consequence was, that he was seized and examined, but nothing could be made out against him to warrant his commitment. In his declaration, he stated, that he had bribed the young man with almost every farthing he himself was worth, to go once more abroad, and not to return to Scotland again during his (Mr. Tibbers's) life, and that he had gone accordingly. He stated farther, that he had gone and seen him aboard before paying him the money, and that Alexander M'Gill was with him when he left him; whether he went abroad with him he could not tell; but they had plenty of money to carry them both to any part of the known world.

There was a plausibility in this statement, as there was in every statement that Tibbers made. Still it was far from being satisfactory to the friends of the young gentleman. He could neither tell the name of the ship nor the name of the captain with whom they sailed, but pretended that they made choice of the vessel themselves; and he took no heed to either the ship or the master. A reward was offered for the discovery of the two boatmen. They were

never discovered; and with this vague statement and suspicious detail of circumstances, people were obliged to rest satisfied for the present, presuming, that in the common course of events, the darkest shades in which they were involved would be brought to light.

They never have as yet been disclosed by any of those common concatenations of circumstances which so often add infallibly to the truth. But the hand of the Almighty, whose eye never either slumbers or sleeps, was manifestly extended to punish William Tibbers, though for what crime or crimes I dare not infer. The man became a terror to himself and to all who beheld him; and certainly, if he was not haunted, as the people said, by a ghost, or some vengeful spirit, he was haunted by an evil conscience, whose persecutions were even more horrible to endure. There were two men hired to watch with him every night, and his cries during that season were often dreadful to hear. These men did sometimes speak of sayings that tended to criminate him, more ways than one; but the words of a person in that state of excitement, or rather derangement, no man can lay hold of. By day he was composed, and walked about by himself, and sometimes made a point of attending to his secular concerns. But wherever he showed his face, all were struck with dumb amazement, an indefinable feeling of terror which words cannot describe. It was as if a cold tremor had seized on the vitals, and frozen up the genial currents of their souls. He was a Magur-missabub; an alien in the walks of humanity from whom the spirits of the living revolted, and the spirits of the dead attached themselves.

But one day it so happened that this man of horrors was missing, and could no where be found; nor could any one be found who had seen him, save a crazy old woman, named Bessy Rieves, and of her account the keepers could make nothing.

"Did you see aught of our master going this way, Bessy?"

"Aye, aye! the dead tells nae tales, or there wad be plenty o' news o' Willie Tibbers, the day. There wad be a sister an' a daughter, a ba-

ronet and a young gentleman, an' a poor harmless gardener-lad into the bargain; a' huddled out o' sight to hide the crimes o' ane! Aye, aye, the grave's a good silencer for tell-tales, an' a deposite for secrets that winna keep; but a voice may come frae the grave, an' a lesson frae the depths of the sea to teach the sinner his errors. I saw Willie Tibbers; an' I saw a' thae waitin' on him. He's in braw company the day! But he had better be in the lions' den or on the mountains of the leopards. Aye, he had better hae been in the claws o' the teegar than in yon bonny company. The pains o' the body are naething, but it is an awfu' thing to hae the soul sawn asunder! Ye may gang up the hill an' down the hill, ower the hill an' roun' the hill, but ye'll never find the poor castaway that gate. Gang ye to M'Arrow's grave the night, and note the exact spot that the moon rises at; and when ye gang there ye will either find Willie Tibbers or ane unco like him."

The men took no notice of this raving, but continued the search; and all the domestics and retainers of the family were soon scattered over the country, and sought till the next night, but found nothing. That night the words of daft Bessy came to be discussed, and some of those present judged it worth while to take a note of the place, which they did. But M'Arrow's grave being on the top of the little hill behind the manse that bears his name, the rising of the moon was so distant that they said Mr. Tibbers could not, without wings, have travelled to that spot. Yet, incredible as it may appear to you, nearly about that spot was Tibbers's body found, but so distorted and bloated that but for the clothes no one could have recognized it. I request you to pay particular attention to this. About forty-six miles from his own house, in the county adjoining ours to the southward, and on the lands of Easter Tulloch, there was a body found, which was clothed in Mr. Tibbers's apparel from crown to toe; but farther than this, no man could depose, or even say that there was a likeness between the body found and the one lost. However, the body was taken home and interred as the body of William Tibbers, and his two handsome daugh-

ters were declared joint heiresses of his property and great wealth.

The astonishment that now reigned among the country people was extreme, and the saying of old crazy Betty Rieves caused the most amazement of all; and it was averred, without a dissenting voice, that spirits had carried off Willie Tibbers through the air, and tortured him to death, and strange lights were reported to have been seen that day he was lost; but you may conceive how this amazement was magnified, when, immediately subsequent to these alarms, it was as confidently reported that the ghost of Tibbers walked, and had been seen and spoke with about his late habitation!

I never remember of any sensation like the one that prevailed in our district at that period. I had lived to see the war come to our doors, our chapel burnt, and our cattle driven off with impunity; but the consternation then was not half so great as at the period of which I am writing. I preached against it, I prayed publicly that the Almighty would moderate it; yet I thought that all this only made matters the worse. People actually left off their necessary labour, and gathered in crowds to gape, stare, talk, and listen about ghosts; and of murdered people returning from the grave and the bottom of the sea, to which they had been sunk with a hundred pounds weight of lead at every foot, to wreak the vengeance of God on a monster of humanity.

Matters now went all topsy-turvy at Castle-Gower together. The heir was lost—totally lost; for he had never joined his regiment, nor been heard of at any part; and the next heir of entail arrived from Lower Canada to take possession of the titles and emoluments of the estate. The latter of these was much reduced, for all the land had been of late sold, except the entailed part, and that was considerably burdened. But now that Tibbers was out of the way, he had great hopes of reducing the late sale, and recovering the whole of the family property. Accordingly, an action was raised against the heirs of the late Mr. Tibbers, who defended, and the cause was tried in the High Court of Justiciary, among the records of which you will find it; for I do not know the particulars, and can

only define the feelings that prevailed here.

Mr. Tibbers's two daughters had retired to Edinburgh, to escape the confusion and terror that prevailed at home. They were amiable girls, and as much beloved by the common people as their father was hated. On the other hand, the upstart, Sir Thomas, as he now called himself, was a low-bred, vulgar, and disagreeable person, and was as much hated by the gentry as the commoners; so that the feeling with us was wholly in favour of the two young ladies, and it is amazing what anxiety was manifested on their account. The people said they could not tell whether the defenders' late father had played false in his trusteeship or not. His employers had judged otherwise, and, at all events, the lovely and innocent young girls had no hand in his guilt, but had been tyrannized over all their lives. All parties, however, agreed in this, that if Johnnie Gaskirk, who had acted as attorney for Mr. Tibbers all his lifetime, and knew of every transaction, stood as true to the cause of the daughters as he had always done to that of the father, they were invincible; but if he was bribed to take the other side, all was lost, and of this every one saw the danger; for the other party had been dangling with him and consulting him.

What side Johnnie Gaskirk had resolved to take, will never be known. Probably the one that paid him best, had not an incident happened that turned the scale in favour of his old employer. I know nothing about law, or law terms, and the less, perhaps, the better. But the success of the plea turned eventually on the want of a duplicate of a disposition. The pursuers denied the possession of it, arguing, that the one produced by the counsel of the defenders was a forgery, and the latter could find no proof of its delivery. Three times there were cunning men dispatched all the way from Edinburgh to our county town, 145 miles, to consult Johnnie Gaskirk, but neither of the parties were much the wiser.

One night, however, as Johnnie was sitting alone in his office with all the late Mr. Tibbers's papers before him, comparing dates, and taking notes, who should enter but Mr. Tibbers himself, and that in a guise which

would have struck any man dead, save Johnnie Gaskirk, who seems to have had nerves of steel. But he it considered that this frightful apparition opened the door of the office and came in like another man. It was dressed in the deceased's every-day suit, the same in which the corpse had been found, but its features were what Johnnie called "unco gait!"

"Lord preserve us! Mr. Tibbers!" said Johnnie.

"Amcn! if you be honest," said the apparition, standing straight up with its back to the door, and its eyes turned on the floor.

"Honest, sir?" said Johnnie Gaskirk, hesitating. "Ye ken the folks said that neither you nor I were very singular for honesty. But God be wi' us, Mr. Tibbers, we thought you had been dead, but it seems you have been only in hiding."

"Only in hiding," responded the figure.

"Aye, aye! Ye war ay a queer man a' your days, an' had queer gates," said Johnnie. "But this is the strangest manoeuvre of a'. This alters the case very materially."

"Yes, in so far as that, if you dare to pursue your present plans, I'll hang you;" said the apparition. "That duplicate—Dare you for your neck, for you never set your soul at a farthing's value, deny the subscribing and delivery of that paper in this office?"

"A man may be allowed to forget a thing, ye ken, sir," said Johnnie. "And truly, though I think it natural that there should have been a duplicate, else the transaction wasna worth a doit; yet I canna say that I remember ought about it."

"You do, you dog. It was signed by you and James Anderson, now in Montrose, and given to Mr. Baillie, who now thinks proper to deny it, and who has likely put it out of the way. But your three oaths will prove its existence. If you shuffle and decline doing this, I will first hang you, and then produce the paper in court to the proper authorities."

Having said this, the stern and haggard figure of William Tibbers withdrew, and left his little attorney in an indescribable state. He declared till his death that he was not frightened, believing it to be the real

William Tibbers, but that he was awfully confused and stupid. When he learned, a few minutes thereafter, that the street door had never been opened nor unbolted, then did his flesh begin to creep, his hairs to stand on end, and he knew not what to think. The first idea that then struck him, was that the hideous figure was concealed in his own house, an inmate of whose vicinity he little approved.

The ghost of Tibbers, or himself, continued frequently to be seen; for, till this day, I cannot calculate with certainty, whether it was the one or the other. I certainly would have judged it to have been an apparition, had it not been for the most extraordinary scene that ever was witnessed in this or any other country; and of which I myself was an ear and eye witness, and even that was no decisive proof either ways.—It was as follows:

There were some official men sent from Edinburgh to take a precognition relating to facts before our sheriff, to save expenses to the litigants. Fifty or sixty were summoned that day, but in fact the main evidence depended on the statement of Johnie Gaskirk, and it being that day quite the reverse of all his former statements, and decisive in behalf of the Misses Tibbers, the deputy advocate and the sheriff got both into a high fever at his inconsistency, and persisted in knowing from whence he had got this new light; insomuch, that after a great deal of sharp recrimination, Johnie was obliged to tell them flatly that he had it from very good authority—from Mr. Tibbers himself! They asked him if it was from his ghost: he said he could not tell; he took it for himself at the time. He came into his office and conversed with him, and brought facts clearly to his remembrance.

The sheriff and his conpeers laughed Johnie Gaskirk to scorn; and the pursuers' counsel said they would have none of this dreamy evidence related at second-hand. If the said William Tibbers had any thing of that sort to communicate, he must come into court himself, or answer by his deputy from the other world. The sheriff acquiesced, and granted rule, half out of spite at the equivocation of Johnie Gaskirk. The counsel

wrote out the summons, of the words of which I have an indistinct recollection, weening them at the time a little blasphemous. The name was three times called in court by the proper officer, who then read out the summons aloud. "In the name of God and the King, we their liege subjects and lawful officers, warn, summon, and charge you, William Tibbers, to appear here in court, either in your own person or by proxy, to answer upon oath such questions as may be asked of you."

The man had scarce done bawling or the crowded assembly with laughing at the ludicrous nature of the summons, now had a single remark been made, save one by Johnie Gaskirk, who was just saying to the sheriff, "Ods sir, ye had better hae letten him alane. He was never muckle to lippen to a' his days, and he's less sae now than ever."

Ere this sentence was half said, Tibbers stepped into the witnesses' bench! But such a sight may human eyes never again look on. No corpse risen from the vaults of a charnel house—no departed spirit returning from the valley of terrors, could present a form or a look so appalling. It is impossible to describe it. A shuddering howl of terror pealed through the house. The sheriff, who was well acquainted with Tibbers, flung himself from his seat, and on his hands and knees escaped by the private door, while the incorrigible Johnie Gaskirk called to him to stay and take the witness's evidence.

A scene now ensued, the recollection of which still makes my heart cold. The court-room of our old town-house is ample but ill lighted. It was built in days of old, for a counsel chamber to the kings of Scotland. The entry is dark and narrow, and from the middle of this entry a stair as dark and narrow leads to what is still termed the ladies' gallery. The house was crowded, and the moment the horrid figure made its appearance, the assembly made one simultaneous rush to gain the door. They were instantly heaped above each other to suffocation. Yells and cries of *murder!* resounded from every quarter. The rush from the stair quite overwhelmed those beneath, and trode them to death. Such scenes have been often witnessed, but



never by me; and when the ominous cause was taken into consideration, it was a most impressive and judgment-looking catastrophe. The one half of that numerous assembly were wounded or maimed, many of them for life, and nine were killed outright, so that it was with us a season of lamentation, and mourning, and great wo!

From that hour forth, the apparition of William Tibbers was no more seen on earth, that ever I heard of. But it was the general impression

that it was the devil who appeared that day in court, and wreaked such vengeance on the simple and credulous natives. William Tibbers was indeed a Samson to us, for at this his last appearance, he did us more evil than all the rest of his life. His daughters gained the property, but I cannot say they have enjoyed it. The old adage seems to be realized in their case, that "a narrow gathering gets ay a wide scattering," for their great wealth appears to be melting away like snow from the dike.\*

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• CUI BONO?

WHAT is Hope? a smiling rainbow  
Children follow thro' the wet;  
'Tis not here, still yonder, yonder;  
Never urchin found it yet.

What is Life? a thawing iceboard  
On a sea with sunny shore;—  
Gay we sail; it melts beneath us;  
We are sunk, and seen no more.

What is Man? a foolish baby,  
Fighting fierce for hollow nuts;  
Demanding all, deserving nothing—  
One small grave is what he gets.

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FABLE I.

ONCE upon a time, a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the market-place, "That the world was all turned topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost; that the houses and caith at large, (if they did not mind it,) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last, began objoining, foaming, im-

precating; when a good-natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting *his* position, set him down—on his feet. The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little, "Ha! deuce take it!" cried he, rubbing his eyes, "so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet, then, but I that was standing on my head!"

Censor, *castigator morum*, Radical Reformer, by whatever name thou art called! have a care! especially if thou art getting loud!

PILPAY JUNIOR.

\* The date of the above letter is 1749, and is supposed to have been written by the Rev. R. Walker, of the Episcopal communion, to a brother in office. If so, it must have been from some chapel in Morayshire, for undoubtedly Elgin must be the county town alluded to. The distance from Edinburgh. The ancient town house in the middle of the street, with the village and quay, five miles down the river. All these, with other coinciding circumstances, fully warrant such a supposition. The original letter is directed to The Rev. J—n—n, Carrabluns Close, Edinburgh.

## FABLE II.

"GENTLEMEN," said a conjuror, one fine starry evening, "these heavens are a *deceptio visus*, what you call stars are nothing but fiery motes in the air: wait a little, I will clear them off, and shew you how the matter is." Whereupon the artist produced a long syringe of great force, and, stooping over the neighbouring puddle, filled it with mud and dirty water, which he then squirted with might and main against the zenith. The wiser of the company unfurled their umbrellas; but most part, looking up in triumph,

cried, "down with delusion! it is an age of science! Have we not tallow-lights then?" Here the mud and dirty water fell, and bespattered and beplastered these simple persons, and even put out the eyes of several, so that they never saw the stars any more.

Enlightened Utilitarian, art thou aware that this patent logic-mill of thine, which grindeth with such a clatter, is but a mill?

P. J.

## FABLE III.

"It is I that support this household," said a hen one day to herself, "the master cannot break 'ast without an egg, for he is dyspeptical and would die; and it is I that lay it. And here is this ugly poodle, doing nothing earthly, and gets thrice the victual I do, and is caressed all day! By the cock of Minerva, they shall give me a double portion of oats, or they have eaten their last egg!" But much as she cackled and creaked, the scullion would not give her an extra grain. Whereupon, in dudgeon, she hid her next egg in the dunghill,

and did nothing but cackle and creak all day. The scullion suffered her for a week, then (by order) drew her neck, and purchased other eggs—at sixpence the dozen.

Man! why frettest thou, and whinest thou? This blockhead is happier than thou, and still a blockhead? Ah, sure enough, thy wages are too low! Wilt thou *strike work* with Providence then, and force Him to an "alternative?" Believe it, He will do without thee: *il n'y a point d'homme necessaire*.

P. J.

## FABLE IV.

"WHAT is the use of thee, thou gnarled sapling?" said a young larch-tree to a young oak. "I grow three feet in a year, thou scarcely as many inches; I am straight and taper as a reed, thou straggling and twisted as a loosened withe." "And thy duration," answered the oak, "is some third part of man's life; and I am appointed to flourish for a thousand years. Thou art felled and sawed into paling, where thou rottest and are burned after a single summer: of me are fashioned battle-ships, and I

carry mariners and heroes into unknown seas.

The richer a nature, the harder and slower is its development. Two boys were once of a class in the Edinburgh grammar-school: John ever trim, precise, and dux; Walter ever slovenly, confused, and dolt. In due time, John became Baillie John of Hunter-square; and Walter became Sir Walter Scott of the Universe.

The quickest and completest of all vegetables is the—cabbage.

P. J.

## HON. MRS. NORTON'S "UNDYING ONE."

THE transmission of talent from generation to generation in the Sheridans is really wonderful. There was the Doctor, the friend of Swift, a joking,\* smoking, drinking, jolly pedagogue, a jacobite who lost his living for a jest, a maker of those whimsical verses and crotchets in which schoolmasters, and especially school-master parsons rejoice. It would require an essay of far more elaborate research, and more ample dimensions than we can at present afford, to discuss the causes of the universal bibacity of the tribe of pedagogues, (we never knew one who was not addicted to what Charles Lamb, in a rhyme, more *riche* than *suffisante*, calls

- "Pirking  
The jolly ale firkin.")

and another essay, more learned, but less laborious, would be requisite to explain why the grinders of gerunds, the sweaters of supines, the long and short men *ex officio*, the discussers of aorists and paulo-post-futurums, of dialects, and dochaemics, should, as it were of necessity, when they write, (which of course is but seldom) fall towards quibbles and clenches, macaronic verses, whimsical parodies, odd rhymes, mock poetry of all kinds; and that poetry too, such as it is, uniformly leaning towards personal satire. We pass by, therefore, such speculations, in order to give our adhesion to Lord Cork's character of the Dean's friend. He was a pleasant, good-humoured, gross, funny droll, stimulated by Swift into literature: he played his part as commanded, and buffooned it up to the bent of the wayward and misanthropical mind that called him into the arena of squibbing.

This connexion with Swift seems to have given the literary bias to the family. A hundred years ago, the commentatorial spirit was very rife, and it was considered almost as good

a thing to be acquainted with a great author, as to be one *in propria persona*. It is rather amusing to see how carefully gathered are all Swift's fugitive pieces for instance, and with what a display of zeal the Orrerys and others of "that class and order of argumentators," have written notes *in usum Delphini*, upon the casual pieces of ribaldry that fell from his hand. As Sheridan's name was connected with these poems of the Dean, and as Swift had written an immensity of nonsense about him, the Doctor became at once as one of the classics. Had he existed now, he must have been content with the fame arising from a once-a-year article (and that a queer one,) in some odd magazine—such, for instance, as Fraser's.

His son was a player, lecturer, spouter, &c. When people thought the affairs of the drama worth thinking about, Thomas Sheridan's merits were matter of as deep discussion, and as profitable, as Sir Robert Peel's honesty, or Sir Robert Wilson's independence are made now-a-days. We do not take as much interest in plays as our grandfathers, and occupy ourselves with a different class of mountebanks, whose personation of the parts they play is far clumsier than that of the heroes of the sock and buskin. Many a pleasant volume have we read—all histories of players by the way are pleasant—of the various "wars and battlings" of *this* Sheridan at Smock Alley and elsewhere—and many a stupid critique as to the comparative merits of his Hamlet, or something else, with those of other performers. Pleasant are the memoirs, and stupid the critiques, on one and the same principle, which is, that the actual truth to life makes their memoirs pleasant, and its absence renders all criticism on acting, stupid. Just think, for a moment, of any body you please to mention—Kean—Young—Liston—

\* See, among a thousand similar *testimonia*, that of Mary, the Cookmaid:

"Saunders the man says you are always jesting and mocking; Mary, said he, (one day, as I was mending my master's stocking), My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool," &c.

Harley—O. Smith—Mathews—Grimaldi—Ducrow—Charles Kemble—Macready—Keeley—Power—all clever people—think of any of them, we say, endeavouring to embody Hamlet the Dane. The idea, on reflection, must be given up as absurd, and the criticism thereupon consequent, ridiculous. The best and fairest character of Sheridan is Churchill's, in the *Rosciad*, and we copy it, because Churchill *could* write verse, and, therefore, what he says is worth reading. Yet it is hardly remembered at present: such is the fate of temporary poetry. "He flashed," as Lord Byron says, "the idol of a moment."

"Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,  
As yet unsettled in the ranks of fame.  
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,  
Gives him all merit—this allows him none.  
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,  
Nor, loving praise, rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great:  
His feelings strong, his words enforced with weight,  
Was sheep-faced Quin himself to hear him speak,  
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:  
But step-dame nature, niggard of her grace,  
Deny'd the social powers of voice and face;  
Fixed in one frame of features, glauc of eye,  
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:  
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried  
To form destruction nature hath denied.  
His voice no touch of harmony admits,  
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:  
The two extremes appear like man and wife,  
Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His actions always strong, but sometimes such  
That candour must declare he acts too much.  
Why must impatience fall three paces back?  
Why paces three return to the attack?  
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,  
Unless in motion semicircular?  
Why must the hero with the nailer vie,  
And hurl the close clenched fist on nose or eye?  
In royal John with Philip angry grown,  
I thought he would have knocked poor Davies down.  
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame  
To fight a king so harmless and so tame?

But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;  
And art, by judgment formed, with nature vies.

Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul

Whilst in his own contending passions roll.

View the whole scene—with critic judgment scan,

And then deny his merit if you can.

Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;

When he succeeds the merit's all his own."

Poor Sheridan was a bankrupt in every thing. His theatre failed—his elocution lectures did not succeed—he begged assiduously, but not with any great happiness of mendicancy. And yet his industry deserved a better fate. It is easy to find fault with his pronouncing dictionary—to laugh at such directions as order you to pronounce "bayonet," "bagnet," or "merchant," "marchant," or "suicide," "shooiside," or "pronunciation," "pronunshashun," or "tutelage," "tschootilidzh," &c. &c.; but still, making every allowance and deduction, he may claim the fair merit of having laid the foundation of such a work for the English language, in which his followers, Walker and others, who with the usual gratitude of pilferers, revile those whom they rob, have done little more than make some mechanical improvements, or petty alterations in compliance with the fluctuations of fashionable speech. These fluctuations, never very important, have been rendered of still less moment, by the fixity given by such a publication as Sheridan's dictionary.

His wife wrote various pamphlets in defence of her husband in his thousand and one squabbles—for he was always an ill used gentleman; and committed, we believe, some pieces for the stage. She certainly wrote *Sydney Biddulph* and *Nourjahad*. The former of these novels, if we ever have read it, (a point that is dubious,) we altogether forget. The latter is a pleasant trifle enough, pilfered, we apprehend, from the French. The *spes gregis* of this couple—HAIL! RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN!—His history is sufficiently before the world, but a life of him is still to be written. As for Moore's work, it is mean from beginning to end, and as it ought to be, is now

forgotten. To use the pun of old George IV., he basely attempted the life of his friend. What the spiteful little poet designed in that book, was to depreciate and insult the memory of Sheridan. In the elaborate and tawdry style in which he writes, he hints away every merit poor old Sherry could claim. His wit is declared to be that of a common-place book—his political integrity! (alas, the day!) painted as being no better than it ought to be—his private character is treated with the utmost indignity—all the blots upon his good name, and they were as numerous as the pimples painted by Gillray upon his nose, put in their highest relief—all his good qualities, the veins of nature running through his character, faintly depicted, or absolutely sneered down. The spite of an inferior punster, a second rate diner out, a fifth rate political buffo, against a person who had borne the highest rank in these respective capacities, is visible in every page. The author of M.P., or the Blue Stocking, cannot forgive the author of the *Duenna*;—the tolerated witling of the Whig circle has no bowels of compassion for him who had reached to the very penetralia of that party, and become one of the circle itself. Then Moore had to consult the various antipathies of surviving Whigs, at whose tables he is summoned to feed—to visit with due vengeance the memory of one who had betrayed them in the tenderest point, their jungle for getting hold of place and pay in 1813, when honest Sheridan and honest George Tierney were entrusted by their equally honest friend, the honest Prince Regent, with the task of making *mistakes*; and to cover him with deserved insult for daring to have borrowed, or tried to borrow, money from the tenacious purses of his political associates. This task Moore has duly, as far as in him lay, accomplished, with curious propriety selecting as the vehicle of affront and calumny against the author of the *School for Scandal*, a style of writing which has no parallel in human composition since the days of Lilly the Epaphrast. How Sherry, if he could have revived, would have laughed on finding *his* mind compared to a peacock's tail; and chuckled over tropes and metaphors as incongruously intro-

duced, and as mercilessly mangled as the fine words he has put into the mouth of his own Mrs. Malaprop. A character sentence-making à la Moore, would be in fact a capital butt for a comedy, and in the acting of Liston, would bring down pit, boxes, and gallery, in one inextinguishable roar of laughter.

If we were to write a life of Sherry, we should keep our eyes firmly fixed upon him in the one light—that of a buffoon, a sort of upper order of the Tom D'Urfey school; and with this clue to his character we should find no difficulty in depicting him harmoniously from beginning to end. His struggles, like those of Lazarillo de Tormes, were always directed to the one main point, of obtaining victuals and drink, and, like that eminent hero, he never was scrupulous in the way of coming at his object. The end sanctified the means. Starting in life without a farthing, we find that, without any exertion of the slightest consequence, he lived at the rate of five or six thousand a year for some forty years; that he obtained the command of a great establishment; that he got into parliament, and kept himself there for many years; that he moved among some of the best, or rather the highest, company of England, and that, at his death, he left his family in such a position as to enable them to make connexions with the oldest families of the country. What was the secret of this? As Scott says somewhere, "my harp alone" suffices to raise its master to eminence; so Sheridan could say, "my buffoonery alone" was the talisman he found effectual. He joked, and drank, and sang and wrote songs for the coterie of the prince; he rolled and tumbled in many a tipsy period for the Whigs; he covered, with the shield of his jocular drolleries, the dull cause of his party, and he was caressed, puffed, despised, and starved accordingly. The end of his life makes us think of farmer Flamborough's character of Ephraim Jenkinson, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*—if he had exerted half as much ingenuity in any honest line as he had in scheming and shifting trickery, he might have past through the world honestly, and died a rich man; but then he would have lost the pleasures and the profits of roguery

and buffoonery in the intermediate period.

How he got the money to purchase Drury Lane is a question into which we do not wish to enter, although his *friend*, Moore, gives us hints that are not to be misunderstood, as to one source of Sheridan's revenue in those days. We pause only to remark here on the truly christian spirit displayed by that eminent poet, Mr. Charles Sheridan, towards the biographer. There are some persons among us who might have been so misguided on reading such anecdotes as those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mrs. Sheridan, told in the piquant style of the author of Little's poems, in reference to one's own father, as to have suffered the corruption of our nature so far to have got the better of us, as to have made Moore taste the full benefit of a thong whip, or experience the advantage of discriminating most feelingly the nature of Hoby's manufacture, as applied by us to his seat of honour, up and down St. James's street. Some, we say, might have so misbehaved; but Charles Sheridan prudently, and as became a young gentleman of staid habits and orthodox piety, refrained from proceedings so outrageous and against the laws. Waving, then, all further discussion on the manner *how*;—after Sherry had got possession of Drury Lane, what a glorious picture of shift-making, of scheming, of swindling, of Jeremy Diddling, of joking and humbugging, to avoid payment or raise money—what an encyclopædia of hand to mouth financing, in all its branches, opens immediately before us! The very jests that this one branch of Sheridan's life gave rise to would make a volume equal to the best edition of Joe Miller ever scraped together. The book giving a history of his management would be admirable as a manual for gentlemen living upon the cross—it would be a perfect epic, consistent in its beginning, middle, and end, ever keeping in view the one main action, and the same great hero. A friend of ours used to sport the theory, maintaining it with a great show of probability, and supporting it by a long induction of particulars, that it was Sherry himself who set fire to Drury Lane. We shall not at present go over the proofs

which our friend was in the habit of adducing, but we always considered it to be a touch worthy of Sheridan.

In the biography, that we are now shadowing forth, we should say but little of his parliamentary exertions. In spite of what we hear to the contrary, Sherry never made any great figure in parliament. Nobody could believe him in earnest. It was impossible not to think of Gillray's caricatures; and you would as soon have paid serious attention to Joe Grimaldi, or Charles Mathews, if sitting for the borough of Cock-his-mouth, [a pun of Mathews's own, be it remarkell], he spouted every now and then a fine oration, written by Shiel, or Tom Moore himself, or any other of the persons of Historical Society eloquence. The celebrated oration in the case of Warren Hastings was no more than a flood of flummery. Could he—he, Sheridan, for we must never forget the man, have been sincere in his indignation against any illicit means of raising the wind, except, indeed, so far as his not having any share in the plunder, might have roused his jealousy; or who imagines that he, or any body else, cared a farthing about the Begums, whose case afforded him an opportunity of making certain conundrums that pass for figures of speech? Who dreams that he ever asked whether the persecutions raised against Hastings were just or unjust, or that he gave himself the slightest trouble of investigating the truth of the facts he dressed up, as Moore would say, in all the colours of the peacock's tail? The stories we have of his humbugging the House of Lords, the various "witty passages" in his conduct as a manager of the impeachment, would do honour to Tom Browne, or any of the drolls of the days of Charles—they are sufficient to show that Sheridan looked upon the matter as a thing of party, and to be treated with the usual buffoonery in which it was his *role* to meet such matters.

True, Burke uttered a most magnificent sentence in panegyric of this speech; but it is equally true, that Burke was one of the most double-minded of mankind. He well knew what true oratory was, and we may see, even from the terms of the pane-

gyric, that he was sneering at his friend's rhapsodies, while he was, to vulgar eyes, appearing to extol them; or perhaps he might have considered them good enough for the place in which they were uttered, and thinking with due scorn of the auditory which turned coldly away from his own speeches, that are now considered models of political eloquence, and left him empty benches, while

"He went on refining

And thought of convincing, while they  
thought of dining."

might have taken that method of conveying to them his feeling, that they were best addressed in a style which bears as much resemblance to real eloquence as Britannia ware does to silver. As we pass, we may remark that Parliament had, about the date of Warren Hastings's trial, reached the zenith of its spouting club celebrity; had not Woodfall slipped in and introduced reporting, it is probable, that by this time it would have been a debating society of as much fame, wisdom, and political honesty as the Union at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the defunct Robin Hood.

Now and then Sheridan's dramatic connexion obliged him to follow the clap-trap of the day; his speech on the mutiny of the *Nore*, is a case in point. All that Whiggery could do, could not repress the buoyant exultation of the country over our naval triumphs. The navy was then, and may it ever be so! the favourite of the nation. We were beating every flag of every country off the face of the waters; and Dibdin, honoured be his name! was the true Laureat of England. The theatre, of course, caught the infection, and sea-pieces, sea-songs, sea-allusions, sea-characters, were the order of the night. The manager of our greatest theatre could not avoid inhaling the maritime spirit, and Drury-lane prevailed over Brookes's. The speech on the mutiny was pretty much the same, in tone and manner, like that which he afterwards put into the mouth of Rolla; and just as dramatic and calculated for the effect of the moment. We saw *Pizarro* not long ago, and heard with cold ears and languid attention, that address to the Peruvians, which we remember in former days, ere

"Time had thinned our flowing hair,  
And bent us with his iron hand,"

huzzaining and encoring in all the fervour of our Anti-Gallicanism, when thundered forth *ore rotundo* by John Kemble, on whose like we never shall look again. We fear that the speech in Sheridan's other theatre would have sounded equally stale and unprofitable; it was, however, well timed, and it drew a house.

Nor should we dwell much upon his literature; and least of all should we search with pimping eye into his papers, thence to draw forth the prima-stamina of his thoughts, and to exhibit the inside of his mental workshop. There is, however, one very curious thing connected with Sheridan's literary career. He absolutely wrote nothing whatever for the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life; for the last thirty the compositions he produced, *Pizarro*, the *Forty Thieves*, &c., were mere compilations, and yet they appear to have cost him no small labour, and are in the worst taste. As Wilson Croker says, in his *Familiar Epistles*, it would seem as if in his latter days he was determined to produce plays exactly on the models which in his youth he had ridiculed in the *Critic*. His *Rivals*, his *School for Scandal*, his *Duenna*, were the compositions of his boyhood; his maturer and declining years did not bring forth even a squib worth recollecting. How is this? God forgive us!—but the thought has often flashed across our mind, that Sheridan's early pieces were not *all* his own. We have so high an opinion of his integrity, that it would not be in the slightest degree impaired if we found our suspicions correct; and it would give us rather a more favourable impression of his ingenuity. Let us, however, conclude our brief discussion upon old *Often-er-if-need-be*, by saying, that if we were comparatively silent upon the figure he cut in parliament and the world of letters, we should be most eloquent and minute upon his convivial life, and with graphic pen, describe some of those *notæ cænæque Deum* at Mother Butler's, (the Finish of days gone by,) where we chased away in his company the waning hours of morning over copious libations of brandy and water, and heard from the lips of him, whom the jealousy of Moore

depicts as a common-placer of his jests, more flashes of extemporary wit, more bursts of irresistible humour elicited by the moment than would suffice to set up a score of such laborious pasquinaders as Tom Brown the younger.

My son Tom comes next. We do not remember that Tom wrote any thing,\* but he was a pleasant fellow. The old man's speech in Covent Garden, when standing for Westminster, still rings in our ears—his declaration that he would rather be remembered as the father of Tom Sheridan than as the author of the *School for Scandal*. This was only a clap-trap, as usual, and old Sherry was maudlin moreover, but there was something affecting in its way, in the allusion to Morni, the father of Gaul. It was pleasantly versified by somebody whose name we forget; nor can we, for the lives of us, recollect the lines sufficiently to venture to re-print them. We have a vague reminiscence that the concluding verse was something, as if the poet had said :

"When you see me, quite done, laid all under the table,  
No longer commanding the glad Ha! ha!  
—<sup>My</sup> me kind one exclaim, when no  
Will <sup>There</sup> I am able,  
"No as lies a good fellow—Tom Sherry's  
"papa!"

Some of the ladies of the family were literary—a Mrs. Lefanu, related, we forget in what degree, writes novels, which we have heard are as good as those generally given to the world by A. K. Newman; and Tom's widow has lately published a novel, named "Carwell," a tale of crime and sorrow. This book we have not read, but we understand it contains much matter about the inside of prisons, and displays some intimacy with the science of bill-drawing. The *Literary Gazette* reviewed it favourably; we own however we were struck with the *naïveté* of the critic's wonder, how the fair author should have picked up her knowledge of such matters. Why, Jerdan, man, the lady was Dick Sheridan's

daughter-in-law, and Tom Sheridan's wife.

All this time we have been most ungraciously suffering Mrs. Norton and her pretty poem, the "Undying One," to wait, as it were, in the ante-chamber; but she will forgive us when she finds that we have been occupied in paying our respects to her ancestors, in our usual ceremonious fashion. Mrs. Norton's muse is of a much graver kind than any which dictated *their* works. The grand-daughter of Old Sherry scarcely writes any thing but the deepest pathetic. She has here chosen no less a person than the Wandering Jew, as her hero; and as in Mr. Croly's Salathiel, he is all eloquence and sublimity—so here in the hands of Mrs. Norton he is all for love. In Mrs. Norton's hands, indeed, it would be strange if any body could be otherwise.

In the original story of the Wandering Jew, he is only a cobbler—but those who invented the tale lived before the time when *Childe Harold*, and the rest of that brotherhood, had framed the ideal of heroes. He is no cobbler here, but a Byronian of the purest pattern.

"He stands before her now—and who is he  
Into whose outspread arms confidingly  
She flings her fairy self—Ufflike the forms  
That woo and win a woman's love—the  
storms

Of deep contending passions are not seen  
Darkening the features where they once  
have been,

Nor the bright workings of a generous soul,  
Of feelings half conceal'd, explain the  
whole.

But there is something word-cannot express  
A gloomy, deep, and quiet fixedness;  
A recklessness of all the blows of fate—  
A brow untouch'd by love, undimm'd by  
hate—

As if, in all its stores of crime and care,  
Earth held no suffering now for *him* to bear.  
Yes—all is passionless—the hollow cheek

Those pale thin lips shall never wroathe  
with smiles;

Ev'n now, 'mid joy, unmov'd and sad they  
speak

In spite of all his Linda's winning wiles.  
Yet can we read, what all the rest denies,  
That he *hath* feelings of a mortal birth,

\* We may be mistaken in this: Since the above was written, we have seen, in Lady Charlotte Campbell Bury's "Journal of the Heart," a poem by Tom Sheridan, on the loss of the Saldanha. Of this composition we cannot approve. It is no great matter in itself, and it imitates Tom Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," in manner and rhythm, as basely as Tom Campbell's said *Battle* imitates the Danish song "King Christian;" of which hereafter.



In the wild sorrow of those dark bright eyes,  
Bent on that form—his one dear link to  
earth.

He loves—and he is loved! then what avail  
The scornful words which seek to brand  
with shame?"

To the young lady who flung her  
fairy self into his arms he reveals his  
history. The passage which de-  
scribes the effects of the curse upon  
him is pretty and harmonious.

"I stood awhile, stifling my gasping breath,  
Fearfully gazing on that scene of death:  
Then with a shuddering groan of pain I  
shrouded

My straining eyes, and turn'd, a cower-  
ing worn,  
To either side where grimly death had  
clouded

The image of his Maker in man's form.  
On one low cross a dark and fearful brow,  
On which the dews of death are standing  
now,

Shows black despair:  
And on the other, though the eye be dim,  
And quivering anguish in each stiffening  
limb,

Mercy and hope are there!  
Then rose the wailing sound of woman's  
woe

Appealing unto Heaven,  
And sinners bow'd their heads, and bent  
them low,

And how!d to be forgiven—  
And I glanced madly round—One after one  
They stole away, and I was left alone—  
I—the *Undying One*, in that dim night!  
Oh! words can never tell my soul's  
affright;

The sickening, thrillin', dark, and fainting  
fear

That rose within my breast:—I seem'd to  
hear

A thousand voices round; I could not pray,  
But fled in solitary shame away."

He wanders over the world, as  
Mrs. Norton makes him say, in  
ceaseless grief; but as Mrs. Norton  
makes him do, a very Don Juan  
among the girls. He falls in love  
with Edith, who was

"A light and lovely thing,  
Fair as the opening flower of early spring.  
The deep rose crimson'd in her laughing  
cheek,

And her eyes seem'd without the tongue  
to speak;

Those dark blue glorious orbs!—oh! sum-  
mer skies

Were nothing to the heaven of her eyes.

And then she had a witching art  
To wile all sadness from the heart;

Wild as the half-tamed gazelle,  
She bounded over hill and dell,

Breaking on you when alone  
With her sweet and silvery tone,

Dancing to her gentle lute  
With her light and fairy foot;  
Or to our lone meeting-place  
Stealing slow with gentle pace,  
To hide among the feathery fern;  
And, while waiting her return,  
I wander'd up and down for hours—  
She started from amid the flowers,  
Wild, and fresh, and bright as they,  
To wing again her sportive way."

Edith dies of grief on finding  
that she has married the Wandering  
Jew—and he goes fighting in the  
cause of Liberty—and on the field of  
battle meets a widow of the name of  
Xarifa, singing sadly over her slain  
husband.

"My early and my *only* love, why silent  
dost thou lie,

When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-  
drops in mine eye;

I call thee, but thou answerest not, all  
lonely though I be:

Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and  
rise to comfort me?

"Oh! wake thee—wake thee from thy  
rest upon the tented field:

This faithful breast shall be at once thy  
pillow and thy shield;

If thou hast doubted of its *truth and con-  
stancy before*,

Oh! wake thee now, and it will strive to  
love thee even more," &c. &c.

A short courtship suffices <sup>for her</sup> ~~to~~  
to win over a lady whangs <sup>her</sup> ~~and~~  
much of her only love, and <sup>the</sup> ~~an~~  
ing constancy. Mrs. Norton puts in  
to more flowing verse, the old song of  
"Would you court a fair widow of forty  
years,' &c.

as follows:

"And so it was—our tearful hearts did cling  
And twine together ev'n in sorrowing;

And we became as one—her orphan boy

Lisp'd the word 'Father' as his dark  
eyes gazed,

With their expressive glance of timid joy,  
Into my face, half pleased and half  
amazed.

And we did dwell together, calmly fond  
With our own love, and not a wish beyond."

This lady dies of a broken heart,  
because her husband is in "ceaseless  
woe," leaving him, however, a son,  
who, in due time, gets married. The  
versification of the scene of the bri-  
dal day is very pleasant, and shews  
a good command of language.

"The hall was bright with many-colour'd  
lamps;

The air was peopled with soft happy  
sounds;

And, careless of the dewy midnight damps,  
Young feet were twinkling in the moon-  
lit grounds;

The purple wine was mantling in the cup,  
 And flashing its rich hue upon *their*  
 brows,  
 Who bent with eager lips to quaff it up,  
 And add their laughter to the loud  
 carouse:  
 The merry jest—the superstitious tale—  
 The random question, and the tart  
 reply,  
 Rang on in murmurings confused—till pale  
 The moonlight waned, and left the  
 dawning sky.  
 The light dance ceased—by lips as sweet  
 as thine  
 The word of fond farewell was slowly  
 said;  
 Many departed—many sank supine,  
 With folded arms beneath each heavy  
 head.  
 But still, with every lingering tardy guest  
 The brimming wine-cup circled as  
 before:  
 And still went round the oft-repeated jest,  
 Which with impatient glance the bride-  
 groom bore.—  
 There was a traveller, who chanced to be  
 Invited with this joyous company;  
 And he was telling of the wondrous  
 sights—  
 The popular sports—the strange and wild  
 delights  
 Which in far countries he had heard and  
 seen;  
 And once in Italy, where he had been,  
 How in great ruin'd Rome he heard a  
 strange  
 Wild horrible tale of one who, for a crime  
 Too deadly to relate, might never change,  
 But live undying to the end of time:  
 One who had wandered sadly up and down  
 Through every sunny land and peopled  
 town,  
 With Cain's dark sign deep branded on  
 his brow—  
 A haggard thing of guilt, and want, and  
 woe!—  
 Breathings that seem'd like sobs, so loud  
 they came  
 And chokingly from out my trembling  
 frame,  
 Fill'd up the awful pause which came at  
 length,  
 As if to give his words more horrid  
 strength.  
 And every eye turn'd wonderingly and  
 wild  
 Upon my face, while shudderingly I  
 smiled,  
 And said, 'It is a fearful tale indeed;  
 But one that scarce needs daunt ye,  
 since ye are  
 From the dark fiend whom Heaven such  
 fate decreed,  
 And Rome's imperial ruins, distant far.'  
 More had I said, nor heeded their reply,  
 But that Abdallah met my glance, and  
 rose;—

And on *his* face I fix'd my wandering eye,  
 Which glared, and glared, and glared,  
 and would not close," &c. &c.

The consequence is a quarrel, and  
 the son leaves him. We cannot help  
 remembering the parting of St. Leon  
 and *his* son.

He sets out travelling again, and  
 sees many scenes of life, some of  
 which are beautifully depicted, and  
 at last he comes to Ireland, where

———— "In the autumn time  
 By the broad Shannon's banks of beauty  
 roaming,"

he finds an Irish woman drowning  
 her female infant to save it from dy-  
 ing, on which he rescues the child,  
 and adopts it. The consequence  
 may be guessed.

"That little outcast grew a fairy girl,  
 A beautiful, a most beloved one.  
 There was a charm in every separate curl  
 Whose rings of jet hung glistening in  
 the sun,  
 Which warm'd her marble brow. There  
 was a grace  
 Peculiar to herself, ev'n from the first:  
 Shadows and thoughtfulness you seem'd  
 to trace  
 Upon that brow, and then a sudden  
 burst  
 Of sunniness and laughter sparkled out,  
 And spread their rays of joyfulness  
 about," &c. &c.

This, it appears, happened in the  
 first year of legal memory.

"When the scared remnant of my wretched  
 race  
 Gave England's Richard gifts to let them  
 be  
 All unmolested in their misery."

As she grows up, he recommends  
 her a husband:

"Answering, there came  
 A deep, low, tremulous sob, which thrill'd  
 my frame.  
 A moment, that young form shrunk back  
 abash'd  
 At its own feelings; and all vainly dash'd  
 The tear aside, which speedily return'd  
 To quench the cheek where fleeting  
 blushes burn'd.  
 A moment, while I sought her fears to  
 stay,  
 The timid girl in silence shrank away—  
 A moment, from my grasp her hand with-  
 drew—  
 A moment, hid her features from my  
 view—  
 Then rising, sank with tears upon my  
 breast,  
 Her struggles and her love at once con-  
 fess'd."

They live together very happily; but it would seem as if the Irish-woman's fancy had infected him; for when he reflects that Miriam (an odd Irish name,) must die a natural death, it grieves him so much that he murders her. He is tried—sentenced to be broken on the wheel—escapes by favour of a thunder storm—is taken again—voted *non compos*, and clapped in a madhouse, where he is kept for a century.

"Days, months, and years roll'd on, and I had been

A prisoner a century; had seen  
Change after change among my keepers;  
heard

The shrieks of new-made captives," &c.

How he escapes is not mentioned, and at the beginning of the book we find him in love with Linda. Her he carries off in the manner of young "Lochinvar, who came out of the west" from an expecting bridegroom. He gets her on board in Spain, we believe, and

"Graceful as earth's most gentle daughters,

That good ship sails through the gleaming spray—

Like a beautiful dream on the darken'd waters,

Till she anchors in Killala\* bay."

Mrs. Norton has a queer note on this passage:

"This particular anchorage was originally intended to be of service to my readers, as a chronological data, bringing the Undying One to a modern æra, the landing of the French in Ireland, in 1798; but having, for reasons satisfactory to myself, omitted the passage, I take this opportunity of mentioning my previous views."

Hum! it would be the most ungallant thing in the world to doubt this; but if a lady had not told us so, we should have thought Killala was introduced for the "previous view" of bringing in a puff upon Erin in general, and Moore in particular.

"Erin!—be hush'd, my lyre! Oh! thou," &c.

Or, with a burst of glorious song,  
Bear our rapt souls in dreams along:  
The songs they sing, the lays they pour,  
Shall bring us back thy genius—Moore!  
Oh! yes—by all that others feel,  
When from thy lip the low words steal:  
By many an unregarded sigh  
The winds have caught in passing by:

By wild far dreams of light divine,  
That come not, save to souls like thine:  
By the heart-swelling thou hast wrought:  
By thy deep melody of thought:  
By tear, and song, and ardour won—  
The harp of Erin is thine own!"

Which last rhyme, dear Mrs. Norton, is not *comme il faut*.

After the anchorage sad things occur. Isbal (the Wandering Jew) runs down the vessel containing Linda's brother and betrothed—his own vessel catches fire—he rescues the lady with difficulty—but she dies immediately after,

"And the Undying One is left alone."

The verses, as the specimens we have quoted will shew, are very graceful and pretty, and the poem is full of fine passages. We must not blame a lady, and so handsome a lady too, for making *her* Wandering Jew a lover. If he be exhibited in a higher flight of poetry he must take another shape. How could an undying person continue to love a series of perishable beings with an affection that draws with it intense suffering for their removal? He must soon have become perfectly indifferent to the transitory creatures about him. The common picture which represents the Jew as being deeply religious, and abstracted from the ordinary cares and avocations of mankind, and moaning continually for the extended duration of his life, because of the continual temptations to sin, which abiding in the body necessarily exposes him to, is, after all, far more poetical, and capable of being decorated with the sterner graces of song than the fine melodious rose-bud sorrowings of Mrs. Norton.

Nevertheless, we must gently scan a lady. Can it be true, however, that she ever indulges in any of the moods described in one of her notes?

"It would be a source of infinite satisfaction to me, if, by a very feeble description of what was very strongly felt, I could impart to my readers one tenth part of the dread and horror I experienced on a similar occasion to the one related in the poem. It was my misfortune that night to go to rest at variance with some of those 'near and dear unto me;' and, with a humility natural to my waking hours, exaggerating the effect produced on their minds by my conduct, I supposed them all dead of grief.

Query?—Is this the proper pronunciation of this classical word.

Remorse instantly took possession of my hitherto callous heart, and, with a passionate invocation on the names of the departed, I threw myself back on my visionary sofa and wept. I had not been in that situation many minutes, before I heard those familiar voices calling me by name. The tones sounded as if from a distance; whereupon, uncovering my face, I looked towards the window, but, to my surprise, the speakers were close at my feet, looking just as they did before my unnatural conduct caused their untimely end. A feeling of being *hoaxed* flashed across my mind, and I was tempted to exclaim with the Giaour—

" 'I knew 'twas false—they could not die!'

" Fearful, however, of offending my newly recovered friends, I remained silent, and so did they, till their silence, and the unalterable composure of their countenances, produced that sick dread which is only felt in dreams. There was neither grief, gladness, displeasure, nor surprise visible on their countenances—they *merely looked at me*; and gradually, as I gazed, the colours of the drapery worn by them, ('gay attire,' meet for London after Easter,) grew more and more pale and indistinct, till the whole, (not even excepting their features,) became one deadly white, the eyes only retaining a sort of faint tinge of their original hue, at the same time that the resemblance of each figure to its living original was perfect; they stood quite still, and might have stood there till now; but that I woke in the greatest possible agony of mind—I might almost add, of body, for my heart beat so full and heavily, I thought it would have burst—it did not however: I met my friends at breakfast, convinced that ghosts appear precisely in that way, and praying Heaven to preserve me from such another night."

We pray sincerely that every time she transgresses so far as to spoil her charming face by being angry with any body, she may see as many ghosts as ever visited Sam Coleridge, or Nicolay, the bookseller of Berlin.

The occasional verses at the end of the Undying One, are in general charming. We cannot say that we like Mrs. Norton's *fun*. Though she is of Irish breed, her song beginning "*Wirusthru then my beautiful jewel,*" is *not* the potato. As her forte is the melancholy, (we should be sorry to think that she is so unhappy as she paints herself,) we conclude with the following. Reader, if you have any taste, you will agree with us, that there is much which is beautiful and touching in

"THE CARELESS WORD.

"A word is ringing thro' my brain,  
It was not meant to give me pain;

It had no tone to bid it stay,  
When other things had past away;  
It had no meaning more than all  
Which in an idle hour fall:  
It was when *first* the sound I heard  
A lightly uttered, careless word.

"That word—oh! it doth haunt me now,  
In scenes of joy, in scenes of woe;  
By night, by day, in sun or shade,  
With the half smile that gently played  
Reproachfully, and gave the sound  
Eternal power thro' life to wound.  
There is no voice I ever heard,  
So deeply fix'd as that one word.

"When in the laughing crowd some tone,  
Like those whose joyous sound is gone,  
Strikes on my ear, I shrink—for then  
The careless word comes back again.  
When all alone I sit and gaze  
Upon the cheerful home-fire blaze,  
Lo! freshly as when first 'twas heard,  
Returns that lightly uttered word.

"When dreams bring back the days of  
old,  
With all that wishes could not hold;  
And from my feverish couch I start  
To press a shadow to my heart—  
Amid its beating echoes, clear  
That little word I seem to hear:  
In vain I say, while it is heard,  
Why weep?—'twas but a foolish word.

"It comes—and with it come the tears,  
The hopes, the joys of former years;  
Forgotten smiles, forgotten looks,  
Thick as dead leaves on autumn brooks,  
And all as joyless, though *they were*  
The brightest things life's spring could  
share.

Oh! would to God I ne'er had heard  
That lightly uttered, careless word!

"It was the first, the only one  
Of those which lips for ever gone  
Breathed in their love—which had for me  
Rebuke of harshness at my glee:  
And if those lips were here to say,  
'Beloved, let it pass away,'  
Ah! then, perchance—but I have heard  
The last dear tone—the careless word!

"Oh! ye who, meeting, sigh to part,  
Whose words are treasures to some heart,  
Deal gently, ere the dark days come,  
When earth hath but for *one* a home;  
Lest, musing o'er the past, like me,  
They feel their hearts wrung bitterly,  
And, heeding not what else they heard,  
Dwell weeping on a careless word."

Farewell, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton! and we hope soon to see you again.

We rather think we shall give her a place in our Gallery of Portraits. How would she like to be drawn? All our ladies (and we have at least a dozen) are to have *carte blanche* in that particular.

## THE PROSPECTS OF THE MINISTRY.

It must excite melancholy feelings in the friends of a great man, or, what may, more probably, be called the *remains* of a great man;—to see him gradually decline in public estimation, and pertinaciously persist in an inglorious course, till he becomes, without being conscious of it, the object of general scorn. When we read of the famous Duke of Ormond, in his old age, threading the mazes of the dissolute court of Charles II., heedless of the studied insults of his sovereign, the *mockery* of the minion, and the *jeu d'esprit* of the courtesan, we hardly know whether most to admire the invincible fidelity of his attachment, or detest the slavish servility of his character. An unconsciousness of self-debasement is the infirmity of dotage, which, if it fail to excite our disgust, is owing to some early redeeming qualities, some vestige of laurels not yet withered, or some deeds of valour, or public services not yet forgotten. To see a Lord High Chancellor of England reduced to a state of pauperism, and, with one leg in the grave, braving obloquy by marrying a washerwoman, is a humiliating sight; but to see the hero of a hundred battles, the superannuated object of a nation's idolatry, encountering odium, in the vain hope of surmounting insurmountable difficulties, adjudicating on measures which he does not understand, and flattering himself that he is serving his country when he is inflicting upon it serious and unpardonable injuries, flattering himself that he is acquiring fresh fame when he is invoking the hate and the derision of a whole nation—such a sight is as painful as it is pitiful. An able and experienced general, may, in an evil hour, be seduced from his vigilance; and by neglect, or a false step, may sully his well-earned honours, and be compelled to bury in seclusion the hopes of a long and perilous life. Such a man we pity. A popular minister may, by some act of folly and injustice become the martyr of his good intentions. We naturally pity such a minister. A minister may be the victim of ignorance or popular frenzy; or he may be the tool, and, con-

sequently the victim of a single tyrant. We partly pity and partly despise such a man. A minister, actuated by selfish views and insatiate ambition, or by a disregard of public opinion and established principles, and a callous indifference as to the consequences of his measures, may compromise the interests of his sovereign, inflict dreadful calamities on a people, and involve his country in civil war; such a minister we naturally despise, and in his overthrow or his disgrace, or a still more monitory consummation, we rejoice.

Such spectacles, however calculated to excite our pity, our ridicule, our disgust, or our resentment, are, even in these days, by no means uncommon. It seems to be the will of providence that kings as well as ministers should despise all the lessons of experience; and this feeling, perhaps, has its origin in a salutary infatuation. We ought never to forget that we owe Magna Charta to the bigotry, insolence, and rapacity of king John. M. de Polignac has conferred inestimable blessings on France; and, perhaps, the Duke of Wellington and Sir James Scarlett, actuated by a noble ambition, and the purest patriotism, are desirous to do as much for England.

At any rate we beg leave, with great deference and much compassion, to address the above remarks to these distinguished individuals and the rest of his Majesty's servants—to the Duke and his *friend*, to Sir Robert of Tamworth, Mr. George Dawson, not of Derry, nor of Dublin, but of Harwich, the three junior Peels, of nowhere, and all the rejected subalterns whom the present election has cast forth to sink in the waters of oblivion, or float upon the foul surface of the Dead Sea—we mean the sea of corruption. They may apply them, each to himself, as they may be found pertinent. It is quite possible that the recent occurrences here and elsewhere may have rendered them less applicable, seeing that they are likely to be deprived of the power of rendering themselves as obnoxious as they had pre-concerted.

Whatever may have been their

intentions, it is now pretty clear that they will be denied the pleasure and the honour of carrying them into effect. The nation, we strongly suspect, is doomed to lose the benefit of their services and we presume upon their modesty in believing that they will retire into obscurity without claiming, at the hands of the people, their just reward.

The result of the election is a most signal effort of just vengeance upon the ministry. At no period, in the history of this country, has the authoritative voice of Downing Street been less regarded. The government stands utterly helpless and forsaken—deserted like a sinking transport by all on board, except the convicts in chains. No candidate on any hustings in Great Britain or Ireland, with the illustrious exceptions of the *Laird* of Macleod, Mr. George Dawson, and a corporation hack of the *rotten* and degraded borough of Edinburgh, has had the temerity or the bad taste openly to profess himself a supporter of the Wellington administration. Wherever a candidate has been so much as suspected of such adherence or such folly, he has invariably been rejected. A situation in the royal household has, in more than one instance, been considered an insuperable obstacle to a successful canvass, and the situation has accordingly been vacated in order to remove the objection. Any thing like this extent of degradation never was before heaped upon or endured by any ministry. Every popular candidate has been compelled, of course from a sense of self-interest, to preface his pretensions with an unqualified disclaimer of any connexion, near or more remote, provisional or accidental, under any chances or circumstances, with the Duke, his colleagues, or his minions. Even in Yorkshire, where, it might be supposed, a little jockeyship would have averted the difficulty, it had to be all plain sailing, Mr. Brougham was compelled to throw the *Lyndhurst* rolls overboard before the first start. His panegyric upon the Duke for carrying the “healing measure,” was like that of a professor of Smithfield, who cuts and slashes, and flays and mangles the devoted animal which he praises and sells. He soon saw how the cur-

rent ran, and, like a genuine Whig, and the most sagacious of his order, he went with it. On the hustings of York he pronounced the administration of the Duke to be the most ignorant and incapable of any ministry upon record—a set of small debaters without tact or judgment—empty, wavering, and crawling—deriving their power from the divisions, and their votes from the crumbs and offal of various chaotic and undisciplined factions. And Mr. Brougham did not volunteer this opinion unadvisedly. The representation of Yorkshire was at stake, and he felt convinced that the only avenue to the suffrages of the freeholders was his declared opposition to the ministry, and a solemn pledge that, as their representative, he would, at all hazards, use every exertion to drive them from place and power.

But the test in Yorkshire, namely, avowed hostility to the Wellington administration, is only an incidental item in a long account. Every where the same feeling and the same sentiments have prevailed. Mr. George Dawson's conduct, and his connexion with the Peel family and the ministry, lost him Derry, where he durst not so much as present himself, and rendered his attempt upon Dublin utterly hopeless. Mr. John Wilson Croker, backed by all the influence of the Government, was beaten by Mr. Sergeant Lefroy in the University of Dublin. There is in this defeat all the gratifying indications of a just and laudable retaliation. The Government, in the heyday of their passion for liberalism, had inflicted a mean and undeserved insult upon Mr. Lefroy. His protestant and constitutional predilections were deemed incompatible with the new born ideas of a pure administration of justice. They consequently placed a more pliable advocate and a less inveterate hater of servility over his head, thereby compelling him to resign his situation. Such flagrant acts of invidious malevolence and studied insult, must, sooner or later, in a country like this, carry their own punishment. The learned sergeant has consequently taken ample vengeance. He has defeated the ministerial candidate, the huxter and jobber of the Admiralty, the creature whom the ministers love for his very

meanness; and he, Mr. Lefroy, has not only defeated him, and wrung Trinity College from the fangs of Peel and the apostates, but sent a near relation to inflict the same punishment, in an Irish county, on another retainer of the Government.

For the same reasons, their support of the Duke of Wellington, and their dependence upon his ministry—Mr. Calvert has been ousted in Southwark—Twiss has been driven from Wootton Bassett—Wilde from Newark—Hardinge from Durham—Bramston and Wellesley from Essex—Marshall from Yorkshire—Lord Caermarthen from Hereford—Wells from Maidstone—Paget from Carnarvon—Brecknock from Bath—Lushington and Baring from Canterbury—Heathcote from Coventry—Wodehouse from Norfolk—Kekewich from Exeter—Dundas from Rochester—Ashley from Woodstock—Lockhart from Oxford—Manners from Cambridge—Torrens from Pontefract—Lethbridge from Somerset—Gooch from Suffolk—Sykes from Hull—Liddell from Northumberland—and Jolliffe from Surrey. These are but a few of the changes which have taken place in consequence of the several aspirants being either supporters or creatures of the Government. But the changes are of lesser moment when weighed against the strong feeling which has been aroused every where, in hostility to the Dictator. No man can now shut his eyes to the fact, that the sentiments of the electorate body are in opposition to the administration. No man can have the audacity to say, that the nation is divided in opinion, or that "out of doors" there is even the semblance of a ministerial party. Be the member Whig or Tory, liberal or radical, churchman or dissenter, the representative of a county or of a close borough, he must admit that his constituents, be they few or many, agriculturists or manufacturers, have no confidence in the present cabinet. The Duke is universally distrusted; his colleagues and his subalterns are despised. He rules alone by the fiat of the King. His Grace is the centre of power in a country where he has scarcely a friend

or an admirer, not a trooper who loves him, not a swine-herd to cheer him, not an old woman, or a parson, or a bag-man, or a beggar to cry "God bless him!"

But if his Grace, the Premier, be fallen thus low, he has the consolation of knowing that Sir Robert Peel, the man who has made "such sacrifices," has sunk still lower. "In the lowest depth, a lower still"—and there is Peel, far, far down, but sinking, sinking, sinking—almost out of sight, but nevertheless doomed to continue sinking immeasurably, even when invisible. The conduct which Sir Robert has pursued since he tacked his fortune to the "healing measure," has been mean, pitiful, and unfortunate—and deservedly unfortunate. The pride which Oxford encouraged, was soured down into spiteful malice in Jewsbury.\* Rancour and low intrigue, and official insolence have marked the man ever since he ceased to represent a moiety of all the gentlemen of England, and appeared in the shoes and gabardine of Sir Manasseh. His first attack was on the Duke of Newcastle. The interest of that high-spirited nobleman had for many years placed a seat in the House at the disposal of the Protestant champion. It was a mark of friendship, confidence, and respect for his principles. When he renounced those principles, and violated his pledge, the noble Duke demanded a surrender of the political patent, and consequently one of the Baronet's supporters was displaced. This was an act of justice which was not to be forgiven. Mr. Sergeant Wilde was despatched to Newark to take vengeance—to disturb the security of the borough—to menace the Duke's tenants, and intimidate those whom he could not corrupt. The result is known to all our readers. The attorney of poor Griffith Jenkins had no chance in a place where his fame had gone before him. They flattered the lawyer into an expenditure of about two hundred briefs, and then laughed at him, and at length pelted him out of the town—his respectable agent, Mr. Charles Pearson, being first in the retreat.

But the Home Secretary was not

\* The new name for Westbury.

content with one defeat where he had so many enemies. Mr. Charles Grant was his next object. This gentleman sat in the last Parliament for Inverness-shire. He had voted with Huskisson against the ministry, and had lectured that poor *sumph* Goulburn upon his incapacity. This was not to be endured. No man above the rank of Otway Cave can forgive being called a fool. Reprisals, therefore, had to be made upon the Grants, and the horns of Lord Ellenborough and the ministry were sounded among the glens of Inverness, in favour of the Laird of Macleod, the Downing-street candidate. This person announced himself in his addresses as the supporter of the Wellington administration. He calculated upon the vassalage of his Highland voters, by proclaiming himself to be a hireling. The army people, the stamp distributors, the tax-collectors, the gaugers of whiskey barrels, the hunters of small stills, the post-office sweepers, and all that class living on the taxes, placed themselves under his banners.

But the Grants were not to be discomfited by the Peels without making the weaver pay the piper. Mr. Robert Grant, the brother of Charles, marched southwards, and offered battle to Mr. Jonathan Peel, in the good city of Norwich. It was not declined, there being money in the purse, if not courage elsewhere. The contest raged two or three days, and Brother Jonathan was completely routed. He had on a former occasion been returned for Norwich, on the strength of his protestant and family attachments; but his connexion with the minister proved his ruin. Norwich rejected him, and returned Mr. Robert Grant.

In Tamworth the right honourable Baronet experienced nearly a similar reverse. This borough was considered his *own*. The late Sir Robert was beloved by every inhabitant, and while he lived, his word was law. Presuming upon this, the Secretary and his brother condescended to offer themselves to the electors, in opposition to Lord Charles Townshend. They were confident of success. The first Sir Robert Peel was dead, it is true, but the second, Oxford bred, and his brother, were conceived to reign in his place, and in the affec-

tions of the good burghesses. The result somewhat damped these expectations. Lord Charles was at once placed at the head of the poll, and Mr. Yates Peel was glad to resign, in order to secure the *second* seat for his brother, the heir of his father, and a minister of the crown. It is said that, had any other candidate appeared, neither of the Peels would have been elected!

So much for two of the family—and now for a third. Mr. Lawrence Peel having sounded several boroughs after being obliged to retire from Cockermouth, resolved to try his fate in Newcastle-under-Lync. Mr. Wilmot Horton sat for this borough in the last Parliament, but exceptions were taken to him on account of his vote on the Catholic question. Mr. Lawrence Peel, however, trusting to his own high merits and government patronage, determined to abide the issue. He was beaten, and we have not heard of him since.

This treatment is enough to make any minister fervently wish himself five hundred fathoms down the crater of Vesuvius. The Baronet nearly beaten, brother Yates beaten, brother Jonathan beaten, brother Lawrence beaten, brother Dawson beaten, brother Eden beaten, God-a-mercy! this is enough to drive the aristocracy of the Peels into open rebellion!

But let us now consider what head the Duke of Wellington can make against so much fatality. On some important questions in the last Parliament, he was left often in a paltry majority of from thirteen to twenty-seven; but in this Parliament there are sixty new men avowedly opposed to him, and sixty more bound by a pledge to their constituents to offer the most unreserved and decided opposition.

What is the Field Marshal to do? A reduction of ten millions of taxes would not conciliate the new members. He cannot withdraw a single soldier from Ireland. O'Connell reigns in Waterford; another brace of agitators in Clare; O'Connor Don in some other county; Wyse in a fourth; Browne in a fifth; and so on. There will be about twenty Catholics in the next House of Commons, and they, we venture to affirm, will furnish excellent reasons for keeping thirty-five thousand men in



Ireland. Poor laws for that country he cannot enforce, now that he has not a single Protestant landlord to support him. The whole of Goulburn's measures must fall to the ground. The nation demands retrenchment, and yet he has not a clerk of fifty pounds a year, or a single farthing of surplus revenue to spare. Before the month of January half of the manufacturing labourers will be subsisting on the poor rates, or enjoying the luxuries of the soup-kitchen. The great mass of agricultural labourers are already paupers. The colonies are in a state of indescribable alarm, and a numerous party of sectarians devote them to ruin. The people demand the extinction of the rotten boroughs; and yet his Grace has scarcely a supporter who is returned by an open one. He has made common cause with the East India Company, and yet the mercantile interest, now the mightiest in England, demand the repeal of their monopoly, and proscribe their patronage and their profits. The multitude clamour for a free trade in corn; and at this moment four-fifths of all the farmers, and a considerable portion of the landowners, are in a state of insolvency. The country bankers are pressing hard upon the Bank of England, and this potent monopoly must, of course, be abrogated. In Cornwall and in Kent—in Suffolk and in Cumberland—in Bristol and in Hull—in the centre and at the extremities of the kingdom, there is a loud cry for a change of measures and of men—for relief from oppressive burthens, severe laws, grinding exactions, and the domiciliary visits of the informer and the functionaries of the revenue. The shipowner is dissatisfied, and so is the wool-grower, the miner of iron and tin, the silk weaver, the glover, the distiller, even the vender of newspapers, and every payer of tithes and poor rates. A want of confidence universally prevails—all classes are dissatisfied—and redress they will have in some shape or other, no matter who is minister. How the Duke of Wellington can meet Parliament with these difficulties staring him in the face, we are at a loss to conjecture. His situation is truly *pitiful*, if it be possible for any man to feel pity for such a minister. The situa-

tion of his friend and *protégé*, Monsieur de Polignac, is not much less envious than his. Old age and the scenes of a battle-field may render him callous to ordinary excitements. But the day of reckoning and Strathfieldsay are in the gloomy distance. Every thing seems to frown upon him—the inward monitor perhaps beats hard—all men suspect him. His former glories, and his later follies, must jar hideously amid the reminiscences of the lone hour, and fame in tears plead eloquently for the inheritance she gave, and which he has squandered.

But this leads us to his foreign policy, and the present situation of Europe. We assume it to be admitted that France cannot long flourish in a renovated state of freedom, without England participating in an equal share of the blessings of an improved system. When the "healing measure" was pressed upon England, one of the principal arguments adduced in its support was the equal privileges enjoyed by the adherents of the Romish and reformed churches. This sacrifice to liberality and conciliation was forced upon Louis and the French by foreign bayonets. But now the case is altered. The French repudiate the established church, and leave it to its own resources, and the eleemosynary benefactions of its members. The clergy may have their dignitaries, their synods, their degrees, their rules of discipline, their Easter offerings, and their other fees; but, as to the land, or the public revenue, these are sacred things, into which it is voted profane for their fingers to dip. Now, we put the question, not invidiously, but fairly and dispassionately, can France long remain without a taxed church, and England submit to one? We put this question to the reverend Liberals of Devonshire, who, in some of their boroughs, returned anti-protestant candidates, but who, nevertheless, voted petitions against emancipation, and allowed Mr. Bastard to be defeated in Exeter. We also put the question to the reverend electors of Armagh, and their most reverend master, who have returned Goulburn. England has heretofore been in advance of France with respect to free institutions; any thralldom or restraint was cheerfully submitted to, provided

it did not place us in the rear of French advancement. But, as Lord Byron sings, "a change has come over the spirit of our dream." France now precedes us; her tax-fed ecclesiastics are thrown upon providence; her press is free; her elections are pure; the voice of the people is heard; the despot is hurled from his throne; his servile ministers and intriguing priests are either in dungeons or in exile; and a brave nation is resolved to vindicate and consolidate its liberties, unawed by foreign courts or foreign bayonets.

In these circumstances, is it probable that we, the people of England, will look on unconcerned, and see France place herself at the head of the free states of Europe? Is she to have a free Parliament, chosen by the people, and we a corrupt one, elected by pensioners, needy peers, title-hunters, Jew-brokers, drunken publicans, and jobbing-corporations, who are self-elected? Is she to have a Chamber of Deputies composed of the most enlightened, learned, and eminent publicists of France, while we continue to have a House of Commons filled with adventurers, the beggarly sons of corrupt Lords, hacks, who deal in army and navy appointments, and advance the dirty jobs of small corporations and maudlin bailies, governors of castles, which are gunless, and could be taken by a company of tailors, the buyers and sellers of stolen goods, broken down spendthrifts, who seek protection in the House from their creditors, joint-stock speculators, the swindlers of South America, the representatives of commercial monopolies and secret societies? No, no. France being regenerated, England must be reformed. Free institutions are contagious; and if the press be unshackled in Paris, it must be released of its Scarlett bandages and Wellington irons in London. If the people be supreme there, they must be equally powerful here. Our rotten system must be abolished.—Our Sarums and Westburys, our Maltons, Totnesses, Armagh's, and St. Ives—all such places must be disfranchised, or the franchise considerably extended. There must be no place with less than five hundred resident voters, not pot-wolloppers, but respectable householders, who are not

lodging letters, the payers of taxes and poor-rates, which should return members. The whole of the representation of Scotland must be reformed. Edinburgh should have the right of returning two citizens. Leeds and Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Glasgow, should have the same suffrage.

These are questions which will indubitably be pressed on the Duke of Wellington, if he be at the head of the government when the new Parliament meets. And how is he to answer them—how treat them—how delay them—how elude them—how reject the prayer they imply? His rotten borough force, his political *sans culottes* from Cornwall, Devonshire, the Cinque Ports, and various other ministerial sinks, (and this is his chief resource,) are utterly contemptible. Mr. Horace Twiss may be placed at the head of this brigade, but who the devil will march through Coventry with them? Of county members he has not twenty to support him. The respectable Whigs are opposed to him to a man; and as to the low Whigs, some of whom would vote for him rather than eat their mutton cold, still the majority of them *dare* not. Many of them are already pledged against him, and if they violate this pledge they know their fate. As to the Liberals, the election has somewhat thinned their numbers, and the temper of the country is obviously hostile to their quackeries. The Church party is far from being strong; it has been beaten in the person of Mr. Bastard, in Devon, one of its principal strongholds; but, be it strong or be it weak, it is avowedly opposed to his highness. He destroyed the party by his "healing measure," he thereby lost his right arm, and a soldier knows what a loss that is.

These are obstacles which it will require more coolness, more address, more art, and more generalship to overcome, than was evinced at Waterloo. But his most assailable point, and that which is likely to prove fatal to his ministry, is his foreign policy, intimately connected as that is with his tripartite league against the press. It has been the misfortune of his Grace, in his political career, to be more dangerous in his friendships than in his enmities. His

attachment to Sir Robert Peel has proved the ruin of that unhappy gentleman. His generous partiality for M. de Polignac has driven him from his country as an outlaw. His affection for the old Bourbons has cost them a throne. His patronage of poor Lord Ellenborough has made that buffoon the object of universal ridicule. His regard for the professional services of Sir James Scarlett has rendered him the most unpopular and detested public man in England. The support he has purchased from the *Times* newspaper, has deeply injured that respectable journal; and it would not surprise us, if his favourable and marked attentions to certain Directors, should cause a run upon the Bank. Of one thing, however, we are satisfied—ten votes given to his Grace by a certain honourable body, will precipitate the ruin of the East India Company.

It is, perhaps, true, that from the greater number of these victims, his Grace might disentangle himself. There is, however, one who will cling to him with a fidelity stronger than the fear of the guillotine—we mean the fugitive and ex-minister of France. It is impossible to unloose the tie which binds these faithful friends together. There are private treaties, and gilt-edged letters, and solemn promises, and unforgotten admonitions, which form an indissoluble cement between them. There must be no attempt to shake M. de Polignac from the Duke's embraces. The victim is the confidant, and consequently the master here. He must be protected, crowned with roses, loaded with civilities, and probably pensioned—or, like Iago—

"He'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as he is."

It is asserted that the Duke of Wellington was not the adviser of, was not the correspondent of, was not even on good terms with M. Polignac and his ministry. Good Heaven! Can the people who make these averments believe what they state? It is notorious, and was, till recently, openly avowed, that the reverse of this is the fact. He had as much influence in the appoint-

ment of M. de Polignac, as he had in the nomination of Prince Leopold. The overthrow of the ministry of M. Martignac, which brought in that of Polignac, was a matter of boast with his diplomatists, and was considered to be his "*second grand master stroke*"—the "*healing measure*" being his first. The former French ministry was opposed to his Grace's contemplated settlement of the Greek question. That removed, he conceived the field to be cleared, and every obstacle brushed away. He had a minister of his own choice in the Rue Rivoli, and a candidate to his wishes at Claremont. The success of his policy solely depended on the continuance of M. de Polignac in office; and even if there were no proofs of a more satisfactory nature, his connexion with that ministry, and his strenuous support of it, are established by induction. When the chamber of deputies refused to place confidence in the new ministry, no man was sooner apprised of their conduct than the Duke of Wellington—no man was more interested in their proceedings—no man had a deeper stake at hazard; for the success of his plans entirely depended upon the tenacity and ascendancy of Polignac. Had he, then, been driven from office, or had he surrendered his portefeuille, the policy of the Duke would have been defeated. It was clearly the interest of the English premier to sustain the unfortunate French minister; and in supporting him, can there be a doubt in the mind of any reasonable man, that the measures concocted for this purpose were not submitted to his Grace? The dissolution of the chambers, and a new election were manœuvres employed to gain time. The attack on the press, and the mortal blow at the charter, were deliberately preconceived. The *Quarterly Review*, the Duke's organ, was instructed to recommend and prepare the way for the intended despotic and coercive measures. M. de Polignac followed up, and only carried a degree further, those unpopular measures which the Duke of Wellington had commenced, and which the king of the Netherlands had imitated. It is impossible to account for the unity of their designs, and these simultaneous proceedings against the press,

in England, the Netherlands, and in France, on any other ground than a preconceived, collusive, and organized plan of action. It is so manifest, and so self-evident, that we do not envy that man's intellect who can, for a moment, entertain an opposite opinion.

The French are too shrewd a people not to perceive the connexion, or not to feel acutely, and resent accordingly, this shameful coalition formed against their liberty. Their resentment is for the present suppressed, and the heart burning is smothered; but we much mistake their character if events do not shortly prove that they are unable to forgive it.

In what a dilemma, then, has the Duke of Wellington involved his country! In what a fearful position has he placed his sovereign! We defy him to extricate himself from the meshes of his own intricate web. He has so involved himself with the crooked-policy of his foreign allies and his minions, that he has made himself a dangerous minister of a free country. It must be the desire of our excellent sovereign, and we are sure it is the interest of his subjects, to exult in the blaze of light and freedom which has burst upon France. It is the harbinger of a brighter day—the dawn of spring upon a polar waste—the heath-fire that consumes all that is pestilential and sterile, and whose ashes impregnate the soil of bigotry and superstition with the germs of knowledge and good government.

But between our desires and this consummation, the Duke of Wellington stands like one of Tasso's guardian demons. There can be no wholesome community of feeling between this and the new government of France, while he is premier. Even if sincere, his amicable professions would be suspected. As he is feared at home, he is distrusted abroad; and however well disposed, or desirous to remain neutral, his good wishes will mar his good intentions. Whatever he may do, he will not receive credit for his forbearance. His name will defeat every approach to conciliation, and he will be deemed an enemy, even though bound by the pledges of friendship.

These are a few of the difficulties which environ the Duke of Well-

ington in his foreign policy, from his Bourbon alliance, and his connexion with M. Polignac, and which render his policy and his predilections equally dangerous to the peace of England. We nevertheless cherish the hope that his Grace will avert these disagreeable embarrassments by a well-timed resignation. But before we conclude this summary of the misfortunes, and this analysis of the incompetency of the Wellington administration, we are anxious to relieve the gloom of these speculations, and this dry narrative of facts, by throwing a little sun-light upon some of the incidents of an election so disastrous to the hopes of so imperious a minister. We shall, in mercy, both to the premier and our readers, restrict ourselves to three cases,—

- 1st, The election of Devonshire,
- 2d, The election of Cambridgeshire,
- 3d, The election of Edinburgh.

Some regret has been expressed by many of our Tory friends, and the "country party," at the discomfiture of Mr. Bastard by Lord Ebrington and Sir Thomas Acland. On what grounds, pray? Are they aware of the causes? We fear they are not, and shall therefore enlighten them.

The contest in Devonshire has been considered a trial of strength between the church and the levelling party; and to a certain extent it was so; while its result may be considered a triumph gained by the enemies of the protestant establishment, and by the tithe abolitionists, over the clergy and lay impropiators of Devonshire.

But why? Not that the freeholders of Devonshire are inimical to these institutions, or the cost of supporting them, but simply because they had ceased to repose confidence in the sincerity and independence of Mr. Bastard. In the last Parliament, this gentleman, to preserve his consistency, had voted against the "healing measure," and generally against the ministry. But the people look to motives as well as to acts. The fear of losing the county just kept his head above water, and the current carried him with the country party and the conservative Tories. But it was remarked, with some alarm, that his brother, the

member for Dartmouth, and all his immediate friends, supported the Government. Dartmouth is a rotten borough, held in chains by Mr. Holdsworth, who is occasionally its mayor, and occasionally one of its representatives in Parliament. Captain Bastard, the brother of the county member, returned by the influence of Mr. Holdsworth, was this gentleman's colleague in the last House of Commons. Mr. Holdsworth, for reasons which we could state, voted with the ministry. He admitted the distress, and voted against it. He avowed himself opposed to free trade, yet he supported its defenders. He deprecated the pernicious change in the currency, yet he voted against the motion of Mr. Attwood. Captain Bastard joined him in these ministerial votes, and it often happened that the two brothers, the members for Devon and Dartmouth, were found on opposite sides in a division. It was easy to penetrate the motives for such conduct. It was evidently a family arrangement—a compact entered into for the purpose of securing the patronage in both places. The county member was anti-ministerial, in order to secure his seat, and his brother and friend, once his great supporter in Devon, were ministerial, in order to secure the loaves and fishes. The freeholders of the county were too sharp-sighted to be deceived by this venal arrangement, and they resolved not to be betrayed. The vaunted consistency of Mr. Bastard had lost its charm, and they accordingly declined to support him.

In Cambridgeshire Lord C. Manners was opposed and finally defeated on the same grounds. The Duke of Rutland was averse to the Catholic bill, on the pretext of principle, but his two brothers were directed to support it, in order to propitiate the Duke of Wellington and preserve their interest. This was a family arrangement, similar to that entered into in Devonshire, and which we have described. The manœuvre was observed and understood, and consequently Lord Manners was unseated in Cambridgeshire.

The city of Edinburgh election is an affair *sui generis*, and it must be discussed on its own peculiar merits. Edinburgh is as much a rotten bo-

rough as is Gatton or Westbury, and its rottenness is still more objectionable inasmuch as its patrons are self-elected. In Westbury, for instance, the patron may die, and the borough may be bought at the auction mart, by a joint stock company, who, for popular reasons, might be induced to extend the franchise. But in Edinburgh this can never happen. The provost, four bailies, and some twelve or sixteen councillors, form the body and the soul of the corporation of Edinburgh. It is this body who elect the member. The freemen, and the inhabitants generally, no matter how affluent or respectable they may be, have no more voice in the election than they have in the French chamber of deputies. The council is renovated annually by some four or five of its members retiring, and by their places being filled by individuals nominated by the remaining members. The council, in this truly ingenious way, worthy of the first Whig city in the kingdom, elect themselves, and then their bailies, (or aldermen,) and their provost, (or mayor,) from their own body.

In this way the avenue to office is effectually barred against all who have not the brand of the obedient time-server, the crawling suppliant, the needy parasite, or the oblivious guzzler—who can eat, and lick, and fawn, and be silent—imprinted on his forehead. It is quite impossible for any man of intellect, or generous sentiment, or independent character, to find his way to the council-board. Such a man would be as dangerous a combustible in such a place as a barrel of gunpowder under their table, and a Newhaven fish-woman in the act of piercing it with a red-hot poker.

It is these few self-elected persons, however, who elect a representative for the city of Edinburgh. Hence, is it not natural, that as the electors are merely jobbers, the member should be a steady, thorough, thick-and-thin hack? What they chiefly require of him is, that he shall procure as many situations for themselves and their relations as possible—that he shall support and forward all their police and city assessment bills in the House—and that he shall vote for the minister, and with the minister, no matter who the minister is, in all cases as they advise, per letter, and

under all circumstances. This is Edinburgh!

We have impressed these illustrations into our service for the purpose of showing who and what the parties are who have suffered martyrdom in the cause of the Duke of Wellington, and who and what they are on whom his Grace can alone place dependence. Where the elections are free, and the public voice heard, he has not a single supporter. It is only in some close borough, or venal corporation, long enured to the degradation of bartering principles for patronage, and trading upon privileges unjustly wrung from minors and paupers, that the minister can command a vote. There never was an administration in England placed in so abject and pitiable a position. Without talents to attract our admiration, it is also destitute of character to command respect. Principles, it is

not ashamed to own, it pays no regard to. Even among its professed friends it is secretly distrusted. In Devonshire, the freeholders prefer returning a candidate, who is avowedly obnoxious to their interests, to one who has supported it by an under-hand alliance. In Surrey, the Tories prefer a Whig to a ministerialist. In Somerset, they would have returned the gaoler of Ilchester in preference to Sir Thomas Lethbridge. Turn which way we will, public feeling is against it. In short, it is beaten—it has received its death-blow from the people at large—and we hope the Duke of Wellington, unlike M. Polignac, will not expose himself to the mortification of appearing before the new Parliament as a minister of the crown, to be driven from an office which it would evince better taste quietly to resign.

#### SAVAGE LIFE IN AMERICA.\*

THE twelfth of August has passed even while time was labouring with the parturition of this glorious number of *Regina*, Queen of Magazines; and although we, Oliver Yorke, in our chambers in the Albany were busy in the employment of our obstetrical skill, we were not unmindful of that grey-eyed morning which was to lighten so many of our Highland friends up to the Scottish moors, and witness the annihilation of innumerable grouse. Our friend Geordie Webster was off like a shot to the braes of Forfar and Angus; jovial Ben Boyd hurried away to the fastnesses of Galloway; Will Shirriff popped hence like a cork from a well primed soda-water bottle, and has, by his own account, displayed prodigies of skill around the palatial abode of Dunstaffnage. Our trusty and well-beloved Patrick Robertson writes us word that he means to study character, and lay in a stock of fun for next Christmas, by walking through Blair Athol, and witnessing the festivities

of the Northern Hunt; taking, however, an incidental go behind the woods of Dunfallandec, fast by the arrowy Tummel. Well, here we are, and here we must remain—our duty to *Regina*, and to the expectant world, forbids us to depart; and we can only say, kind friends, your memory, notwithstanding your absence, dwells like a green island in our mind, and our mouth waters for the delectable birds which you, doubtless, intend to send us—nay, which are even now on their way hither—quick as steam-boats and parcel carts can convey them to this our abode at the Albany. As we have not been fortunate enough to join you in your mountain sports (we'll do we remember our last essays in that particular—they were on the hills of Belville, in the Vale of Badenoch, and up on the topmost rock of the snowy Cairngorm, and lucky were we in our capture of ptarmigans,) we have whiled what time of leisure we have had, in perusing books descriptive of the no-

\* A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner, (U. S. Interpreter at the Saut de Ste. Marie,) during thirty years residence among the Indians in the interior of North America. Prepared for the press by Edwin James, M. D., editor of an Account of Major Long's Expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains. London, 1830. Baldwin and Cradock.

ble art of field and mountain sport. We have followed ye all, stalworth, sinewy friends, aye followed ye in our mind's eye up the steep hill-side—we have seen ye as we lay in dreaming mood, leap like nimble and exultant antelopes across the brawling linn, stump through the bog and morass knee-deep in water, stop on some jutting rock to take one short breath and one long pull at the leathern bottle of Athol brose—we have seen ye moving stealthily after the steady pointer—we have heard the flutter and shrill cry of the rising birds—have heard the pop-pop of your Mantons and Nocks—have seen some half score of the covey fall plump upon the ground and stuffed joyously into your net bags and game pouches. The thoughts of such doings warms the life-blood in our veins—

"As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
Erects his main, and paws upon the ground;"

so do we dream—

"Our youthful sports and frolics o'er again—

Until thought become too painful for endurance.

It has, however, been well said by some philosophic wight, whose name, in our sorrow, has quite escaped us—

"Of our impending doom,  
A ray of unimpeded light shall scare the gloom."

And, sure enough a ray of light has dispersed our deep-working misery, and lighted up our imagination with new scenes of delight. Embued with their spirit, we now say—and doubtless, sweet friends in Scotland, you will be surprised at our saying so—a fig for your shooting on the hills—away with your trifling pop-gun work—your grouse and your ptarmigan winging are child's play, to those high matters, of the particulars of which we have just informed ourselves. Open our eyes, my fine fellows, and listen to the strange adventures with which we mean to enliven the pages of *Regina*. They relate not exactly to

"The anthropophagi and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

but still to men of mettle—lads with the euphonious names of Ojibbaways, and Ottawaws, and Asseni-

boins, and Agutchaninneways, Chocktaws and Chickasaws, and others which it would break your jaws to pronounce. What are your sylvan or venatorial exploits to the high games enacted in the broad prairies and wide-spread forests of the Indian land? Your grouse and your ptarmigan are nothing to the one-thousand-and-one immense winged fellows that scud through the air like flying porpoises or broad-wheeled waggons, and become the victims to the sure rifle of the Cree, or Sioux, or stone-roaster savage? Your trout-fishing and salmon sport is fudge, and as valueless as the inconceivable trash in the double number of Ebony's last *Maga!* when put in comparison with the sturgeon, the beaver, and the otter, which abound in the clear waters of the internal seas and broad-bosomed estuaries of America. Can the small fry which you, in your pride of heart and outrageous nationality, are pleased to nick-name red-deer, be mentioned, without a blush, in the same breath with the elk, the buffalo, the bear, the moose, which the savages pursue and devour as becomes men who have the enormous appetites peculiar to the huntsman? What say you to all this, fine fellows as ye are?—we fancy, nothing. We leave ye then to your tiny occupations, with the wish with which the king of Ithaca would have taken his leave of the hunter-son of Poias,—

Τὶ δὴτα σοῦ δεῖ; χεῖρε τῆν Ἀλμῶν πατῶν.  
ἤμεις δ' ἰωμεν.

which means, when translated into the vernacular—ye may all follow on your pursuits on the mountains of Scotland and be—kind enough to send us some brace of grouse, while we turn our attention to the distant Indians and lay some particulars respecting their habits and movements before the readers of *Regina* the Eternal. So may you all, when you, on your next adventures, descend into the savage fastnesses of Scotland—be improved in your mode of sylvan and mountain warfare, and astonish the bare-footed and breechless natives—not by denuding your bodies of the habiliments of decent life and raising the war-cry and caracoling like fattened calves through the ludicrous gyrations of the war-dance; but by emulating the certainty of aim and ex-

traordinary success which the savages of America are known from time immemorial to have attained.

We have to thank our friends, the Brothers Carvill, of New York, for the volume under our review. It is one of the most curious which could be offered for the perusal of Englishmen. We, of this island, know something about the grimaces, glances, gallopades, and gavottes of Almack's : we have heard that—in what the quacks of New Burlington Street are pleased to call Exclusive Society—the people eat, drink, lie down, and rise up ; that they run up debts which they cannot pay ; swindle, talk scandal, and live upon the daintiest productions of the French *cuisine* ; indeed, we can form some conception of these grave and important matters. Most of us, moreover, have seen something of French society ; we have witnessed the *niaiserie* of the *beaux* and *belles* upon the *Boulevards des Italiens* ; we have some faint idea of their mode of dancing, dressing, gambling, *fétling*, and living. We have, also, travelled in Germany, Italy, Poland, Hungary, and Russia, and we flatter ourselves that we are a little cognizant of matters in those several countries. We have dandyized in our time with the *petits maîtres*, and turbaned exquisites of the seven-throned Stamboul ; and absolutely drank moka with old Mahomed Ali in his Palace at Alcairo, the Magnificent. So, gentle readers of *Regina*, we have witnessed somewhat of the pastimes and manners of this multiform world—still, on our veracity, we were in a state of blessed ignorance about the modes and fashions, and ceremonies of American Indian life until we opened the pages descriptive of the adventures of Shaw-shaw-wabe-na-se, or the Falcon, as John Tanner was nicknamed by the painted savages ; and now we have a pretty considerable and very particular idea of how those vagabondising ragamuffins spend the hours of the day, and contrive to supply the wants of their sublunary and precarious existence.

We have indeed met with some specimens of these savages in this country. Our friend, old Arnold, of the English Opera House, some years since, got a parcel of the tattereddemallions into this blessed country.

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He called them Cherokees ; whether they were so or not we are ignorant, but they amused us right well for some two or three hours, in an entertainment got up for the nonce. We were also in France when the land of the tricolour was visited by a pack of Osages, and Chateaubriand used to twist out yarns for hours together in their praise. We were also, we believe, the first persons to whom that miserable swindler, John Hunter, brought letters of introduction from Philadelphia. He gave himself out for a savage—on the strength of which he was well received by the dandies, the belles, the Blues, and the world at large, and pronounced to be a gentle monster. But the fellow was a rogue : he was neither savage nor monster ; but of that hybrid species of animals called a Yankee, and on his return to America he was knocked on the head by some genuine savages, for presuming to give himself out for something better than he was.

John Tanner, otherwise the Shaw-shaw-wabe-na-se, the Falcon, is no humbug ; and as his adventures are curious, we proceed to lay some specimens of his biography and narrative before the public of *Regina* ; a short way of mentioning every thinking right-minded man, woman, hobdaboy, child, and chick in the United Kingdom.

The Shaw-shaw-wabe-na-se is about fifty-four years of age. His portrait is given with his narrative, and bears out the description of Dr. James, his editor. His person, says this gentleman, is erect and rather robust, indicating great hardness, activity, and strength, which, however, his numerous exposures and sufferings have deeply impaired. His face, which was originally rather handsome, bears now numerous traces of thought and passion, as well as of age ; his quick and piercing blue eyes bespeak the stern, the violent, and unconquerable spirit, which rendered him an object of fear to many of the Indians while he remained among them ; and which still, in some measure, disqualifies him for that submissive and compliant manner which his dependant situation among the whites renders necessary. He was stolen in early youth by the Indians, so that his moral rearing is derived from those who were guilty



of his abduction. In his conduct towards his untamed companions he certainly seems to have shewn great forbearance; but this was the result of native tenderness of heart, and not of a convinced judgment. His habits, his mode of reasoning, his mental structure, his ideas of honour and dishonour, of bravery and cowardice, and of human perfection, are essentially Indian. Although dwelling as he now does among his white brethren, yet it is not to be wondered at, if at his time of life he cannot discard the manners, both in thought and action, of his former state of existence; that revenge should be the dominant passion of his soul; and that consequently he should seek to be the avenger of his own quarrel.

The life of the savage is that of violent excitement, consequently every feeling and passion acquires a deeper root, and has its growth supported by a stronger principle of vitality. Moral reclamation, therefore, becomes an impossibility. An inveterate drunkard will continue drinking to the end of debauched existence; the hoary-headed gambler will go on till his last guinea has been staked and lost, and he consummates his last despair by sending a brace of bullets through his brain; the highwayman will persist in his contributions on the faithful lieges of his Majesty, until some ill-starred exploit sends him on the cart with the nosegay in his hand towards the tree of Tyburn; and the indomitable spirit of the Indian and the savage will continue to burn with its intense and accustomed energy until he falls the victim to his own lawlessness. This course is well typified in the bold language of the Moor.

“Like to the Pontic Sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent  
pace,  
Shall ne’er look back, ne’er ebb to humble  
love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.”—

What folly, then, in his white brethren, to be taunting and complaining of the Falcon for not divesting himself of his nature. “It is to be regretted,” says his editor, “that he should ever meet among us

with those so destitute of generosity, as to be willing to take advantage of his unavoidable ignorance in the usages of civilized society. However such a character may, under any circumstances, excite our disapprobation or dislike, some indulgence is due, where, as in this case, the solitary savage, with his own habits and opinions, is brought into contact with the artificial manners and complicated institutions of civilized men.” It were desirable that these sentiments were universal throughout all ranks and classes of the thoughtless, unfeeling, and frivolous, be they in America or in England.

As our intention in this paper is to confine ourselves to an account of the mode of life of the savages, we are obliged to waive for the present the grave subject of the prospects of the Indian population. It is a curious enquiry; and we hope, ere long, to give such sufficient elucidation of the matter, as to enable every person to form some judgment for himself. Then we shall also take occasion to speak of the Indian feasts, ceremonies, fasts, religion, language, music, and general knowledge of the people: what we will now say in reference to our friend “The Falcon,” will serve to throw a light on the manner of American Indian economy.

John Tanner’s father lived on the Kentucky river, at a considerable distance from the Ohio: he was an emigrant from Virginia, and had been a clergyman. Previously to his settlement on Kentucky river, he dwelt at a place called Elk Horn. This settlement was frequented by parties of Shawneese Indians, and John formed the wish of joining them, on the occasion of being, while yet a little lad, flogged by his father for not going to school. From Elk Horn the family journeyed to the Ohio, which descending he arrived at Cincinnati, and thence to the mouth of the Big Miami.

“Here,” says the Falcon, “was some cleared land, and one or two log cabins, but they had been deserted on account of the Indians. My father rebuilt the cabins, and enclosed them with a strong picket. It was early in the spring when we arrived at the mouth of the Big Miami, and we were soon engaged in preparing a field to plant corn. I think it was not more than ten days after our arrival, when my father told us in the morning,

that from the actions of the horses, he perceived there were Indians lurking about in the woods, and he said to me, 'John, you must not go out of the house to-day.' After giving strict charge to my step-mother to let none of the little children go out, he went to the field with the negroes, and my elder brother, to drop corn.

"Three little children, beside myself, were left in the house with my step-mother. To prevent me from going out my step-mother required me to take care of the little child, then not more than a few months old; but as I soon became impatient of confinement, I began to pinch my little brother, to make him cry. My mother perceiving his uneasiness, told me to take him in my arms and walk about the house; I did so, but continued to pinch him. My mother at length took him from me to give him suck. I watched my opportunity, and escaped into the yard; thence through a small door in the large gate of the wall into the open field. There was a walnut tree at some distance from the house, and near the side of the field, where I had been in the habit of finding some of the last year's nuts. To gain this tree without being seen by my father, and those in the field, I had to use some precaution. I remember perfectly well having seen my father, as I skulked towards the tree; he stood in the middle of the field, with his gun in his hand, to watch for Indians, while the others were dropping corn. As I came near the tree, I thought to myself, 'I wish I could see these Indians.' I had partly filled with nuts a straw hat which I wore, when I heard a crackling noise behind me; I looked round, and saw the Indians; almost at the same instant, I was seized by both hands, and dragged off betwixt two. One of them took my straw hat, emptied the nuts on the ground, and put it on my head. The Indians who seized me were an old man and a young one; these were, as I learned subsequently, Manito-o-geezhik, and his son, Kish-kau-ko. Since I returned from Red River, I have been at Detroit while Kish-kau-ko was in prison there; I have also been in Kentucky, and have learned several particulars relative to my capture, which were unknown to me at the time. It appears that the wife of Manito-o-geezhik had recently lost by death her youngest son—that she had complained to her husband, that unless he should bring back her son, she could not live. This was an intimation to bring her a captive whom she might adopt in the place of the son she had lost. Manito-o-geezhik, associating with him his son, and two other men of his band, living at Lake Huron, had proceeded eastward with this sole design. On the upper part of Lake Erie, they had been joined by three other young men, the relations of Manito-o-geezhik, and had proceeded on,

now seven in number, to the settlements on the Ohio. They had arrived the night previous to my capture at the mouth of the Big Miami, had crossed the Ohio, and concealed themselves within sight of my father's house. Several times in the course of the morning, old Manito-o-geezhik had been compelled to repress the ardour of his young men, who becoming impatient at seeing no opportunity to steal a boy, were anxious to fire upon the people dropping corn in the field. It must have been about noon when they saw me coming from the house to the walnut tree, which was probably very near the place where one or more of them were concealed.

"It was but a few minutes after I left the house, when my father, coming from the field, perceived my absence. My step-mother had not yet noticed that I had gone out. My elder brother ran immediately to the walnut tree, which he knew I was fond of visiting, and seeing the nuts which the Indian had emptied out of my hat, he immediately understood that I had been made captive. Search was instantly made for me, but to no purpose. My father's distress, when he found I was indeed taken away by the Indians, was, I am told, very great.

"After I saw myself firmly seized by both wrists by the two Indians, I was not conscious of any thing that passed for a considerable time. I must have fainted, as I did not cry out; and I can remember nothing that happened to me, until they threw me over a large log, which must have been at a considerable distance from the house. The old man I did not now see; I was dragged along between Kish-kau-ko and a very short thick man. I had probably made some resistance, or done something to irritate this last, for he took me a little to one side, and drawing his tomahawk, motioned to me to look up. This I plainly understood, from the expression of his face, and his manner, to be a direction for me to look up for the last time, as he was about to kill me. I did as he directed, but Kish-kau-ko caught this hand as the tomahawk was descending, and prevented him from burying it in my brains. Loud talking ensued between the two. Kish-kau-ko presently raised a yell; the old man and the four others answered it by a similar yell, and came running up. I have since understood that Kish-kau-ko complained to his father, that the short man had made an attempt to kill his little brother, as he called me. The old chief, after reproving him, took me by one hand, and Kish-kau-ko by the other, and dragged me betwixt them; the man who had threatened to kill me, and who was now an object of terror, being kept at some distance. I could perceive, as I retarded them somewhat in their retreat, that they were apprehensive of being overtaken; some of them were always at some distance from us."

About a mile from his father's house, the Indians threw John into a hickory bark canoe, which was concealed under the bushes on the bank of the river. The seven jumped in, crossed the Ohio, landing on the south side of the mouth of the Big Miami. Here they abandoned the canoe, and dragged the boy along the banks of the river. After a long and painful journey, they came to the Maumee river. They here dispersed in the woods to choose a fit subject for another canoe, cut down a hickory tree, stripped off the bark, formed the vessel, and descended the river until they arrived at *Detroit*, when once more abandoning their water excursion, they took to horses; and in three days, after rapid travelling, they reached Sau-ge-nong, the village to which Manito-o-geezhik belonged.

"This village or settlement consisted of several scattered houses. Two of the Indians left us soon after we entered it; Kish-kau-ko and his father only remained, and instead of proceeding immediately home, they left their horses and borrowed a canoe, in which we at last arrived at the old man's house. This was a hut or cabin built of logs, like some of those in Kentucky. As soon as we landed, the old woman came down to us to the shore, and after Manito-o-geezhik had said a few words to her, she commenced crying, at the same time hugging and kissing me, and thus she led me to the house. Next day they took me to the place where the old woman's son had been buried. The grave was enclosed with pickets, in the manner of the Indians, and on each side of it was a smooth open place. Here they all took their seat; the family and friends of Manito-o-geezhik on the one side, and strangers on the other. The friends of the family had come provided with presents; mukkuks of sugar, sacks of corn, beads, strouding, tobacco, and the like. They had not been long assembled, when my party began to dance, dragging me with them about the grave. Their dance was lively and cheerful, after the manner of the scalp dance. From time to time as they danced, they presented me something of the articles they had brought; but as I came round in the dancing to the party on the opposite side of the grave, whatever they had given me was snatched from me: thus they continued great part of the day, until the presents were exhausted, when they returned home.

"It must have been early in the spring when we arrived at Sau-ge-nong, for I can remember that at this time the leaves were small, and the Indians were about planting their corn. They managed to make me

assist at their labours, partly by signs, and partly by the few words of English old Manito-o-geezhik could speak. After planting, they all left the village, and went out to hunt and dry meat. When they came to their hunting grounds, they chose a place where many deer resorted, and here they began to build a long screen like a fence; this they made of green boughs and small trees. When they had built a part of it, they showed me how to remove the leaves and dry brush from that side of it to which the Indians were to come to shoot the deer. In this labour I was sometimes assisted by the squaws and children, but at other times I was left alone. It now began to be warm weather, and it happened one day that having been left alone, as I was tired and thirsty, I fell asleep. I cannot tell how long I slept, but when I began to awake, I thought I heard some one crying a great way off. Then I tried to raise up my head, but could not. Being now more awake, I saw my Indian mother and sister standing by me, and perceived that my face and head were wet. The old woman and her daughter were crying bitterly, but it was some time before I perceived that my head was badly cut and bruised. It appears that after I had fallen asleep, Manito-o-geezhik, passing that way, had perceived me, had tomahawked me, and thrown me in the bushes; and that when he came to his camp he had said to his wife, 'Old woman, the boy I have brought you is good for nothing; I have killed him, and you will find him in such a place.' The old woman and her daughter having found me, discovered still some signs of life, and had stood over me a long time, crying, and pouring cold water on my head, when I waked. In a few days I recovered in some measure from this hurt, and was again set to work at the screen, but I was more careful not to fall asleep; I endeavoured to assist them at their labours, and to comply in all instances with their directions, but I was notwithstanding treated with great harshness, particularly by the old man, and his two sons She-mung and Kwo-tah-e. While we remained at the hunting camp, one of them put a bridle in my hand, and pointing in a certain direction, motioned me to go. I went accordingly, supposing he wished me to bring a horse; I went and caught the first I could find, and in this way I learned to discharge such services as they required of me."

Savages in all countries and in all times have been remarkable for cruelty. Among the Greeks the mother could deliver up her young infant, and the hard-hearted father could carry it in his own arms and lay it down at the foot of some forest-tree, or on some mountain-height, as a welcome feast to the wild beast, or

the eagle and vulture. The boastful Roman was only one shade better. And the same recklessness to offspring is characteristic of the American Indians. Penury and want of subsistence always dry up the milk of love and tenderness; and the domestic virtues, much as rhapsodists may talk of the unsophisticated nature of ancient life, are only the gifts of civilization. It is only under its benignant influence that

"The touch of kindred and of home we feel."

Should, therefore, our friends, at our recommendation, turn to the pages of Tanner's Narrative, let them not be astounded at the cases of cruelty and ferocity which those pages contain. They are not the consequence of savage life in particular, but savage life in general; nor yet let them hate our worthy subject, the Falcon, because, bred up as an Indian, he acquired and evidenced all the ruthlessness incidental to savages. The taint is not peculiar to the man, but peculiar to his race, and to every race which have not been fated to be participators in the glories of civilization and the humanizing and chastening influences of revealed religion.

Tanner was treated with great cruelty by his adopted father; and, wonderful to say, he describes the old man's treatment in such cool and measured terms, that, were it not for a note of his editor, we should be inclined to suppose that the young Falcon was a relenting and merciful savage, and, therefore, a phenomenon. Such, however, is not the case. The old man's behaviour was treasured up for many years by his victim. On one occasion when Manito-o-geezhik, without any provocation, behaved in a most brutal manner, the editor gives us the following description of the patient.

"Tanner has much of the Indian habit of concealing emotion; but when he related the above to me, the glimmering of his eye and a convulsive movement of his upper lip, betrayed sufficiently, that he is not without the enduring thirst for revenge which belongs to the people among whom he has spent his life. 'As soon,' said he, in connexion with this anecdote, 'as I landed in Detroit on my return from Red River, and found a man who could speak

with me, I said 'where is Kish-kau-ko?' 'He is in prison.' 'Where is Manito-o-geezhik, his father?' 'Dead two months since.' 'It is well he is dead.' Intimating that though more than thirty years had elapsed, he intended now to have avenged himself for the injury done him when a boy not eleven years of age."

Though poor Tanner was treated with great cruelty, and nearly starved to death, the Indians determined to make him abandon all hopes of effecting his escape. To do this thoroughly they pretended to have exterminated all his kindred. This was a falsehood, but it seemed to impose on the youth.

"Often when the old man would begin to beat me, my mother, who generally treated me with kindness, would throw her arms about me, and he would beat us both together. Towards the end of winter, we moved again to the sugar grounds. At this time Kish-kau-ko, who was a young man of about twenty years of age, joined with him four other young men, and went on a war-party. The old man, also, as soon as the sugar was finished, returned to the village, collected a few men, and made his preparations to start. I had now been a year among them, and could understand a little of their language. The old man, when about to start, said to me, 'now I am going to kill your father and your brother, and all your relations.' Kish-kau-ko returned first, but was badly wounded. He said he had been with his party to the Ohio River; that they had, after watching for some time, fired upon a small boat that was going down, and killed one man, the rest jumping into the water. He (Kish-kau-ko) had wounded himself in his thigh with his own spear, as he was pursuing them. They brought home the scalp of the man they had killed.

"Old Manito-o-geezhik returned a few days afterwards, bringing an old white hat, which I knew, from a mark in the crown, to be that of my brother. He said he had killed all my father's family, the negroes, and the horses, and had brought me my brother's hat, that I might see he spoke the truth. I now believed that my friends had all been cut off, and was, on that account, the less anxious to return. This, it appears, had been precisely the object the old man wished to accomplish, by telling me the story, of which but a small part was true. When I came to see Kish-kau-ko, after I returned from Red River, I asked him immediately, 'Is it true, that your father has killed all my relations?' He told me it was not; that Manito-o-geezhik, the year after I was taken, at the same season of the year, returned to the same field where he had found me; that,

as on the preceding year, he had watched my father and his people planting corn, from morning till noon; that then they all went into the house, except my brother, who was then nineteen years of age, he remained ploughing with a span of horses, having the lines about his neck, when the Indians rushed upon him; the horses started to run; my brother was entangled in the lines, and thrown down, when the Indians caught him. The horses they killed with their bows and arrows, and took my brother away into the woods. They crossed the Ohio before night, and had proceeded a good distance in their way up the Miami. At night they left my brother securely bound, as they thought, to a tree. His hands and arms were tied behind him, and there were cords around his breast and neck; but having bitten off some of the cords, he was able to get a pen-knife that was in his pocket, with which he cut himself loose, and immediately ran towards the Ohio, at which he arrived, and which he crossed by swimming, and reached his father's house by sun-rise in the morning. The Indians were roused by the noise he made, and pursued him into the woods; but as the night was very dark, they were not able to overtake him. His hat had been left at the camp, and this they brought to make me believe they had killed him. Thus I remained for two years in this family, and gradually came to have less and less hope of escape, though I did not forget what the English traders on the Maumee had said, and I wished they might remember and come for me. The men were often drunk, and whenever they were so, they sought to kill me. In these cases, I learned to run and hide myself in the woods, and I dared not return before their drunken frolic was over. During the two years that I remained at Sau-ge-nong, I was constantly suffering from hunger; and though strangers, or those not belonging to the family, sometimes fed me, I had never enough to eat. The old woman they called Ne-keek-wos-ke-chceme-kwa—the Otter woman, the otter being her *totem*—treated me with kindness, as did her daughters, as well as Kish-kau-ko and Be-nais-sa, the Bird, the youngest son, of about my own age. Kish-kau-ko and his father, and the two brothers, Kwo-ta-she and She-mur-z, were blood-thirsty and cruel, and those who remain of this family, continue, to this time, troublesome to the whites. Be-nais-sa, who came to see me when I was at Detroit, and who always treated me kindly, was a better man, but he is since dead. While I remained with them at Sau-ge-nong, I saw white men but once. Then a small boat passed, and the Indians took me out to it in a canoe, rightly supposing that

my wretched appearance would excite the compassion of the traders, or whatever white men they were. These gave me bread, apples, and other presents, all which, except one apple, the Indians took from me. By this family I was named Shaw-shaw-wabe-na-se, (the Falcon,) which name I retained while I remained among the Indians.

After remaining in his bondage to these people for two years, the British agents at Makinac held a great council, which was attended by the Sioux, the Winnebagoes, the Menomonees, the Ojibbeways, the Ottawwaws, and many other tribes. Old Manito-ogeezhik attended this council, and there met his kinswoman, Net-no-kwa, who, notwithstanding her sex, was yet considered as chief of the Ottawwaws. This woman had lost her son, wished to buy Tanner of his master, and, though her proposal was rejected, she managed to carry her point by making all of Manito-ogeezhik's tribe as drunk as pipers. The bargain was at length struck, and in old Net-no-kwa, Tanner met a kind-hearted and considerate friend.

The volume teems with cases of starvation. The Indians are never provident. They hunt, prepare large numbers of peltries, sell them to the North West or United States traders, and generally squander the produce in beastly intoxication, for which every facility is afforded them by those avaricious and stony-hearted vagabonds who ply as merchants. Take the two following characteristic extracts.

"We now, as the weather became severe, began to grow poor, Wa-me-gon-a-biew and myself being unable to kill as much game as we wanted. He was seventeen years of age, and I thirteen, and game was not plentiful. As the weather became more and more cold, we removed from the trading house, and set up our lodge in the woods, that we might get wood easier. Here my brother and myself had to exert ourselves to the utmost, to avoid starving. We used to hunt two or three days' distance from home, and often returned with but little meat. We had, on one of our hunting paths, a camp built of cedar boughs, in which we had kindled fire so often, that at length it became very dry, and at last caught fire as we were lying in it. The cedar had become so dry, that it flashed up like powder, but fortunately we escaped with little injury. As we were returning, and still a great

distance from home, we attempted to cross a river which was so rapid as never to freeze very sound. Though the weather was so cold that the trees were constantly cracking with the frost, we broke in, I first, and afterwards my brother; and he, in attempting to throw himself down upon the ice wet himself nearly all over, while I had at first only my feet and legs wet. Owing to our hands being benumbed with the cold, it was long before we could extricate ourselves from our snow-shoes, and we were no sooner out of the water, than our moccasins and leggins were frozen stiff. My brother was soon discouraged, and said he was willing to die. Our spunk wood had got wet when we fell in, and though we at length reached the shore, as we were unable to raise a fire, and our moccasins and clothes were frozen so stiff that we could not travel, I began also to think that we must die. But I was not like my Indian brother, willing to sit down and wait patiently for death to come. I kept moving about to the best of my power, while he lay in a dry place by the side of the bank, where the wind had blown away the snow. I at length found some very dry rotten wood, which I used as a substitute for spunk, and was so happy as to raise a fire. We then applied ourselves to thaw and dry our moccasins, and when partly dry we put them on, and went to collect fuel for a larger fire than we had before been able to make. At length, when night came on, we had a comfortable fire and dry clothes, and though we had nothing to eat, we did not regard this, after the more severe suffering from cold. At the earliest dawn we left our camp, and proceeded towards home; but at no great distance met our mother, bringing dry clothes and a little food. She knew that we ought to have been home on the preceding day by sun-set, and was also aware of the difficult river we had to cross. Soon after dark, being convinced that we must have fallen through the ice, she started, and walking all night, met us not far from the place where the accident happened.

"We had been but a few days at the Portage, when another man, of the same band of Muskegoes, invited us to go with him to a large island in Lake Superior, where, he said, were plenty of Caribou and Sturgeon, and where, he had no doubt, he could provide all that would be necessary for our support. We went with him, accordingly; and starting at the earliest appearance of dawn, we reached the island somewhat before night, though there was a light wind a-head. In the low rocky points about this island, we found more gull's eggs than we were able to take away. We also took, with spears, two or three sturgeons, immediately on our arrival; so that our want of food was supplied. On the next day, Wa-ge-mah-wub, whom

we called our brother-in-law, and who was, in some remote degree, related to Net-nogua, went to hunt, and returned at evening, having killed two caribou. On this island is a large lake, which it took us about a day to reach, from the shore; and into this lake runs a small river. Here we found beaver, otter, and other game; and as long as we remained in the island, we had an abundant supply of provisions. We met here the relations of Wa-ge-mah-wub in eight canoes; with whom we at length started to return to the Portage. We were ten canoes in all, and we started, as we had done in coming, at the earliest dawn of morning. The night had been calm, and the water, when we left the island, was perfectly smooth. We had proceeded about two hundred yards into the lake, when the canoes all stopped together, and the chief, in a very loud voice, addressed a prayer to the Great Spirit, entreating him to give us a good look to cross the lake. 'You,' said he, 'have made this lake, and you made have made us, your children, you can now cause that the water shall remain smooth while we pass over in safety.' In this manner, he continued praying for five or ten minutes; he then threw into the lake a small quantity of tobacco, in which each of the canoes followed his example. They then all started together, and the old chief commenced his song, which was a religious one; but I cannot remember exactly the meaning of what he sung. I had now forgotten my mother tongue, and retained few, if any, ideas of the religion of the whites. I can remember, that this address of the chief to the Great Spirit, appeared to me impressive and solemn, and the Indians seemed all somewhat impressed by it, or perhaps by their situation, being exposed, on the broad lake, in their frail bark canoes, they could not but feel their dependance upon that Power which controls the winds and the waves. They rowed and paddled, silently and diligently, and long before night, arrived in safety at the Grand Portage; the lake having remained perfectly calm."

Instances of the rascality of the British and American traders are given in this narrative: on some of these we mean to dwell. Our government has paid little or no attention to the fur trade, which, under proper management, might be made a most important branch of traffic. Neither has it passed any salutary regulations in favour of the Indian population, to screen it from the knavish plots of the over-refined and astute traders. This consideration will more properly enter into our second paper. At present we confine our attention to the facts, as stated

by Tanner. Having got a valuable quantity of peltries, Net-no-kwa came to the Grand Portage to Lake Superior, when the traders urged on the old woman the propriety of allowing her goods to be carried across in the trading-house waggons. "But the old woman, knowing if they were once in the hands of the traders, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for her to get them again, refused to comply with the request:" and, although it took her party several days to carry them over, still her people accomplished that task. "Notwithstanding all this can't on," says Tanner, "when we came to this side the Portage, Mr. McGilvray and Mr. Shabbeke, by treating her with much attention, and giving her some wine, induced her to place all her packs in a room, which they gave her to occupy. At first, they endeavoured, by friendly solicitation, to induce her to sell her furs; but finding she was determined not to part with them, they threatened her: and at length a young man, a son of Mr. Shabboyen, attempted to take them by force; but the old man interfered, and ordering his son to desist, reproved him for his violence." Thus Net-no-kwa succeeded in preserving her property, but only for a brief space; for shortly after, "*in the course of a single day, she sold one hundred and twenty beaver skins, with a large quantity of buffalo robes, dressed and smoked skins, and other articles, for rum.*" This was expended immediately in beastly intoxication; and of their large load of peltries, all that Net-no-kwa's party had remaining, was one blanket, and "the worn-out clothing" on their bodies.

Mr. Henry, the trader at Pembina, was succeeded by Mr. McKenzie, who only remained a short time: and after him came Mr. Wells, "called by the Indians Gah-se-moan (a sail), from the roundness and fullness of his person." This man built a strong fort on Red River, near the mouth of the Assiniboine, and as the Hudson's Bay Company had no counter-establishment in that quarter, Wells thought to tyrannize over the Indians.

"Mr. Wells, at the commencement of winter, called us all together, gave the Indians a ten gallon keg of rum, and some

tobacco, telling them, at the same time, he would not credit one of them the value of a single needle. When they brought skins, he would buy them, and give in exchange such articles as were necessary for their comfort and subsistence during the winter. I was not with the Indians when this talk was held. When it was reported to me, and a share of the presents offered me, I not only refused to accept any thing, but reproached the Indians for their pusillanimity in submitting to such terms. They had been accustomed, for many years, to receive credits in the fall; they were now entirely destitute not of clothing merely, but of ammunition, and many of them of guns and traps. How were they, without the accustomed aid from the traders, to subsist themselves and their families during the ensuing winter? A few days afterwards, I went to Mr. Wells, and told him that I was poor, with a large family to support by my own exertions, and that I must unavoidably suffer, and perhaps perish, unless he would give me such a credit as I had always, in the fall, been accustomed to receive. He would not listen to my representation, and told me, roughly, to be gone from his house. I then took eight silver beavers, such as are worn by the women, as ornaments on their dress, and which I had purchased the year before at just twice the price that was commonly given for a capote; I laid them before him, on the table, and asked him to give me a capote for them, or retain them as a pledge for the payment of the price of the garment, as soon as I could procure the peltries. He took up the ornaments, threw them in my face, and told me never to come inside of his house again. The cold weather of the winter had not yet set in, and I went immediately to my hunting ground, killed a number of moose, and set my wife to make the skins into such garments as were best adapted to the winter season, and which I now saw we should be compelled to substitute for the blankets and woollen clothes we had been accustomed to receive from the traders.

"I continued my hunting with good success, but the winter had not half passed, when I heard that Mr. Hanie, a trader for the Hudson's Bay people, had arrived at Pembina. I went immediately to him, and he gave me all the credit I asked, which was to the amount of seventy skins. Then I went to Muskrat River, where I hunted the remainder of the winter, killing great numbers of martens, beavers, otters, &c.

"Early in the spring, I sent word by some Indians to Mr. Hanie, that I would go down to the mouth of the Assiniboine, and meet him there, to pay my credit, as I had skins more than enough for this purpose.

"When I arrived at the Assiniboine, Mr. Hanie had not yet passed, and I stop-

ped to wait for him opposite Mr. Wells's trading house. An old Frenchman offered me a lodging in his house, and I went in and deposited my peltries under the place he gave me to sleep in. Mr. Wells, having heard of my arrival, sent three times, urging me to come and see him. At last, I yielded to the solicitations of my brother-in-law, and crossed over with him. Mr. Wells was glad to see me, and treated me with much politeness; he offered me wine and provisions, and whatever his house afforded. I had taken nothing except a little tobacco, when I saw his Frenchman come in with my packs. They carried them past me into Mr. Wells's bedroom; he then locked the door, and took out the key. Immediately his kindness and attentions to me relaxed. I said nothing, but felt not the less anxious and uneasy, as I was very unwilling to be deprived of the means of paying Mr. Hanie his credit, still more so to have my property taken from me by violence, or without my own consent. I watched about the house, and at length found an opportunity to slip into the bed-room, while Mr. Wells was then taking something from a trunk. He tried to drive me, and afterwards to push me out, but I was too strong for him. After he had proceeded to this violence, I did not hesitate to take up my packs, but he snatched them from me. Again I seized them, and in the struggle that ensued, the thongs that bound them were broken, and the skins strewed about the floor. As I went to gather them up, he drew a pistol, cocked it, and presented it to my breast. For a moment I stood motionless, thinking he would certainly kill me, as I saw he was much enraged; then I seized his hand, and turned it aside, at the same moment drawing from my belt a large knife, which I grasped firmly in my right hand, still holding him by my left. Seeing himself thus suddenly and entirely in my power, he called first for his wife, then for his interpreter, and told them to put me out of the house. To this, the interpreter answered, 'You are as able to put him out as I am.' Some of the Frenchmen were also in the house, but they refused to give him any assistance. Finding he was not likely to intimidate or overcome me by violence, he had recourse once more to milder measures. He offered to divide with me, and to allow me to retain half my peltries for the Hudson's Bay people. 'You have always,' said he, 'belonged to the North West; why should you now desert us for the Hudson's Bay?' He then proceeded to count the skins, dividing them into two parcels; but I told him it was unnecessary, as I was determined he should not have one of them. 'I went to you,' said I, 'last fall, when I was hungry and destitute, and you drove me, like a dog, from your door. The ammunition with

which I killed these animals, was credited to me by Mr. Hanie, and the skins belong to him; but if this was not the case, you should not have one of them. You are a coward; you have not so much courage as a child. If you had the heart of a squaw, you would not have pointed your pistol at my breast, and have failed to shoot me. My life was in your power, and there was nothing to prevent your taking it, not even the fear of my friends, for you know that I am a stranger here, and not one among the Indians would raise his hand to avenge my death. You might have thrown my body into the river, as you would a dog, and no one would have asked you what you had done; but you wanted the spirit to do even this.' He asked me if I had not a knife in my hand. I then showed him two, a large and a small one, and told him to beware how he provoked me to use them. At last, wearied with this altercation, he went and sat down opposite me in the large room; though he was at considerable distance, so great was his agitation, that I could distinctly hear his heart beat. He sat awhile, then went and began to walk back and forth in the yard. I collected my skins together, and the interpreter helped me to tie them up; then taking them on my back, I walked out, passed close by him, put them in my canoe, and returned to the old Frenchman's house, on the other side.

"Next morning, it appeared that Mr. Wells had thought better of the subject, than to wish to take my property from me by violence, for he sent his interpreter to offer me his horse, which was a very valuable one, if I would think no more of what he had done. 'Tell him,' said I, to the interpreter, 'he is a child, and wishes to quarrel and forget his quarrel in one day; but he shall not find I am like him; I have a horse of my own; I will keep my packs; nor will I forget that he pointed his pistol at my breast, when he had not the courage to shoot me.'"

Next morning a clerk of the North West Company arrived from Mouse River, and promised Wells that he would take Tanner's skins by force. This clerk accordingly went to him, accompanied by three men, and tried to execute his iniquitous purpose, though without avail. Tanner then went down to meet Hanie at Head River, who informed him, that when he was passing Wells's trading-house, that individual pursued him, with a canoe strongly manned and armed;—that he went ashore, and a long dispute then followed between Wells and himself: at last he was allowed to pass on.



We will give one additional testimony against the free traders' companies.

"About planting time, the traders of the North West Company sent messengers and presents to all the Indians, to call them to join in an attack on the Hudson's Bay establishment at Red River. For my own part, I thought these quarrels between relatives unnatural, and I wished to take no share in them, though I had long traded with the people of the North West Company, and considered myself as in some measure belonging to them. Many of the Indians obeyed the call, and many cruelties and murders were committed. On the part of the North West there were many half-breeds, among whom, ~~the~~ called Grant, distinguished himself as a leader. Some of the Hudson's Bay people were killed in open fight, others were murdered after being taken prisoners."

After the settlement at Red River was reduced to ashes, and the Hudson's Bay people driven out of the country, the Indians and half-breeds, in the pay of the North West Company, were on the look out for the annihilation of their enemies of the Hudson's Bay. In the autumn, as Tanner was stopping on a small island, on Rainy Lake, for the purpose of hunting a bear, he was surprised by a visit from a wretch named Harshield, who, having descried Tanner's light at a distance, and supposing it to be Lord Selkirk's encampment, had "crept up with the stealth of an Indian warrior," with the intention of murdering the head of the Hudson's Bay establishment. He much wanted Tanner's assistance for the perpetration of the deed of blood, but when the latter would not comprehend his meaning, Harshield had the audacity to avow his intention in open terms, and to threaten to do so whenever he should meet Lord Selkirk. To confirm his words, he called up his two canoes, and "shewed them to me," says Tanner, "each with six strong and resolute men, well armed. He tried many methods to induce me to join him, but I would not." Harshield then proceeded to the trading house of Mr. Tace, and requested him to aid in the murder. Mr. Tace, however, refused, and the villain was constrained to retire in disappointment to Red River.

Lord Selkirk, meanwhile, had taken Fort William, held by Mr. McGil-

livray, of the North West Company. Thence he dispatched a party to Tace's trading-house, and made prisoner of the soldier who had been concerned in the murder of Governor Macdolland. At this time Tanner joined a Captain Tussinon, who, with seventy men, and a bevy of Indian hunters, by way of a commissariat, took the fort at the mouth of the Pembinah, and proceeded to the mouth of the Assiniboine. Here thirteen of the Ojibbeways joined the party, and they resolved on the reduction of the North West Company's Fort.

This was effected by Tanner, in conjunction with Loueson Nowlan, the interpreter, and a few soldiers. These approached the place in the darkness of the night, made a ladder after the Indian fashion, by cutting the trunk of a tree, and leaving sufficient of the stumps of the branches to serve for steps, and by this they escalated the wall.

"We did not discover the bed-room of Harshield until day-light. When he found we were in the fort, he came out, strongly armed, and attempted to make resistance, but we easily overpowered him. He was at first bound, and as he was loud and abusive, the governor, who, with the captain, had now arrived, directed us to throw him out into the snow; but the weather being too cold for him to remain there without much danger of being frozen, they allowed him to come in, and he was placed by the fire. When he recognised me among his captors, he knew at once that I must have guided the party, and he reproached me loudly with my ingratitude, as he pretended formerly to have done me many favours. I told him, in reply, of the murders he had committed on his own friends, and the people of his own colour, and that it was on account of them, and his numerous crimes, that I had joined against him. 'When you came to my lodge last fall, and I treated you with kindness, it was because I did not then see that your hands were red with the blood of your own relatives. I did not see the ashes of the houses of your brothers, which you had caused to be burned down at Red River.' But he continued to curse and abuse not only me, but the soldiers, and every one that came near him."

When it came to be bruited abroad that Tanner had been the instrument in the capture of the North West people's fort, they threatened to take his life.

"After twenty days, I returned to Pembinah to my family, and then went,

with Wa-ge-tote, to hunt buffalo in the prairie. I now heard that many of the half breed people in the country were enraged against me, for the part I had taken against the North West Company, and from some of the principal men I heard that they intended to take my life. I sent them back for answer, that they must fall on me as I had done on the people of the North West, when I was sleeping, or they would not be able to injure me. They came near, and were several times lurking about, with intention to kill me, but they were never able to effect their object. I spent what remained of the winter among the Indians, and in the spring returned to the Assiniboin. Lord Selkirk arrived from Fort William in the spring, and a few days afterwards Mr. Cumberland, and another clerk, belonging to the North West, came up in a canoe. As they did not stop at the fort, Lord Selkirk sent a canoe after them, and they were brought back and placed in confinement.

"The people of the Mouse River trading-house, belonging to the North West Company, came down about this time; but being afraid to pass by the fort, they stopped and encamped at no great distance above. The Indians from distant parts of the country, not having heard of the disturbances and changes that had taken place, now began to assemble; but they manifested great astonishment when they found that their old traders were no longer in possession of the fort.

"A letter was this spring, or in the early part of summer, received from Judge Codman, offering two hundred dollars reward for the apprehension and delivery of three half breeds, who had been very active in the preceding disturbances, namely, Grant, the principal leader of the half breeds for the North West, Joseph Cadotte, and one called Assiniboin. These were all taken by a party from our fort, aided by the interpreter, Nowlan, but they were released upon their promise to appear again when Judge Codman should arrive. This party had scarce returned home, when Assiniboin came and surrendered himself, at the same time giving information that Grant and Cadotte had fled the moment Nowlan and his party turned their backs. They went to the country of the Assiniboins, from whence they did not return until they were sent for, and brought to attend the court; but the man who had given himself up was pardoned.

"Lord Selkirk had, for a long time, expected the arrival of the judge appointed to try those accused of capital crimes, and to adjust the dispute between the two rival companies; and becoming very impatient, he despatched a messenger to Sah-gi-uk, with provisions and other presents, who was instructed to proceed on until he should meet the judge. At one of the North

West Company's houses, beyond Sah-gi-uk, this man was taken prisoner, and severely beaten by the company's agent, Mr. Black; but about this time the judge arrived, and Mr. Black, with a Mr. McCloud, fled, and secreted themselves among the Indians, so that when Judge Codman sent for them from Red River, they were not to be found."

An ignorant people, operated on by a constant excitement, will of course be superstitious. This tendency will be greatly increased by solitude, into which the Indians, from the scarcity of food in the winter months, are for the most part driven. Thus situated, the simplest phenomenon of nature—the slightest movement of the elements around them—are supposed to be the language of the Great Spirit. They

"See God in clouds, and hear him in the wind."

Accordingly, people so constituted are in the best possible condition for the schemes of false prophets, of whom there is a constant succession. As soon as the roguery of one is discovered, another starts up in his place, and carries on a winning game until he falls into disrepute, and gives way in his turn to a more successful candidate. The poor ignorant savages seem to be altogether incapable of profiting by experience. The following extract too, will show how disturbing dreams can work on their waking reason.

"My family had now been increased by the addition of a poor old Ojibbeway woman and two children, who being destitute of any men, had been taken up by Net-no-kwa. Notwithstanding this, I thought it was still best for us to live by ourselves. I hunted with considerable success, and remained by myself until the end of the season for making sugar, when Net-no-kwa determined to return to Menaukonoskeeg, while I should go to the trading-house at Red River, to purchase some necessary articles. I made a pack of beaver, and started by myself, in a small buffalo skin canoe, only large enough to carry me and my pack, and descended the Little Saskatchewan.

"There is, on the bank of that river, a place which looks like one the Indians would always choose to encamp at. In a bend of the river is a beautiful landing place, behind it a little plain, a thick wood, and a small hill rising abruptly in the rear. But with that spot is connected a story of fratricide, a crime so uncommon, that the spot where it happened is held in detesta-

tion, and regarded with terror. No Indian will land his canoe, much less encamp, at 'the place of the two dead men.' They relate, that many years ago, the Indians were encamped here, when a quarrel arose between two brothers, having she-she-gwi for totems. One drew his knife and slew the other; but those of the band who were present, looked upon the crime as so horrid, that without hesitation or delay, they killed the murderer, and buried them together.

"As I approached this spot, I thought much of the story of the two brothers, who bore the same totem with myself, and were, as I supposed, related to my Indian mother. I had heard, I said, that if any man encamped near the graves, as some had done soon after they were buried, they would be seen to come out of the ground, and either react the quarrel and the murder, or in some other manner so annoy and disturb their visitors, that they could not sleep. Curiosity was in part my motive, and I wished to be able to tell the Indians, that I had not only stopped, but slept quietly at a place which they shunned with so much fear and caution. The sun was going down as I arrived; and I pushed my little canoe in to the shore, kindled a fire, and after eating my supper, lay down and slept. Very soon, I saw the two dead men come and sit down by my fire, opposite me. Their eyes were intently fixed upon me, but they neither smiled, nor said any thing. I got up and sat opposite them by the fire, and in this situation I awoke. The night was dark and gusty, but I saw no men, or heard any other sounds, than that of the wind in the trees. It is likely I fell asleep again, for I soon saw the same two men standing below the bank of the river, their heads just rising to the level of the ground I had made my fire on, and looking at me as before. After a few minutes, they rose one after the other, and sat down opposite me; but now they were laughing, and pushing at me with sticks, and using various methods of annoyance. I endeavoured to speak to them, but my voice failed me: I tried to fly, but my feet refused to do their office. Throughout the whole night I was in a state of agitation and alarm. Among other things which they said to me, one of them told me to look at the top of the little hill which stood near. I did so, and saw a horse fettered, and standing looking at me. 'There, my brother,' said the jebi, 'is a horse which I give you to ride on your journey to-morrow; and as you pass here on your way home, you can call and leave the horse, and spend another night with us.'

"At last came the morning, and I was in no small degree pleased to find, that with the darkness of the night these terrifying visions vanished. But my long re-

sidence among the Indians, and the frequent instances in which I had known the intimations of dreams verified, occasioned me to think seriously of the horse the jebi had given me. Accordingly I went to the top of the hill, where I discovered tracks and other signs, and following a little distance, found a horse, which I knew belonged to the trader I was going to see. As several miles travel might be saved by crossing from this point on the Little Saskatchewan to the Assiniboin, I left the canoe, and having caught the horse, and put my load upon him, led him towards the trading-house, where I arrived next day. In all subsequent journeys through this country, I carefully shunned 'the place of the two dead;' and the account I gave of what I had seen and suffered there, confirmed the superstitious terrors of the Indians."

The Indians, as we have shown, are incorrigible drunkards. They are also desperate gamblers, and will in this respect vie with all the veterans of that very ancient order in St. James's street, and Paris, and Germany put together. They are also notorious for other vices which have been erroneously supposed to be attendant on extreme civilization. "Extremes meet." Of this adage the American Indians manifest a sad example. They are as fond of guzzling and feasting, and have meetings for that purpose as often as any set of London aldermen since the time of King Lud. Their mode of courtship is very similar to that adopted by the more refined nations of Europe. The young lady is very little consulted, and matters are settled between the old people. Our hero, however, deviated from the customary mode, getting a wife of his own choosing in what was conceived by the Indians to be rather a romantic manner. The fate, however, of many love-matches attended poor Tanner. His wife absconded and left him to provide as he best could for the children. Tanner, like a man of sense, provided himself with another wife. A man may have as many wives as he pleases, and people may separate and come together again with very little ceremony. There seems to be nothing like parental or any other affection in the breast of the Indian, other than what may centre in his own precious self, which is always the god of his idolatry.

"Soon after I returned, I was standing

by our lodge one evening, when I saw a good looking young woman walking about and smoking. She noticed me from time to time, and at last came up and asked me to smoke with her. I answered, that I never smoked. 'You do not wish to touch my pipe; for that reason you will not smoke with me.' I took her pipe and smoked a little, though I had not been in the habit of smoking before. She remained some time, and talked with me, and I began to be pleased with her. After this we saw each other often, and I became gradually attached to her.

"I mention this because it was to this woman that I was afterwards married, and because the commencement of our acquaintance was not after the usual manner of the Indians. Among them, it most commonly happens, even when a young man marries a woman of his own band, he has previously had no personal acquaintance with her. They have seen each other in the village; he has perhaps looked at her in passing, but it is probable they have never spoken together. The match is agreed on by the old people, and when their intention is made known to the young couple, they commonly find, in themselves, no objection to the arrangement, as they know, should it prove disagreeable mutually, or to either party, it can at any time be broken off.

"My conversations with Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, (the red Sky of the Morning,) for such was the name of the woman who offered me her pipe, was soon noised about the village. Hearing it, and inferring, probably, that like other young men of my age, I was thinking of taking a wife, old O-zhuk-koo-koon came one day to our lodge, leading by the hand another of his numerous grand-daughters. 'This,' said he to Net-no-kwa, 'is the handsomest and the best of all my descendants; I come to offer her to your son.' So saying, he left her in the lodge and went away. This young woman was one Net-no-kwa had always treated with unusual kindness, and she was considered one of the most desirable in the band. The old woman was now somewhat embarrassed; but at length she found an opportunity to say to me, 'My son, this girl which O-zhuk-koo-koon offers you, is handsome, and she is good; but you must not marry her, for she has that about her which will, in less than a year, bring her to the grave. It is necessary that you should have a woman who is strong and free of any disease. Let us, therefore, make this young woman a handsome present, for she deserves well at our hands, and send her back to her father.' She accordingly gave her goods to a considerable amount, and she went home. Less than a year afterwards, according to the old woman's prediction, she died.

"In the mean time, Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa and myself were becoming more and more intimate. It is probable Net-no-kwa did not disapprove of the course I was now about to take, as, though I said nothing to her on the subject, she could not have been ignorant of what I was doing. That she was not I found, when after spending, for the first time, a considerable part of the night with my mistress, I crept into the lodge at a late hour, and went to sleep. A smart rapping on my naked feet waked me at the first appearance of dawn, on the following morning. 'Up,' said the old woman, who stood by me, with a stick in her hand, 'up, young man, you who are about to take for yourself a wife, up, and start after game. It will raise you more in the estimation of the woman you would marry, to see you bring home a load of meat early in the morning, than to see you dressed ever so gaily, standing about the village after the hunters are all gone out.' I could make her no answer, but, putting on my moccasins, took my gun and went out. Returning before noon, with as heavy a load of fat moose meat as I could carry, I threw it down before Net-no-kwa, and with a harsh tone of voice said to her, 'here, old woman, is what you called for in the morning.' She was much pleased, and commended me for my exertion. I now became satisfied that she was not displeased on account of my affair with Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, and it gave me no small pleasure to think that my conduct met her approbation. There are many of the Indians who throw away and neglect their old people; but though Net-no-kwa was now decrepid and infirm, I felt the strongest regard for her, and continued to do so while she lived.

"I now redoubled my diligence in hunting, and commonly came home with meat in the early part of the day, at least before night. I then dressed myself as handsomely as I could, and walked about the village, sometimes blowing the Pe-be-gwun, or flute. For some time Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa pretended she was not willing to marry me, and it was not, perhaps, until she perceived some abatement of ardour on my part, that she laid this affected coyness entirely aside. For my own part, I found that my anxiety to take a wife home to my lodge, was rapidly becoming less and less. I made several efforts to break off the intercourse, and visit her no more; but a lingering inclination was too strong for me. When she perceived my growing indifference, she sometimes reproached me, and sometimes sought to move me by tears and entreaties; but I said nothing to the old woman about bringing her home, and became daily more and more unwilling to acknowledge her publicly as my wife.

"About this time, I had occasion to go to the trading-house on Red River, and I

started in company with a half breed, belonging to that establishment, who was mounted on a fleet horse. The distance we had to travel has since been called, by the English settlers, seventy miles. We rode and went on foot by turns, and the one who was on foot kept hold of the horse's tail, and ran. We passed over the whole distance in one day. In returning, I was by myself, and without a horse, and I made an effort, intending, if possible, to accomplish the same journey in one day; but darkness, and excessive fatigue, compelled me to stop when I was within about ten miles of home.

"When I arrived at our lodge, on the following day, I saw Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa sitting in my place. I stopped at the door of the lodge, and hesitated to enter, she hung down her head; but Net-no-kwa greeted me in a tone somewhat harsher than was common for her to use to me. 'Will you turn back from the door of the lodge, and put this young woman to shame, who is in all respects better than you are? This affair has been of your seeking, and not of mine or hers. You have followed her about the village heretofore; now you would turn from her, and make her appear like one who has attempted to thrust her-

self in your way.' I was, in part, conscious of the justness of Net-no-kwa's reproaches, and in part prompted by inclination; I went in and sat down by the side of Mis-kwa-bun-o-kwa, and thus we became man and wife. Old Net-no-kwa had, while I was absent at Red River, without my knowledge or consent, made her bargain with the parents of the young woman, and brought her home, rightly supposing that it would be no difficult matter to reconcile me to the measure. In most of the marriages which happen between young persons, the parties most interested have less to do than in this case. The amount of presents which the parents of a woman expect to receive in exchange for her, diminishes in proportion to the number of husbands she may have had."

We wished much to have amused our friends with many accounts of the hunting excursions of the American Indians, but, lo! our paper is expended ere we have been able to accomplish our design. We may, however, take another touch at these particulars, in the article on the "Prospects" of this extraordinary race.

#### LOVE.

TELL me what is Love, and where  
He doth lie!  
In the azure of her eye?  
In her breast? or in her hair,—  
Where the scents that witch the world  
Hide in every ringlet curled,  
Like the rose's bud unblown?  
Ah!—why is sweet Love never known  
But by his cruel fame,  
And the slanders on his name!  
He, (who is a God!) should shine,  
And like summer sun *be seen*;  
And should spread his wings divine  
Wheresoe'er that sun hath been:  
For like him is sweet Love driven •  
On—from Heaven on to Heaven,  
Never knowing calm or rest,  
Save upon a marble breast!

Once again,—I prythee tell,  
Where doth live the angel Love?  
Is he with the stars above?  
Or doth he slumber in a well  
With his single sister, Truth?  
Or 'tween lips of maiden youth?  
Or i' the wife's soft bosom warm,  
Sheltered from the chance of storm?  
In a forest?—In a cave?  
Or hath Sorrow dug his grave?  
Speak! If he indeed hath flown  
To the dim far world unknown,  
(Neath the earth, or in the air,)  
We will still pursue him there.

## THE DISASTERS OF JAN NADELTREIBER.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THERE are a multitude of places on this wide globe that were never heard of since the day of creation; and that never would become known to a soul beyond their own ten miles of circumference, except to those universal discoverers, the tax-gatherers,—were it not for some spark of genius which suddenly kindles there, and carries their fame through all countries and all generations. This has been the case many times, and will be the case again. We are destined to hear the sound of names that our fathers never dreamt of; and there are other spots now basking in God's blessed sunshine, of which the world knows and cares nothing, that shall, to our children, become places of worship and pilgrimage.

Something of this sort of glory was cast upon the little town of Rapps, in Bohemia, by the hero whose name stands conspicuously at the head of this story; and whose pleasant adventures I flatter myself I am destined still further to diffuse. Jan Nadeltreiber was the son of old Strauss Nadeltreiber, who had, as well as his ancestors before him, for six generations, practised, in the same little place, the most gentlemanly of all professions—that of a tailor, seeing that it was, before all others, used and sanctioned by our father Adam.

Now Jan was, from his boyhood, a remarkable person. His father had known his share of trouble; and, having two sons, both older than Jan, naturally looked, in his old age, to reap some comfort and assistance from their united labours; but they had successively fled from the shop-board. One had gone for a soldier, and was shot; the other had learned the craft of a weaver, but, being too fond of his pot, had broken his neck by falling into a quarry as he returned home one night from a carousal. Jan was left the sole staff for the old man to lean upon, and truly a worthy son he proved himself. He was as gentle as a dove, and as tender as a lamb. A cross word from his father when he made a cross stitch would almost break his heart; but

half a word of kindness revived him again, and he seldom went long without it; for the old man, though rendered rather testy and crabbed in his temper by his many troubles and disappointments, was naturally of a loving, compassionate disposition; and, moreover, regarded Jan as the apple of his eye. Jan was of a remarkably light, slender, active make, full of life and rattle. This moment he was on the board, stitching away with as much velocity as if he was working for a funeral or a wedding at an hour's notice; the next he was dispatching his dinner at the same rate; and the third beheld him running, leaping, and playing among his companions as blithe as a young kid. If he had a fault it was being too fond of his fiddle—it was his everlasting delight. One would have thought that his elbow had labour enough with jirking his needle some thirty thousand times in a day; but it was in him a sort of universal joint—it never seemed to know what weariness was. His fiddle stood always on the board in a corner by him; and no sooner had he ceased to brandish the needle than he began to brandish the fiddlestick. If he could ever be said to be lazy, it was when his father was gone out to measure, or try on, and his fiddle being too strong a temptation for him, he would seize upon it, and labour at it with all his might till he spied his father turning the next corner homewards. However, he was a pattern of filial duty with this trifling exception; and now the time was come that his father must die;—his mother was dead long before, and he was left alone in the world with his fiddle;—the whole house, board, trade—what there was of it—all was his. When he came to take stock, and make an inventory in his head of what he was worth, it was precious little. His father had seldom had much before hand when he had the whole place to himself; and now, behold! another had come from nobody knew where; had taken a great house opposite, hoisted a tremendous sign, and threatened

to carry away every shred of Jan's business. In the depth of his trouble he took to his fiddle; from his fiddle to his bed; and in his bed he had a dream, by which he was assured that could he once save the sum of fifty dollars it would be the seed of a fortune—that he should flourish far beyond the scale of old Strauss;—should drive his antagonist in despair from the ground;—should, in short, arrive at no less dignity than mayor of Rapps.

Jan was, as I have said, soon set up with the smallest spice of encouragement;—he was, moreover, as light and nimble as a grasshopper, and that little animal would exactly represent him, could it be made to stand on end; his dream, therefore, was enough; he vowed a vow of unconquerable might, and to it he went. Day and night he wrought—work came—it was done; he wanted little—a crust of bread and a merry tune were all he needed. The money grew, the sum was nearly accomplished, when, returning one evening from carrying out some work—behold!—his door was open!—behold! the lid of his pot where he deposited his treasure, was off! the money was gone! This was a terrible blow. Jan raised a vast commotion; he did not even fail to insinuate that it might be the interloper opposite; who so likely as he who had his eye continually on Jan's door? But no matter, the thief was clear off, and the only comfort he got from his neighbours was being rated for his stinginess. "Ay!" said they, "this comes of living like a curmudgeon in a great house by yourself, working your eyes out to hoard up money. What must a young man like you do with scraping up pots full of money like a miser? It is a shame, it is a sin, it is a judgment, nothing better could come of it! At all events you might afford to have a light in the house. People are ever likely to rob you. They see a house as dark as an oven, they are sure nobody is in it; they go and steal, nobody can see them come out; but, was there a light burning, they would always think there was somebody in too. At all events you might have a light!"

"There is something in that," said Jan. He was not unreasonable,

so he determined to have a light in future, and he fell to work again. Bad as his luck had been, he resolved not to be cast down, he was as diligent and as thrifty as ever; and he resolved, when he became Mayor of Rapps, to be specially severe on sneaking thieves, who crept into houses that were left to the care of Providence and the municipal authorities. A light was everlastingly burning in his window now, and people, as they passed in the morning, said, "this man must have a good business which requires him to be up so early;" and they who passed in the evening said, "this man must be making a fortune, for he is busy at all hours." He leapt down from his board, at length, with the work that was to complete his sum—went—returned, with the future Mayor growing rapidly upon him; when, as he turned the corner of the street—men and mercies!—his house was in a full burst of flame, illuminating with a ruddy glow half the town, and all the faces of the inhabitants, who were collected to witness the catastrophe. Money, fiddle, shop-board, all were consumed; and when poor Jan danced and capered in the very extasy of his distraction, "Ay," said his neighbours, "this comes of leaving a light in an empty house. It was just the thing to happen; why don't you get somebody to take care of things in your absence?"

Jan stood corrected; for, as I have said, he was soon touched to the quick; and when his anger was a little abated, he thought there was reason in what they said. So, bating not a jot of his determination to save, he took the very next house, which luckily happened to be at liberty, and he got a journeyman. For a long time it appeared hard and hopeless; there were two mouths to feed, instead of one; wages to pay; and not much more work done than he could manage himself; but still the money grew, slowly—very slowly—but still it grew; and Jan pitched upon a secure place, to his thinking, to conceal it in. Alas, poor Jan! he had often, in his heart, grumbled at the slowness of his journeyman's hands, but his eyes had been quick enough; and one morning before Jan was up, the fellow had cleared out his hiding-place, and was gone. This

was more than he could bear. He was perfectly cast down—disheartened—and inconsolable. “Ah!” said his officious neighbours, coming in to condole with him, “cheer up, man! there is nothing amiss yet. What signifies a few dollars? You will soon get plenty more with those nimble fingers of yours; you want only somebody to help you to keep them. You must get a wife! Journeyman were thieves from the first generation; you must get married!” “Get married!” thought Jan—he was struck all in a heap at the very mention of it. “Get married! what! fine clothes to go a wooing in; and fine presents to go a wooing with; and parson’s fees, and clerk’s fees, and wedding-dinner, and dancing, and drinking; and then doctor’s fees, and nurse’s fees, and children without end—it is ruin upon ruin! The fifty dollars, and the mayoralty—they might wait till doomsday. Well, that is good,” thought Jan, as he took a little more breath,—“they first counselled me to get a light—then went house and all in a bonfire;—next, I must get a journeyman—then went the money; and now they would have me bring upon me more plagues than Moses brought upon Egypt. Nay, nay,” thought Jan, “you’ll not catch me there neither.”

Jan all this time was seated on his shop-board, stitching away at an amazing rate at a garment that the rascally Wagner should have finished to order at six o’clock that morning, instead of absconding with his money; and, ever and anon, so far forgetting his loss, in what appeared to him the ludicrousness of this advice, as freely to laugh out. All that day the idea continued to run in his head; the next, it had lost much of its freshness; the third, it appeared not so odd as awful; the fourth, he began to ask himself whether it might be quite so momentous as his imagination had painted it; the fifth, he really thought it was not so bad neither; the sixth, it had so worked round in his head, that it had fairly got on the other side; it appeared clearly to have its advantages, children did not come scampering into the house all at once like a flock of lambs; a wife might help to gather as well as to spend, might possibly bring something of her own; would

be a perpetual watch and housekeeper in his absence; might speak a word of comfort in trouble, where even his fiddle was dumb;—on the seventh, he was off! whither?

Why it so happened, that once he had accompanied his father to see an old relation in the mountains of the Berhmer-Wald, and there, amongst the damsels who danced to the sound of his fiddle, was a certain bergman’s comely daughter, who, having got into his head in some odd association with his fiddle, could not be got out of it again; especially as he fancied, from some cause or other, that the simple creature had a lurking fondness for both his music and himself. Away he went, and he was right, the damsel made no objection to his overtures. Tall, stout, fresh, pleasant, growth of the open air and the hills, as she was, she never dreamt of despising the little skipping tailor of Rapps, though he was a head shorter than herself, and not a third of her weight. She had heard his music, and she had never heard of such a thing as family pride; but the old people! they were in perfect hysterics of wrath and contempt. Their daughter! with the exception of one brother, now on a visit to his uncle in Hungary, the sole remnant of an old substantial house, who had fed their flocks and their herds on the hills for three generations, it was death! poison! pestilence! Nevertheless, as Jan and the damsel were agreed, every thing else was nothing—they were married. Jan, it must be confessed, was exceedingly exasperated that the future mayor of Rapps should be thus estimated and treated, and determined to show a little spirit. As his fiddle entered into all his schemes, he resolved to have music at his wedding; and, no sooner did he and his bride issue from the church-door, then out broke the harmony which he had provided. The fiddle played merrily, “you’ll repent, repent, repent—you’ll repent, you’ll repent—you’ll repent, repent, repent;” and the bassoon replied, in surly tones, “and soon, and soon.” Thus they played till they reached the inn, where they dined, and then set off for Rapps.

It is true, that there was little happiness in this affair to any one. The old people were full of anger,



curses, and threats of total disownment; Jan's pride was pricked and perforated till he was as sore as if he had been tattooed with his own needle and bodkin; and his wife was completely drowned in sorrow at such a parting from her parents, and with no little sense of remorse for her disobedience. Nevertheless, they reached home—things began to assume, gradually, a more composed aspect; Jan loved his wife, she loved him—he was industrious, she was careful; and they trusted, in time, to bring her parents round, when they saw that they were doing well in the world.

Again the saving scheme began to haunt Jan; but he had one luckless notion, which was destined to cost him no little vexation. He had inherited from his father, together with his stock in trade, a stock of old maxims, amongst which one of the chief was, that a woman cannot keep a secret. Acting on this creed, he not only never told his wife of his project of becoming mayor of Rapps, but he did not even give her reason to suppose that he had laid up a shilling; and that she might not happen to stumble upon his money, he took care to carry it always about him. It was his delight when he got into a quiet corner, or as he came along a retired lane from his errands, to take it out, and count it, and calculate when it would amount to this sum and to that, and when the proposed sum would really be his own. Now it happened one day that having been a good deal absorbed in these speculations, he had loitered a precious piece of time away; and, suddenly coming to himself, he set off, as was his wont, on a kind of easy trot; in which his small, light form thrown forward, his pale, grey-eyed, earnest-looking visage thrown towards the sky, and his long sky-blue coat flying in a stream behind him, he cut one of the most extraordinary figures in the world; and, checking his pace as he entered the town, he involuntarily clapped his hand on his pocket, and, behold! his money was gone; it had slipped away through a hole it had worn. In the wildness and bitterness of his loss he turned back, heartily cursing the spinner and weaver of that most detestable piece of buckram that composed his breeches-poc-

ket; that they had put it together so villainously as to break down with the carriage of a few dollars, halfpence, thimbles, balls of wax and thread, and a few other sundries, after the trifling wear of seven years, nine months, and nineteen days. He was pacing, step by step, after his lost treasure, when up came his wife, running like one wild, and telling him, as well as she could for want of breath, that he must come that instant, for the Ritter of Flachenflaps had brought new liveries for all his servants, and threatened, if he did not see Jan in five minutes, to carry the work over to the other side of the street. Here was a perplexity! The money was not to be found, and if it were found in the presence of his wife, he regarded it as no better than lost; but found it was not, and he was forced to tell a lie into the bargain, being caught in the act of searching for something, and say he had lost his thimble; and to make bad worse, he was in danger of losing a good job, and all the Ritter's work for ever as a consequence. Away he ran then, groaning inwardly, at full speed; and arriving, out of breath, saw the Ritter's carriage drawn up at his opponent's door. Wormwood upon wormwood! His money was lost! his best customer was lost, and thrown into the hands of his detested enemy. There he beheld him and his man in a prime bustle, from day to day, while his own house was deserted. All people went where the Ritter went, of course; his adversary was flourishing out of all bounds; he had got a horse, to ride out and take orders, and was likely to become mayor ten years before Jan had ten dollars of his own. It was too much for even his sanguine temperament; he sank down to the very depths of despair; his fiddle had lost its music; he could not abide to hear it; he sate moody and disconsolate, with a beard an inch long. His wife, for some time, hoped it would go off; but, seeing it come to this, she began to console and advise, to rouse his courage and his spirits. She told him it was that horse which gave the advantage to his neighbour. While he went trudging on foot, wearying himself, and wasting his time, people came, grew impatient, and would not wait. She offered therefore, to borrow her neighbour's

ass for him; and advised him to ride out daily a little way; it would look as though he had business in the country; it would look as if his time was precious; it would look well, and do his health good into the bargain. Jan liked her counsel; it sounded exceedingly discreet; he always thought her a gem of a woman; but he never imagined her half so able; what a pity a woman could not be trusted with a secret! else had she been a helpmate past all reckoning.

The ass, however, was got—out rode Jan—looked amazingly hurried, and being half crazed with care, people fancied he was half crazed with stress of business: work came in—things went flowingly on again; Jan blessed his stars; and as he grasped his cash, he every day stitched it into the crown of his cap. No more pots—no more hiding holes—no more breeches' pockets for him; he put it under the guardianship of his own strong thread and dexterous needle; it went on exceedingly well. Accidents, however, will occur if men will not trust their wives; and especially if they will not avoid awkward habits. Now Jan had a strange habit of sticking his needles on his breeches' knees, as he sat at work; and sometimes he would have half a dozen on each knee for half a dozen days. His wife told him to take them out when he came down from his board, and often took them out herself, but it was of no use. He was just in this case one day as he rode out to take measure of a gentleman about five miles off. The ass, to his thinking, was in a remarkably brisk mood. Off it went, without whip or spur, at a good active trot, and not satisfied with trotting, soon fairly proceeded to a gallop. Jan was full of wonder at the beast; commonly it tired his arm worse with thrashing it, during his hour's ride, than the exercise of his goose and sleeve-board did for a whole day; but now he was fain to pull it in. It was to no purpose—faster than ever it dashed on—prancing, running sideways, wincing, and beginning to show a must ugly temper. What, in the name of all Balaam's, could possess the animal, he could not for his life conceive; the only chance of safety appeared to be in clinging with both arms and legs

to it, like a boa-constrictor to its victim; when, shy! away it flew, as if it were driven by a legion of devils. In a moment it stopped;—down went its head—up went its infernal heels—and Jan found himself some ten yards off in the middle of a pond. He escaped drowning—you might as easily have drowned a rush: but his cap was gone—the dollars in the crown had sunk its past recovery. He came home dripping like a drowned mouse, with a most deplorable tale, but with no more knowledge of the cause of his disaster than the man in the moon, till he tore his fingers on the needles in abstracting his wet clothes.

Fortune now seemed to have said, as plainly as she could speak—"Jan, confide in your wife. You see all your schemes without her fail. Open your heart to her;—deal fairly—generously, and you will reap the sweets of it." It was all in vain;—he had not yet come to his senses. Obstinate as a mule, he determined to try once more. But, good bye to the ass! The only thing he resolved to mount was his shop-board; that bore him well, and brought him continual good, could he only contrive to keep it.

His wife, I said, was from the mountains; she therefore liked the sight of trees. Now in Jan's backyard there was neither tree nor turf; so she got some tubs, and in them she planted a variety of fir-trees, which made a pleasant appearance; and gave a help to her imagination of the noble pines of her native scenes. In one of these tubs Jan conceived the singular idea of depositing his treasure. "Nobody will meddle with the tubs," he thought; so, accordingly, from week to week, he concealed in one of them his acquisitions. This had gone on a long time. He had been out collecting some of his debts; he had succeeded beyond his hopes; he came back exulting; the sum was saved; and, in the gladness of his heart he had bought his wife a new gown. He bounded into the house with the lightness of seventeen; his wife was not there; he looked into the yard—saints and angels!—what is that? He beheld his wife busy with the trees; they were uprooted, and laid on the ground, and every particle of

soil was thrown out of the tubs. In the delirium of consternation he flew to ask what she had been doing—"Oh, the trees did not flourish, poor things; they looked sickly and pinning; she determined to give them some soil more suitable to their natures; she had thrown the other earth into the river at the bottom of the yard." "And you have thrown into the river the hoarding of three years—the money which had cost me many a weary day, and many an anxious night; the money which would have made our fortunes; in short, that would have made me mayor of Rapps," exclaimed Jan, perfectly thrown off his guard to the exposure of his secret! "Why did you not tell me of it?" said his wife, kindly, gently, and self-reproachingly. "Ay, that is a question!" said he. And it *was* a question; for, spite of his apparent testiness, it had occurred to his mind some dozens of times; and now it came back with such an unction, that even when he thought he treated it with contempt, it had fixed itself upon his better reason, and never left him till it had worked a most fortunate revolution. He said to himself, "had I told my wife from the first, it could not possibly have happened worse; and it is very likely it would have happened better; for the future, then, be it so!" Wherefore he unfolded to her the whole history and mystery of his troubles and his hopes. Now Mrs. Jan Nadeltreiber had great cause to feel herself offended, most grievously offended; but she was not at all of a touchy temper. She was a sweet, tender, patient creature, who desired her husband's honour and prosperity beyond everything. So she sat down, and in the most mild, yet acute and able manner, laid down to him a plan of operations, and promised him such aids and succours, that, struck at once with shame, contrition, and admiration, he sprang up, clasped her to his heart, called her the very gem of womanhood, and skipped three or four times across the floor like a man gone out of his senses. The truth, is, however, he was but just come into them.

From this day a new life was begun in Jan's house. There he sat at his work—there sat his wife by his side, aiding and contriving with a

woman's wit, a woman's love, and a woman's adroitness. She was worth ten journeymen. Work never came in faster, never gave such satisfaction, never brought in so much money; and, besides, such harmony and affection was there in the house, such delectable discourse did they hold together! There was nothing to conceal; Jan's thoughts flowed like a great stream, and when they grew a little wild and visionary, as they were apt to do, his wife smoothed and reduced them to sobriety, with such a delicate tact, that, so far from feeling offended, he was delighted beyond expression with her prudence. The fifty dollars were raised in almost no time; and, as if the prognostic of their being the seed of a fortune were to be fulfilled immediately, they came in opportunely to purchase a lot of cloth, which more than trebled its cost, and gave infinite satisfaction to his customers. Jan saw that the tide was rapidly rising with him, and his wife urged him to push on with it; to take a larger house; to get more hands, and to cut such a figure as should at once eclipse his rival. The thing was done; but, as their capital was still found scanty for such an establishment, his wife resolved to try what she could do to increase it.

I should have said, had not the current of Jan's disasters run too strong upon me, that his wife's parents were dead, and died without giving her any token of reconciliation; a circumstance which, although it cut her to the heart, did not quite cast her down, feeling that she had done nothing but what a parent might forgive; being, all of us, creatures alike liable to err, and demanding, alike, some little indulgence for our weaknesses and our fancies. The brother was now sole representative of the family, and, knowing the generosity of his nature, she determined to pay him a visit, although in a condition very unfit for travelling. She went; her brother received her with all his early affection; in his house her first child was born; and so much did she and her bantling win upon his heart, that, when the time came that she must return, nothing would serve but he must take her himself. She had been so loud in the praises of Jan, that he

determined to go and shake him by the hand. It would have done any one good to see this worthy mountaineer setting forth; himself firmly seated on his great horse, his sister behind him, and the brat slung safely on one side, cradled in his corn-hopper. It would have been equally pleasant to see him set down his charge at the door of Jan's new house, and behold with wonder that merry minikin of a man, all smiles and gesticulations, come forth to receive them. The contrast between Jan and his brother-in-law was truly amusing. He a shadow-like homunculus, so light and dry that every wind threatened to blow him before it, the bergman with a countenance like the rising sun, the stature of a giant, and limbs like an elephant. Jan watched with considerable anxiety the experiment of his kinsman's seating himself in a chair: the chair however stood firm, and the good man surveyed Jan in return, with a curious and critical air, as if doubtful whether he must hold him in

contempt for the want of that solid matter of which he himself had too much. Jan's good qualities, however, got the better of him. "The man is a man," said he to himself, very philosophically, "and as he is good to my sister, he shall know of it." So, as he took his departure, he seized one of Jan's hands with a cordial gripe, that was felt through every limb, and into the other he put a bag of one thousand dollars! "My sister shall not be a beggar in her husband's house; this is properly her own, and much good may it do you!"

I need not prolong my story; the new tailor soon fled before the star of Jan's ascendancy. Jan was speedily installed in the office of Mayor of Rapps, in his eyes the highest of all earthly dignities; and, if he had one trouble left, it was only in the reflection that he might have obtained his wishes years before, had he better understood the heart of a good woman.

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THE NAMELESS FOUNTAIN.

It was a burning day in June,  
And I was warm and weary;  
When on my ear a trickling tune  
Came, small-voiced as a fairy.

I paused to hear that gentle sound,  
So cool and softly flowing;  
For, parched and withered all around,  
The very grass seemed glowing.

And then I spied a little nook,  
Buried in weeds and brambles;  
Thro' whose green leaves a silvery brook  
Like modest merit rambles.

And sung its sweet and low-toned song,  
Nor made pretence, nor riot;  
But, stealing in the shade along,  
Hummed to itself in quiet.

And with it came the happy moan  
Of wild bee almost stifled;  
In bell or blossom newly blown,  
Which none before had rifled.

While here and there, as bridal veil,  
The gossamer would cover;  
A blushing flower—now pink, now pale—  
From glances of her lover.

Some years have passed, sixteen or more—  
But where's the use of counting?  
Still freshly lives in memory's store,  
The music of that Fountain.

## EAST INDIA COMPANY.—NO. IV.

## MR. BUCKINGHAM'S LAST HUMBUG.

As Mr. Buckingham's exertions against the East India Company formed the subject of our first paper under this head, we think that we may, without impropriety, devote a short article of the series to his last attempt at raising the wind. On the 12th of August, after the usual round of preliminary puffing, he delivered a lecture in the Theatre of the London Institution, announcing and explaining his project of a voyage round the world, at the expense of the public, and for the public benefit. After some historical observations, and detailing what ought to be expected from England now that, "for the first time in all her history, she has a sailor king" [poor James II. is forgotten]; he proceeded to say: "That there is one important duty that has never yet been incorporated with any systematic and well digested plan for a voyage of discovery; which is to lay the foundations for a future commercial intercourse with the coasts and islands discovered, by leaving among their inhabitants specimens of the useful manufactures, models of agriculture and domestic implements, and descriptions of the arts and conveniences which time and experience have enabled us to discover and apply to the improvements and comforts of life, with the seeds of elementary and useful knowledge, planted in such a manner as to lead to a harvest of intellectual and moral improvement, and the consequent increase of happiness to those who are thus blessed." And then remarked, that the "present period seems peculiarly favourable for such an undertaking," because "the shores and islands of the eastern hemisphere, in the space lying between China and South America, including the coasts of Corea, Formosa, Japan, Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas, the Philippines, the Kurile Archipelago, and the countless islands in the Pacific Ocean, are the parts of the globe least accurately known in every sense, and these are now likely soon to become accessible to English ships, as they have for a long time been to foreign vessels only; it being already understood that the East India Company

will be willing to admit of English ships being employed, as American and other foreign vessels now are, in the conveyance of exports from this country to every part of the eastern seas, reserving to themselves the import of particular articles only; and it being matter of still greater *certainly* that, supposing no change whatever to take place in this respect, they would readily grant their license or permission to any ship proceeding on a publicly avowed voyage of discovery and improvement like this."

In order to further this undertaking, Mr. Buckingham calls upon "the members of both houses of parliament, the clergy and gentry, the bankers, capitalists, and monied interests, the general merchants, the manufacturers, the ship-owners, 'the ladies of England generally,' and lastly, public literary institutions, and the conductors of the public press."

All these classes are imperatively expected to put money into Mr. Buckingham's purse. A public subscription is to be raised to purchase and equip a vessel; and in the explicit and modest words of the lecturer: "The *only* means I ask for conducting and commanding this enterprise is this: that the ship and her equipments be, in the first instance, provided by the British public, leaving every subsequent expense of the voyage to be paid out of her trading, freights, or gains, and that all the materials thus supplied to me, as instruments with which to effect the undertaking, *be placed entirely at my disposal*; on the pledge that after this voyage round the globe has been performed, and the objects accomplished, as far as may be found practicable, according to the plan detailed above, a faithful narrative of the proceedings of the expedition, from its departure till its return, shall be published, for the honour of those who may contribute to its formation, and, it is hoped, for the benefit of the world at large;" and the emolument of Mr. Buckingham in particular. No time is so favourable, he assumes, as the present. "And as to the person to carry the object into effect, he con-

fessed that on this point he *found it more difficult to speak than any other*, but he felt persuaded that his various qualifications (which he enumerated) and his experience fitted him to carry the enterprise to a successful conclusion. And more than all this, he was willing, nay ardently sighed for an opportunity like this, whereby to advance the cause of science, and the interests of mankind. All that he required was a ship, and outfit, &c., and he would then prosecute the voyage, engaging to furnish a faithful account of his proceedings on his return home. Count de la Borde had warmly encouraged him to go over to Paris, assuring him that he would be there certain of meeting with the assistance he would require; but he thought it would be a blot upon England if she were not to be the originator, instead of the seconder of this grand undertaking."

The patriotism of this last touch cannot be exceeded. We once lost Columbus—let us not make so unfortunate a mistake a second time. But Mr. Buckingham must excuse us when we doubt the difficulty he finds in speaking of his personal merits; for really he has been talking of nothing these last ten years but himself, his talents, and his misfortunes. Even the other day, at the meeting about the French revolution, he contrived, impossible as the fact appeared to be, to hook the whole of his history in India upon the affairs of the battles of Paris: the tyranny of Charles X. was forgotten in that of the East India Company, and the massacre of the Boulevards considered as a bagatelle in comparison with the deportation of Buckingham from Calcutta. Mar-mont was a less ferocious minister of the law than Adam.

We said, some months ago, that this gentleman was a quack, and we are sorry to be obliged to repeat, that he has never broached a greater quackery than his new voyage round the world. We were about to have demolished the project, when we found it done to hand in a little weekly periodical, called the "*Spirit of Literature*." As this paper has been but a short time established, it is probable that it has not the circulation which it deserves, and that our readers have not seen the observa-

tions upon Buckingham's last scheme. We extract the article in a body, adding our hope that it will draw public attention to the paper from which it is taken. There is a little Whiggery about the "*Spirit of Literature*," which is a shame; but it is edited by a very clever and worthy fellow, J. C. R., alias Sholto Percy, alias the Mechanics' Magazine, alias fifty other names, which we do not now remember. Let him then speak for himself.

"1. We consider it to be a point established by all past experience, that exploratory expeditions into unknown regions can only be safely entrusted to responsible persons, acting by the authority and under the control of the public. We can conceive nothing in this way more fraught with danger, or more likely to prove abortive, than an expedition such as that which is now projected. Mr. Buckingham is to be under the control of nobody; he is to be responsible to nobody. He is to go forth in the name of the British people, and yet the British people are to have no voice whatever in the direction of his proceedings. He is to voyage where he pleases, and do as he pleases; right or wrong, he is to have none to answer to but himself. We never heard of a more preposterous proposition; the man lives not whom it would be safe to trust with so irresponsible a power.

"2. No cause has been shown why the British people should fit out an expedition on so unusual a plan. It is not alleged that the government of the country has evinced any backwardness to promote geographical discovery, or that there has been any paucity of exploratory expeditions; it is admitted, on the contrary, that there has been already 'vast public expense' incurred (See Synopsis) in undertakings of this description. It is pretended, indeed, that there is one important duty which has never yet been incorporated with any systematic and well-digested plan for a voyage of discovery, namely, that of leaving among the inhabitants of the newly-discovered countries specimens of useful manufactures, &c. But we deny that there is any foundation for this pretence. We never yet knew of any public expedition in which that 'important duty' was not more

or less attended to. Neither has Mr. B. shown that it is a duty likely to be better performed by him than it has been by others. He talks of leaving '*descriptions of the arts and conveniences which time and experience have enabled us to discover and apply to the improvements and comforts of life.*' In what language, pray? Has he discovered some universal character which every people and tribe can understand? He tells us farther, of its being his intention to plant '*the seeds of elementary and useful knowledge, in such a manner as to lead to a harvest of intellectual and moral improvement, and the consequent increase of happiness to those who are thus blessed.*' In what manner? Is it by some new *dibble* of Mr. Buckingham's invention, or how? It seems manifest to us, from the looseness and generality of the expressions which Mr. B. employs, that instead of having a more '*systematic,*' or a better '*digested*' plan than any of those who have gone before him, he has, in truth, no defined plan of operations at all in his head. He knows that the words '*improvement,*' '*knowledge,*' '*happiness,*' &c., make excellent gull-traps, and as gull-traps he uses them, without caring, apparently, for what the judicious and reflecting must think of his conduct.

"3. The project is for an expedition into the Indian seas; whereas, if '*discovery and civilization*' were really the paramount objects of the undertaking, the sphere of operations selected would have been the Southern Pacific, which is still, of all parts of the globe, the least explored. (See on this head *Malte Brun.*)

"4. The project proceeds on a supposition, that the East India Charter is to be modified, to the extent of enabling Mr. Buckingham to trade through every part of the Indian seas; and that if it is not modified, the East India Company will, at all events, most certainly grant a special licence to Mr. Buckingham for the purpose; a supposition which, after all that has passed between Mr. B. and the East India Company, must be allowed to be excessively reasonable! But suppose the charter should *not* be modified to that extent, and that the East India Company should be obstinate, and *not* grant Mr. B.

the special licence he requires—what then? A *trading* voyage to the Southern Pacific would hardly pay; and where else could Mr. B. go on a pretence of promoting discovery, civilization, and so forth? We humbly submit, that taking these contingencies into consideration, it might be as well to suspend the *receiving* of subscriptions (this at all events) till it is positively ascertained whether the projected expedition can be proceeded in or not.

"5. The fact that the proposed expedition of discovery is to depend, for the means of its prosecution, on '*the ordinary sources of trade and profit in the route,*' is, to our minds, a decisive proof of itself, that the expedition can never come to any *good*—*public good* at least. Mr. B. may sophisticate and refine as he pleases—trade can have but one ultimate object, and that object is *profit*. All other considerations—discovery, civilization, every thing else—must give way to that which lowers one scale below the other; and the person who is least of all capable of resisting the temptation to prefer the heavier to the lighter scale, must be the individual into whose lap it is ordained the balance of trade shall fall. Mr. B. expatiates finely on the advantage of ascertaining, for the merchants of England, '*what particular description of goods are suited to particular markets, and what are the quantities, patterns, textures, prices, and other peculiarities best adapted to each.*' Now we will suppose a case, not only a possible, but a very probable one.—Mr. B. may, in the course of his exploratory and trading voyage in the ship purchased and fitted out for him by the British public, discover some new market, by the keeping of which, as a sort of preserve, to himself, he might, in a few years, acquire unheard-of wealth—a fortune sufficient to buy up and liberate all the rotten boroughs in England, to sustain every sinking undertaking for the benefit of mankind, to equip and send forth a hundred new knight-errants in the cause of human civilization—to make Mr. Buckingham, in short, at once the most renowned, the most powerful, and the most patriotic citizen of modern times. Will Mr. B. presume to tell us, that he has virtue enough

to resist such a temptation? He *could not* resist it; nor probably any thing coming within a hundred degrees of so profitable a consummation; and for this reason, among others, it is, that trading is incompatible with the higher and more disinterested objects which he professes to have in view.

"6. The project has been brought forward without a single estimate being offered of the sum of money which will be requisite for the purpose. The sum may be 20,000*l.*; or it may be 50,000*l.*; there is no hint given when it will be proper for the public to cease subscribing. The plan of Mr. B. seems to be, to get all he can; 'the more the merrier.' There is to be no accounting, and why should there be any calculation? This will doubtless suit Mr. B. well; but that any respectable body of gentlemen, with so honest-minded a prince as the Duke of Sussex at their head, should give their sanction to so indefinite, so all-grasping, so quack-like a plan of subscription-begging, does greatly surprise us.

"7. The qualifications which are said to 'fit peculiarly Mr. Buckingham for commanding this expedition, and conducting it to a happy termination,' do by no means include all the qualifications requisite. 'Maritime experience,' 'active habits,' 'diversified knowledge,' 'unwearied zeal,' do not include either forethought, or discretion, or judgment, or steadiness, or promptitude, or resolution, or perseverance, or that familiarity with success which is sometimes called good luck, but which is seldom any thing else than the fruit of good conduct. Mr. B.'s friends have omitted to affirm of him the very qualifications which are most essential to the success of his undertaking. He may be all that they allege, and yet be the most unfit man in the world to intrust with the direction of a voyage of discovery. Suppose a private merchant were in search of a person to take the command of a vessel richly freighted for foreign climes, what would he say to the shipbroker who should tell him—'here is the very man you want—the fittest of all others for taking the charge of such a venture as yours—an excellent seaman—a fine weather-beaten fellow, who has been a lover of enterprise from his cradle—who has visited in his time all parts of the world—who is but now in his forty-fourth year—

'strong, healthy, vigorous, and energetic'—and who has but one little fault—if fault it can be called—and that is, he has never gone to sea but to be wrecked, and can count exactly as many shipwrecks as voyages?'—'No, no!' the merchant would assuredly reply; 'no such Captain Luckless for me: it cannot have been always the fault of the elements that he has been always so unlucky. Rest assured, friend, his 'one little fault' includes many.' Now, if it would be prudent in a private person to act so—as it most certainly would—we should like to know why a different principle of selection should be followed in a case where the public is concerned? Mr. B. has, it must be confessed, had some unusual hardships to encounter in life; but, on the other hand, he has had many unusual helps to carry him through and above these hardships. He has had subscriptions large enough to put the most ruined man in the world in the way to fortune; he has had his handsome legacy, too, like other suffering patriots; and, in one way or other, he has found the means of giving a fair trial to more schemes than (perhaps) any other man now living. Yet not one of all his schemes has prospered in his hands; he has failed in every thing he has undertaken. He has manifestly the 'one little fault' which includes 'many.' He has never embarked in any undertaking in which he was not shipwrecked; and yet, with this notorious fact staring them in the face, a meeting of noblemen and gentlemen have been pleased to certify that his qualifications are such as '*peculiarly fit* him for commanding this expedition, and conducting it to a happy termination!'

"Mr. B. must not be angry that we make thus free with his personal character. He has invited every one to a free examination of it, by the position in which he has chosen to put himself; he comes forward in the present instance entirely on the strength of his personal character, and by that he must stand or fall.

"Lastly. The ship and her equipments, and all the money that may be subscribed for the expedition, be it ever so much beyond what is requisite, are to be 'placed entirely' at Mr. Buckingham's 'disposal;' that is, they are to be made a present of to Mr. B., to do with them what he pleases: all



the profit, too, that may be made in the course of the voyage, is to go into Mr. Buckingham's pocket. When he returns he is to publish a 'faithful narrative of the proceedings of the expedition, for the honour of those who may contribute to its formation, and, it is hoped, for the benefit of the world at large.' But that honour is all the satisfaction the contributors are to receive. His five guinea subscribers ('the highest sum *permitted* to be subscribed!') are not even to have a copy of the 'faithful narrative' for their money. Does not this winding up of the concern place beyond all doubt its perfectly mercenary character? Why should Mr. B. have so noble a present made to him? How do we know that he will deserve it? We shall be told, no doubt, that the affair could not be managed otherwise, without taking the character of 'a joint stock, or trading company, which the public are 'particularly requested' to observe 'this is not.' Perhaps not; then all we have to say is—if the affair cannot be managed otherwise, it should not be gone into at all. As it stands now, it is, palpably, nothing but a scheme to benefit Mr. B. at all hazards, under the shallow pretext of benefitting 'the world at large.'

"It may be said that, 'admitting all we have said to be true, there can be no great harm done by the undertaking, begin, go on, or end as it may.

A great many well-meaning people will lose the trifles they may subscribe to it—and that will be all.' We reply that the harm done will not end with the loss of the money subscribed. Were that all, Mr. B. might puff and pocket away, and welcome. But in proportion as the public are deceived by meretricious schemes, they are apt to acquire a distaste for projects of all kinds, to the discouragement and neglect of the very best. The success of the quack is just so much subtracted from that success which should reward the man of education and talent. To befriend imposture is to defraud merit. Besides, it is something more than money the British people are asked to place in the hands of Mr. Buckingham—it is the power, through that money, of doing, in the name of the British people, either a great deal of good, or a great deal of evil, just as Mr. B.'s *lucky* star may happen to be in the ascendant. What the chance of that is we have already seen; as nearly as we can calculate, it is about  $999 \frac{99}{1000}$  to 1000 that as he has succeeded before, so he will succeed again."

Nothing need be added to this. Mr. Buckingham will stay at home. And the last great circumnavigator of the globe must continue to be Mr. Ikey Solomons, whose travels were undoubtedly carried on for the benefit of the public, and at the public expense!

#### THE FATE OF THE COLONIES.\*

WHEN we last addressed the public, we promised to make the conduct of Sir George Murray the subject of our next paper. For sundry good and sufficient reasons, however, we have thought it best to delay this for a short time: amongst other causes for this delay, we wish to see what line of behaviour the Right Honourable the Secretary for the Colonies will adopt on the occasion of the general meeting of the West India proprietors, to be holden at the City of London tavern, for the purpose of presenting an address to his majesty. Meanwhile we cannot do better than say some few words on the pamphlet which Mr.

Alexander has addressed to the colonial residents.

This pamphlet is well timed, and we earnestly entreat the attention of the proprietors in this country to its contents, however remarkable they may be for bluntness of expression—however unpleasantly the truth may sound in their ears. We, poor two-eyed mortals that we are, cannot see the pack on our own backs, however we may scrutinise the pack on the backs of our neighbours. If, therefore, the West India proprietors will not be made sensible of the extreme danger of their situation, let them, we entreat, look at the East India Company, whose

\* Fate of the Colonies, a Letter from R. Alexander, Esq., to the Proprietors and Planters of the West Indies, resident in the Colonies. Fraser, Regent Street.

power is now actually tottering, because they have been obstinate in that line of conduct which is scouted by every true lover of his country, by every man wishing to stand well with his fellow-citizens, and preserve a character for honourable independence. It has been well said, that corporate bodies and chartered companies will do things which would never be admitted into the ritual of honour among simple and isolated individuals. The East India Company, on that principle, have been imagining that their mean truckling to the present ministers, and to ministers in general, would not be perceived by the community at large. But they are mistaken. The present ministry is distrusted by the people, and in their condemnation all their friends are involved. Had the Court of Directors acted an open and independent part—had they manfully brought forward their case for popular adjudgment, and their case is too good to fear any thing, all had been well. But they have thought proper to proceed otherwise. They have, by every means in their power, kept their great question from being sifted, relying all the while on the personal good feelings of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. "He is an old Indian," say the nabobs of Leadenhall Street, "and will undoubtedly have a friendly feeling towards the large body of Indians." This remains to be proved. We think his Grace too selfish a man to care for any one person beyond himself. If he can increase his influence by curtailing or destroying the company's charter, the company's charter will be curtailed of its fair proportion, or destroyed altogether, as it may suit his Highness. If, however, he should imagine, that the present coalition between the Bank of England and the Court of Directors of the Honourable the East India Company is too powerful to be so cavalierly dealt with, still a counter argument will hold some influence in his Highness's breast, an argument which will require deep consideration, and which must not, as he loves his situation of state-pilot, be settled in his customary off-hand manner. His Highness will have to ponder well on the relative strength of the city coalition and the popular bias—on how far this coalition of merchants will aid and support him in the House of Commons against those members who are pledged to crush all

monopolies; and those who, discarding all selfish or interested motives, have determined to act upon principle, and to represent faithfully in parliament the expressed views of their several constituents. When his Highness shall have fully reviewed the subject in this light, we opine that he will come round to this conclusion—that the city coalition is as weak as a bulrush in a storm, when put into comparison with the declared resolutions of the country; viz. that monopolies must be destroyed, or greatly qualified; and he will be inclined to abandon the Bank of England and the East India Company, which together can constitute but a feeble power in the House of Commons, and to win over to his cause the representatives of the country at large. Would it not, therefore, have been better if the Court of Directors had courted public inquiry? if they had brought forward and manfully laid open their own case to the public eye? Would it not have been better for them if they had addressed the country at large, instead of adopting a hole and corner method of whispering their own representations into the ear of the minister, in the vain hope that, whether the popular feeling were favourable or not, the minister could stuff the most obnoxious measure down the throats of the people, without condescending any explanation to satisfy their reason? At the commencement of our labours, we predicted that the Court of Directors would before long find themselves in this position of danger; our words have been verified, and they will soon see that the task of extrication is easy to execute.

The West India proprietors, however, have played a better and a nobler part, and the consequence is, that they have, in a great measure, obtained the confidence of all persons who are not biassed by party views or selfishness. They have on every occasion most manfully met public opinion: they have afforded every means towards having their conduct, not only in the mother country but in the colonies, fully canvassed. They have in this manner thrown confusion into the ranks of the Sunts, and the upholders of the deadly establishment of Sierra Leone. But suntsnip in this country is a dangerous and venomous reptile, and, like all other reptiles, possesses a tenacity for existence which it is difficult to extinguish.

It may be beaten, bruised, maimed, divided; still, when we least expect it, the severed parts rejoin, and the "sinuous mischief" again resumes its course of slime and corruption. Saintship in every country constituted as England is, must have an enduring vitality. In mountainous, thinly populated, and poor countries only, such, for instance, as are Switzerland and Scotland, can there be a universality of true religion. The greater the population of a country, the greater its riches, the easier the facilities of communication, the more hypocrisy must preponderate, the more human weakness will be found, and false religion exercise its baneful influence. The Saints, against whom the colonists have had to contend, are cunning in their generation, and are fully aware of the above fact; and they consequently have an easier battle to fight than can by the most favourable chances fall to the share of the colonists. For whereas the latter, in all their proceedings and explanations, have to address themselves to the right reason and the sound judgment, the former invariably shape their action and discourse to the weaknesses of mankind.

Certain it is that the Saints have done this last with prodigious effect during the late general election; so much so, that in all then canvasses the colonists have laboured under a severe unpopularity. The cry on every hustings throughout Great Britain and Ireland was, "Down with the planters, and destruction to their property!" Every popular candidate was obliged to confess himself an enemy to monopolies, and as pledged to vote for the total and sudden abolition of slavery. There is little sense in mob-law, and mob-law generally rules at all proceedings for an election. The slightest spark thrown by the Saints adroitly into the multitude, would be sure to work to the prejudice of their enemies; and the opportunity was not lost by that respectable and honest body. The consequence was, as those wily foxes had anticipated, not only in counties and cities, but in rotten boroughs, man pledged himself to man for the discomfiture and annihilation of the colonists. All this, however, might have been prevented; it is not, even yet, too late for the West Indians to reclaim their affairs, however black and desperate they may appear.

For this purpose, the first thing to be

done is to throw off the shackles of the ministry. This point is excellently urged by Mr. Alexander.

"Gentlemen, you will do me the credit to admit that, some considerable time ago, I anticipated this crisis, and warned you of its consequences—at a time, too, when the cry was less prevalent, and when the symptoms were less developed than they now are. I have repeatedly, in public and in private, told the West Indians that the policy they were pursuing, and the confidence they were reposing in ministers, would lead to this result; and that, when they least expected it, they would be deserted, and left to the mercy of their ignorant, but enthusiastic and unrelenting enemies.

"The opinion which I formed of the subject ten years ago, is the same opinion which I hold now. If there be any shade of dissimilarity in it, it arises entirely from the hopes which at the first I reposed in the West India body. I flattered myself that as their eyes should be opened to their danger they would prepare themselves for the struggle, and adopt the necessary measures of defence. I imagined that declining profits and increasing embarrassments would animate their zeal, and call into operation the vigour and the expedients which deep injury and a sense of justice, and a love of self-preservation, generally dictate and inspire.

"I need not tell you how much these hopes have been disappointed, or how melancholy is the reflection, that, although our sentiments are unchanged, our chances of success are diminished. For the last ten years the enemies of the West Indies have pursued you with unsated vengeance. Time, that generally mitigates the asperity of party zeal, has rather increased the rancour of that persecution, of those calumnies, and of that determination to accomplish your ruin, which your enemies cherish, and of which you are, I fear, destined to be the unpitied victims."

"But this is not the most melancholy part of your case. When a man dies bravely, even in a bad cause, he seldom fails to have numerous admirers. On the other hand, it is a glorious sight to see a virtuous man struggling with adversity—fighting inch by inch for the land he loves, or the estate he inherited from his forefathers. When such a man is betrayed by false friends, overpowered by numbers, or overwhelmed by brute force, his fall is a moral lesson to the world, and sooner or later his wrongs are avenged. But when in a good cause an individual is a martyr of non-resistance—when he sleeps soundly under the shade of his Upas tree, while the hypocrite and the incendiary pillage his

dwelling and beggar his children, it is impossible that moral sympathy can mingle with his misfortunes. If England were to-morrow invaded and subjugated by the French, would she not merit this disgrace if she offered no resistance—if she quietly allowed the conqueror to take possession, and perpetuate this possession by severe laws?"

We are willing to believe that the West Indians resident in this country have been deceived. Alas! they are not the only persons who have been made victims to the double-dealing of our field-marshal minister, with the Janus face. The Protestants of England have a deep rankling grievance to repay; and when they forget it, may their right hand forget its cunning! But let not friendly warnings be in vain given to the colonists resident in England. We say to them, in the words of the immortal poet, not, however, for the purpose of aggression, but of self-defence,

"Awake—arise—or be for ever fallen!"

We think Mr. Alexander is decidedly wrong in addressing his present letter to the proprietors resident in the colonies. He should have directed his letter to the gentlemen in this country who have in hand the affairs of the West Indies. That they have mistaken their true course of policy—that they have too much hung on the minister's smile—cannot be doubted. But affairs are not irretrievable. The colonists in England are men of sense and men of character, men of substance and fortune, and men competent to inspire the fullest confidence. If we be so fortunate as to convince them of the errors of their ways, we shall be satisfied, under the reflection that we have done a good action. There is much of truth mixed up, however, with acidity of feeling towards the colonists, in the following extract from Mr. Alexander's pamphlet:—

"Now, Gentlemen, may I be permitted to ask, to which class of patriots or supplicants, of heroes or sycophants, do your friends in Parliament, your colonial agents, and your West India friends, belong? I have watched their conduct pretty closely, and more closely than you have had an opportunity of doing, for I have been on the spot, at head-quarters, in their own arena, for several years; and I most solemnly declare, that most of the misfortunes of the colonies are attributable to the apathy, the indifference, the disunion, and the ministerial dependence of those who,

in common parlance, are considered to be your representatives. What stand have the West Indians, as a body, made against any one of the insidious measures of the last ten years? On what occasion have we seen a dozen, or even half that number, cordially and resolutely united against the minister on any question where your interest and the interest of the colonies generally has been at stake? When the society of Aldermanbury Street send a member to the House of Commons, they invariably select a person who is sure to support them in all their schemes, at all hazards. He may be ministerial on other questions. He may exercise his own discretion where the views of the society are not compromised; but in all questions injurious to you and identified with their projects, the member is invariably found at his post, reading falsehoods from his brief, slandering you per order, voting against you, and holding you up to obloquy and reproach, according to his letter of instructions. The West Indians, on the contrary, (I speak of them generally), for there are but few exceptions, are, however, in some way or other, tied to the skirts of the minister, no matter who that minister is; chained to him by some favour conferred, or by some assured expectancy; or by some private job with which he is mixed up. Hence comes it, (and I say this with shame and reluctance), that your avowed friends have hitherto, and too frequently, been your worst enemies—not from design, but from neglect and necessity—not from criminal or treacherous motives, but from the combined force of circumstances.

"I would not utter these sentiments thus freely, even to you, did I not think that the time is arrived, when conciliatory measures must be abandoned—when the scabard must be thrown away—when something else must be relied on than the promises of a feeble, an artful, and a deceitful minister. If any remnant of your property is to be preserved, the friends of the West Indies must instantly dissolve their connexion with the Lords of Downing Street. They must assume an independent tone. They must come to the contest unbound—the creditors, not the debtors of the ministers—the undisguised and unflinching advocates of your unquestionable rights. Experience must have taught you, at least I am sure it has taught me, that nothing is to be gained in this country from any administration by subserviency. The present government does nothing, and can do nothing, for its professed friends or adherents. This is one among many reasons why it is so feeble, and so much

at the mercy of every faction, or cabal, or even an accidental opposition. It yields and must yield to clamour what it denies to justice. Expediency is its motto, and by this is meant, that it will adhere to principles as long as possible, but yield to circumstances when their views are thwarted or their places endangered. Of this no set of men are better convinced than your enemies. They have sufficient address to know and take advantage of the weak side. They have raised the country against you. They have made your destruction the ladder of their ambition, and the stepping-stone to office, power, and popularity. They have had the art of infusing a hatred of what is called slavery into the minds of the most ignorant and starving population in Europe. Even an Irish peasant, the most wretched being on earth, who, if we may credit Mr. George Dawson, is contented if he earn three halfpence a day, is so intoxicated with fanaticism and ignorance, that he laments the condition of your labourers, who are a thousand times more happy, free, and contented than himself. This ignorance you may think cannot endure for ever. Be it so. But what will this avail, if it endure sufficiently long to accomplish your utter and irretrievable ruin? The general feeling is decidedly against you. The justice of your cause is nothing in the face of numbers. The law may be with you—there may be acts of parliament, and royal charters, as numerous as the stars in the sky, all guaranteeing your rights—your present generous and spirited sovereign may be predisposed in your favour; but all this is but as a drop in the ocean to the weight, the union, and the bitter hostility of your opponents. The law is a dead letter where the power is in the other scale. Charters are mere waste paper, or useless and musty sheets of parchment, when the majority of a people either declare them to be null, or vote them to be iniquitous. The law was adverse to the Quakers; yet the law sunk before their repeated claims to be considered as a sort of superior Christians. The law was hostile to dissenters, and the members of the church of Rome; but the law yielded to the menaces of agitation. The silk-throwers of Macclesfield, men who had invested large fortunes, like yourselves, under its supposed protection, were protected by the law; but they were nevertheless consigned to ruin. The ship-owners were sacrificed in the same way. The licensed victuallers were also made the victims of expediency. The silk weavers experienced similar treatment. The forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland were robbed, as

you are threatened to be, without any compensation. In short, it is mere senility, absolute dotardness, a sort of confidence bordering upon silliness and infatuation, to think that acts of parliament or royal charters will protect you from the fate of other important interests in the body politic. No. You and your friends must make up your minds to lose your estates, and all that is valuable thereon, unless you instantly adopt measures of a very different kind from any to which you have hitherto had recourse."

Mr. Alexander miscalculates the character of the West Indians in England, and the West Indians in England have miscalculated the character of the present administration. It is not too late, however, to repair the mischief incurred; let them be up, and be a-doing. Let them set the ministers at defiance, and act in a firm, inseparable, well-organized body, in all measures of defence and aggression. The Bank of England and the East India Company are now about to do so, though they have not the confidence of sound-headed and thinking men to an equal degree with the West India colonists. The Anti-Slavery people have uniformly acted in this manner; and though, in comparison with the West India body, they were, so to speak, but as a Satyr to Hyperion, as far as their relative consistency, truth, and honour are concerned, still, the society of Saints, by uniform action and never-ceasing activity, have worked infinite annoyance to the colonists. One great point at which they have always aimed, is to have their attacks on the West Indians conducted by able men. This is particularly remarkable in the House of Commons. There, all their statements, however false and monstrous, are still enounced with declamatory force and staggering effect. Among their advocates in that assembly stand conspicuous Mr. Brougham, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. T. B. Macaulay, Dr. Lushington, and Mr. Fowell Buxton; and to these may be again added Mr. Denman, the member for Nottingham. The West Indians have no speakers to be pitted against those just enumerated. In Mr. Marryat they possessed an intrepid champion, and a man of great information and integrity. Mr. Marryat, however, has been long gathered to his fathers, and no man has been advanced by the colonists to supply his place. Mr. Douglas has all the private worth and respectability which

any private gentleman can desire, but his powers of oratory are not great, and he is no match for the opposite champions. Hear what Mr. Alexander says:

"My plan is, that you should leave these gentlemen to the benefits of their own intrigues, and place no dependence on their votes or their feeble and sterile advocacy. The colonies should take their own interests into their own hands, and consider their agents as nothing more than a sort of lay attorneys, whose feelings are never warmer than their beliefs, and who are susceptible of no inspiration but what is derived from their fees. Perhaps it would be better to discontinue the benefit of their good offices altogether. At any rate, it is imperatively necessary that those in whom the colonists repose confidence, and who are intrusted with the management of their affairs, should not be bound up with or circumscribed by other interests. The planter, in vindicating his cause, should place no dependence whatever on his mortgagee or his consignee, or any other commercial agent. The colonies should send delegates to London. The lesser ones should send one delegate, the larger ones two. They should form a council in London, provided with ample funds, not only to secure the publication of their petitions, but also, like the Anti-Slavery Society, to send members to the house of sufficient talents and independence to do them justice. Those who know parliament best, know what twelve, or eight, or even six determined men, can do in that house. The principal precaution to be taken is to select men incapable of betraying them—men who can have no interest but theirs to influence them—whose principles and strict independence will guarantee them against any hope of place or preferment—who will make the colonies the shibboleth of their policy, and, by a constant attendance, watch every motion and refute every calumny. Six such resolute men will be a greater thorn in the sides of Messrs. Brougham, Buxton, and the faction, than thrice the number of the thirty or forty members supposed to be connected with the West India interest.

"In recommending delegates to be sent from the colonies for the purposes above mentioned, you are not to suppose that I would have them to assume exclusively the sole management of affairs here, separate from or in opposition to the great body of West India proprietors resident in this country. Far from it—such are not my views. For although I consider the West Indians here to be collectively an inefficient and inert body, yet I am free to admit that there are among them many active and able men with whom it would be the duty and the

interest of the delegates to consult and co-operate. Thus united they would be enabled more effectually to rally round and support their distinguished and uncompromising leader, my Lord Chandos, whose eminent talents have already been devoted to the cause, and who, if properly supported, would, in all probability, continue his services."

In the last passages we cordially agree. There is a necessity for colonial speakers in the house; but we altogether, for the present, beg to dissent from his proposed plan. It would lead to much loss of valuable time, and to infinite expenditure of money; and the colonists resident in this country might, if they thought proper, do away with the occasion of any such interference by the actual West Indians themselves.

The following passages in the pamphlet are worthy of notice:—

"Just conceive what would be the consequences, if, for one year, you, the planters and proprietors of the West Indies, were to cease to raise or export your produce to England—were to give your slaves a year of jubilee, in which no labour should be done, but in the cultivation of food and luxuries for yourselves. The mortgagee would undoubtedly suffer—the annuitant would be unpaid—the consignee would receive no commission—many noble and opulent families, many thousands of persons in the middle class of society, as well as widows and orphans, would all be cast upon Providence and public charity. But this, in a national point of view, would not be the most serious result. Twenty thousand seamen would be thrown out of employment, and more than three hundred thousand tons of shipping would either be laid up to rot in our own harbours, or, if forced into other channels of trade, would reduce the rate of all freights to a ruinous extent. The revenue would suffer to the amount of several millions, and the receipts of most of the custom-houses would scarce defray the expense of collection. Wide-spread insolvency, embarrassment, and pauperism, would be the inevitable consequences.—But this is a tender subject—the revenue is touched, and the incomes of a considerable portion of the aristocracy are menaced. The fear of convulsion, and a consequent depression of the public funds—the dreaded interposition of the United States, and the serious apprehensions of the sensitive fundholders—all this, however, is in your favour." \* \*

"If the slave be entitled to his freedom, it is equally clear that his owner is entitled to compensation. If slavery be a crime, the people of England are the guilty parties, in a still higher de-

gree than the owner of the slave. Slavery did not originate with you, your predecessors or ancestors. It originated with the British parliament and the mother country. It was encouraged by them, and enforced by bounties, and of course by law, upon the colonies. I admit it, and so do you, to be an evil. If the slave be wronged, I admit he is entitled to restitution. The only redress, I admit, is emancipation, the visitation of the mercy of Providence, in the manumission of the existing race, for the injuries inflicted upon their ancestors.

"But this redress, this emancipation, this desirable restitution, must be granted at the expense of the nation. He who owns slaves now is surely not a more responsible party than he who owned them ten or twenty or thirty years ago—who converted them into money, and who now lives in splendour upon the fortune he then acquired. If restitution is to be made, it is not the present holders of slaves alone, but former holders, even in the third or fourth remove, who ought to be compelled to make the sacrifice. The greater part of the fortune of Mr. Powell Buxton was derived from slaves. He is, consequently, as responsible as Mr. Goulburn, or any other present proprietor of slaves. Mr. Protheroe, of Bristol, is as responsible as Sir Thomas Lethbridge or Lord Seaford. Mr. Zachary Macaulay ought to contribute to the compensation fund nearly three

times as much as my Lord Chandos. Lord Calthorpe is as responsible as the Marquess of Sligo. In short, there are very few noble or eminent families in the country who have not at one time or another possessed or inherited property in slaves. Surely these persons are as much entitled to make restitution, and contribute to the sacrifice, as you, the present embarrassed, contemned, and slandered proprietors and planters of the West Indies.

"But it is a waste of time to dwell upon these personal liabilities. The nation must make compensation to you before it can have any just right or pretence for calling upon you to sacrifice your property—a property which it is possible you hold by an insecure tenure, and at the hazard of your lives, but which you nevertheless hold by as just and unexceptionable a title as the legal custodian of an exchequer bill, or the owner of a landed estate in fee. You are justified, therefore, in resisting, in a constitutional manner, all aggressions upon this property, and all insidious measures having a tendency to depreciate its value, until expediency merges in justice, and the tender of a fair compensation releases you from your claims."

With these we must conclude our present remarks, recommending, at the same time, unwearied vigilance and activity to all persons concerned in the prosperity of the West Indies.

THE SHEPHERD'S LAMENT.  
(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

To yonder hill I daily go,  
And, leaning on my crook,  
Into the smiling vale below  
I gaze with wistful look.  
My careful watch-dog guards the sheep  
That feed upon the brow;  
And downward to the vale we creep,  
I know not, reck not how.  
And there the meadow's beauties bloom,  
And there they sweetly breathe—  
I cull them—knowing not for whom  
To twine the fragrant wreath!  
In rain and storm, and thunder's roar,  
I stand beneath the tree;  
Nor seek yon shelt'ring cottage door—  
A mournful sight to me!  
I see the rainbow's beauteous spread  
Above that cot expand;  
But she who dwelt therein hath fled  
To some far foreign land.  
To some far land, and farther—yes—  
Perchance beyond the sea:  
And hence, my sheep, so comfortless  
Your shepherd's days must be!

## THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.

SINCE the appearance of our last Number, an event which deserves to be memorable for all time, has occurred amongst our neighbours of France. They have changed the dynasty of their kings, crushed an insufferable despotism, and erected for themselves a liberal and a beneficial government. Now, for the first time, appear the blessings of the old revolution of 1789. However enthusiasts may argue, violent convulsions can produce no immediate good; and, grown wise by experience, the world now is no advocate for revolutions which are the offspring of violent passions and exacerbated feelings, but of reason and deliberate council. Constituted as France has been, the revolution of 1830 could never have happened, unless it had been forerun by the gloomy and disastrous times which closed the last century. In the same manner our revolution was the consequence of the civil wars which for a time laid desolate the fair prospects of our country. The age of barbarism must be instructed by lessons of blood, ere it will subside into one of civilization and refinement; and no two periods can be more distinct, even though separated by centuries of intervening time, than were the age of Louis XVI. and the age of Charles X. And yet their respective miseries were equally great. To pluck down the former from the throne, however, what human slaughter was committed, what wickedness and atrocity appeared on the theatre of action! To wrest the sceptre from the infatuated Charles, a slight commotion was more than sufficient. That blood was spilt and victims butchered, is, alas! but too true; but the crime of slaughter is on the head of the late miserable King of France, and his childish ministers. Even were it otherwise, an evil has but a relative force, and the victims who fell in effecting the regeneration of their country, can well be spared for the benefit of the millions of their fellow-countrymen, whom their heroic act and glorious end have rescued from the degradation of slavery.

The King and the Court must

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have been labouring under a terrible infatuation, for so long ago as last November, when we happened to be in the French capital, the late political commotion was shadowed forth by the most convincing prognostications. It was the general talk of all classes of the Parisians, save the stolid circle of the Court. The downfall of Charles, however, teaches a grand moral lesson to monarchs, against their entertaining a spirit of tyranny. Charles the Tenth was a tyrant, and he fell. He upheld ministers, when the nation had no confidence, and he fell. He would have revived the power of Catholicism, and crushed all freedom of thought under the weight of an arrogant priesthood, and he fell. He was for circumscribing the operations of reason, by depriving his people of a free press, and he fell. This was the work of the people of France, who rose against their oppressor in one mass, and hurled him far from the throne which he so unworthily filled. Let it not, however, be supposed that the people of France have struck into some new path for the effectuation of their emancipation—they have but followed in the wake of the world at large. There is a general opinion abroad (and the opinion is founded upon the most uncontradictory experience) that the main strength of governments is in the popular approbation. By *popular*, we do not mean mobbish or democratical approbation, but the consent of the full body of the people—of Lords as well as Commons—of the high-born, the middling classes, and the lowly. This has been the work of knowledge. The school-master, to make use of the Broughamite phrase, is, indeed, abroad. Woe be to him who shall endeavour to counteract his operations! If any such desperate individual exists, let him look, be he great or small, at the fate of Charles the Tenth of France, and tremble for his presumption. The people of France followed in the wake of the world, and the world says that an equal participation of liberty and immunity is the birth-right of all communities,

Have the late doings in France any



application to this country? The *Times* newspaper, and the friends of Government, (and few they are,) have answered in the negative. To this judgment, however, we are decidedly opposed. They have a very direct reference to our own Minister, his Highness of Wellington, who, to all appearance, seems to have been the great adviser of the miserable Polignac and his worthless colleagues. We have heard, in this country, that many papers of a secret nature were discovered in the portfolio of the runaway minister for foreign affairs, and which compromised all the other governments of Europe. If this be so, we shall certainly have full proof of the fact, by the production of those papers by the King of the French and his ministry. As it is, the circumstantial evidence is against Wellington. All the world imagines him to have been the adviser of the wretched Polignac. This matter must be made clear, says the *Times*; and it will be made clear by his Highness denying it in his place in Parliament; and as Parliament will meet on the 26th of October his Highness will be put in a situation to contradict the present opinion entertained against him on the part of the English: but should he do so, let him remember that after his conduct in the Roman Catholic Emancipation business, it will require something more than his mere naked word to convince them of the contrary. One piece of good, however, which the late scenes in France will effect for this nation, is a more courteous behaviour on the part of Prime Minister Wellington, who, perhaps, may see the propriety of conciliating in a greater degree than is altogether consonant with his commander-in-chief's disposition, the good-will of the people over whom Providence has ordained that he should rule.

Let us now turn our attention to Louis Philippe, the present King of the French, and his cabinet. They seem to have committed at the outset of their career two faults, which, if not opportunely retrieved may be the fatal source of infinite mischief. The first is, they

seem to be taking the voice of the rabble for the voice of the people. The king is making too great sacrifices to popular prejudices, and the demands of the mob. Thus he has tradesmen to dinner, and allows his privacy to be disturbed by the approach and presence of the Gale Joneses, the Cobbetts, and the Smithfield butchery of Paris. This may be very well for the moment, but when and how is it to end? That "too much familiarity breeds contempt," is well known—It is an old adage. Is not the King of the French laying himself open to its application? By and by, when he tires of his low-lived associates, and wishes to be rid of their company, and finds it impossible, he will be obliged to use hauteur, and create a distance which, from the first, should have existed. The consequence will be, that he will unnecessarily make enemies. Among the truest and most forcible of apophthegms, may the following be enrolled: "Mob applause is poisonous!"\*

The next point which is reprehensible in the King of the French, is the extinction of a state religion. Every person, now, may follow, without any restraint, whatever religion he pleases; and every religion is equally good in the eyes of the government. This is the effect of the tyrannies and the rascalities of the accursed Jesuits. But with so wise a man, as Louis Philippe is otherwise known to be, will the misdeeds of a set of wretches blind his judgment to the efficacy of a principle which from the earliest stages of the world, has been found of salutary tendency? The experience of mankind clearly shows that wherever there is no state religion, the country is destined to speedy troubles; for an opportunity is offered to all sanctified schemes and priestly intriguers, to take every advantage of the people, and by playing on the conscience, to turn them into supple instruments for their own selfish and black purposes. An acknowledged religion is a matter necessary for the upholding of a state. In antient Greece, in more antient Egypt, in the kingdoms of Asia and in Rome—

\* Among other things which Louis Philippe, it is said, intends to do for the pleasure of the people, is the demanding the bones of Napoleon Bonaparte, in order to have them inhumed in France!!!

may, even in the time of the antient Britons, and in Mexico and Peru, and amongst the ignorant savages of North America, the principle is recognized. It is too late now for a civilized nation to do away with such an institute; and if France urges the measure, it will sooner or later have to repent heartily of its infatuation.

France has done well to reject the poverty-stricken nobles, who, by court intrigue, were raised by the late feeble-minded Charles the Jesuit, to their pre-eminence. The house of peers requires a thorough purification. It should henceforth be made, not the representative of the slavishness and beggary of the country, but of its wealth and its virtue. Such a house of peers will alone prove serviceable.

It is generally supposed that the late culpable ministers will escape punishment. Such, however, is not our opinion. If the king indeed have influence enough to pass the law for their rescue from death, all will be well, but he will be obliged to concede their immolation to the voice of the nation, and clemency and forgiveness is not the attribute of an exasperated people. The king in fact dare not move for their salvation—the chamber of peers must remain equally passive. The chamber of deputies will take their impeachment and punishment into their own hands, and they have already authorized the committal of Polignac, and his four colleagues, whose whole conduct since the promulgation of the fatal ordinances, has been pitiful and cowardly in the extreme.

These hasty observations we have drawn up because we did not wish to send forth this Number of our Magazine without some comment on the disasters of Paris. A better opportunity will be afforded us next month for relating the particulars, and our intention then is to lay a full, and we hope a satisfactory account before our readers.

In conclusion for the present, we beg to extract the following passage from an effusion entitled, *L'Insurrection*, by Messrs. Barthélemy and Méry, the authors of the poem called, *Le Fils de l'Homme*. The spirit which dictated the lines is altogether akin to that which has insinuated itself into the body of the people,

and now is making every effort to actuate the destinies of France.

“Quand l'effort d'un grand peuple a détruit  
un empire,  
Il faut qu'après la lutte il s'arrête et res-  
pire :

Dans le calme d'effroi qui succède au canon,  
S'il entend près de lui retentir un grand  
nom,

Un nom de liberté qui rassure et console,  
Il fait un piédestal à sa nouvelle idole,  
Et vers des jours nouveaux pressé de ra-  
jennir,

Il lui livre d'espoir son douteux avenir.  
D'ORLÉANS ! quand sur nous l'astre des  
dangers brille,

Il est temps de quitter ton sceptre de fa-  
mille ;

Viens, de tous les pouvoirs le faisceau se  
dissout ;

Dans les débris royaux ton nom seul est  
debout ;

Ceux même qui, depuis le foudroyant Bru-  
maire,

Révaient la République, enivrante chi-  
mère,

Assourdis par l'orage après trois jours de  
deuil,

De ton palais désert interrogeaient le seuil.  
Tu parus : aussitôt éteignant sa colère,

Le peuple salua le prince populaire.

Il te connaît ; ta vie a fait ses entretiens ;  
Nos enfans dans leurs jeux ont tutoyé les  
tiens,

Le peuple est leur menin ; sur les bancs  
des collèges

Il voit Chartre et Nemours s'asseoir sans  
privilèges ;

Il sait que d'Orléans se mêlant au convoi,  
Suivit la France en deuil à la tombe de  
Foy ;

Que jamais on ne vit se grouper à ta suite  
L'insidieux manteau d'un confesseur je-  
suïte ;

Il se souvient surtout, car ces faits éclatans  
Electrisent son cœur même après quarante  
ans,

Que la liberté sainte, à sa première aurore,  
Attacha sur ton front un rayon tricolore ;

Songe que si le peuple aujourd'hui t'a fait  
Roi,

Le laurier de Jemmappe a répondu de toi ;  
Qu'il n'a pas reconnu pour signe d'alliance

Ton antique lambel sur les trois lis de  
France ;

De tous les attributs qui parent ta maison,  
Ta cocarde à ses yeux est l'unique blason ;

En voyant sur ton front sa glorieuse  
marque,

Ses cris ont salué le citoyen monarque ;  
Les vainqueurs de Paris, avec cent mille  
voix,

Comme les premiers Francs t'ont mis sur  
le pavois,

Consacrant à jamais leur antique maxime :  
LE ROI QU'UN PEUPLE NOMME EST LE

SEUL LEGITIME.”

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney the Painter*; including various Letters and Testimonials of his Genius, &c. Also some particulars of the Life of Peter Romney, his brother. By the Rev. John Romney, B.D. of St. John's College, Cambridge. 4to. 2l. 2s. bds. with a portrait.

*The Life of Lord Byron*. By John Galt, Esq.; being No. 1 of the Library of General Knowledge. Small 8vo. 5s.

*Memoirs of His Serene Highness Anthony, Philip D'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, Prince of the Blood*. Written by himself. 1 vol. 8vo. 9s.

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*Life of Major General Sir Thomas Munro, K.C.B. Late Governor of Madras*. vol. 3rd and last, 8vo. 16s. bds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

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Independently of the persecution Sam suffers from being dead, a grievance which he has in a great measure outlived; he is an ill-used gentleman, in being made Pun-master-general to the United Kingdom. How this high distinction originally came to be his, we have no historical documents to prove. It is now settled. Joe Miller vails his bonnet to Sam Rogers. In all the newspapers, not only of the kingdom, but of its dependencies, Hindostan, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, from the Tropics, nay, from the Antipodes to the Orkneys, Sam is godfather-general to all the bad jokes in existence. The Yankees have caught the fancy, and from New Orleans to New York it is the same—Rogers is synonymous with a pun. All British born or descended people—yea, the very Negro and the Hindoo—father their calembourgs on Rogers. Quashee or Ramee-Samee, who know nothing of Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, or Fraser's Magazine, grin from ear to ear at the name of the illustrious banker, and with gratified voice exclaim, "Him d— funny, dat Sam."

By this fame, Sam must be known, after he is allowed to be dead by the parish officers. For, after all, the literary glory of Sam will be one of the smallest. His verses are of the petty larceny school of poetry. When Wordsworth read in Don Juan the commandment that

"Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers."

he remarked very properly that no theft would be more hazardous, because, not only Sam might reclaim the pilfered goods, but there would be no small danger of their being looked after by those from whom the said Sam had originally stolen them.

He has a pretty house, with pretty gewgaws in it—he gives tolerable dinners, and says very spiteful things—he is an ugly man, and his face is dead, and his jokes flat. His poetry is poor, and his banking-house rich—his verses, which he purloined, will be forgotten—his jests (which others made for him,) may be remembered. The Pleasures of Memory will go the way of all other Pleasures, but it is not impossible that his name may, like Joe Miller's, be perpetuated as the unwilling godfather of a book of conundrums. *Sic transit gloria Sammi!*

## THE ELECTION OF EDITOR

FOR

*Fraser's Magazine.*

[Curtailed from Mr. Gurney's short-hand notes, corrected by Mr. Alexander Fraser, of Thavies Inn.]

(Continued from vol. I. p. 757.)

So many false statements respecting our famous dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern have got afloat, and the report which appeared in "The Times," though sufficiently ample (extending to seventeen columns) being so tinged with party bias, in some instances of a malevolent kind, it is, we think, incumbent upon us to devote some pages to giving a true and circumstantial account of all that happened. It is a duty to the public in these times, when the funds all over Europe are so easily affected by great events, that those events should be delivered minutely, and with a scrupulous regard to truth, from the highest authority. We shall never forgive ourselves if Metalliques sunk to 98½, in consequence of our suffering to remain uncontradicted, the stock-jobbing rumours consequent upon our dinner.

Friday, then, the ——— 1830, was the day fixed upon for the election dinner of ourselves. We had been appointed, by unanimous acclaim, Editor of *Regina*, in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, to the overthrow of many of the most potent competitors. In our case there had been no bribery and corruption—we were guiltless of the sin of invading the wine-vaults of London, and letting loose a flood of pestiferous port upon unsuspecting and thirsty congregations of free-born Englishmen. Not a ribbon of ours,

"White, black, or grey, in all their trumpery,"

had dangled from a bosom, or ~~w~~ed in a bonnet. We had not conferred the pleasure of an elemosynary postchaing upon a single individual: and if Sir Robert Wilson deserved (as we confess he did) to be crowned, as he ~~was~~, with a numskull namesake of the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, as an appropriate emblem of his purity and sterling value, we assuredly may claim the merit of bedecking our brows with an ornament of foolscap. Enough, however, of this. We were elated, and are Editor.

There were many reasons why we chose the Freemasons' Tavern as the place of our dinner. Every one is or ought to be acquainted with the style and the excellent fare with which our friend Cuff contrives to please the eye and tickle the palates of his patrons the public. The situation of the house, moreover, was convenient in the extreme, from its contiguity to the scene of action in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. Independently of the distance, the other great houses in the metropolis would have little suited our purpose. The Albion is the resort of those low bipeds who are called booksellers, with whom we have nothing in common, and for whom we have an ineffable contempt. These fellows, we understand, congregate together at what are called "publishers' clubs," and "trade sales," and there they stuff their deep sinks of paunches, and circulate nonsense by the sale of novels, and spread abroad idiotic ravings and treasure by the circulation of political pamphlets. Long's would scarcely have suited our purpose, becuse of the dandies and mustachioed jackanapes, who throng the door and the passages, and prevent the ingress, egress, and regress of all respectable and decently clothed and conducted individuals like ourselves. Tom Wood's, in the corner of Clare Market, was little adapted for the occasion, for he had not a room large enough for our festivities, though the porter there is of the most fragrant and exquisite taste, and the viands such as would have made old Apicius, or Tom Gent himself, smack his lips with stomachic delight. Stevens's, notwithstanding all Theodore Hook's puffing, was not likely to give us pleasure on so momentous an occasion; for Stevens's day of *ton* is almost passed by, and we, Oliver Yorke, are

rather particular in our place of dining. The Clarendon was under repair; the London too snobbish; the Salopian wanting in sufficient accommodation; the Saracen's Head enough to turn our stomachs sour with his ugly phiz; Grillon's too crowded for our convenience. Cuff's, then, was the fittest place for the occasion, and to it we repaired in all merriment.

Aware of the likely termination of our election meeting (and this was not difficult, for the sons of England have but one way of terminating all matters of joy or of sorrow, and that is by a good and sufficient dinner,) his most gracious Majesty—on whom may blessings multiply, full and heavy as the dews of Hermon!—sent us two of his fattest and most seemly bucks from his park of Bushy. My Lord Folkstone, though he be the sourest of Radicals—and we are incapable of being bribed—transmitted for our mastication some of the finest turbot that epicurean eyes could have set their desires on. Our friends from the West Indian Club House dispatched half a dozen turtles for our soup; and in the train of these came groaning some score of porters, carrying lemons and sugar for punch, and pine-apple and ginger preserves for dessert, while the Horticultural Society forwarded for our use apricots, plums, peaches, and other juicy fruits in abundance.

The chair was filled by the redoubted, though stern form of Oliver Yorke. O'Doherty was the Croupier, and the tables were crowded to excess by a most goodly company. Shortly after the cloth was removed, the Chairman arose and spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen!—A huge bumper. You anticipate that I am about to give the health of our gracious Sovereign. It may not be known that he and I were, for many years, midshipmen together, and both admirable adepts in splicing the main-brace. We were together in the action against Langara, where his Majesty so especially distinguished himself; and, by an odd coincidence, it happens that a pair of old brother messmates find themselves in the one year advanced to such high stations as he and I. God bless his Majesty! I am not inclined to be sentimental, but I have drunk his health in grog many a day, and have come, at last, to drinking it in claret.

"Gentlemen—The language of adulation shall never pass my lips. The rascally rabble of radicals, Burdett and the rest, talk about their devotion to the King—and palaver about his being a heaven-born prince, and all that. Don't you think, gentlemen, that the King despises that lingo, from the bottom of his breeches? It is all very well to stuff a complimentary address from the House of Commons, or any other spouting club, with soft nonsense of the kind. When we have whipt-cream served up, we must have froth too. But among men, among Englishmen, among brother sailors, ought it to be the order of the day? No. The Duke of Clarence—I beg a thousand pardons—his Majesty is a man above such stuff. He knows that all true Tory-men stick to the King out of principle—and he knows how to make them stick to the man, too, out of affection.—(*Loud cheers.*) I do not say a word against George the Fourth. I fought for him—I spoke for him—I wrote for him. I never let any body abuse him in my presence, without knocking him down, or trying to do so, because I was always in favour of free discussion.—(*Hear! Hear!*) But then, somehow or another, my heart never warmed to him. They told me he was a gentleman, and I always maintained it, without knowing whether he was or not; for that I considered the duty of a good subject. But then I could not help thinking that a gentleman was not the sort of a king for this country.—(*Cheers.*) Do not mistake—I mean a gentleman of the tailor's making; for a gentleman of God's making is a different matter, and one of them we have upon the throne at present. George IV. was said to be good at a bow—I had rather it were a shake of the hand. However of that no more.

"There is a custom of toasting the Queen apart from the King, which, I think, is bad taste. I am sure Queen Adelaide,—many a pleasant day I passed in Saxe Meiningen, her native ground, with Tieck, a jolly dog, Jacob Morgenstern, the old Dorpat professor, and his pretty wife, and Spieker, the sham-Englishman of Berlin, with other night rangers—I say I am sure the Queen has no fancy for being so parted. Let us, therefore, drink them together,



and flinging like a *union*, in one cup, the rest of the Royal Family. Drink, with all the honours,

“ The King, the Queen, and the other Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family ! ”  
(*Uproarious cheering.*)

“ In drinking such a toast,” said Sam (*Rogers*), “ we ought not to stand upon ceremony. I move, therefore, that we stand upon the table.”

As the lightning darts from one end of the heavens to the other—as thought speeds from pole to pole—as (*many similes here omitted*)—so did the company bound electrically upon the festive board, and with glasses, previously drained with peculiar care, brandished high in air, did they utter the toast that rendered homage to their monarch and his family. The noise of the shouting •

Through Queen Street loudly issuing forth,  
Filled Drury Lane from South to North ;  
From oyster shop to oyster shop,  
The gladsome note was past.  
The youths and maidens o’er then drop.  
Made at the sound a sudden stop,  
As at a trumpet blast.

Over the region of the *Dials*,  
It cast a solemn dread ;  
And in the street of Broad St. Giles’  
Roused up Green Erin’s dear exiles,  
Then turning various strange defiles,  
Into Soho it sped.  
Nor rested in its western course,  
Until at last becoming hoarse,  
Wearied, and spent, and lost its force,  
Near Colburn’s it fell dead.  
For foughten lost and shent of pith,  
At mention of attorney Smith.

And round it went by Lincoln’s fields,  
Where law its thousand chances yields,  
For low and cogging knaves ;  
And tipstaffs throng as thick as flies,  
Round honey-pot or lawyers’ lies—  
Or stars that gleam in wintry skies—  
The Tenterdenian slaves.

And by the long and noisome street,  
Named from the dirty ditch, the Fleet,  
It stunn’d the city dames ;  
Then gain’d the region of St. Bride,  
Where, bent on silly suicide,  
It plung’d into the fatal tide,  
And perish’d in the Thames.

Mr. Braham, who had received a special retainer of three shillings and sixpence for this evening, sung the following song to his own popular and vulgar air, “ The King, God bless him ! ” The words being written in plain English, puzzled the vocalist a little at first, but he got on tolerably well.

#### *Song.*

Fill up your bumpers, lads, brimmers all round !  
This world’s a queer world, you may think ;  
And, faith, so it is, as we’ve most of us found,  
And *that’s* why I wish you to drink.

D'ye wait for a toast?—then I'll give you "the King!"

And, while we've such cause to carress him,  
With hearts, just as full as our goblets, we'll sing,  
Here's "William the Fourth, God bless him!"

God bless him!

Here's "William the Fourth, God bless him!"

Again, my lads, fill to the health of a king,  
Who rough'd it right bravely when young;  
And, when but small profit her service could bring,  
To the pure cause of Liberty clung!

'Tis the king, who's now called by his nation—but, hold!—

I see by your eyes that you guess him—

Then drink to a name with the proudest enroll'd—

Here's "Philip of France, God bless him!"

God bless him!

Here's "Philip of France, God bless him!"

Oh, proud was the day, when the spirit of France,

In the might of its energy rose;

And, teaching a new sort of national dance,

Astonish'd old tyranny's toes!

And such be the lesson by nations still taught,

When Despots shall dare to oppress 'em.

Then fill up once more, lads, and drink as ye ought,

"The People of France, God bless 'em!"

God bless 'em!

"The People of France, God bless 'em!"

"Come, Mr. Robert Pierce Gillies," quoth the Chairman, "don't be sitting there, mute as a fish—do something to pay for your drink, my good fellow. If nothing else—give us a song." Mr. Gillies cleared his throat, and brought out the following German effusion.

*Song by Mr. ROBERT PIERCE GILLIES.*

Nieder trinkt die Politik  
Und die Zeitungsleser,  
Lieblicher tönt die Musik  
Angestossner Gläser.  
Von der Tafelrunde sey  
Weggebannt die Plauderey!

*Chor.*

Von der Tafelrunde sey  
Weggebannt die Plauderey.

Weggebannt gelehrter Streit  
Werden wir drum besser?  
Lasst Geshicht' und Bücher heut,  
Und studiert die Fässer.  
Freunde stimmt in Sprichwort ein:  
Wahrheit, Wahrheit liegt im Wein!

*Chor.*

Freunde stimmt in Sprichwort ein:  
Wahrheit, Wahrheit liegt im Wein!

(*Thunderous applause, and table-thumping unutterable. When something like lassitude had succeeded the excitement produced by the song, Lord Francis Leveson Gower rose, and, with much gravity and earnestness of manner, made the following ridiculous proposal.*)—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Nothing, I assure you, could afford me more deep delight than the way in which

you have expressed your admiration of the song just sung—and, feeling that such admiration must be materially increased by your comprehending the words of the said song, I propose to translate”—(*Here his Lordship's voice was drowned in a combination of indescribable sounds, such as we verily believe were never heard, save on this great occasion. The hooting, the howling, the hissing, the groaning, the moaning, the roaring, and, high above all, the loud, loud peals of laughter may, as the Morning Papers beautifully express it, be much more easily conceived than described. His Lordship, like a man coming suddenly to himself, sat down, looking insufferable things—and up popped O'Doherty—the actual Standard-bearer in person; and instantly you might have heard a toper's swallow.*) “Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,” said the veteran, “Lord Gower can't translate the song, and he knows it. I can, and I will.” (*Hear! hear! Bravo, Brevity! translate that, or what you will! you're the boy! no Lords for us! teach him a bit of German, my cock of war, &c. &c.*)

O'DOHERTY sings his translation.

Drink and drown your politics!  
 Curse the trash of Colburn!  
 D——n “New Monthly's” greasy wicks,  
 Dimly as the *whole* burn.  
 Banish'd from our jovial board  
 Be the lack-a-daisy horde.  
 Banish'd be the leaden lore,  
 Worse than edgeless razor;  
 Heavy fools! who fain would soar,  
 Go and study Fraser!  
 Still *Regina's* rule be mine—  
 Wit and Wisdom's fount is wine!

(*Magnificent applause; table thumping—glasses jumping—as before.*) Lord Gower again placed himself on his pins, and said:—“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Since you did not receive my proposal for translation as I could have wished, perhaps you will have the kindness (*here the speaker was much moved*) to listen to a song by me in the German language. It has a capital chorus.” (*Loud cheers—then mute attention.*)

Song by Lord F. L. GOWER.

Vom hohem Göttersitz ward uns die Freude  
 Ward uns die Jugendzeit gewährt;  
 Drum, traute Brüder! trotz dem bleichen Neide  
 Der unsre Jugendfreuden stöhr't,  
 Feierlich schalle der Jubelgesang  
 Freulicher Freunde beim Gläserklang! (bis.)

(*At the chorus his Lordship waved his glass with a Bacchanatian air, which equally surprised and delighted us.*)

So lang es Gott gefällt, ihr lieben Brüder,  
 Woll'n wir uns dieses Lebens freun;  
 Und endlich wenn der Vorhang fällt uns wieder  
 Gesellig zu den Enge!n reihn.  
 Feierlich schalle der Jubelgesang  
 Schwärmender Freunde beim Gläserklang. (bis.)

Tumultuous approbation followed this song. Whereafter his Lordship was again on his legs, and, a hearing obtained, spoke as follows:—“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—The song you have just applauded so strongly, and I may say so deservedly, I will, with your permission, now translate.”—Here—but we scorn to attempt any thing above our powers. As soon might his Lordship entertain a hope of truly translating from the German, as we

of truly describing the yells and noises which answered his egregious proposal. The boys at length grew thirsty, and while they were filling, Mr. J. Heneage Jesse took advantage of the favourable opportunity thus presented, for presenting himself to the notice of the Chairman; and having placed the extreme point of his principal digit to the point equally extreme of his nasal promontory, he spoke as follows:—

“Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—Though I conceive that most men in my situation would as soon listen to the metrical murmurs of Mary Queen of Scots, (and that’s no joke) as say one word in favour of a publication, which has betrayed my private confidence, yet I do now stand forward to offer my humble yet hearty meed of approval as regards the periodical known under the name of *Fraser’s Magazine*. (*Cheers.*) Confidently do I appeal to the jolly dogs around me; though I myself am not jolly—whether it was kind, fair, or gentlemanly, to make known to the public my inability to pay for the porter, at O’Doherty’s request, on the occasion of the election for Editor. No one can excuse this: I forgive it. (*Bravo!*) And, Gentlemen, I beg to say, that mine is no barren forgiveness—no lukewarm advocacy—as may be testified by the members of that much maligned, yet sufficiently to be deprecated, censured—and variously-found-fault-with institution, called the *Literary Union*. I repeat, the members of the Literary Union, Gentlemen—(*a voice ‘they are not!’*) who said they were? I meant to call you around me, Gentlemen, and to say that the members of that Institution—or, what is better evidence, the *Suggestion-book* of that institution, can testify that I have been unremittingly zealous in my endeavours to have *Fraser’s Magazine* taken in at the club. Those endeavours have proved unsuccessful; and I think I could point out the person to whom this failure is attributable. (*Name, name!*) I allude to the inefficient, ill-formed, brainless, and provincial-tongued secretary of the club. (*Loud laughter.*) And as I have alluded to that individual, I may be allowed to add, that, cordially as I concur in the sentiment expressed in the beautiful song translated so promptly and spiritedly by the Ensign O’Doherty, (*applause*)—much, I say, as I concur in that sentiment, ‘Wit and wisdom’s fount is wine!’ I do not think the Secretary of a Literary Club should take (as he has been seen to do) a bottle of champagne to his own check before noon. (*Loud cries of shame! shame! never before half past One.*) But, Gentlemen, to return—the *Suggestion-book* will prove that I have not been surpassed by any of the few Literary men belonging to the Literary Union Club, in strenuous efforts for the attainment of an object dear to us all—the taking in of *Fraser’s Magazine*. (*Cheers.*) I regret that our wishes are frustrated by the machinations of an unrecognised authority—yet far, very far be it from me to regret the passage in the Magazine which displeased that small person. No, *Regina!* thou wert right, and no one can look on the man without acknowledging the truth of thy picture. (*Here the speaker was absolutely blowing with animation, amidst proportionate cheering.*) In conclusion, I beg to say that, never shall my exertions cease till the Magazine is taken in—at the Literary Union; even though the accomplishment of this wish should be attended with the remediable calamity of the Secretary’s resignation of the place, which produces the salary, which produces the snuggery of one only person in the Literary Union—that person is Cyrus Redding.” The young Gentleman, Heaven bless him, sate down amid great applause and laughter—the applause for himself, and the laughter for Cyrus. The Chairman then rose, and after some pithy remarks upon the preposterous names—as Alaric, Attila, Cyrus, &c. now so much affected by the farthing candles of literature—which farthing candles, by the bye, smell very filthily, inasmuch as they are burning devilish near the socket—he proposed that some gentleman would favour the company by singing a song in ridicule of the wooden-headed Secretary of the L. U. “It’s myself would do that same,” cried O’Doherty, “but that I see the divil in Jesse’s phiz at this present speaking, and I’m sure he’ll give us something good.” The young gentleman thus pointedly alluded to, immediately replied to the allusion: “Gentlemen, if I do not blush, it is the fault of my complexion, which is the most constant thing in life, always excepting my friend Croker’s Secretaryship in the Admiralty. As to O’Doherty’s insinuation, I must admit there’s

some truth in it. I have a few rhymes to the honour of Redding, in my noddle, and, with the permission of the Chair, will sing them." "Permission indeed!" cried the great Oliver, "didn't I myself propose the thing?" The call for Mr. Jesse's song now became very loud and general, and in obedience thereto he struck up the following.

*Mr. Jesse's Song.*

From that pure author, Nature, came  
 One article without a heading;  
 You stare—but I'll just prove that same—  
 She manufactured Cyrus Redding!  
     Witless Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

And, knowing what he'd have to do,  
 She gave his roof an inside leading;  
 And said—"Wit's shafts shall ne'er pierce through  
 The thick-lined top of Cyrus Redding.  
     Silly Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!"

Then Cyrus grew a lanky lad,  
 Few notions in his brains imbedding;  
 "Much thinking," thought he, "drives men mad."  
 Well, *there* you're safe, sweet Cyrus Redding.  
     Lanky Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

"But though not born, it seems, to think,  
 My stomach can't want meat and breeding;  
 Nor must my throttle thirst for drink—  
 'I'll be a scribe," said Cyrus Redding.  
     Scribbling Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

So he began to scribble trash,  
 Nor gods, nor men, nor columns dreading;  
 Till something whisper'd—"Cut and slash,  
 And fawn and slaver, Cyrus Redding."  
     Slav'ring Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

He heard the voice and joined Reviewers  
 Their tea-cup twaddle widely spreading,  
 With minds as bright as Barclay's brewers'  
 And hearts like that of Cyrus Redding.  
     Twaddling Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

Until he gained King Campbell's grace  
 We scorn to track his tortuous threading—  
 Judge they, who've look'd upon his face,  
 'Twixt Jerry Sneak and Cyrus Redding.  
     Sneaking Cyrus,  
     Born to tire us,  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding!

And now he reigns, the L. U.'s Sec.,  
 The bottle's blood profusely shedding ;  
 Oh, that a rope but held the neck  
 And we the heels of Cyrus Redding !  
*That thought—Cyrus,*  
*Shall inspire us !*  
 Cyrus, Cyrus, Cyrus Redding !

And be d——d to him !

*(Multifarious applause—and shortly after a most outrageous  
 roar of laughter.)*

When silence was obtained, the Chairman arose and said—"Gentlemen, in convivial meetings like the present, we have deemed it fit not to be so nice in our politics as to exclude gentlemen, who are not exactly of our way of thinking in every respect. It is unnecessary for me to say that I am anti-ministerial ; but this room, nevertheless, contains some of the most influential members of the ministry, attracted hither merely by a desire of paying homage to our literary talents. In a word, the three principal literary supporters of the present administration have done us the honour to dine with us to-day. I need not say that I mean Lord F. L. Gower, Mr. William Holmes, member of parliament for Queenborough and Haslemere, and the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker. The talents of these truly great men are too well known to the company to render it necessary that I should occupy your time by a detail of their eminent virtues, or their distinguished modesty—a qualification which, indeed, they have imported from their native or adopted country. (*Hear, hear !*) Without wishing to make any invidious preference, I must give the greater and more influential gentleman first. Mr. Croker, in the grand figurative language of the late Mr. Canning, may wield the thunderbolt of the British navy ; but Mr. Holmes wields the thong-whip of the House of Commons. (*Loud cheers !*) I therefore give you Mr. Holmes, and the rest of his Majesty's Ministers, and may the nation do ample justice to their merits, ere long !" (*Cheers.*)

*Air—The Forty Thieves.*

When the noise had subsided, the great Flagellifer arose. He was dressed in the costume of his profession ; a jacket close to his shape, a pair of leather breeches, and top-boots, and a long lash-whip in his right hand. What the colour of his jacket was, we could not accurately distinguish, it having been worn in so many weathers, as to give it a sort of camcleon hue. He looked hale and hearty, and well able to attend many a stiff brush for many a day to come. Clearing his throat with a long view hollow, he thus addressed the company :—

"Mr. Speaker—Mr. Cheerman, I mane—I return my hearty thanks for the civ'lity wherewith ye have spoken of me. True it is that none of the Ministers has more to do with managing state affairs than I have—for what is the maning of state affairs, but raising money ? and how do ye raise the money but by manes of the House of Commons ? and how do you keep the House of Commons but by me ? Here is the instrument that governs the country. (*Cracks his official whip.*) It is I that keep them together, and up to their work. To do them jeistice, for, God bless the dumb craturs ! I'd scorn to wrong them, I have as purty a pack as ever snuffed up the scent of any thing worth running after. Then they come in, the dear bastes, with their noses down so close together that a handkerchief would cover 'em. It is a pleasure—a rare pleasure, to see 'em in full cry—a body can't help loving 'em as if they were a body's own child. It can't be doubted that they'll sometimes run wide ; but that's when they haven't confidence in the gentleman that hunts 'em. If the poor brutes a'n't fed riglar too, who can think they've always the sperrit to run.

"As for me, genteels, (*here the whipper-in scratched his head,*) I an't trated well this last season. I had my own pack asy enough in hand, but there was the Whig beagles put upon me, that Duncannon had the handling

of, and the devil would not sometimes guide 'em. It was not smooth at all times, even as it was, for there was a cross breed before that, who did not come convenient, when we run down by East Retford. So I went to the huntsman. 'Duke,' says I, 'how's to be? here we have Old Husky, one of the laders of the pack, running right, and Ratty Bob, the other lader, running left; and the scent laying beautiful—one dog or the other's to go.' 'Hang Husk,' said Duke, for he's always kind, and as good a master, mar-ciful to his baste. So we hung him up to dry, and there he is the blessed day. But the present time is still harder upon us poor ministers—of which no more at present. As for politics, sure the likes of me knows nothing about them. Hoicks—hoicks—ya hip—ya hip—hilloo—in—in—tally—ho—tally ho! An't hunting, hunting? And who cares who hunts the country, so the game's run down? Mr. Spaker and the rest of the gentlemen, your most amazing good health. Suppose I sing you a song."

A unanimous acclaim, signifying the extreme delight the company would feel on hearing any of the musical experiments of a gentleman whose oratory had already so delighted them, burst from all around. "Mr. Holmes and song." "The whipper-in's song." "Song, song." "Mr. Holmes's good health and song." So on the call rung through the company. Mr. Holmes waited merely until he had mixed and swallowed a glass of—

Whiskey mixed up with water,  
Quenching his thirst  
With three parts of the first,  
Moistened off with a part of the latter :

—an operation which occupied a minute and a half; when he burst forth, with a sonorous and far-sounding voice, much resembling that of La Blache, in the following—

### Hay of the Whipper-in.

You all knew Bill Sligo, the Whipper-in, well—  
'Mong a thousand his crack you'd be certain to tell.  
On the night of division his voice would be *hard*,  
From the North to the South of yon Old Palace Yard.  
"Hark—hark!—in and in—hither come to the vote;"  
And so old Bill Sligo kept straining his throat.

When the moment appeared that the game was at bay  
And the thing should be settled at once, "aye or nay,"  
Old Bill showed his face, dashed the thong all around :  
From each lurking spot he sure brought up his hound.  
"Yoicks, Bathurst—Dundas, halloo!—Squeakum, ho! Wynn.  
Hark to Old Billy Sligo, who's whipping you in.

Ho! whelps out of Ireland—Ho, hounds North of Tweed!  
High, close to the cover—or else no more feed.  
Hollo, Croker—Ho! Murr—Mangy Georgebob, Twiss, haw!  
Bloody Jem, Scruffy Franky, whelp Tommy Macaw;  
Keep up, keep ye up, steady there, Sturdy Bourne."  
So sings Old Bill Sligo to each in his turn.

When at last shall ill luck put him out of his *sate*,  
O, think of him lads on the night of Debate;  
Think how well he his whip, my dear bastes, had applied,  
How so long he had kept you from running all wide;  
And his place in the writ as the Speaker shall fill,  
Give three hearty view hollows for poor Sligo Bill.

"I say dittho, dittho, to Mistha Awms," said the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker; "tha pwensapul of gawvawmunt appaws to me to consist sawly in raising the wind faw peopl in paublic aufises. The young youths

in Thwiniethy, Twinity I mane, meen, waw going to thaws me in a blanket, which show'd their bad teest."

"Why then," here, interrupted Mr. Holmes, "can't you say taysth, as I do; but your clipping the King's English will be the death of you."

Here the musicians in the gallery struck up, and the remainder of the oration was lost. The tune they played was the Broom of the Cowdenknowes, to which the Right Honourable John Wilson Croker has furnished words in the new Whig guide :

["The Broom cam fidlin doon to the hoos wi' a story about an exciseman,"] and the Secretary of the Admiralty was silent.

The man that of Trinity College,  
Thought himself the sleek white-headed boy, •  
Ev'n his friends, if he has such, acknowledge,  
Was well kick'd by bold Sergeant Lefroy.

Will his lisp now be frequent as ever,  
When he prates in the Parliament House?  
Or will humbled John Wilson endeavour,  
In his seat to sneak in like a louse?

Yes, the days of his swaggering glory  
Are set in the bottomless sea;  
And what a sad end to his story,  
To be Hertford's lickspittling M. P. !

The Chairman then arose and said: "Gentlemen—Charge your glasses. Although we are honoured by the presence of his Majesty's Ministers, let us not forget that we have amongst us a dignitary of the church of England, who has shifted and veered about, in a manner unprecedented in her annals; but who, in all his choppings, changings, turnings, shufflings, has only had in view the furtherance and prosperity of our Protestant faith. I give you the health of Dr. Philpotts!—(*Cheers.*) Every man has a right of shewing his integrity and his worth in his own peculiar way. The way assumed by the Dean of Chester was novel, but it was his own; and may the credit which he has thereby acquired, never be forgotten by every true-hearted Protestant! Dr. Philpotts, gentlemen, and may his name be handed down to posterity—as it deserves!" (*The toast was received with loud acclamations, and some laughter.*)

#### Song.

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that RATting will thrive,  
And that we may leave old friends in the lurch; •  
That the Duke to his Brother-apostates will give  
High station, and rank in our Protestant church !

Dean Philpotts, perchance, had been always a dean,  
Had he stuck by his High Church and old Tory palls;  
So a traitor he turn'd, and a RAT he has been,  
In the hope of obtaining the pontificals.

Then ho to apostates!—'tis pleasant to think  
That your only wise men are apostates and knaves;  
Though their names in posterity's nostrils should stink,  
Will a trifle like this, disturb them in their graves?

The Song upon so prolific a subject as the Dean, was not sufficient, wherefore Mr. Theodore Hook requested permission to favour the company with one of his extemporaneous effusions. The Chair having consented, Mr. Hook broke out into the following rhapsody.



*Tune—The Vicar of Bray.*

In Liverpool's good easy times,  
 When church and king no harm meant,  
 I stuck to old Shute Barrington,  
 And so I got preferment.  
 By Scarlett's help, the radicals  
 O' the Durham press I stampt on,  
 And on the hustings, day-by-day,  
 I bearded yellow Lambton.  
 And this is law, I shall maintain,  
 And sure it is no vain hope,  
 That if I stick by powers that be,  
 I'll be the vicar o' Stanhope.

I wrote a letter very fine,  
 Frank Jeffrey all defying :  
 I knew the fellow would not fight,  
 And so I called him lying.  
 I published, too, a book so smart,  
 That all the Papists flouted ;  
 Which sweet Jack Copley got by heart,  
 And in the Commons spouted.  
 And, &c.

But under good Duke Wellington  
 The times are altered fairly ;  
 His Grace has eaten all his words—  
 Belied himself most rarely.  
 And so Old Nick take Barrington,  
 To whom I owed my station ;  
 Ascendancy the de'il may sweep,  
 Huzza for 'mancipation.  
 And, &c.

O'Connell is a pretty youth—  
 Jack Doyle a lively scholar—  
 Old Eldon's creed, since lost his place,  
 I prize not half a dollar.  
 Gulp down—gulp down, old thoughts, old oaths,  
 Curse on each ancient bias ;  
 And if 'twould get a bishoprick,  
 God save our Lord Pope Pius !  
 And, &c.

The Chairman again arose, and spoke as follows :—"Gentlemen, I have now a toast to give you, which I am confident will be drunk with the deepest enthusiasm. We here, thank God, are in the opposition to his Grace the Duke of Wellington. He and ourselves, in times bygone, rowed in the same boat ; we were then in the upper ranks of the friends of Government. But since his Grace ratted, we, honest Tories, have veered round to the Opposition ; and seeing, from our present point of observation, the sad uses to which Ministers and Boroughmongers are putting the powers and the influence which lucky chances have thrown into their way, we have done rightly in constituting ourselves into a strenuous opposition to the schemes of Government. There is a gentleman here present who has worked great mischief to the present administration, and has given the note-cry for the pulling down of all boroughmongering corporations ; as such, he is entitled to our deepest gratitude. The name of the individual to whom I would draw your attention, Gentlemen, is Colonel De Lacy Evans, the late and the present rightful member for Rye. I know not, Gentlemen, a more wronged individual than Colonel Evans. He opposed the Corporation of Rye at an enor-

mous expense, and an independent and virtuous Committee of the House of Commons gave a decision in his favour. On this Colonel Evans took his seat as the member for Rye. Shortly after this, that is, not six months after the decision, the dissolution of Parliament took place. A day or two previously to this circumstance, Dr. Lamb, a cunning Clergyman, and the coggng boroughmonger, and self-styled the patron of Rye, gave notice of an appeal to the full House from the decision of the Committee. Well, Gentlemen, the dissolution took place, and Government, resolute in counter-acting the liberality of the Committee, sent down two Treasury hacks, to oppose the nominees of the scot and lot freemen of the town and port of Rye, on whom the Committee had decided that the right of the elective franchise should be conferred. A poor fellow of the name of Procter, an instrument in the hands of that reverend black-coated fox, Lamb, happened to be mayor, and he was put forward as a cat's-paw to contravene the fiat of the House of Commons. The end was, that roguery prevailed. Lamb brought in his own members, the Treasury hacks, Messrs. Bonham and Baillie; the gallant Colonel, and the rightful representative of the people, were ousted. He will thus be put to great expense, by having to appeal once more to a Committee of the House of Commons; and it is to be hoped that that Committee will reinstate the gallant Colonel in the seat of which he has been so unjustly deprived, and send Mr. Procter, the mayor, and Dr. Lamb, the parson, and the low boroughmongering jurat of Rye, to Newgate, for their vexatious conduct. Gentlemen, I give you the health of Colonel De Lacy Evans, and may he succeed in his appeal to the Committee of the House of Commons!" (*Cheers.*)

Tune—*Coming through the Rye.*

*Col. Evans*—"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: you have done me the honour of drinking my health in claret, I return it in port; for I am for the freedom of the ports. It would give me pleasure to think that I had a noble enemy to contend with, but I am matched against the most sheepish of antagonists. I am, you may think, Quixotic in my undertakings, and I admit I am so, as far as fighting against a flock of *lamb*s, whom I shall disperse as easily as the renowned knight did when combating the armies of Pentapolin of the Naked Arm. I am fresh from rousing the spirit of Rye; and by that spirit, as if by the spirit of barley, shall the heart of the men of the ports be raised. They shall be sink ports no more. The *ray* of Dover shall be eclipsed; the Dear-ling of Romney be cheapened. Loch of Hythe shall be no more than puddle, and Marryat of Sandwich must be made only a mouthfull.

"Gentlemen—So far for buffoonery—now for a word of sense. Is it not a shame that Englishmen are going all over the world in quest of redressing grievances, while they leave those of their own countrymen unsalved! The French are not allowed to elect deputies in the manner agreeable to the French nation, and they put aside the arbitrary power that keeps them down. The English Whigs sympathize, as they tell us, but at the same time force deputies upon the people of England against their will. The Saints blubber and clamour about the slavery in the West Indies, these same Saints keeping up the slavery of people in England. Sir Francis Burdett is indignant that the *Journal des Debats* should be molested, he all the time panegyriizing Scarlett for suppressing the *Morning Journal* in England. To come to my point. Do you think that any person who sits as member of Parliament for the Ports of Hastings, Rye, Romney, Hythe, Winchelsea, and Scaford, under their present organization, has any reason to complain of any invasion of popular right any where over the world? That those who are Tories, and therefore desirous of popular rights——"

"You are personal, sir," said the Vice-Chair. "May I be shot if I denied popular rights! I only wished that those who maintained them in general, were hanged in particular. Every man to his taste."

The Colonel took no notice of this disturbance, and concluded his speech amidst the loudest cheers.

Mr. William Ainsworth here volunteered the following, accompanying himself on the hurdy-gurdy:—

*The Wind and the Wave.*

We go wherever the wind and the wave,  
 May chance in their pleasure to bear us ;  
 They may waft us to home, they may find us a grave,  
 From all that we loved they may tear us :  
 But where'er the winds blow, and where'er the waves flow,  
 We cheerily, merrily, sing as we go,  
 The wind and the wave for ever.

Alike we're ready to frolic or fight,  
 For pleasure no boys are more ready—  
 And we out with our guns if the foe come in sight,  
 Then "fire away, Lads, and stand steady ;"  
 And spite of the number and force of the foe,  
 We pour in our shot, and we sing as we go,  
 The waves of Old England for ever.

When back returned we are safe on the shore,  
 Then smack go the lips of the lasses ;  
 And the number of blessings this earth has in store,  
 We count by the number of glasses—  
 Then sail off again, and where'er the winds blow,  
 We cheerily, merrily, sing as we go,  
 The wind and the wave for ever !

The last song had a prodigious somniferous effect upon the auditory : whereupon Mr. Samuel Rogers, feeling an internal movement of merriment, volunteered to sing the following delightful Latin ditty :—

*Song—By S. ROGERS, Esq.*

GAUDEAMUS igitur,  
*Juvenes dum sumus !*  
 Post jucundam juventutem,  
 Post molestam senectutem,  
 Nos habebit humus !

Ubi sunt qui ante nos  
 In mundo fuere ?  
 Transcas ad superos,  
 Redcas ad inferos,  
 Hos si vis videre.

Vita nostra brevis est,  
 Brevi finiatur ;  
 Venit mors velociter,  
 Rapit nos atrociter,  
 Nemini parcetur !

Vivant omnes virgines !  
 Faciles, formosæ !  
 Vivant et mulieres,  
 Vivant et mulieres,  
 Bonæ, laboriosæ !

Pereat tristitia !  
 Pereant osores !  
 Pereat diabolus !  
 Quivis antifiaserus !  
 Atque irrisores !

Here a tremendous crash———

\* \* \* \* \*

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. IX.

OCTOBER, 1830.

Vol. II.

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LONDON :

JAMES FRASER, 215, REGENT STREET,

JOHN BOYD, EDINBURGH; AND

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M.DCCC.XXX.

*Oxford.*

SIR,— In your remarks on Mr. Bulwer's Novels, you forgot to notice his excessive ignorance of Latin. He makes the verb "abutor" govern the *accusative* "patientiam," instead of the *ablative*, in that part of "Pelham" where he misquoted the celebrated "Quandiu Catilina."

At the head of one of the chapters in the same book, he quotes a line beginning with "Rēbus in adversis," which he, however, misquotes, as usual, by making it "In rēbus adversis!"

Yours, obediently,

T. C.

P. S. Satanic Montgomery wrote for the last Newdigate; and failed, of course, as he was expected to do.

*Eltham, Kent.*

SIR,— Allow me to suggest an improvement in your highly respected Magazine, which I feel assured would cause it an increased sale.

It is very evident, even to military readers, that the "United Service Journal" is of an everyday nature, and that its pages require enlivening with lighter matter, which would cause the fairer part of our creation to patronise it; particularly if a proportion of it was devoted to tales of "flood and field." Now, sir, if you were to allot a few pages of your Magazine to this desirable end, I have not the least doubt but you would soon *feel* the effect of it. I would head it "Naval and Military Sketches, or *Facts* of other Times," which would embrace highly interesting anecdotes of characters in both departments of the service, who have passed to that bourne "from whence no traveller returns," as well as those now enjoying their well-earned laurels.

I have known the Cockpit, as well as the Camp, produce incidents which have excited, not only curiosity as to their termination, but the most intense anxiety during the recital, and, no doubt you will admit, that in the nature of the service, many occurrences must have taken place which would prove equally instructive as well as amusing, not only to the aspirants for a mural crown or marshal's baton, but to all grades of society.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

E. B.

We are extremely obliged for the suggestion contained in the last letter, but we have already taken measures for pleasing those readers of REGINA who have a stomach for Military Adventures and Tales of Slaughter.

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### THE DEATH OF MR. HUSKISSON, AND THE APPROACHING PARLIAMENT.

THE tragical death of Mr. Huskisson is the most prominent event of the month in our domestic history. The manner of his death was dreadful—the time, the place, the occasion on which it occurred, all present matter for serious reflection. It was generally supposed that he was about to renew his ministerial existence—it is certain that the present situation of the helpless Cabinet afforded every hope to a man of his talents, and in his position, of making himself of great importance. The divided state of parties—the breaking up of the old Tories—the doubtful posture of the Whigs—the tottering condition of the ministry, which could, during last session, scarcely maintain itself in parliament—all these circumstances gave Mr. Huskisson, on the morning of his death, a personal importance which he had scarcely ever enjoyed before. The objections of the premier to his alliance would either have gradually vanished before the necessities of statecraft, or if Mr. Huskisson's services were sternly rejected, and his “mistake,” or “no mistake,” in the business of East Retford still continued to operate as a barrier against his junction with the Duke of Wellington, the opposition were willing to receive him as a most potent ally in ousting the ministry. He would, under any circumstances, have been one of the most powerful individuals of the next session; and if, to his unquestioned talent and readiness he could have added a show of indifference to place, or displayed a sincere inclination to have really

amalgamated himself with the “country party,” and given up his pernicious dogmas on trade, he might have taken as conspicuous a lead as any of the most celebrated heroes of the House of Commons. Just then, when this was in his reach, he was killed.

He was killed, as it were, in sight of Liverpool, the city which returned him, merely on the ground of his political talents and standing, without any of the usual inducements; and his death was occasioned by one of those great mechanical triumphs on which it was so often his delight to dwell, as the trophies of the human race. He rose in the morning, in a city where his leadership was acknowledged, to meet his former colleague or chief, almost for the first time since their disunion, on a footing of equality—he went to witness the successful completion of machinery which would have afforded him many an opportunity of supporting his favourite theories of manufacturing and commercial policy—his head was full of busy schemes of future importance, and his heart had expanded to the expression of instant (perhaps as a prelude to permanent) reconciliation with the prime minister who had expelled him, on grounds that would have saved his wounded honour, and gratified all the dreams of his ambition—when he was struck dead! Who could have predicted such a conclusion to such a day? Hope, pride, intellect, all crushed in a moment!

" Ἀλλὰ το προσφύραμεν,  
 " Ἐμπαυ, ἡ μέγαν νόον, ἡ-  
 " τοι φύσιν, ἀθανάτοιο·  
 Καίπερ ἰφαιμείαν  
 Οὐκ εἶδότες οὐδὲ μετὰ  
 Νύκτας ἄμμις πότμος ἀν-  
 " τὶν ἔγχαψε δρᾶμῖν ποτὶ στάθμην." \*

It is a sad reflection to think how many of our public men have, within a comparatively short period, perished miserably. Perceval was murdered, the Marquess of Londonderry fell by his own hand, so did Whitbread, so did Sir Samuel Romilly; Lord Liverpool died an idiot; Canning sunk under his anxieties; and now Huskisson has fallen a victim to a dreadful accident. It is enough to arrest the attention of the most unreflecting to the instability of our existence, and the utter insignificance of all those things in which we are accustomed to pride ourselves. Leaving, however, such considerations to the moralist or divine, our business is at present with politics.

\* Pindar, Nem. vi. 7—13. We attempt a translation of the whole strophe, which was a great favourite with the ancients.

" Ἐν ἀνδρῶν, ἐν θεῶν γένος. κ. τ. λ.

One is the lineage both of gods and men,  
 From the same mother both derive their birth;  
 " But nature, wide distinguishing between,  
 Divides the sons of Heaven from those of Earth:  
 Heaven's brazen throne firm and eternal stands,  
 But we, though like the gods in mind and soul,  
 Know not, by day or night, when Fate demands  
 That we should speed to our appointed goal.

† What is in the text is a commonly received story. Since Mr. Huskisson's death, the following letter, addressed to some gentleman, whose name is not given, has been published by some anonymous authority. We give it, without pretending to assign what may be its claim to credibility.

*Letter from Mr. Huskisson to ———.*

" My dear Sir, — Many thanks for your very kind letter. I am aware how industriously the calumnies to which you refer have been circulated by malevolence, and I am equally aware that in many instances they have unwittingly been received as truth.

" I never was in the Jacobin Club but once in my life. I went there as a spectator, and in company with the late Mr. Windham and the late Lord Chichester, who were about as good Jacobins as myself.

" The club was an object of curiosity to foreigners; and in the indulgence of that curiosity we went to one sitting, as we might have gone to a bull-fight in Spain. *Voilà tout*. But every man who aspires to distinction in public life, must lay his account to be assailed with such unfair weapons.

" Yours very sincerely,

S. GARDENS, July 7.

" W. HUSKISSON."

We certainly have heard of the *Discours prononcé par M. Huskisson, Anglais*. But, as we have never seen it, we cannot vouch for its authenticity. It is awkward that this disavowal was never published until after Mr. Huskisson's death, and then without any accompanying name. The vouchers, Windham and Lord Chichester, too, are unluckily both dead. We want further confirmation.

livered at that club, was published in the year 1791 in Paris. The views of the Jacobins were, from the beginning, sanguinary and destructive; but their full intentions were at first known only to the leaders of the party; and many persons who would have revolted at a hint of the projected doings of the Marats, Chabots, Robespierres, and other monsters in human shape, belonged to the clubs at their first institution. Almost all these men were consigned to the guillotine by their associates after they had mounted into power.

Whether he was a Jacobin or not, Mr. Huskisson did not long mingle in French politics. At the period of the Revolution, Lord Gower, the present Marquess of Stafford, was our ambassador in Paris, and Mr. Huskisson was introduced into his family, by a medical service he rendered to Lady Gower, on some urgent occasion, when her ladyship's regular physicians were not at hand. He accompanied Lord Gower on his return to England, and here exchanged the trade of medicine for that of politics. His patron introduced him to the notice of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, to whom his talents and universal knowledge soon recommended him.

He commenced his official career in 1796, in the office of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, who was then Secretary of State for the Home Department. Lord Carlisle, at the instance of Mr. Dundas, brought him into Parliament for Morpeth. He afterwards sat for Liskeard, Chichester, and finally for Liverpool. In 1807, a petition was presented against the return of him and his colleague, the Hon. Mr. Elliott, for Liskeard, by the unsuccessful candidate, Captain Tomlinson. The case, which is reported in Douglas on Elections, is a curious one. The Committee of the House of Commons pronounced in favour of the return, but made a distinction between the cases of the members; declaring the petition against Mr. Elliott frivolous and vexatious, but not so against Mr. Huskisson. In 1802, he was an unsuccessful candidate for Dover.

He was appointed, in 1800, Receiver-general of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; and, in 1804, joint Secretary of the Treasury. This office

he resigned, in 1806, on the accession of the Talents. On the return of his friends to power, he was made chief Secretary of the Treasury, and adhered to the *set* of Mr. Canning. When that gentleman seceded, in consequence of his quarrel with Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Huskisson resigned, and continued out of office for some time. In 1814, he succeeded Lord Glenbervie as first Commissioner of Woods and Forests; and, shortly afterwards, received the lucrative appointment of Colonial Agent to Ceylon. This was his first official connexion with the colonies, and he retained it for several years. Although Lord Castlereagh placed his name on the Committee of Finance in 1819, he never thought of admitting him into the Cabinet, where Huskisson would have strengthened the party of the ever-intriguing Mr. Canning. When his Lordship died, and the star of Canning was in the ascendant,—[poor Lord Liverpool was always a cipher in the administration that bore his name,]—Mr. Huskisson was introduced into the Cabinet, as President of the Board of Trade, and Treasurer of the Navy. He adhered to his friend when the political extinction of Lord Liverpool broke up his ill-assorted ministry, and, in 1827, became Secretary for the Colonies.

In this office he remained under the astounding administration of Lord Goderich, which his quarrel with Mr. Herries contributed principally to overthrow. The debates and voluminous explanations on that occasion must be fresh in the memory of our readers. The most amusing part of the business was, that poor Lord Goderich resigned because he could not make the Right Honourable Gentlemen agree, and immediately on his Lordship's resignation, they remained in the cabinet as the best friends in the world. Mr. Huskisson's adhesion to the Duke of Wellington, in 1828, gave great offence to the family and friends of Mr. Canning, who considered the Duke as in a great measure the cause of that statesman's death. Lady Canning, it is said, remonstrated with Mr. Huskisson, in a letter more distinguished for the plainness and openness of its style than for its affability or politeness. If they were angry, they soon had their revenge. In January he joined the Duke—and in May the



Duke turned him out. He had divided against Mr. Peel on the very immaterial question of East Retford, and he received in the House of Commons a hint from the official collector of the ministerial forces, that his mutinous conduct would be duly reported at head-quarters. Scared at this intelligence, he wrote at two o'clock in the morning a hasty note explanatory of his conduct, which contained an expression that might be construed into a fixed determination to resign office. At this the Duke immediately caught; and though Huskisson explained, and re-explained, vowed, swore, and protested that nothing was further from his intentions, it was all in vain. In the most affectionate letters, to "My dear Huskisson," "My dear Duke" maintained that there was but the one reading of the original note; that he was the sole commentator who understood the passage; and in his own emphatic words, which have grown almost into a proverb, declared, that there was "no mistake," and there should be no mistake. Mr. Huskisson was obliged to yield, and he parted from office never to return.

As a politician he will be remembered only by his commercial measures. He was the apostle of free trade, and after having long maintained it in theory, he was at last able to persuade the legislature to attempt it in practice. His acute and plausible style gained him many converts; many more were convinced, because they understood nothing upon the subject. The sophisms of the modern school of political economy are not more valuable than any other sophisms; but they are so wrapt up in words, that it takes what has the appearance of reasoning to follow them for the purpose either of acquiescence or refutation. To those who recoil from whatever may make any demand upon the reasoning faculty, it is sufficient to announce the approach of an argument to warn them off the premises. The vast bulk of persons who compose our legislative assemblies take their opinions, on any thing that presents the semblance of difficulty, upon trust; a name once obtained for knowledge of an abstruse appearance, imposes upon them readily. How few among them understood one word of the jargon published by the Bullion Committee about twenty years ago!—and yet the fame of clever-

ness in compiling some portions of that unread and unreadable report, or in writing some equally dull and ill-considered pamphlets in the *Edinburgh Review*, has conferred a sort of traditional glory upon that small creature, Horner. Common sense, as well as common feeling—humanity, decency, religion, experience—all were revolted by the nauseous book of Malthus; but as he coolly took for granted his fundamental fallacy, and without attempting to assign any reason whatever for the amazing assertion, that man is produced so much more rapidly than the inferior animals, or the vegetable race, as in ten generations to outstrip their production in the ratio of 512 to 10; (that is to say, that in 300 years the descendants of a single pair would be 512, who would not be able to produce food for more than ten persons; or, as he expresses it, that population increases in a geometrical, and food in an arithmetical ratio,) an assertion which one would think could have been uttered only in Bedlam—sporting it as an axiom, and having so done, made a bluster of mathematical accuracy in deducing detestable corollaries from the original folly,—Malthus was considered as an authority, to contradict whom was to set you down as little better than idiot. McCulloch immortalised himself by the demonstration that money drawn from a country enriched it; people shrugged up their shoulders, but it was *proved*. In short, if in matters lying ever so little out of the ordinary topics of conversation, any paradox dressed up in hard words be hardly asserted, it will be sure to impose upon the multitude as something profound. The trading political economist of the nineteenth century is in all respects a fitting successor of the trading alchemist of the fourteenth.

Quackery is still more certain of success when it can call into its aid the semblance of liberality. Free trade had this advantage in its favour. It was extremely liberal to consider the interests of foreign nations, and the common places that could be poured forth on the subject were endless. In such "a field of words spread here and there," Lord Goderich delighted to expatiate, rolling and tumbling in swelling sentences, where the greatness and expansion of the views compensated for the want of

thought and the absence of information. The antagonists of these doctrines were silenced in a moment, by an uproar against illiberality, monopoly, selfish views, narrow principles, &c. It was hard to stand against such an outcry; and, accordingly, in a fit of cosmopolite enthusiasm, each was ready to sacrifice the interests of his neighbour. A special reservation was made to be sure for every man's own individual interest; but Huskisson and his colleagues had stomach for them all. It was amusing to see when his system began to operate, what a clamour each particular branch of commerce or manufacture made, as ruin advanced upon it. Even then (and in a great measure now) the principle was so indisputable—the liberality so enlarged—the comprehensive wisdom so magnificent—that the sufferers ventured not to doubt the soundness of all these fine things in general, but put forth their own case as the solitary exception! The ship-owner thought that it might be very well that the trade in silk should be free; but by no means approved of the destruction of the shipping interest. The silk manufacturer, comparatively unmoved at the calamity of the man of ships, looked with rueful countenance upon the desolation of his own looms. Liberality was the order of the day; and it was exactly that defined by Cato in Sallust—" *aliena bona largiri liberalitas*." It is highly liberal to give away the property of other persons.

It would be unjust and untrue to say that Mr. Huskisson was a man of unkind nature—the contrary was the case—but there are some pursuits which render the heart as hard as the nether millstone. Magendie and his followers feel no scruple or compunction in laying bare the arteries of living dogs, twisting their entrails, suffocating or poisoning animals of all kinds, blinding them with hot wires, &c., for the purposes of promoting physiological knowledge. If any body complain of the cruelty of this, the answer is ready. It is done for the purpose of advancing a science, the knowledge of which may be rendered mainly serviceable in surgery or medicine. Hippocrates and Galen carried it further; they experimented upon living men, who, as they were only slaves, were no more in their eyes than the unhappy

greyhounds and rabbits are in those of Magendie. In like manner, the political economist, steadily looking at his object, viz., to buy a riband cheaper, or some such thing, admits that he is doing hurt to some classes of existing beings, but maintains that the evil will only be temporary. Those of the present generation may perish, but the comforts and luxuries of the next generation will be increased. We are not going in this casual manner to discuss the effects of free trade, nor to draw high-coloured pictures of the ruin it has "scattered over a smiling land;" but its most zealous partisans must admit that it has occasioned dire distress, for the present at least. This the free traders allowed even in parliament; but contended that, notwithstanding the cry of dismay coming from all quarters of the country, they should persevere in their course. Perish the operatives, sooner than our principles, was their motto. It was, therefore, impossible, for ordinary minds at least, to disconnect Mr. Huskisson from the cruel results of his system; and it cannot be wondered at, that on his resignation, the vessels in the river were decorated with all their flags, and that the lower orders of manufacturers of all classes kindled bonfires, and in other methods demonstrated that they were in ecstasies of joy. It would have been impossible to explain to them that these measures, the operation of which they felt in cold, sickness, and starvation, were truly philosophical; and in the end, after they, like Magendie's puppies, had been sacrificed for the benefit of science, highly beneficial to the public in general. This might be unreasonable on the part of the "operatives," as the philosophers call the objects of their experiments, but you cannot expect that people of their narrow prejudices can see the merit of a statesman, who starves them with the best intentions; and, according to the last number of the *Westminster Review*. Say what you will of the necessity of supporting the laws, the propriety of keeping social order, the universal good produced by the punishment of evil-doers—urge the absurdity of looking with dislike upon a person performing a useful and patriotic duty, or the want of philosophy in considering the man who acts

merely as the machine in putting the laws in force, to be more directly concerned in depriving the criminal of life than the judge who pronounces the sentence, the king who ratifies it, or the people in general who give to the monarch the power of the sword—adduce these and a thousand topics besides, with all the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and the oratory of a Cicero—and yet you will never suc-

ceed in rendering the hangman a popular functionary. So unphilosophical is the mob. In like manner, while the sages of the school of Malthus and McCulloch hailed Huskisson as a pillar of the state, the starving artisan, looking at his cheerless hearth, his squalid wife, and his pining children, could not be persuaded of the merits of the system, or appreciate the kindness of him

——— “Who of its rigour would not bate a jot,  
Till it had quenched their fire and banished their pot.”

It was generally supposed, that Mr. Huskisson had adopted the more ultra, at least, of his commercial doctrines, out of a desire of “uniformity,”—of giving a completeness to the system—the strenuous inculcation of which, formed his distinguishing mark among his brother statesmen. Father Hardouin, when asked what could have put it into his head to maintain that Virgil never wrote the *Æneid*, replied, that he did not rise at four o’clock in the morning for the purpose of saying what all the rest of the world had said before him. Hardouin, in a word, was determined to win literary and critical fame by hardly supporting paradoxes—it was the only unoccupied road he could perceive to the glory which he sought. As Hardouin wished to be a critic, so Huskisson wished to be a minister—he had not the command of those usual paths to office, which birth or connexions give. His eloquence, though he spoke respectably, was not of the kind which forces itself dictatorially upon public attention, far less was it such as could command the obedient adherence of faction. The ordinary avenues were pre-occupied by other aspirants; but the character of a merely commercial politician was rather new. In this, then, he appeared, and became the head, if not of a party, yet of a small school, which made up for its want of numbers by continued noise in newspapers, reviews, pamphlets, and lectures. England had grown rich by steady adherence to maxims which, whether philosophical or not, are those which have a *prima facie* appearance of common sense in their favour, and have been acted upon by all nations which have accumu-

lated wealth. It therefore was a mark of a great mind, to say that all these maxims were wrong—that we and other countries had become rich contrary to all rule, and that we ought to reverse our practice without delay. It was just Father Hardouin in politics, determined not to do any thing that others had done before.

Huskisson was the great commercial statesman, and this fame procured him office. While there he relaxed little from the path he laid down. If distress was so universal as to render it impossible to deny its existence, it was declared to be temporary. This was the grand card, but there were minor trumps. If ninety-nine parishes were starving, and the hundredth but half starved, its prosperous condition was immediately quoted as a proof of the fallacy of all assertions respecting the condition of the rest. When whole districts remonstrated in public meetings against the system by which they were ground to the earth, a gentleman started up in Parliament to contradict their testimony, upon the assurance of some anonymous correspondence, in all probability a pawnbroker, that *his* particular business was flourishing. The seasons also were of great service, though Huskisson never pressed them into the service of a King’s speech, as we have seen since he was ejected. From October to March the severity of winter accounted for any calamity that might happen—the unsettled state of the spring explained for a couple of months farther on—and the three summer months brought with them the plague of the Irish. Any shifty and temporary excuse was sufficient in the eyes of those far-seeing philosophers to account for the never-ending pres-

sure—any gleam of prosperity in a particular business, or a peculiarly situated district, served as a proof to their generalising minds that all was right. And these paltry and childish day-by-day defences were made in the face of increasing poor-rates, decreasing excise, and rates of wages and earnings depreciating to sums of incredible smallness. As we write, we perceive that Mr. Hume, a free-trader of the first magnitude, declared at a dinner given to him in Glasgow, that a woman, by thirteen to fourteen hours' work, may earn the sum of—THREEPENCE. These philosophers claim the perspicacity of the eagle, but in reality they surpass the blindness of the mole.

No doubt or disbelief appears to have crossed the mind of Mr. Huskisson, of the soundness of his doctrines, until he had lost his place. Being then, in some degree at least, thrown upon popular support, he thought he might as well inquire among the people what was the cause of their aversion to a system that was so charming in the eyes of professors, newspaper writers, reviewers, spouters at debating clubs, and other such lights of the age. The result was, his declaring himself open to further conviction, and ready at the end of a thirty years' "mission" to inquire whether he had not been all along under a mistake. This is, to be sure, an ordinary accident in the best-regulated schools of political economy—precious science that it is! Mr. McCulloch, after having written and re-written reams of paper, to prove that the poor-laws were contrary to all "sound principles"—nuisances that ought to be abolished in England, and never introduced into Ireland—has since *modified* his opinion, so far as to give his testimony in their favour. As we pass, we cannot help wondering at the judicial stupidity of those people who think themselves the wise *par excellence*. In 1825, it was thought possible to abolish the poor-laws, and to fling the manufacturing people upon their own industry, requited as it would be at the rate of threepence a day!—"Here is wisdom!"

If Huskisson's philosophy recommended him to parliament in general, it recommended him to Mr. Canning in particular. Mr. Canning had all

the airs and graces that could command a debating club. His knowledge of Latin was considerable, and he had several sentences out of the first book of Virgil by heart, which he quoted with considerable variety and effect. He mounted a climax tolerably well, and had made a good many similes, which a little care would have rendered into respectable conundrums. In the *Antijacobin* he had written several squibs, and was the author of "Praise him, praise him, Brother Bragge." No man surpassed him in a fine flow of excellent words, which took their places with a most wonderful degree of order, considering their quantity, and the uselessness of so many of the number. In common-places he was judiciously stocked, and he kept them in good order. Then he was confident, noisy, bullying, and having fought one duel, it was suspected he might fight another. With all these qualifications, he, moreover, possessed a fund of most profound and well-compacted ignorance, on which the flashing glories of his rhetoric shone,

"Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm."

He was, therefore, the light of his section; but all brilliancy would not do, and Huskisson was the shade. Without a metaphor, Mr. Canning determined that as he was to be the wit, somebody else was to be the philosopher; and Huskisson was the man. The one was the *dulce*—the other the *utile*. Hence the veneration of Canning—a man who accepted the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a confession that he could never cast up a column of accounts, or comprehend the mysteries of the ledger. "We shall learn," said he,—and the intimation was pleasant to the country which was to be honoured with his services,—"as we go along." The peculiar knowledge of the Huskissonian school must therefore have appeared to him most magnificent; and, at all events, it was useful, as giving solidity to a debate. As Mr. Canning played the part of *Petit Andre*, it was requisite to have a *Trois Echelles*. The figures of speech were left to one—of arithmetic to the other. It was Mr. Huskisson's misfortune, that Mr. Canning's successor in office had other merits and talents than those of mere

speechifying to support him, and that he was determined to fill his own political economy department, as well as all other departments of his government. A prejudice exists against holding the Archbishopric of Canterbury *in commendam* with the Oxford Blues, else we have no doubt that his Grace, the prime minister, would have proved himself as eminent a theologian as he has shewn himself a financier. It is beyond question that he would have formed a Cabinet to have sworn to it.

Mr. Huskisson's disjunction from the Canning party, by coalescing with the Duke of Wellington, had left him no power of resisting the mandate that drove him into the cold world outside of office. His unbending ministerialism through so many generations of ministers had cut him off from Whig sympathy. The thorough Tories were in those days with the Duke, (*O cæcos hominum mentes!*) and uttered a shout of joy at the overthrow of the last remnant of the Canning clique. Besides, they never liked Huskisson's system; for in the Tories are concentrated those stupid prejudices in favour of the prosperity of the country, which, in other ages and places, passes for common sense. From the very beginning of his administration, it was plain to see, that the Duke did not much admire the company of his "dear friend." When Mr. Huskisson, in Liverpool, was called to account for coalescing with so illiberal a premier, (the Duke has since improved), he ventured to say, that his Grace had entered into some stipulations as to supporting the views of the free-traders. The Duke lost no time in contradicting this assertion most unceremoniously in the House of Lords, and poor Huskisson was obliged to stammer out a lame apology in the Commons. From that moment, it was plain to all, (to use Galt's words, in his pleasant *Life of Lord Byron*), "who have ever looked upon the effects of fortune upon individuals, that Huskisson's part in the ministry was nearly done." The first false step was sure to be fatal. It had pleased Mr. Canning to take a different view of the manner in which the elective franchise, then astray, (that of East Retford,) was to be disposed of, from that which the Duke of Wellington, then in opposition, had chosen to espouse.

Huskisson thought with Canning of course — Mr. Peel with the Duke. The unlucky question was protracted into another administration; and the two Secretaries, now in the same Cabinet, divided against one another, contrary to all precedent. The hair stood upon the head of Holmes, and the hours of Huskisson were numbered. It was evident that this East Retford business was merely a pretence; and if the then opponents, now the zealous supporters of ministers, were right in their supposition, that the arrangement which has been carried may materially promote the parliamentary influence of the Duke of Newcastle, we should suppose that, under existing circumstances, the plan which Huskisson supported is that which the Cabinet would, in its secret soul, have eventually preferred. But any thing will do for a quarrel, when there is a necessity for making or finding one.

The rest of Mr. Huskisson's history may be briefly told. In 1828, he had no opportunity of forcing his way back into office, and the Duke had no idea of accepting his services of his own accord. 1829 was engaged wholly by the one question, to the exclusion of all others; and in that question Huskisson was compelled by the uniform tenour of his politics, to support the administration. In the session of 1830 he was beginning to arrange a line of opposition which might have made him again of importance. A couple of years had, in a great measure, broken the links that bound him to the acts, and implicated him in the policy of his former colleagues. He was gradually withdrawing from the rigour of his commercial policy, and beginning to conciliate the country party. But a single session is too short to arrange an efficient opposition; and the last was rendered, in practice and reality, much shorter than usual, by the illness and death of George the Fourth. In the next, as we have said, he must have taken a prominent lead; we fear, that he had not firmness sufficient to have resisted the temptation of office, and it is generally supposed that he, or his party for him, was coquetting with the Duke ever since the last elections. If he had conducted a vigorous opposition, it would have enabled him

to dictate his own terms—and at the very moment when these thoughts may be supposed to have been passing in his mind; when the object of his constant ambition was again within his grasp—then he was struck to the earth, and fell a mangled and bleeding victim beneath the car of his latest and greatest political enemy. How striking is the observation of old Richard Baxter!—

“It hath been my long observation of many, that when they have attempted great works and have just finished them; or have aimed at great things in the world, and have just obtained them; or have lived in much trouble and unsettlement, and have just overcome them, and begin with some content to look upon their condition and rest in it, they are usually near to death or ruin. You know the story of the fool in the Gospel: when a man is once at this language—Soul, take thy ease, or rest; the next news usually is, Thou fool, this night, or this month, or this year, shall they require thy soul; and then whose shall these things be? O, what house is there where this fool dwelleth not?”

The political consequences of Mr. Huskisson's death may be highly important, as far as the stability of the ministry is concerned. According to the opinion of some, the Duke of Wellington has suffered a loss—others, who appear to be better informed, regard the death of Mr. Huskisson as a fortunate “accident” for the administration. It was generally supposed that Lord Palmerston, Mr. C. Wynn, Mr. W. Horton, even Messrs. C. and R. Grant, (personally annoyed though they were by the rather impertinent interference of the Peel family with their elections—an interference which they amply revenged)\* would have offered no very strenuous opposition to an arrangement with the Duke; but his Grace, it is said, did not like to associate himself with Mr. Huskisson. The Duke has no fancy to be surrounded by persons of intellect superior to that of Lords Bathurst or Ellenborough. An ably-written pamphlet, but highly laudatory of his Grace's aristocracy, under the title of “Government without Whigs,” has some remarks upon this propensity of our Prime Minister.

“The administration is said to consist of the Duke of Wellington alone: why? Because it is more united than any to which the country has been accustomed, since the days of Mr. Pitt. It is guided by the same spirit, swayed by the same principles, and actuated by one common will in all its several branches. We have not now, as formerly, a divided cabinet; it is no longer necessary to humour the separate views of particular individuals, in order to keep them together; the evil so much complained of by the late Mr. Canning, when he attributed much of the expenses of the different departments to the narrow regard of each minister to his own particular office, without sufficient consideration for the arrangements of the others, is now happily done away with, and the last elements of discord were removed from the cabinet, by the expulsion of the Canning party from its counsels. The government is now, in this respect, what that of Chatham and Pitt was, and what that of Canning would most certainly have been, had that statesman lived, and had power to reduce his government to a solid consistency, a closely united cabinet.”\*

The author, surely, has been attempting a joke.

There are few things in “Joe Miller” better than this. All discord is happily done away with—it is not necessary to humour individuals—the Cabinet is closely united,—and this is intended for praise. In the famous year *Julio et Casare Consulibus*, the same panegyric would have applied. After *Cæsar* had driven *Bibulus* out of the forum, there was the utmost unanimity among the Consuls, because their number was reduced to one. In the council of King Ferdinand, or Don Miguel, or Sultan Mahinoud, we venture to say that there is no discord; but whether such arrangement is conducive to the public advantage, consistent with what used to be called English notions of government, or complimentary to the members of the Cabinet, who figure in the capacity of so many footmen, whom it is not necessary to *humour* or consult, is a different matter. In the next page, we find the author panegyrising Lord Lyndhurst as an equity judge!!!—The author has attempted a hard task.

As Mr. Huskisson was a person who should be “humoured;” and although, perhaps, duly humbled by

\* Government without Whigs. Being an answer to the “Country without a Government,” and the Edinburgh Reviewer. London, 1830. Hatchard.

his former expulsion, yet still superior to the company of body-guards collected round the Field-Marshal of the Treasury, it is not likely that his accession would be agreeable. His death, in our opinion, removes one difficulty. But, as the late Mr. Canning would have said, (if he had read so far in the *Æneid*),

— Uno avulso non deficit alter ;

or, to quote Horace, a more recondite author—

Quid te exemta juvat spinis de pluribus una ?

or, in plain English, *all* the Duke's difficulties will not be put an end to by the accession even of the Huskissonians. A clever, though hastily written pamphlet, "The Result of the General Election,"\* puts his Grace's troubles in a very clear point of view. The book of Numbers, the writer observes, "for the first time, under the reign of King Arthur, is a pleasing volume for the contemplation of men

in opposition." The elections have not turned up as Mr. William Holmes had calculated.

"The Treasury estimate makes their gain forty in England, five in Scotland, and nine in Ireland—in all fifty-four; their loss, twenty-five in England, one in Scotland, and seven in Ireland—in all thirty-three; being a total gain of twenty-one upon the balance.

"Admitting Scotland to be given correctly, let us examine England and Ireland, and see whether there be any foundation for the calculation.

"Take, first of all, the alleged loss of twenty-five: there is nothing like the details of names. We know that the following members have been returned in the room of those set opposite to their names, and for the places in the third column. Which of the names in column I. are likely to vote with government? Which of those in column II. ever voted against it? These are the only questions. Let the Duke and his flatterers answer them, or give up their calculation of having lost only twenty-five by the Dissolution.

I. NEW MEMBERS.	II. OLD MEMBERS.	III. PLACES.
— Adeane. Lord Ebrington. — Tyrrell. Sir W. B. Folkes. — Beaumont. — Sandford. — Briscoe. — Tyrrell. Lord Belgrave.  Lord Fordwich. Hon. G. A. Ellis. Lord Seymour. — Ellice. — Labouchere. — Sykes. Sir R. Gresley. — Grant. — Marshall. General Palmer — Wall. — Howard. — Brougham. — Lefevre. — Philpotts. Sir C. Lemon. — Morrison.	Lord C. Manners. — Bastard. — Bramston. — Wodehouse. Hon. H. Liddell. Sir T. Lethbridge. — Pallmer. Sir T. Gooch. — Davenport.  Sir R. Lushington. Sir C. Domville. — Strutt. — Heathcote. General Peachy. — Batley. Sir H. Hardinge. — Peel. — Stephenson. Lord Brecknock. — Norton. Sir W. Scott. Hon. P. Bouverie. — Powell. — Cooper. — Barclay. — Halse.	COUNTIES. <i>Cambridgeshire.</i> <i>Devonshire.</i> <i>Essex.</i> <i>Norfolk.</i> <i>Northumberland.</i> <i>Somersetshire.</i> <i>Surrey.</i> <i>Suffolk.</i> <i>Cheshire.</i>  BOROUGHES. <i>Canterbury.</i> <i>Oakhampton.</i> <i>Coventry.</i> <i>Taunton.</i> <i>Beverley.</i> <i>Durham.</i> <i>Norwich.</i> <i>Leominster.</i> <i>Bath.</i> <i>Guildford.</i> <i>Carlisle.</i> <i>Downton.</i> <i>Gloucester.</i> <i>Penryn.</i> <i>St. Ives.</i>

\* The Result of the General Election; or, What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Dissolution? London, 1830. Ridgway.

I. NEW MEMBERS.	II. OLD MEMBERS.	III. PLACES.
Hon. P. P. Bouverie. Lord C. Churchhill. Hon. — Jerningham. Villiers Stuart. Sir C. Wetherell. Sir G. Warendor. Lord Stormont. — Attwood. Lytton Bulwer. Hon. A. Duncombe. — Hughes. — Baillie. — Byng. Sir C. Constable.	— Peel. Lord Ashley. — Starkie. — Hon. A. Legge. Sir A. Grant. — Lott. — Munday. — Dawkins. — Baker.  — Lockhart. — Arkwright. — North. — Villiers.	BOROUGHS. <i>Cockermouth.</i> <i>Woodstock.</i> <i>Pomfret.</i> <i>Banbury.</i> <i>Aldborough.</i> <i>Honiton.</i> <i>Boroughbridge.</i> <i>Wilton.</i> <i>Bassettlaw.</i> <i>Oxford.</i> <i>Rye.</i> <i>Milborne Port.</i> <i>Hedon.</i>

"Here, then, are forty changes—ministerial men turned out and opposition men brought in—instead of twenty-five, making a difference of exactly fifteen; consequently, if we take the Treasury account of its own gain of forty, upon the balance in England, instead of gaining fifteen, they gain not one! and upon

the whole election their gain is reduced from twenty-one to six, allowing them to be quite right in their estimate of gaining two in Ireland.

"But their Irish calculation is still more erroneous than their English, as the following table will shew:—

I. NEW MEMBERS.	II. OLD MEMBERS.	III. PLACES.
O'Gorman Mahon. Sergeant Lefroy. Sir J. Burke. A. Lefroy. — Leader. — Jones. D. Browne. O'Connor Don. — Wyse. A. Chichester. Colonel O'Grady.	— O'Brien. — Croker. — Daly. Sir G. R. Fetherston. — Doherty. — Dawson. Lord Bingham. — King. — Hutchinson. Lord Stopford. Massy Dawson.	<i>Clare.</i> <i>Dublin University.</i> <i>Galway County.</i> <i>Longford County.</i> <i>Kilkenny.</i> <i>Derry County.</i> <i>Mayo.</i> <i>Roscommon.</i> <i>Tipperary.</i> <i>Wexford County.</i> <i>Limerick County.</i>

"We repeat the question upon these undeniable returns. Which of the names in the first column will ever be found in a ministerial division, and which of the names in the second were ever wanting to back the Duke in the last Session of Parliament? But of these new Members, all opposed to Government, there are no less than eleven. The Treasury estimate, of twenty-one, allows the Opposition only to have gained six in Ireland: here, then, is another deduction of five to be made from the balance; and thus it is demonstrated that, giving the Minister credit for being perfectly accurate in all his calculations, of the forty-

nine which he says he has gained in England and Ireland, there must be deducted from that the Opposition gain, not of thirty-two, as he and his 'parasites' (may they pardon the word which comes so naturally!) wildly imagine, but fifty-one; making upon the only part of the empire where there are elections, or any thing like elections, a loss of exactly *two* votes, instead of a gain of seventeen, and upon the whole operation a gain of *one* vote, instead of twenty-one!"

Now, this is taking the thing far too favourably for Ministers. We have gone over the list, and in the number



of persons of declared politics, we think Ministers are in a minority of forty. But what is of more importance, all the new members, with scarcely an exception, and many of the old, have been obliged to pledge themselves, on pain of expulsion, with their constituents, to support measures of economy and retrenchment, which, we venture to say, that Messrs. Planta and Dawson, in Treasury assembled, consider as the very worst and most flagitious species of opposition. At least a hundred *new* pledges of this kind have been exacted.

This pamphlet (we think, by the pungency and the slip-slop writing, *to say nothing of the everlasting recurrence to the Lowthers*, it was written by Mr. Brougham) contains so graphic and so just an account of the members of the Cabinet, that we must extract it.

"The Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst has notoriously disappointed, by his indolence, all who had formed any expectations of him. He is, by common consent, the most inefficient Keeper to whom the Great Seal has been intrusted since Lord Bathurst, whose heir-at-law would make as good a chancellor as either his noble and learned ancestor, or his noble and learned colleague. No doubt, as far as personal weight and consideration goes—the dignity derived from consistency, steadiness of principle, and all that goes to make up public virtue—the present Ministry may boast of a share in the person of its First Law Officer such as none other ever had, and such as it would be absolutely cruel to examine in detail.

"Among his colleagues the Earl of Aberdeen stands distinguished (bold as the assertion may to some appear) for that union of feebleness with presumption—of incapacity in every other man's eyes, with all-sufficiency in his own—which constitutes the ridiculous in character. It is from such originals that the pencil of Cervantes drew the Baratarian Government of Sancho Panza, that of Sheridan his Lord Burleigh, and of Swift his Gulliver drawing upon the King of Brobdingnag. Mankind have yet to learn one single ground upon which this lord should affect to hold any other given lord cheap; and yet he never opens his mouth but to try some clumsy sneer. He is supposed to have studied under Mr. Pitt, who had some right to indulge in such supercilious demeanour. The Hindoos have an apologue of a dwarf who used to keep company with a giant, and, seeing him always looking down upon the crowd, got the habit of looking down when he saw men whose middles he could just reach standing upon tiptoe.

"The other members of the Cabinet it is really difficult for any one not having a peculiarly retentive memory, or, as Mr. Brougham would say, 'not being good at proper names,' to recollect. One, indeed, Lord Ellenborough, is remembered, not from the possession of any shining or statesman-like qualities, but on account of certain awkward passages in his history. This individual professed himself at different times the follower of Lord Lansdowne and of Lord Grey; but he left them all upon the first hint of a place from the Duke of Wellington, and he accepted it, with an amendment to the Duke's address ready written in his pocket, which he had the imprudent vanity to shew to several persons. To the Government he joined, he brought a weight of personal unpopularity, which it rarely falls to the lot of any one so little conspicuous as himself to acquire. And if to this disadvantage is added, an overweening conceit—overweening apparently in proportion to the absence of merit—a total want of judgment, and a singular faculty of attracting the derision of others, it will be easily granted that his co-operation is, in fact, a grievous misfortune to the administration which is encumbered with it.

"Of Lord Bathurst, lives there the man so unfeeling, so lost to all the softer emotions of our nature, as to speak in an enumeration of statesmen fit to administer a great empire? If such there be, and of heart so flinty, then the same might also view unmoved the sorrowful plight of Mr. Goulburn, and weigh the merits of that good sensible man and most able Quarter-Master-General, Sir George Murray, as a parliamentary chieftain.—Whether or not Lord Francis Leveson Gower be a Cabinet Minister, may be a question; it can be none that, in such a Cabinet, Nature has well qualified him to hold a place, and a prominent one. But though he may rival Lord Aberdeer in hopeless debility, he falls so infinitely short of him in presumption, that it would be a shame to speculate upon the amount of his gain by his late removal from Ireland. He was found to be perfectly unfit for the parliamentary conflicts of that department; some change of climate was absolutely necessary to preserve his existence. So he is to battle the estimates, night after night, against Mr. Hume, for six or eight weeks of the next session, by way of having an easy life, and a task he is fit for.

"Of Sir Robert Peel we have not spoken. He is a man of respectable talents, moderate acquirements, unquestioned propriety, undeniable self-complacency, and brilliant and bound-

less wealth. Whether these, added to the possession of as much unpopularity as ever fell to one man's share, be exactly the qualifications that will fit him for leading such a House of Commons as is just returned, and against such an Opposition, may be a different thing. He is supposed to have so deep, so devout a veneration for himself (testified, among other things, by reverently dropping the voice upon naming the object of his adoration), as rather to have enjoyed standing alone last session. He probably is now hugging himself in the hope of a like enjoyment at the approaching meeting. If so, it may be asserted with great safety, that, though his portion of bliss be not the greatest, it is at least the most unenvied ever yet bestowed upon mortal. *Such are our Ministers !*"

Ay, such they are indeed, and such a crew has not been congregated since the days of the celebrated regiment of Sir John Falstaff. With this squad the Duke never will be able to march through Parliament—that's flat. On what does he rely? On his fortune—the God-sends of last session. It is purely tempting fate. No man can expect such a run of luck; and if that be not his dependence, we really do not know where he is to turn for support.

The financial, the legal, the political schemes of the ministers were all signally and notoriously unsuccessful. Such bungling and botching as Goulburn's was never heard of. He has had the rare fortune of crippling the revenue by diminishing taxation, and, at the same time, increasing the unpopularity of the ministry. The finances are lessened to the amount of three millions and a half, by taxes which he took off; and Ireland and Scotland are up in arms, on account of taxes which he intended to put on. Lord Lyndhurst's Jack Rugby project, for enabling him to pocket the salary of the Chancellorship, and to thrust its business on the shoulders of others, was lost—Scarlett's liberty of the press bill was strangled, or at

least scotched—poor Prince Polignac is overthrown—every thing, in short, which Ministers patronised at home and abroad was a failure. The unaccountable conduct of the Whigs, in dividing with the Duke, on the first night of the session, saved him from being in a minority on the address. Let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul, that they will commit that mistake again.

In the mean time, a plan of action should be arranged. By the end of this month Parliament will have assembled, and those gentlemen who think that they can support the views of the opposition, ought to lose no time in coming to town. They should form clubs and committees, and be prepared for steady, regular, uncompromising divisions, from the very first night of the session. They are told that they are composed of materials too discordant ever to unite. They should disprove that charge by evident and cordial union. They are told also, that they can never form a cabinet, even if victorious. The powers of impudence cannot go further than this. We see a cabinet formed of such creatures as Aberdeen, Melville, Ellenborough, Bathurst, Herries, Rosslyn—a quarter-master-general—and such public characters as Sir Robert Peel and Lord Lyndhurst; and we are gravely told that the country cannot furnish materials for another. Why—a ministry, equal in public respectability, in talent, and in popularity, could be collected from among the footmen who parade outside the door of the House of Commons.

At all events *that* is not the present business. What is first to be done, is to oust the Duke of Wellington—to put an end to the dragoon domination under which we are misgoverned. *That* done, the rest is not so difficult a matter of arrangement as the enemies of the country would wish us to believe.

## MEDICAL QUACKERY AND MR. JOHN ST. JOHN LONG.

## No. II.

"Hæc solâ artum evenit, quod cuilibet se medicum dicenti facillè credatur, cum sit periculum in nullo mendacio majus."—*Plin.*

IN a former Number of this Magazine, several months ago, we took occasion to make some remarks upon Medical Quackery, and upon Mr. John St. John Long and his pretensions. We lamented the much prevalence of quackery of all kinds in these times, and wondered that an age, which calls itself "the most enlightened and scientific of all ages," should be at the same time the most abundant in shallow impostures of every description; and that England, where you hear so much talk about "practical men," and the "diffusion of useful knowledge," should be the chosen arena and the stronghold of quacks and impostors from all quarters of the earth.

Such a state of things seemed very grievous, and more especially so in regard to medical quackery, which is not only more fatal, but also more prevalent, than any other species of quackery, having the *lives* as well as the *properties* of many thousands every day at its disposal. We resolved, therefore, to come forward dispassionately, and continue to do all in our power to expose it in its true light. And although we were not foolish enough to suppose, that the unlimited credulity of those who have become the patrons or the victims of quackery can ever be rooted out by any exposure, we yet hoped that something might be done to prevent their infatuation from spreading so contagiously; and we felt a conviction that the time must come when it will be found improper in this country, as it has already been in all other countries of Europe, to let loose any quack to prey upon the ignorant and credulous, and gain his fortune by tampering with the lives of all the thousands who are incapable of detecting his knavery. Nothing, we are sure, is necessary but a fair and candid consideration of the subject, to convince every man of common sense, that it is dangerous and very wrong to put any confidence in such pretenders; and that it

would be well if they were prevented from exercising their arts in this country, as they are every where else prevented.

As a first illustration of our subject, Mr. Long was selected by us; not from any love or hatred we entertained towards him, but because we conceived him to be the most successful individual of the species to which he belongs, and, consequently, the fittest for our purpose: all that we wanted was a good thriving specimen of the ignorant empiric, and we did not know whither to turn ourselves for a better. His pretensions were set forth at some length, and in his own words, that we might not seem guilty of any misrepresentation. We freely expressed our opinion of them and of himself, and our conviction that we had already done enough to expose him, to the satisfaction of every one who could have any right to call himself a judge in such matters. But for the benefit of those who might still be unable to see through his pretensions, though covered with a very thin veil, and might still continue to attach importance to the "documentary evidence upon which he claims the confidence of the country," we engaged to investigate that evidence, and ascertain whether it was really different from, or in anywise better than the evidence which every quack of eminence has had to produce. For this purpose, the records of quackery were largely searched, and it was found that every empiric had "wrought miracles" in his day and generation, and had them attested by patrons and patronesses of as high, sometimes much higher rank and intellect than those who have come forward in the present instance of Mr. Long. We farther ascertained, that no determined, resolute pretender to physic, who had possessed himself of a sufficient stock of impudence and knavery, had ever failed to succeed in realising a fortune by public infatuation, and that with a rapidity

*in the exact ratio of his ignorance, and the extravagance of his pretensions.*

Our search has thus proved quite conclusive; but, on second consideration, we deem it better to forbear entering into any details, or bringing forward instances of the evidence which quackery has promised for itself in all ages. No person of sense could endure to read them, and none of the dupes of quackery would derive any benefit from them, however numerous and satisfactory they might be.

Of Mr. Long, therefore, we have resolved to say nothing more at present, for two reasons:—

First, because we think he has already been sufficiently exposed, to enable all men of common understanding to form a correct judgment regarding him; and since he stands accused of manslaughter by the verdict of a coroner's jury, and must soon be tried for that offence by the laws of the country, we esteem it unfair to make any attempt, in such circumstances, to aggravate his case, or to prepossess the jury who will have to decide upon it; and ungenerous to triumph over his misfortune, however much he may appear to have merited it.

Secondly, because we feel persuaded, that to expose any single quack, however eminent, would be but of small and limited utility, and a very ineffectual way of guarding the public against quackery in future. Great as the success of Mr. Long has been with his "peculiar means," we all know that it is still far inferior to that of Dr. Solomon with his "Balm of Gilead." And Dr. Solomon's "documentary evidence, upon which he claimed the confidence of the country," was just as good and effectual in its time as Mr. Long's is at present; and his "numerous and well-attested cures in cases where the faculty had previously failed, and all the usual means made shipwreck," were matter of even greater notoriety than those which Mr. Long has "laid before the public," as he says, "with the view of promoting the interests of medical science!"—That "Balm of Gilead," too, was "quite innocent," as well as the "pe-

culiar means!" and then, also, as at present, the ninety-and-nine cases, in which the remedy proved hurtful or fatal, were set aside and overlooked, and the hundredth case, in which it chanced to be beneficial, was triumphantly brought forward in proof of its universal efficacy.

Our purpose is to try whether any thing can be done to strike at the root of the matter; and if the general remarks which have already been made, do but sufficiently attract the attention of our readers to the importance of the subject, we shall have attained the object in view, so far as we have gone. The first part of our task, in future, will be to describe connectedly, and in plain language, what is the nature of medical quackery, and the character of those who practise it. We shall afterwards endeavour to ascertain whether there can be any propriety in permitting such a nuisance to exist any longer; and, lastly, we shall point out the means of putting a stop to it immediately, without difficulty, and without injuring any one—means which have been already adopted successfully in all countries of Europe except our own. And should we be found unable of ourselves to do justice to the subject, we shall at least continue to entertain the hope that its importance will bring abler advocates to the cause, and that the lives of so many thousands of our fellow-subjects will not for ever lie at the mercy of ignorant and vile impostors. God knows it can give little delight to dwell in this atmosphere of quackery, or to have any thing to do with these same impostors, either for good or evil; yet we have prepared ourselves to endure the irksomeness of our undertaking, convinced as we are of its necessity.

We conclude our remarks for the present, because we cannot enter fully and calmly upon the plan we have proposed, without going beyond our limits; and, indeed, we are not without hopes that, having thus prepared ourselves and our readers, both of us may return to the subject with increased clearness of vision, and be able to consider it more maturely and effectually.

## THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

## No. V.

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "LALLA ROOKEH."

Look, to thee, Tom Moore! — Our artist has woven him a bower of vines and roses, and hung old Anacreon over his head. As we take it for granted that it was not intended to express, by a practical pun, that Tom must be always considered as below Anacreon, we suppose it must have been meant by those adjectives, to inform us, that, in spite of that little wizened, cunning, crabbed countenance, which is not much better than a caricature of a John-apple of ancient date, we are looking upon the Epicurean in person — the Thomas Little — the kissing and kissed of Rosa — the mail-coach companion of Fanny of Timmol — the best of all the lovers and all the grapes.

There was no truth in what Theodore said of him, viz. that he was between a toad and a Cupid; but it is impossible to see him in any of those houses where he is the show of the evening, without being reminded of the expression, by the admixture of creep and flutter which characterises his motions — the go-by-the-ground deference to the haughty Whig master or mistress, and the soaring soft on gentle pinnions, which, while he hangs over his piano, make him the light Eros of all the damsels of tender years circumfused about. We could never learn that Tom was a divinity of dowagers.

It grieves us to look upon that scowl upon his brow, which all the simpering of the month will not keep down. His own worthy ambition appears to have been drowned in a wise song of his, the air of which affects us with a reminiscence somewhat resembling sea-sickness —

"When in death I shall calm recline,  
O bear my heart to my mistress dear!  
Tell her it liv'd upon smiles and wine —"

Such food was the diet looked forward to by Moore, and he thought he could find it by hanging on with the Hollands, and the Linsdownes, and others of that most impertinent and worthless cove of upstart peers, who think their clamour for Whiggery gives them a patent for impertinence to every *partum* who eat their dinners. But as remarks Sotides, or Clemens Alexandrinus, or Straton, or Taratalla; or some of the other eminent authors to whose learned names Moore loves to refer, ["quote Lycophron," says the *Quarterly*, "and it will be taken for granted that you know Homer,"] bitter is the eating of another man's bread; and we fear that now that Tom has fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, he has begun to find the truth of that saying. His melodies are effete — his songs fast passing to that bourne whence no songs ever return — he repents of Tom Little's escapades — and, droll as they undoubtedly are, cannot find much reason to rejoice in the memory of those of Tom Browne. It is a pity to think that a youth of roses is to be succeeded by an age of thorns. He has discovered what Dr. Johnson might have told him, without his having had the trouble of learning that bitter truth by experience, that the booksellers are the best Mæcenases; and he who began his flight as butterfly for the boudoir, is content to end it as grub for the bibliopole.

But even he has given us half-a-dozen good songs in his time, for which we forgive *Lalla Rookh* — and, in honour of the Fudge Family, shall imitate the public in consigning the *Epicurean* (a pretty Epicurean, by the by, who never kisses a girl or holds a bottle throughout the whole book) to oblivion. He is now travelling through Ireland with his liberal patron, Lord Lansdowne; and if he wish to try his hand in a new style, all his old styles are worn out, what he sees of his lordship's tenantry, and feels at his lordship's board, will afford him materials to rival Churchill in a new *Prophecy of Famine*.

But the sheet must go to press,  
And the devil's at the door;  
And we can't spare another line,  
So, good-bye to thee, Tom Moore.

THE UNPUBLISHED POEMS AND OTHER MISFORTUNES OF  
A MAN OF GENIUS.

MANY of our readers may think—and, to say truth, with some shew of reason—that we are laughing philosophers: not a bit of it. We laugh to amuse them; but our own private luxury consists in tear-shedding, which we perform in the most interesting manner, not snivelling, but plentifully pouring forth torrents of grief over the many things which have long been and still are going on wrongly in this unne-

cessary world. But, of all the matters of inconsolable meditation which, from time to time, fill our minds and hearts with miserable ecstasy or ecstatic misery, there is none so fraught with the true material as the present alarming and unjustifiable neglect in which people of genius are left to live or die, just as Fate may order. Really this is enough to make

Our particular pen to stand an-end  
Like quills upon the frightful porcupine.”—MALAPROP.

When we look around the world, or on our own table, and see the many superfluous specimens of beautiful typography for which the town is indebted to young ladies and gentlemen, who have no earthly interest beyond a virtuous vanity to gratify; when we see the tried excellence of the paper, the letter-press, and the similes; and, most of all, when we reflect that the young ladies and gentlemen above mentioned contrive to effect all this without a spark of the inspiration to which the poets of old were confessedly indebted—then, indeed, we do feel our hearts swell with a grief equalled only by indignation at the impenetrable indifference which leaves these very handsome volumes to neglect. Deeply do we sympathise with the authors and authoresses, and we earnestly entreat them not to take offence at the assertion we are about to make; namely, that the Great Unknown, whose works we are now to consider, was by far the most ill-used and disregarded of them all. We are well aware how unpleasant it is to be surpassed in suffering—to be excelled in torment and endurance; and therefore we are prepared for the disapprobation of those whose sole distinction has been neglect, when we claim for our gifted friend the palm of precedence in this respect. But our duty is imperative: we owe it to the public, as well as to their ill-used servant, to shew how

vast was the intellect—how deep the sensibility—how all-comprehending the genius, which, by their coldness, they have banished to more congenial climes. The MS., now for the first time mentioned to the world, was placed in our hands a few days before the author's departure for the Sandwich Islands, whither he has proceeded, in the hope of meeting with something like a just appreciation of his poetical merits and exalted character.

Our first wish was to obtain a publisher for the work, that it might, in due form, be added to the long list of the beautifully printed and unjustly neglected. No publisher would, however, have any thing to do with it—all pleaded the pitiful, paltry excuses of poetry being out of fashion, and of a want of readers—assertions too manifestly false to require refutation. Disgusted with such subterfuges, we determined to take advantage of our own pages for the purpose of doing justice to the poet and a kindness to the public; and have thus, in an article, placed some of the unfortunate gentleman's productions in an eternalised form. A subscription-list is open at Mr. Fraser's, in Regent Street, who will publish the poems when a sufficient number of names is entered. The title given to the work by the author is, “Poems and other Misfortunes of a Man of Genius,” and the dedication is as follows:—

“TO MY COUNTRY.

“UNGRATEFUL COUNTRY!

“I'm off. Here are my poems. Read them attentively, and you may yet be prosperous, notwithstanding your unaccountable neglect of

“THE AUTHOR.”

The patriotic vein is here very manifest. Introductory to the poems is an autobiographic sketch, from which we shall extract a passage or two ; connecting the fragments, and continuing the narrative, by rather remarkable observations of our own. The author opens his history thus :—

“ My misfortunes commenced many months before I was born. My father, a man of strong passions, and my mother, a woman of weak judgment, proceeded to the consummation of marriage before its solemnisation—a circumstance depriving me of all legal claim on their inheritance, to the full non-entirety of which I succeeded notwithstanding. My early years were marked by nothing remarkable, with the exception of two or three incidents—these I propose to keep to myself. I was distinguished by a singular liberality of disposition, which, as I had nothing to give, was the source of considerable anxiety to my affectionate parents, who unceasingly descanted upon the importance of my taking care of money ; but, bless their hearts ! never hinted at the method by which I might contrive to get any. I grew up in morality and abstemiousness, perfectly unconscious that the heavenly spark of genius was burning in my poetic breast, till, on the evening of the 26th of August, 18—, I was crossing a harvest-field, and stumbled over a wheat-sheaf into the arms of Isabella Carolina, the sole daughter of a celebrated cow-keeper. Never had I seen her lovely face before ; and the suddenness of our present meeting only served to heighten charms

which seemed to me the pattern work of Nature’s manufacture. My feelings choked my utterance—I felt the blood in my cheeks, and my heart stood still. We looked into each other’s eyes—and oh ! that first long look, who that has ever known can ever forget it, or who that could ever forget can ever know it ? ‘ Sweet maiden,’ said I at length, recovering from my delectable astonishment, ‘ sweet maiden, excuse my apparent abruptness, I knew not of your being on the other side of the wheat-sheaf. What may be your name ? ’— ‘ My name,’ replied she rosilily, (as that undeservedly successful rhymner, Moore, would say.) ‘ my name is Isabella Carolina, and my father is the great cow-keeper.’ She could say no more ; for at that moment her father came up, and addressing her in a tone of parental remonstrance, told her to go home and be d—d. She obeyed the first part of his injunction—the latter remained to be fulfilled by me. For, what was life without the light of Isabella Carolina’s eyes ? A state of unmixed perdition, dark and damnable ! Then it was that, wandering along to the westward, not knowing why the softening power of sunset was so sweet, or the evening breeze so fraught with consolation, my poetic spirit burst its bonds and streamed in tuneful song. The following is the strain, just as it poured forth ; and even now, when I have, it is to be hoped, achieved immortal fame by subsequent endeavours, I cannot peruse these stanzas without emotion, without feeling that they are perfect in their kind.

Oh, why do I gaze on the beautiful west,  
Where fancy may rear the bright halls of the blest,  
While the light of my soul is a glory of earth,  
Tho’ her eyes, beyond doubt, took from heav’n their birth !  
In darkness I’m sentenced by Fortune to dwell a  
Full mile and a half from the sweet Isabella ;  
And I very much fear by a hand such as mine, a  
Match can’t be made with the fair Carolina !

How long in this field would I willingly linger  
To touch but the tip of her tapering finger !  
Or her rosy ripe lip with my own just to press !—if  
I could, O, my joy would be full as excessive  
As a relic adorer’s, when, if he can kiss it, he  
Fancies himself at the height of felicity !  
But by Fortune I’m sentenced in darkness to dwell a  
Full mile and a half from the sweet Isabella ;  
And I very much fear by a hand such as mine, a  
Match can’t be made with the fair Carolina !

“ This event formed a new era in my existence ; and throughout the period of sweet perplexity which intervened between the kindling and extinction of this my spirit’s maiden passion, poetry was my solace, my sheet-anchor, my

never-failing stay. I was then to myself, as I doubt not I shall be to posterity, a marvel and a mystery. I admired myself, and was admired by Isabella Carolina. Being no longer young enough to starve without repining, I bethought me

of seeking some employment which might initiate my liver in the digestive process. This idea once formed, could I for a moment hesitate whither to bend my toil-pursuing steps? No! My heart was fond and bold, and bade me be a cowherd. The nonsense of punning I despise too much to deprecate its exercise; therefore let the word-tormenters make the most of my courage and my selected avocation. To be a cowherd was to be a tender of cows; the great cow-keeper was in want of youthful servants, and who was the great cow-keeper?—Isabella Carolina's sire! I offered my services to him, and was accepted. To those who have loved, or who are now loving, I need not say with what unutterable joy I dwelt all day, and dreamt all night, on the beauty of my bosom's queen. The various interchanges of affection, constantly carried on among the cattle and the poultry, were so many heart-thrilling proofs to me of the all-pervading power of mighty love; while the poetry of my passion was undisturbed by any of the realities so fatal to visionary minds. Very rarely had I the happiness of beholding Isabella Carolina—that of speaking to her never. This state of dreamy delight was, however, destined to have an end. The great proprietor went on a distant journey, and his spouse being bed-ridden, Isabella Carolina and myself enjoyed the mutual outpourings of our hearts in those evening perambulations which are so favourable to the fervour of first love. I was now a very fine fellow, endowed with many superior qualities, and, above all, with a delicate sensibility, which has been the source of all my joys and sorrows. This sensibility had originally made me the slave of love, and to it I was also indebted for my liberation. In one of those delicious twilights, so often described to so little purpose, I was seated by the side of my beloved, beneath the foliage of a beautiful arbour, and then it was that an intense conviction of our mutual dependence and changeless affection filled our hearts to overflowing. Being more eloquent than Isabella Carolina, I undertook to give a voice to all we thought and felt; and very well I did it. I detailed to her my ideas of human felicity, to which an union of interests, tastes, and affections, was indispensable. She listened with tearful attention. 'This,' continued I, 'would be in our power—this would be a realisation of poetic dreams, a perpetuity of joy beyond the reach of fate—would it not, my love?' 'Yes,' replied Isabella Carolina, blowing her nose.

"Not the peaceful villagers at the sound of the martial horn—not the astonished dead at the sound of the archangelic trump—felt, or will feel—fled,

or will fly—as I felt and fled at the sound of Isabella Carolina's nasal note. This was truly a *blow* to my hopes—the fairy fabric of my fancy's rearing fell before it—and all again was desolation! How could a man of my feelings support this? Was it excusable? Was it feminine? Was it human? Could it ever enter into the contemplation of a susceptible being, that Isabella Carolina's nose—that any pretty maiden's nose—was made to be blown? No—the thing is inconceivable, unjustifiable, monstrous, and unpardonable. Thus, then, ended the first of that long list of love adventures, which have been my blessing and my bane, which have called forth the eternal tones of my poetry, and the unimportant groanings of my grief."

Through the list here referred to, we do not intend to follow our gifted friend; but we cannot refrain from mentioning one of these amours, on account of the extraordinary and awful death of the young lady. The scene of this tragical story was in the neighbourhood of the ancient town and port of Hythe, in the county of Kent, whither our author had fled, after the violent shock given to his feelings by the *nascric* of Isabella Carolina. Here his beauty, his great talents, agricultural expertness, and admiration of the sea, made him very popular. A certain mystery, too, which hung round him, served to increase the interest felt for him, especially by the female portion of the community. Some thought him a consequence of the youth of one of the members for the ancient town and port; others, again, traced a resemblance between him and a very handsome gentleman resident in the neighbourhood—while all agreed that such a race should be honourably perpetuated, if possible. To be brief—a general setting of caps took place against our author, and one young lady, whose name we do not feel at liberty to mention, was so successful as to captivate the poet's heart; which, by the way, was no very difficult matter. Their moon-light, sea-side walks were frequent, and fraught with bliss of the most sublimated kind. So far all was felicity; but the devil of it is, that felicity has no enduring quality, as may be proved by a reference to history, and by an attention to the following incident, which we shall give in the poet's own powerful language. Few, we should imagine, will be able to read it without tears. At all events, we envy not the head or heart of him



or her who could so read it—nay, we should not think our own head and heart worthy of envy, if we could peruse the following touching, unaf-

fect, and simple narrative, without the saturation of two square pieces of the finest French cambric. It is called an

#### AWFUL INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Once, I remember, with my love I went  
To roam along the chalky coast of Kent;  
We drank the silent beauty of the night,  
And felt, indeed, considerable delight;  
Several stars were brightly glancing o'er,  
With room for very, very many more;  
The moon was mirror'd in the mighty wave—  
Concerning which all sorts of poets rave;  
While gentle thoughts came o'er the heart of me,  
And joy pervaded every part of me!  
When, lo! a proof of life's vicissitude—  
A hand, so soft and fair, to kiss it you'd  
Give any thing you haven't *got* to give,  
Or many things you'd be a *lot* to give—  
This pretty hand—my love's! I yet behold her!  
Came gently tap, tap, tap, upon my shoulder;  
While sweet tones, rolling o'er her rosy lip,  
Said, 'How I *should* now like to take a dip!'—  
I sat me down upon a rocky shelf,  
And answered gravely—'Dearest, mind yourself!  
Though Venus, still you are not Ocean's daughter,  
And thus may catch a cold in midnight water.'  
But she, like every one who reasons wrongly,  
Persisted in her silly purpose strongly,  
Unloosed a portion of her pretty vestment,  
And straight to unfasten all the rest meant;  
When—horrid thought! approached, with awful tread,  
A very large four-footed quadruped.  
I wish this mournful line may be my last, if  
'Twas not, in shape, a most enormous mastiff.  
Oh, how he tugged and tore away her stay-lace,  
And played the very devil with her *gay* lace!  
'Till, having seized her lily hand, he bit her,  
Then turned away, with an infernal titter,  
Growling forth with awful voice—'Now go be a  
Corse—and know, my name is Hydrophobia.'"

This event made a deep impression on the sensitive mind of the poet, and he determined to proceed to London for the purpose of dissipating his grief, and increasing his fortune. Before his departure, however, he was prevailed upon to pay a visit of a few weeks to a family in the neighbourhood of Hythe; and the attentions shewn to him by one young lady were of so winning a character, that he fell more violently in love than ever. But the fair one being of a very passionate temper, he had little peace with her; and as he yielded to her in all things,

she naturally enough grew tired of him, and in spite of the remonstrances of her family, who were all favourable to the poet, she set off for the continent with a cousin, declaring that she would return married, or not at all. On this occasion, our gifted friend produced the pieces which we are about to quote. They have not, indeed, that peculiar facility in outrageous versification for which his efforts are generally remarkable, but nevertheless are worthy of attention, for reasons which we have not time to enumerate.

#### REGRET.

"Oh, take the last faint breath,  
Thy cruelty hath left!  
Can there be darker death  
Than life of thee bereft?  
I stray, with listless pace,  
Through an unpeopled space,  
For no where can I trace  
The glory of thy face!

#### CONSOLATION.

"Sigh not o'er desolated bowers,  
By autumn leaves bestrown!  
Mourn not for time-dismantled towers  
With ivy overgrown!  
Unmov'd, the daily dying hues  
Of beauty's sun behold,  
And—more—a sorrowing tear refuse  
For a human heart grown cold!

" No longer on my path  
Thy radiant eye-beams shine,  
In joy, or love, or wrath,  
A splendour all divine !  
I watch the once loved night —  
The stars still bless my sight,  
But not thine eyes, no more bright  
Than firmamental light !

" The sea, the fields, and flowers,  
The lonely hill-side way,  
Where, through sweet evening hours,  
We watch'd the less'ning ray —  
All—all have lost their spell —  
All—all too sadly tell  
The change that could compel  
An Eden to a Hell !"

" Grieve not, the undiscerning throng  
Misdeem thee and condemn ;  
Man's own high heart, untamed and strong,  
Hath a power his fate to stem !  
Th' immortal yearning stirs us still  
With higher, holier aim ;  
The wish no joy of earth can fill —  
The thoughts earth cannot claim.

" Gaze not, with vainly tearful glance,  
For what was loved so late !  
'Tis past, that unreturning trance —  
Yet guard thy heart from hate.  
Where most are cold, or false, oh ! cling  
To the fond and faithful few ;  
And draw from truth's unfailing spring,  
The mind's eternal dew !"

Our author now set off for London, with every disposition to shun the country for ever. On the road nothing happened worthy of record, excepting the great nervousness he evinced, to the infinite glee of the coachman and guard, whenever the road lay between a quickset hedge and a dead wall—this being one of those matters which perplexed him. He knew not which would annoy him the more, in case of an overset, to be thrown into a

hedge, or against a wall. But neither of these vexations awaited him. He arrived in London safe; and among the first persons whom he met was an old friend of his, named Tom. This spark was living in grand style, for which he was indebted to a *bonne fortune*. Our author's morality revolted hereat; and, improving on the idea of a gentleman, who very truly calls himself "a poet in all respects small," he produced the following poem:—

#### A REMONSTRANCE.

' Put off the Vestal veil, nor, oh !  
Let weeping angels view it." — MOORE.

' Put off each white silk stocking,  
My breast with sorrow knocking,  
I cry, oh, this is shocking !  
While yet the cradle's rocking,  
In which your illegitimate  
Son, by Tom — a pretty mate !  
Has the one eye closed in sleep,  
While the other watch doth keep —  
It, I repeat, ma'am, shocking 's,  
To see those white silk stockings !  
Around the folks are flocking,  
Their eyebrows queerly cocking,  
And mercilessly mocking  
The variegated clockings  
And twisted interlockings  
Of your translucent stockings.  
This, I repeat, ma'am, shocking 's —  
Put off your white silk stockings ! !"

'This remonstrance was not received as it deserved to be—the poet was kicked out of the house, and left to find a lodging where he best could. He tried several literary men of kindred genius to his own, but they were all so very sorry that he should have thought of coming to town at all, &c., that he saw nothing could be gained in that

quarter. He then applied to the press, and was fortunate enough to dispose of three articles—upon the currency, the population, and the Catholic question—which encouraged him to try his hand a little further in that way. He accordingly perpetrated some squibs, which were sufficiently well executed to procure him a sound drub-

bing from the party trifled with. We can only find room for one of these. It is really too good to be passed over,

and of itself would be sufficient to immortalise any ordinary man. It is addressed to a Cat, and is entitled—

## A HINT.

“ You incomprehensible Cat !  
I can't for the soul of me think what you're at !  
You're sitting beside a political Rat,  
Whose spirit 's as lean as his person is fat,  
And yet you don't pounce on him — think now of that !  
Out with your talons and give him a pat !  
And ne'er, while you live, fail to rush at a Rat,  
You incomprehensible Cat ! ”

He brought an action for the assault above noticed, and obtained one shilling damages. This supply, small as it was, enabled him to purchase a pen and a pot of porter ; and, under the inspiration of this somewhat heavy Hippocrène, he wrote a dramatic sketch for one of the *Annals*, which sketch we think so good, that we shall here

give it. Whether we consider the rare originality of conception, or the astounding power of expression, this dramatic morceau must excite our wonder. Oh that other authors would—as they will not—know the public good sufficiently to imitate this honourable model in brevity ! The piece which we so much prize is entitled—

## THE DESOLATION OF DEVASTATION

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

DON DESOLATE      *A Nobleman.*  
ALFONSO      *His Friend*

(A considerable number of persons of both sexes.)

SCENE—On the borders of an undiscovered country.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter DON DESOLATE and his friend ALFONSO, meeting.*

DON DESOLATE. Good morrow, Alfonso.

ALFONSO. The same to you, Don, and many of them. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Now, we do venture to affirm, that this is the most complete fragment we ever met with. And, will it be believed that Mr. Alaric Attila Watts refused to receive the gem, confound him ! Why, it would have made his *Souvenir souvenir* for ever—far more than the suet-dumpling stanzas which deface the fine vellum of that modest periodical. However, we leave the man to his own outrageous conscience. This is the fashion now-a-days: the excellence, blooming under our very noses, is rarely fragrant to our flagrant olfactory perceptions, and not till death has played the devil with a poet, does any one acknowledge his deserts. Then comes the farce of monumental marble—and acknowledgment of merit is made when acknowledgment is

worth just as much as the oval sign introductory to the name of the late honorable member for Clare. But, thank Heaven ! there are some glorious exceptions to this charge, and none more glorious than ourselves, who never see a man of genius without asking him what he would like to have to drink. Would that others might take pattern by us in this respect !—To return, however, to our author: he wrote in a morning paper certain little snatches of verse, some of which we subjoin, because to them he was indebted for the countenance of a Patron, whose encouragement would have been incalculable, had not an accident induced him to withdraw it altogether.

The morceaux of poetry to which we allude are these—

"Whene'er I meet with that word languish,  
I cannot help expecting anguish,  
The only rhyme in all the language."

This is good, but the next is better:—

"I've often marvell'd much that *gladness*  
Should have no other rhyme than *sadness*,  
Unless, indeed, we take to *madness*,  
Or what is little better — *badness*."

The profound philosophy contained in these lines will reward the most serious reflection on the part of the reader. It would argue in us something like a doubt of his penetration, were we to point out to him that glad-

ness is generally followed by the reality of one of the three rhymes, so ingeniously given by the poet.

Our next extract is a short but most expressive panegyric on a gentleman of rare conversational qualities:

"His talent for conversation was such,  
He neither said too little nor too much."

Now, this is a rare merit. Reader, we doubt not but that you, like ourselves, dine out as often as possible. Do you not sometimes find yourself placed next to a fellow, who in spirit and form resembles nothing so much as the soul of a snow-ball breathed into a log of wood? On the other hand, do you never sit cheek-by-jowl with a wind-instrument, the clack of whose confounded Samsonic weapon slays thousands and tens of thousands of your impressions, ideas, and sensibilities? If you have met with these things—and who amongst us has not?—then will you appreciate the character eulogised in the couplet which we have above quoted. As we have already observed, such fragments could not long remain unnoticed; and a nobleman, remarkable for his liberal patronage and excruciating practice of the sublime art of poetry, sent ten

shillings in gold to our gifted friend, begging him to try his hand at something in the Miltonic style, not losing sight altogether of the peculiar character of our times. This request was made, his lordship was pleased to add, at the suggestion of a great ecclesiastical dignitary. The poet immediately set to work, having first changed his half sovereign, and dined deliciously on some cold pork, with a *go* of rum to follow. Thus excited, he produced what we shall now re-produce; and, as the great Johnson was graciously pleased to declare of Milton, that he was not the first epic poet, only because Homer had been before him; so do we say, that our unjustly neglected bard is the third, only by reason of his coming after the other two. Some hypercritics may think the following is in the dramatic form—poor people! they don't drink enough.

#### A VISION OF HELL.

"[Scene: Pandemonium.—A round table, at which *livers* devils are seated drinking. Satan in the chair, his hoof on a footstool of crimson velvet, with a brimstone border. Several smaller tables, at which infernal fiends are playing at put, and cheating damnably. Among the personages at the round table, the following are the most conspicuous: BEELZEBUB, AZAZEL, MOLOCH, CHEMOS, BAALIM, ASHTOROTH, ASTORETH, THAMMUZ, DAGON, RIMMON, MULCIBER, BELIAL, ASMODEUS, MAMMON, &c.]

Satan, rising, puts the rays from his brow, and thus addresses the diabolical assembly:—

Welcome, again, thrice welcome, jolly devils!  
To this ambrosial feast, more blest than aught  
Known in that sad, celestial slavery,  
Where none dare laugh above a given pitch,  
Or drink beyond the dozenth bottle!  
But *we* will laugh until the roof resound  
Of this our princely hall—and drink, oh! drink,  
Till every devil fancies Hell outshines

The lustrous halls of Heaven—lost and scorned !  
 Princes and pot companions ! be it known  
 That my immortal hoof is twinged with gout—  
 Hence is our hop postponed—yet we can sing—  
 But first, I beg Asmodeus may afford  
 Some information of the state of things  
 In London just at present.

(Resumes seat—lights pipe.)

*Asmodeus.* London be d—d ! Pardon impetuous zeal—  
 But, by my twisted tail's extremest point,  
 I swear there's not in all the countless woes  
 Contrived by tyranny to torture Hell,  
 A more excruciating curse than that  
 Whereof in London I was victim long.  
 It being known a fiend of rank had come  
 To mingle in the fashionable world,  
 Each morn a monstrous mawkish train of slaves,  
 Crawling and cringing round my hoof, implor'd  
 That I would graciously be pleased to write  
 A satire, or a fashionable novel,  
 Wherein I might let fly at high society,  
 And be as personal as any puppy  
 Whose puling prate delights the simpering miss,  
 Or everlasting dowagers, who live  
 To mock the power that fashion'd them !  
 I'm too much a gentleman to shew my mind—  
 But, oh ! not all the stinging tongues of Hell  
 Could vent the mighty curse that swell'd my breast  
 On these poor drivelling dolts, who fondly deem'd  
 That one among the honourable damn'd would thus  
 Descend to swell the silly, scribbling throng.  
 Yet this was not the worst : Beholding  
 No chance remain'd of my commencing author,  
 They begged, forsooth, that I would just declare  
 How far the booby bards, who yearly bray  
 Their most descriptive thoughts concerning Hell,  
 Damnation, and ourselves the devils,  
 Were faithful in their well-paid pictures. Then,  
 Then, oh, Lucifer ! there came a sound  
 That set even my infernal teeth on edge !  
 'Twas modern British, brutish poetry !  
 Oh, how that *Literary Gazette* will lie !  
 I there had read of sounds of harmony,  
 Of breathing thoughts and burning words, as filling  
 The pages of the works which he, she, it  
 Had given to the world—and, now, when they,  
 The very bards and poetesses, d—n 'em !  
 Began the reading of their several rhymes,  
 "Ev'n I myself, tho' tolerably season'd  
 To shrieks, and yells, and all discordant sounds,  
 Could in no way support it. Gently still  
 I deigned to deal with them, and begged the bards  
 Would favour me by coming one by one.  
 On this, the son of Mrs. Sally Mander  
 Led forth a gentleman without a neckcloth,  
 A puling, eunuch-looking personage,  
 Whom he called Bob Mount-slummery—'a name,'  
 He added, 'which will never be forgotten  
 So long as 'tis remembered. His poems are  
 The cause of a most wonderful effect—  
 Encouraging the natural fool to read,  
 And cultivated fools to write.' 'No more !'  
 Said I, 'the book shall speak his merits.'  
 And, having said so, I began to read  
 A page of paltry blasphemy from 'Satan,'  
 A work insulting Hell as much as Heav'n.  
 I, who knew well the lies in every line

Were solid leaden lies, straight threw the book  
 At Bobby's prosy, perfumed head ; but, ah !  
 His skull was bullet-proof, and off he went  
 Scathless and sulky from the judgment scene.  
 ' Ladies and gentlemen,' then I, bowing, said —  
 ' I'll never read another line of verse  
 Till I get back to Hell, where it may be  
 Brought in by mightiest powers, as a new  
 And yet unequalled torture. And, for you,  
 Whose venerable toil in dressing up  
 The sterling thoughts and wondrous rivalry  
 Of men long dead is dignified, I think,  
 As novel-writing, I despise ye all !  
 Begone ! or I'll take out my phosph'rous box,  
 And kindle a conflagrant fire in Babylon  
 Shall burn you *with* and *by* your works.' They fled ;  
 And I, disgusted with the literary world,  
 Went out to call on Cobbett and O'Connell.  
 With both of these you're perfectly acquainted —  
 So just excuse me, as I'm devilish thirsty,  
 And must reserve my public-speaking powers  
 For France and England's General Elections.

[Sits down—drinks punch—lights pipe.

*Satan.*

Asmodeus, I regret the literary world  
 Have so disgusted you—for, faith ! their works  
 Go far tow'ards vitiating youthful minds —  
 The novels most especially. But, come,  
 Beelzebub, my boy, a song ! and ye,  
 Adorers of the reeky root ! give ear  
 While Beelzy breathes his sulphuriferous strain.

*Omnes.*

Beelzebub's song ! Beelzebub's song !

*Beelzebub riseth, bloweth his nose, and proceedeth.*

With pain, O Lucifer, I feel compell'd,  
 In answer to your wish, to say—I shan't !  
 Think not I seek to make myself unpleasant  
 When I declare that nought shall make me sing :  
 Such is my fixed resolve—now comes my reason :  
 You may remember when of late we met  
 In jovial convocation, drinking punch  
 By mad Asmodeus made, from that prescription  
 Which he had filch'd from Mr. North's coat-pocket,  
 When witnessing the Edinburgh *noctes* —  
 I say that, at that meeting, you'll remember  
 How I, by all requested, sung a song —  
 And, sooth to say, 'twas admirably sung —  
 Yet scurvy tricks were play'd upon me then :  
 With my pure punch was most profanely mix'd  
 A double dose of brimstone, and my pipe  
 Was with unsmokable tobacco cramm'd.  
 Then, when I look'd to you for that applause  
 Which singers of whatever kind expect,  
 A monstrous roar of laughter rung around,  
 Because, forsooth, my bowl was basely drugged  
 With strong additional damnation, which  
 Throughout my spiritual intestines sent  
 A worse than mortal cholick. I'll not sing.  
 O think ye that the mighty Beelzebub,  
 Tho' now, alas ! with meaner devils he  
 Be indiscriminately damn'd, forgets  
 What altars smoked for him in Ekron long ?  
 Nor can I but reflect how yet my seat  
 Is vacant in the heavenly House of Peers,  
 Which I again may fill, if Fate should pss  
 An Act awarding to the fallen fiends  
 Emancipation from the thrall of Hell.  
 Then leave, O Lucifer, and ye whose seats  
 Of old were high in Heav'n !—leave your grog

And vile tobacco, fit alone for man.  
 For say, was this proud Pandemonium reared  
 By matchless skill of Mulciber, with thrones  
 For mighty principalities and powers,  
 To shield a tavern tap-room's revelry ?  
 O ye ethereal and transparent fiends,  
 Through whom the fire (as Thomas Moore  
 Once said of some girl's soul and form) doth beam  
 As bright as flame thro' alabaster lamps !  
 Remember ye are by your birth upraised  
 Above the groggyfying wish of man.  
 I see ye laugh—laugh on then, and be d—d !  
 By my peculiar horns and hoof I swear  
 I'll neither sing myself nor list to other's song !

[Laughter.]

[Exit with dignity, amid general merriment.]

*Belial riseth, and saith—*

Why, what a snivelling, prating dolt  
 Hath Beelzebub become ! a boastful tongue,  
 Forsooth, is his, to prate about his altar—  
 Hath not Dagon in Azotus been ador'd ?  
 Moloch and Chemos on the Olive Mount ?  
 Astoreth in Sion ?—Rimmon in Damascus ?  
 Baalim and Ashtoroth in Palestine ?  
 And Mammon over all the earth, as now ?  
 Yet all and each agree to grace our feast.  
 Then, Lucifer, regard not Beelzy's spleen—  
 I'll stake my tail it is but indigestion.  
 And, rather than behold immortals sit  
 Silent and sulky, I, tho' somewhat hoarse,  
 Will sing a song.

*Satan.*  
*Omnes.*

Bravo, Belial, sing, my cock !  
 Belial's song ! Belial's song !

(Belial singeth.)

I'll sing you a song, boys ! slap off without book—  
 A knack that I learnt from one Theodore Hook ;  
 So let the old blue-bottle,\* Beelzebub, growl,  
 But we'll be as frisky as saints of the cowl.

Derry down.

Those poor muddy fellows, the mortals, may tell  
 How dismal the regions where we devils dwell ;  
 But all who've e'er been to their earth can declare  
 What a Heaven is our own to the Hell they have there !

Derry down.

Yet wherefore deride them ? To us they are true—  
 Still journeying hellward whatever they do !  
 Not a nation among them but sends us its shoals  
 Of popish, dissenting, or protestant souls.

Derry down.

We know that in Italy, Portugal, Spain,  
 Our viceroys, the monks, still keep up the vice-reign ;  
 And spirits, in swarms, come on tripping from France,  
 While slowly, but sure, the grave Germans advance.

Derry down.

The Dutch and the Flemish, the Swedes and the Danes,  
 If left to themselves, lads, need give us no pains ;  
 And Britain is flirting with Babylon's w—,  
 And making a prophet of little Tom Moore !

Derry down.

No fear need we have of the snowy-soul'd Turk,  
 And the Greek and the Russian are warm at our work ;  
 These last are the fellows for war's hellish coil,  
 And, to keep their flame burning, we feed them on oil.

Derry down.

Beelzebub, in Hebrew, signifies "Lord of Flies."

I note not our own South American mess,  
And Jonathan hasteneth hither, I guess !  
To be brief, soon will Hell be so cursedly cramm'd,  
As to jostle the old aboriginal damn'd.

Derry down.

Forgive me, good fellows, for singing a song  
Which you and I feel is confoundedly long ;  
Now puff off the flame, boys, that flits o'er your bowls,  
And pledge me a toast to all double-damn'd souls !

Derry down.

[*Roars of laughter and applause—a diabolical ecstacy,—temporary derangement—universal drunkenness—Lucifer maketh a noise, whereupon the lights are extinguished, and every devil, holding up his tail taper-wise, lighteth his staggering steps to a couch of brimstone and treacle.*]

This performance was despatched to the noble patron, who was so highly pleased with it, that he sent another half-sovereign to the author, begging him to call on the following morning. This request was cheerfully complied with; but the cheerfulness was over when the poet stood in presence of the peer—for manifest it was that something had lengthened the nobleman's naturally long visage. The mystery was soon explained:—The ecclesiastical dignitary, at whose suggestion the subject had been proposed to the poet, had himself written a volume of sacred impiety in blank verse, and felt most grievously injured and grossly insulted by the sentiments put into the mouth of Asmodeus. He consequently would have nothing to do with the author. Nor was this the worst: the peer himself, shortly after, turned his back upon the poet. His lordship coming suddenly into the possession of a fortune so immense that the newspapers all noticed it, the Man of Genius thought it a proper opportunity for doing a civil thing to his patron. He therefore put into one of the journals the following: "We doubt not that this sudden and singular accession of wealth will be the source of happiness to many whose good fortune it is to be related to the noble lord. His lordship has fifteen brothers and seven sisters, all married and in a situation fully to appreciate the benefits in store for them." On the day after the insertion, our gifted friend received a note running thus:—"Lord —— perceives, in the journal with which Mr. —— is connected, a notice which to him appears exceedingly impertinent. A sight of the MS. leaves no

doubt in the mind of Lord —— as to Mr. —— being the author, and he therefore begs to decline any further intercourse with, or patronage of, that gentleman." The truth is, his lordship had resolved on cutting every relation he had in the world—a prudent resolution, which this preposterous paragraph knocked in the head. His lordship was a public man, and therefore did the handsome thing for his relations, and dished the poet. Thus was this great genius again left to comment on the passage in Ben Jonson which terms the tuneful strain

—"But idle poetry—  
That fruitless and unprofitable art,  
Good unto none, and least to the professors."

Fortune, however, did not altogether abandon him. He was walking one day, in a profound reverie, the subject of which is immaterial, when he trod on the heel of a gentleman connected with a public office. "Damn you, sir!" said the wounded Achilles; "can't you look before you?" To which the man of genius mournfully and musically replied—

"Throw not a damn away on me,  
For I am damned already."

"Interesting being!" said the gentleman, much moved, "what *can* be the matter with you?" And so they commenced a colloquy, which is not matter of history, but which led to the poet being asked to dinner—an event for which he was perfectly prepared. This friendship, thus romantically begun, might have lasted till now, but for the circumstance which interrupted it—a circumstance testifying the domestic devotion of the



lady concerned, yet, at the same time, calculated to excite the mockery of the *persiflours* who sneer at conjugal piety. The event being recorded in the archives of the hall-porter at the public office, we need here give only

our Author's versified narration of it, which, meant as a compliment, was taken very differently. As before, his vehicle was one of those ephemeral conveyances called morning papers, and with similarly sad consequences.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF CONNUBIAL LOVE.

SCENE, a Parlour—TIME, after Breakfast.

“ ‘ O Horace, how charming you looked to-day,  
When you lifted your person and walked away !  
If you'd eaten much less, or the food were lighter,  
I know not, and truly my fancy *might* err—  
But, certain it is that your face seemed brighter  
Than the bishop's when beaming beneath his mitre.  
Dear fellow ! I long just to learn how his cough is,  
And to have one fond kiss at the door of the office.  
Hours at that office I well know to lose he has 'em,  
Then, sure, he'll forgive me this fit of enthusiasm.  
Oh, Susan, run—quick, girl, and order the carriage ;  
For never, no, not on the day of our marriage,  
Did I feel such an impulse to rival the dove.  
Shall the blue-bottles buzz round the lip of my love,  
And drink all the dew ? No—I swear by this glove,  
That, sooner than yield such a feast to the flies,  
I'll seize their bright pinions, and tear out their eyes.’  
The carriage drew up, and the lady stepped in,  
Not caring a fig for the Abigail's grin,  
She drove to the spot where the lord of her fate  
Was dozing profoundly o'er papers of state,  
And sent up her card ; whereupon he came down,  
With a negative smile and a positive frown,  
And, blaming her passion, or not caring for it, he  
Spoke to his spouse in these terms of authority :—

“ ‘ Why, Mrs. —,  
How comes this ?  
Have you made out a *fair* case,  
For causing this coil,  
And the terrible toil  
Which I have to go thro'  
(As is well known to you)  
In ascending a staircase ?  
But, if there's such bliss  
As you say in my kiss,  
I'll just give you this—  
And good bye, Mrs. —.’ ”

“ The lady returned, a self-satisfied winner,  
And ordered a curry of cockles for dinner.”

As we have above hinted, this metrical version of the story, penned with the best intentions, gave deep offence ; and the poet received the following note from the official gentleman :—

“ Sir,—I picked you up in the street, purely from the sympathy which one man of genius feels for another ; but, like that base viper mentioned in history, you have stung the breast that harboured you.

My wife joins me in hoping we may never see your ugly face again.

“ Yours no longer,

“ H. —.

“ P.S. We don't admire your poetry.”

This letter, short as it is, was subject of long and deep reflection to the Man of Genius ; and the loss of this influential friend was almost immediately followed by that of another, whose kindness to the poet had been

but a few days before evinced in the payment of five shillings and sixpence for the restoration of a pair of indispensable inexpressibles — indispensable, because the only pair the gifted being had in the world. The account of his second loss we shall give in the poet's own words.

"I was an honorary member of a literary society, which was a great advantage to me, as I thus procured a sight of the papers without being compelled to pay three halfpence for a cup of coffee, which every gentleman is expected, and no real gentleman can refuse to do, in a public breakfast and reading room. On one occasion when I entered the room of the society, I perceived a very dear and kind friend of mine in conversation at the other end of the apartment, and to all appearance engaged in pointing out the beauties of my MS. poems, which he had had bound for the convenience of carrying about with him. Not wishing to disturb him in this amiable and useful occupation, I took up the 'Age Reviewed,' by Mr. Robert Montgomery, and was quietly dozing off, when a most indecorous roar of laughter recalled me to consciousness, and, on looking up, I perceived my friend and his friend laughing immoderately at some passage in the book before them. Heaven preserve me! said I mentally, my most serious and sacred emotions are chronicled in those pages, and not a thought or word in all the MS. can justify a smile in any man! I caught my friend's eye, and left the room in disgust and returned in despair. The laughs were now gone; I stood alone in the room; I took up a pen, and I wrote as follows to the friend who had so vilely used me:—

" 'Sir,—Your late friendship had led me to hope that it was of a character not likely to change.

" 'You had read my poems throughout—you had expressed your admiration of them—and I find you making them the subject of ridicule in a club-room. Sir, we are parted for ever.

" 'Your ill-used friend.'

"I despatched this letter, and very soon received an answer—here it is.

" 'Sir,—You say truly, we are parted for ever. I am tired of your nonsensical notions; and have to tell you, for your comfort, that we were not laughing at any thing half so ridiculous as your poems, which I here return you, with the bookbinder's bill. Tristram Shandy, sir, was the subject of our merriment. Now, sir, I have done with you. I do not reproach you with my past favours

—so far from this, I send you sixpence, to make the half-crown I lent you yesterday a round sum, and shall be happy to receive the same with your earliest convenience.

" 'I am, sir, ———.'

"Thus did I lose this dear and valued friend, because both books happened to be bound alike!"

The unfortunate gentleman now roamed listlessly through the streets of London, none feeling for him the sympathy to which he was entitled, when an accident happened to him, too remarkable to be here passed over. The poet was deeply impressed with the dignity of man; and in common with many great and grave authorities, he entertained an idea that no animal could withstand the menacing glance of the human eye. This noble doctrine cannot be too much admired and inculcated; yet was it the cause of a sad calamity to our gifted friend. Having occasion to cross a street, when a horse of the laborious class was advancing, followed by a dray—the poet, whose eye in a fine frenzy rolling flashed innumerable meanings, fixed his gaze upon the animal's visual orb, and expected him to fall back upon his dray. The deuce a bit of it—the unconscious brute proceeded on his path and knocked the poet down, who, in a state of great confusion and contusion, was humanely carried home by a gentleman whose cab happened to be passing at the time. But, let not the reader from this infer that the doctrine, above eulogised, is unsound. No—as the bard himself frequently declared, his particular misfortune in no degree affected the general argument, inasmuch as the horse, in this instance, happened to be *stone-blind*! The gentleman, who so kindly picked up the down-trampled votary of the muses, procured medical treatment for him, and never left his side till a complete recovery was effected. He then accompanied his protégé to the house of a clothes salesman, named Levi, where the poet proceeded to insinuate himself into a plain suit of black. While he was thus engaged, the benevolent gentleman fell deeply in love with the bright eyes of the Jew's daughter; and on their leaving the shop, he thus addressed the man of genius: "I respect my religion and my family too much to marry that

girl, but I won't live without her." "My esteemed friend," answered the poet, "you must either let her go—or keep her." These words were unheeded by the gentleman, who was at that moment entering a chemist's shop for the purpose of purchasing a small quantity of oxalic acid. This he took home with him and swallowed, repeating the name of Miss Levi. Medical assistance came, as assistance occasionally will come, too late, and

the gentleman died. This circumstance we can scarcely regret, since to it we are indebted for the beautiful little poem produced by the Man of Genius on the occasion—a poem unequalled, we will venture to say, in the literature of any nation, always excepting the Laplanders, whose poetry abounds in similar touches of brief, pathetic, and pithy description. It is the following :

#### AWFUL INSTANCE OF RASH PASSION.

'I once had a friend, and have reason to grieve he  
Ere saw the daughter of Benjamin Levi !  
For, having seen the sweet girl of the Jew, he sigh'd,  
'That now 's a virgin to drive one to suicide !  
A Christian can't marry her—no—yet her loss if I  
Suffer, I feel that my heart will soon ossify !  
I'll do what'll prove more the love than the wit o' me,  
I'll swallow oxalic, then surely she'll pity me,  
And garnish my grave with some few sprigs of rosemary '  
He did as he said, and died crying, 'Here goes, Mary !'

By this event the poet was left at liberty to walk out of the benevolent gentleman's house, which he did, and took half a bed at Hampstead, where he lived in comparative quiet, toasting

about the heath, and writing many beautiful pieces of philosophic poetry, of which the following is a favourable specimen :—

#### CONTEMPLATION.

"Oh, it is sweet to turn upon one's belly,  
When one is tired of lying on one's back,  
And, pondering o'er the page of Percy Shelley,  
To muse on sev'ral sorts of things :—alack !  
When man deems human life is going well, he  
Feels careless and too confident, till—whack !  
Comes the old cue that sets him on the rack.  
Oh, oh, oh !  
Oh, for a groan to rend the very breast of me !  
For Fate seems to joy in making a bad jest of me !

But we must stop here. Positively we should never have done, were we to place before our readers all the beautiful pieces of unaccountable poetry from the same gifted pen. Enough has, we are confident, been quoted, to swell the list of subscribers to the number necessary for justifying Mr. Fraser in publishing the MS. now in his possession. Nor are we without hope that the plan we have adopted of reviewing a work before it is printed will form a new era in the history of literature ; for certainly it is the fairest mode of letting the publisher, the author, and the public, know what they have severally to expect. It now only remains for us to notice the circumstance which gave rise to the poet's appointment as Laureate to his

Majesty the King of the Sandwich Islands.

It will be in the recollection of our readers, that Rihoribo, King of the Sandwich Islands, on the occasion of his visit to England, brought with him that talented and singular man *Boki*, so called from his great attachment, some say to books, others to tobacco. Boki's favourite excursion from the Adelphi was to Hampstead, where the Man of Genius once met him, and had an opportunity of shewing him considerable attention, by lending him a pocket handkerchief and lighting his pipe. The Sandwichman, as may be seen by a reference to Ellis's Tour through Hawaii, was a man of considerable English, and he talked of our national pudding and poetry

in a way which excited the affectionate attachment of the Man of Genius. At the express request of Boki, our countryman commenced the study of the Hawaiian language, and made such surprising progress, that he soon spoke it as fluently as Boki did English. Rihorihō and his consort having fallen victims to our climate, Boki felt himself compelled to depart;

but he promised to make known the poet's merit on his return to his native land, and hunted the possibility of his being appointed laureate. The Man of Genius—not a little influenced, perhaps, by the name *Sandwich*—declared his readiness to live and die in those islands; and, in proof of his fitness for the office of laureate, wrote the following stanzas in Hawaiian:

“ I na moku i paa i ka pouri mau,  
Uha 'ka naau po wale rakow,  
Ano nei e puka no maila ke ao,  
Hoku Bedlamma ka Hoku ao mau.

E ake rakon i nana wave ae,  
Ka wehea mai 'ka araura maitai,  
A o ka kukuna ka koko mau,  
A kali na moku kona kanawai.”

It is neither ignorance nor indolence on our part, but a fear of giving offence to the Man of Genius, which prevents our translating these stanzas. He himself will perform—in all probability has performed—this duty. We will just observe that they are of a condoling and congratulatory character—telling the reigning prince how very sorry every one feels that his brother should have died, and how very glad every one feels that he should have succeeded him. No sooner had Boki read the stanzas to the king in council, than a six-oared boat was despatched to wait the Man

of Genius to Hawaii, where he is now living, engaged in court caplery, and the translation of his own works into the Hawaiian language. Long may he enjoy the prosperity which he so well deserved and so lately found! He has promised to favour us from time to time with translations from the Hawaiian; and we doubt not that they will corroborate the opinion formed by every one who reads this article—namely, that there is only one word expressive enough to express the all-but-inexpressable merits of our gifted friend—that word is GENIUS!

#### SLUMBER.

FROM THE SPANISH

Flow, softly flow, thou murmur'ing stream!  
Beside my lady's bower,  
And do not mar her spirit's dream,  
In this delightful hour;  
But, gently rippling, greet her ear  
With sounds that lull the soul,  
As near her bower, all bright and clear,  
Thy beauteous billows roll!

Blow, softly blow, thou balmy air!  
Beside my lady's bower;  
The rudest winds would hush, to spare  
So soft and fair a flower.  
Breathe gently o'er her rosy cheek  
Thy mildest, purest balm;  
But heed, lest thou a slumber break  
So beautiful and calm!

Armagh by the Irish Primate,\* and out of office by the Irish Duke, he is to succeed to the very appropriate post of Speaker. May the wig rest lightly on his brow, and may his glance from day to day acquire more and more of that ubiquity, which now-a-days seems to form the best title to the office! The eye of Mr. Speaker should be every where; and indeed, that of Mr. Manners Sutton embraced in its field of view all that was before it; if then Mr. Goulburn wishes to win higher praise, he must train his vision to turn a corner, and thus add the space behind the chair to the regions under the control of his predecessor. The only other persons on the ministerial benches who profess oratory, are the Solicitor-General and Demosthenes Twiss. The Attorney-General—that noxious individual—never *attempts* to speak, (speak he cannot), unless he be drawn out like a badger. Poor Sir George Murray seems to feel as if he had fallen amongst thieves, and, like the madman who fancied he was made of glass, he is afraid of damaging himself by every motion; he therefore speaks warily, fearfully, and badly. As for Herries, he has decidedly discovered the philosopher's stone; he is known to be worth 4 or 500,000*l.*; yet he never had an ostensible means of income greater than the salaries of the respective offices he has held; he must therefore have drawn his riches from some secret source—and what source so probable or so prolific as divine philosophy? Besides, the discovery has not now been made for the first time upon earth. The art of making gold was known to a Jew of Alexandria, who taught it to Don Alfonso the Wise; for the monarch says, in the introduction to *El Tesoro*:†

“ La piedra que llaman filosofal,  
 Sabia facer, e me la enseno.  
 Fizimos la juntos; despues solo yo;  
 Conque muchas veces crecio mi caudal,  
 E viendo que puede facerse esta tal,  
 De muchas maneras, mas siempre una  
 cosa,

Yo vos propongo la menos penosa,  
 Por mas excelente e mas principal.”

Why, then, should we consider it improbable that the art has been revived by some one or other of our great London Jews, and communicated by him to Herries. And here I may conveniently remark, how much more prudently has the banker's clerk turned the mighty secret to account than did the scholar—soldier—poet—astronomer—and philosopher, who established at once the laws and language of his own country, and won the admiration of all others.

Alfonso died in exile and destitution; Herries flourishes in the Board of Trade, and condescends to sit in the great council of the nation. But why do I mention this? Simply to shew that the friend of Israel has other and more rational employment than that of haranguing the long-eared rout of St. Stephen's, whose walls must have certainly fallen on them long since, if, in accordance with the old proverb, they could have, by possibility, been made conscious of their iniquities. It is but right to add, however, that nature never intended Herries for an orator, and that if he ever could become one, it would be *veritá Mucrona*, who had shaped him out for other purposes. It is curious to remark, by the way, that he is extremely happy in quotation. I do not mean simply of prices, but of books. His friend Huskisson accused him, some time since, of being purse-proud; he, however, rebutted the charge by declaring that he was only like Michael Cassio, “a great arithmetician;” and he proved it from the “*Mariage d'Argent*,” thus—“*On peut s'aveugler sur son esprit, mais pas sur ses écus—ils sont là—dans ma caisse—un mérite bien en règle, dont j'ai la clef—et quand on peut soi-même évaluer ce qu'on vaut à un centime près, ce n'est plus de l'or—vel—c'est de l'anthinétique.*”

But let me now pass to my gentle Euphues—the courtly Gower—

\* This was written before the elections. I have been mistaken, but I let the passage stand. I thought we had a firmer mind at the head of the Irish church. Shame to Archbishop Beresford!

† *El Tesoro* is a treatise in verse upon the philosopher's stone. It is written in ciphers and in magical characters. It bears date 1272, and may be yet seen in the royal library of Madrid.

famous for his translation of Goëthe's Faust, and still more so for the deadly hatred which induced him to subject the old Goth to Procrustean torments. *He speak!* ay verily he doth, but it is in a kind of Runic numbers not more intelligible than his translation, wherein it will be remembered the sense of the original is either strangled forthwith, or else condemned to perish from pure inanition, amidst the mazes of his barren dilatation. But though his lordship does speak, he speaketh not often—it is a sort of *hos mugit* affair with him; he devotes himself for the most part to rhyming, and leaves the ranting to Deniy Twiss, who, he observes, was used to it from his boyish days, and *haud ulli veterum virtute secundus*. Nor, in truth, is the said Twiss in anywise inferior to his ranting progenitors. Hyper-criticism might observe that they played many parts, while he confines his remissances too closely to Bombastes Furioso; but, be this as it may, he certainly rants “excellent well”—he can multiply words at will—and, as he decidedly possesses those entrails of brass, and so forth, which the Rhapsodist desired, old Time has not a chance with him. Herein, therefore, he enjoys a manifest advantage over all his ranting progenitors; but our age is the age of improvement—

ἡμῖς τῶν πατρῶων μέγ' ἀμεινονες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

Let us, therefore, be content with this sentiment of the bold son of Capaneus, and say no more about the man or his oratory, since even life itself is

“A poor player”  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more! It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing”

My eyes next turn to that paragon of politeness and pride of politicians, the Solicitor-General. He who unconsciously spouteth poetry as the worthy M. Jourdain did prose: he who is a perfect papist in his love of images,

and who draws his metaphors from the various scenes of his experience with an impartiality which is quite delightful—from the stable-yard, the attorney's office, the court of Chancery, and the court of Whitehall. But why dwell upon his “specialties” or his particular merits? Is not his immortality secured by his *oratio maxima*? I mean that upon the Regency question, wherein he spoke of the Princess of Kent's living in the hearts and being cradled or cuddled (the reports differ as to the word) in the arms of her loving subjects. Here, surely, was a passage never excelled, and only equaled once; and then by Chateaubraud, when he compared the young Duc de Bordeaux in his mother's arms to the infant Jesus in the embrace of the Blessed Virgin, it being at the time pretty notorious that the fair *duchess* by no means resembled Timon in hatred of men. Neither does it suit me to dwell upon the other placemen and occupants of the treasury benches. “Tantarara rogues all” afford a general description of them, and those who seek for a more detailed account may apply to Messrs. Hume and Brougham. From the latter we learn that they are a set of vile flatterers and fawning parasites, cowering and crouching beneath Duke Arthur's sword, and ready to obey his worst orders with the docility of soldiers, the recklessness of mercenaries, and the devotedness of assassins. The candidate for Middlesex described his own countrymen, with one or two exceptions, as backing ministers for whatever they can get from the treasury; and, in like manner, he spoke of the hundred Irish members as a set of brawling beggars, who, after the loudest professions of patriotism, yet sell themselves on the first convenient opportunity, and get pricked down upon the list of the illustrious whupper-in.\* As to the English adherents, they may be briefly represented as Whig rats and Tory rats. Leaving these, then, let us pass to the neutral benches. They will not detain us long. Huskisson, as the

\* I forgot to mention that there are three or four excellent men and honest politicians who sit upon the ministerial benches. They support government upon principle whenever their consciences will allow them, and this without hope or desire of reward. They are a small remnant of the party that was broken by the passing of the Catholic Bill.

world knows, has talents for business; but it is now established beyond doubt that he is incapable of grasping any great constitutional question; and besides, all men will probably agree in the pithy observation of Dan Connell—"I don't think *that* Huskisson is honest! As for Palmerston, he is a sadly affected creature"—a reminiscence of a placeman—and the Grants are mere mannerists and Maw-worms." Crossing the gangway, we come at last amongst a respectable class of men. Sadler speaks forcibly, often eloquently. The late fugitive and fugacious first Law authority of the crown "declaims whole pages of *facctia*, whereby he enriches the language with new words, and shakes the House with 'extinguishable laughter;' but though a good lawyer, he is not an orator of the higher order of intellect. Both, however, must even be esteemed; and so long as honesty and honour are revered in the world, so long must the "independent member for Plympton" be dear to all true-hearted Britons. The remaining tenants of these benches are for the most part gentlemen and honest men, not originally disposed or prepared to come forward as public men, but forced into the unsought display by the treachery of false allies and the voice of a betrayed and indignant people.

We will next approach the Opposition benches: First, there is Sir Jemmy Mackintosh, with spectacles on nose and speech in hand, croaking like an old frog out of a bundle of bulrushes, about the law of nations; and this in a vile dialect, half Scotch, half Latin;† while he, at the same time, plasters all men, absent and present, dead and living, friends and foes, with the most loathsome flattery. Then there is Sir Glory, as his friend Cobbett calls the Westminster Baronet; the most offensively haughty of human beings, though he professes himself a radical

reformer; he that once was a blustering demagogue, but who is now the disguised supporter of a military premier and an unconstitutional administration. Now this man, Heaven only knows how, once obtained a reputation for eloquence; never, surely, was there reputation less deserved. His speeches are crammed with school-boy quotations and thread-bare allusions to the page of history;—of argument they contain not a single jot, (for the worthy baronet despises reasoning as a plebeian accomplishment, or contemns it as a logician might the flattest sophistry,) and utterly unintelligible are they, whether taken as a whole or in separate parts; for each sentence, long and awkward as the speaker himself, remains unfinished, losing itself in the meaningless desert of his discourse, as the Niger does in the barren sand. The Whig laureat, however, has furnished me with an admirable description of the man; so, without more ado, I shall, to use Tom's words,

— "Boldly pin it on Pomposo."

*Dane Nature loquitur.*

"When I composed the fustian brain  
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,  
I had at hand but few ingredients,  
And so was forced to use expedients.  
I put therein some small discerning,  
A grain of sense—a grain of learning;  
And when I saw the void behind,  
I fill'd it up with—froth and wind!"

Then there is "my man Hobbio"—sometimes the prompter—always the panegyrist. But, like *Moheré's* "Marquess," invariably loudest in laudations, when his master is altogether incomprehensible—"Quand je ne comprends rien, je suis toujours dans une admiration!" But enough of this. [I will only add, as I am in justice bound to,

"Nec meus hic sermo est, sed quem præcepit Ofellus Rusticus,"—

That is to say, these opinions are not

\* We cannot allow this to go forth against my Lord Palmerston without our solemn protest. Affectation of manners is not a *positive* argument against the possession of brains. Many soldiers and sailors of undoubted courage have been dandies in appearance. Lord Palmerston has shewn himself a true lover of our English constitution, and has won for himself immortal credit by the part he took in the late decision of the Rye case, in favour of Colonel Evans.

† We understand Sir James intends to take as a motto for his history of England—

"—— Amphora caput  
Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?"

simply my own, but such as I have imbibed from a rustic named Offley, a man of primitive hospitality—who, like our common father in his sinful state, dwelleth on the outskirts of THE GARDEN, and lately won immortal honour by laying Burdett prostrate on the hustings with a huge cabbage.] Passing over, then, my Lord Althorp, who was once taken for a publican—Fysche Palmer, who was described by Canning, as two yards of disgusting humanity—Poulett Thompson, who looks like a methodist parson, and cries and reasons like a baby—together with the whole nasty tribe of political economists, let me at once proceed to two mighty orators who set all sense, reason, decency, grammar, and English, at defiance—

“Longbow from Ireland—Strongbow from the Tweed!”

*alias* Dan Connell and Joseph Hume.

Now it is, strangely enough, the fashion to talk of the latter person as honest: men say he is mean, parsimonious, stupid, ignorant, and cowardly, but still he is honest. How does this appear?—has he ever been tried?—have we any stronger assurance of the fact than his own assertion? True, he is a most pertinacious opponent of Government, and, if he knew any thing of Latin, he might tell you the motto of his parliamentary conduct was—

*Me nemo ministro*

*Fur erit.*”

But how do we know that if he had the opportunity he would not be the thief himself? We do know that he is one of those who, without talent or information, has raised himself to a fortune splendid for such a person, and to a rank equally exalted. We know, too, that after he had obtained a seat in Parliament, he threw himself into opposition (contrary to the established practice of the Scotch members) in consequence of his having been refused either a place or a baronetcy, which he had solicited from the minister. We also know, that in the Greek business, (the only case affecting his personal dealings which came before the public,) he by no means displayed that uncompromising integrity which he arrogates to himself; so that even the supporters of his own politics cried shame on him, in prose

and verse. Again we know, that there is no possibility of his having been subjected to temptation. It is only of late that he has acquired a sort of spurious importance through a horrible blunder of the ministry. They put him on the Finance Committee, and, having done so, never, of course, could afterwards Pooh! Pooh! him down, as was their previous habit; but still, doubtless, they could have no inducement to bring him over to their side, since, as an adherent, he would be not only useless, but disgraceful—and even mischievous; while the consideration for imposing silence on him would be as much thrown away as a large reward given for the destruction of a single musquito in a tropical climate. For a bore is as necessary to the Opposition, as a whipper-in to the Treasury benches, so that in the event of Joseph's apostasy, the place would be forthwith filled up by Wood, or Warburton, or Maberley, and as little rest would be allowed the king's servants as before. Besides, there are two other considerations to be entertained:—First, that Hume and all his shabby associates must, in the natural course of events, be, ere long, flung into utter insignificance by the exertions of Sir James Graham, who, in adopting their plan of hostilities, has assumed a nobler bearing, and taken a higher ground. All eyes, therefore, and all apprehensions must necessarily turn to him; and the history of the economists will be told in that of the rods cast down before Pharaoh: “For they cast down every man his rod, and they became serpents; but Aaron's rod swallowed up their rods.” So that Joseph might be left unseduced without the ministry's suffering from his fierce virtue. Secondly, it must be admitted, that, supposing it were desirable, it would be at this period of his life exceedingly difficult to bribe him. Cold and rough as his native granite, he has almost attained, from circumstances, that inaccessible position to which noble and generous feeling can alone elevate others. Destitute of all taste, knowledge, and refinement, untouched by any passion, he is incapable of those enjoyments which form sunny spots in the lives of the best and greatest, and which exercise paramount sway over the conduct of the million. For him the monuments of



genius have no solace — adventure has no pleasure — revelry no mirth — wine no excitement — wit no charm — woman no enchantment. His barrenness of heart, therefore, rendering him insensible to all ordinary allurements, well nigh places him in the position of one who really felt with the enthusiast in glory, “*nihil in vitâ magnopere expetendum præter laudem atque honestatem.*” It is true, that in his attempt to reach the temple of Fame, he has shunned the direct path, contenting himself with endeavouring to grope his way onward through the congenial filth of a common sewer; but still, most vain is he of the stench which his commotion of the foul stream occasions. Nothing, therefore, I am well convinced, but an enormous sum of coined gold — the watching and counting over of which might afford him a perpetual occupation and delight, could induce him to abandon his disgusting labours. And yet were he truly wise, he would not even yield to this temptation. “Man is the creature of habit.” The citizen, in the pure air of the country, pines for the confinement of his counter; the eastern merchant, at length enabled to resign a traffic in which he was perpetually exposed to the utmost suffering, the greatest danger, and the worst privation, sighs, nevertheless, in the luxurious seclusion of his harem, for the excitement of the desert; and fully am I persuaded that Joseph Hume would be happier in St. Stephen’s, hanging from his favourite pillar, with a long list of the salaries of clerks and other official underlings in his hand, while he gloated over the prospect of a reduction which would condemn half a dozen of them to starvation, than he would be in the treasure-caves of Istakur, with the full right of possessing all that his eye could rest upon around. I have said much of the man—I can say but little of the orator; for his oratory baffles description: it is of an ambitious order, and yet the man cannot speak English. In endeavouring to be figurative, he becomes grotesque—but is never, for a moment, amusing. The first syllable he breathes of one of his announced orations, sweeps over the House like the simoom over the desert, destroying all signs of animation throughout. Still he stumbles on, breaking all the concords,

uttering all manner of falsehoods and absurdities, and creating a most extraordinary combination of disjointed things.

O’Connell professes himself to be Joseph Hume’s brother in arms: they are worthy of each other, they are equally chivalrous, but country and education have established a considerable difference between them. The Irishman is at once warmer and more cunning; and certainly, whether for good or ill, his name will be remembered when his friend’s shall have been forgotten. Circumstances have connected him with the history of his country; he has been, in his day, a powerful, though by no means an intrepid demagogue, and his name and the Emancipation Act must descend to posterity together. Bitterly, however, does he regret the Association; glory, power, and honour, attended him while the deluded peasantry of Ireland had yet to expect that sovereign remedy for all evils. It came, in despite of the agitator, from another hand; the people awoke from their fond dream, and he sunk into his proper insignificance. The fall was sudden. Previous to the attainment of his heart’s wish, notwithstanding repeated instances of duplicity, cowardice, and tergiversation, his popularity remained unshaken. For his sins against the forty-shilling freeholders, and others, he had a short shrift, and light penance; and though, craven-like, he kept himself secure from all danger in the field or on the scaffold, there were young and ardent gentlemen who, for his sake, often braved the risk of drenching either with their blood. But from the moment he entered the House of Commons, his fate was sealed—it was his Moscow. He entered it by a miserable triumph—by the desolation of many a once happy hearth. Twenty-four thousand pounds, wrung from the peasant, were expended on his elections; Clare, a county proverbially peaceable, even in the worst of times, was disturbed; the ties existing from time immemorial between landlord and tenant were broken—and thus was a tract of country, extending in fertile hills between the Shannon and the sea, and, consequently, well calculated to supply the necessities of its inhabitants, yet so desolated, that they are at this moment

starving.\* Upon this point O'Gorman Mahon, a good-humoured and straightforward fellow, to whom the praise of openness and consistency in his politics, however they might have been mistaken, is eminently due, observes in a letter, wherein he enclosed 200*l.* for the sufferers :

" You know how long and how fervidly I have desired to become instrumental in effecting the no more than commonly humane end, of reuniting within the natural bonds of affection our county, its landlords and tenants, whose interests, being mutual, should not be lightly sundered. True it is, on one occasion I exerted myself to separate them ; but it *was solely because it appeared that such a measure, however foreign to my own feelings, was indispensably requisite to the attainment of an important national cause, involving in itself the very existence of society—I mean ' Catholic Emancipation,' or ' the establishment of equality of rights.'* It has happily been attained—gloriously achieved by the united efforts of the clergy and the people, supported by the liberal Protestants of the empire. How I performed my part is known to every man in Ireland ; but now that the *great cause is fairly won, no private consideration under heaven could induce me to urge the generous, confiding, and too often betrayed poor people, to sacrifice themselves again ; many of them—I shudder to reflect how many—in different parts of Ireland, are at this moment, while I write, suffering severely in consequence of their disinterested devotion, and I never could reconcile it to my conscience to become a party to the wanton immolation of more victims. The people have been but badly, very badly requited for the enormous sacrifices they made ; every thing is taken from them—they alone suffer."*

Now it was to the exertions of O'Gorman Mahon that O'Connell mainly owed his return ; and in a moment of overflowing gratitude, as it were, he pledged himself before witnesses to support Mahon if he came forward as a candidate at the next election. Afterwards, however, he behaved towards him with " vile ingratitude," as he himself lately confessed in London ; when, in order to recon-

cile himself to Mahon, with the view of inducing him to coalesce with him at the approaching contest, he offered to *do penance for his transgression, by travelling round the seven churches of Glendalough on his bare knees!* In the first place, he maligned Mahon in all possible ways ; and, secondly, he gave a written promise of support to a Major Macnamara, a highly honourable gentleman, but one little fit to represent any body of men in Parliament. But why did O'Connell give this second pledge, knowing that he must violate either, or abandon Clare ? I will not attempt to answer the question myself, for his faithful friend, or henchman, Tom Steele, speaks admirably and explicitly on the subject in a letter wherein he endeavours to establish, that Dan, like the daughter of Danaus, was *splendide mendax*. Tom says : " It may be asked why did O'Connell think it necessary last year to secure Major Macnamara from throwing obstacles in the way of his nomination by writing him the letter alluded to ? I do not think I can answer better than by saying, suppose you saw a rat running away with a bit of lighted candle, or a *paradehogue* in his mouth, towards a barrel of gunpowder in your house -- I think you would be inclined to give the value of her elephantine majesty, the Princess d'Jeck of Spain, for an old wigful of toasted cheese, to cause him to run in an opposite direction, if you could."

This purpose answered, however, Tom does not at all see why the rat's whiskers should not be singed with the *paradehogue* he held in his mouth ; so the first thing he does is to bring one of Dan's sons, an officer in the Austrian service, to the major's house, to try and force him to give up the letter. And this failing, his next plan is to set up some man who shall be a *locum-tenens* for Dan till he can have evaded his promise. To sustain Dan's character in all its grandeur, Tom resigns for him at present ; but the person employed to keep his place warm for him is to vacate it as soon as possible, that the great O'Connell may walk in unstained with the slightest breach

\* A Clare journal states, that O'Connell has forwarded to the relief committee in Ennis, a ninety-one day bill for 100*l.*, to relieve the immediate necessities of the people !

of faith. A wholesome fear, however, of the starving people and of his former friends,—one of whom (Major Macnamara) was his second when he got the blood upon his hand—restrains him from assenting to the convenient morality and well-constructed scheme of griddle-blister Steele. In a speech delivered by him on the 13th of July, he says —“An unfortunate engagement, which I am incapable of violating upon principle, keeps me from Clare, and I care not what excuses or casuistry may be used, I have made a promise which I shall be bound by. It is bitterly afflicting to me to tear assunder those bonds which have bound me to Clare; but no matter what were the terms under which a promise was made—I reprove nobody—I will keep my word, and nothing shall induce me to violate it.”—(*Hear! Hear! &c*) Farewell then — a long farewell to Clare!

It was, in some degree, necessary to touch upon these recent events as illustrative of the means by which O'Connell secured his entry into the House of Commons; but what has he done there? Not one of the many things he promised to effect—and yet he has done much, for he has satisfied all rational men of his utter insignificance. And really, after hearing him several times, I did marvel that so poor a creature could have possibly exercised such influence as he once did, over any set of beings wearing the human form, and endowed with the slightest particle of reason. On all occasions he displayed a narrowness of intellect, a lack of information, and an insensibility to all proper feeling, which was quite astounding; he was an emaciated man—the delegate of liberated millions, but he addressed the House like a craven crouching slave. He fell prostrate at the feet of those he had, throughout his whole life, reviled and affected to despise. Even “the swivel-eyed Goulburn,” whom his first glance was to have annihilated, triumphed over him; and when Dobson told him, as nearly as parliamentary discipline would admit, that he was a liar and a coward, he only appealed to his vow in heaven, and declared the House had no sympathy with Ireland. But, as O'Connell has written to the popish priests of every parish in Ireland, stating that his sentiments have been, on some occasions, suppressed,

and on others misrepresented; and as he has complained in the House of the reports of his speeches, and, moreover, lately, at a public meeting in Dublin, charged the reporters, in the most unmeasured terms, with having entered into a conspiracy against him; it may be well, for the benefit of the public generally, and especially of the Irish people, to examine this charge—a proceeding that becomes the more desirable, from the circumstance of some other members of parliament having made similar reclamations, which might give a colour to the belief that O'Connell's assertions were well founded. A strange feeling prevails in the Honourable House towards those who report its proceedings; it is fear, mingled with aversion and contempt. Every gentleman that speaks wishes to be reported at length; and if he be not so reported, he considers himself an injured man; he never considers that all which is spoken by that assembly in one night (sitting, as it often did, from four in the evening to four in the morning), could not be committed to writing by twelve men in a month, or printed in a week—or inserted in a paper ten times the ordinary size—or read within any period of time which a person of sound mind could, by the remotest possibility, be induced to devote to such a purpose: neither does he bestow a single thought upon the importance of the subject, or upon the degree of novelty or value which may belong to his own discourse; nor does he pay the slightest regard to the intellectual rank, or to the position of the other speakers who have delivered their opinions upon the question. He sees that Mr. Brougham's oration stretches over half-a-dozen columns, while his, which occupied an equal time in delivery, has been compressed into half a column, and he at once exclaims that this is rank partiality; for his speech was more carefully prepared, and far more luminous than that of “the hungry lawyer.” But this is not all; he was followed by Henry Goulburn, whose arguments, as good truth, were not, perhaps, more cogent, his research more extended, or his wit much lighter than his own, and yet he finds that Goulburn has two entire columns given in the first person, and converted into excellent English, which is, of course, an act of the most flagrant injustice to him, the curtailed orator—to his respectable constituents

—to the House of which he has the honour to be a member—and to the community at large. Softly, though! softly, sir! you forget one of Napoleon's great dicta—“*Les hommes sont comme les chiffres, ils acquièrent leur valeur de leur position.*” It may be quite true that the opinions of Henry Goulburn, upon any given subject, are as worthless as your own; but the declarations of the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer are of infinite importance to the empire: instead, therefore, of writing supplicating or saucy letters to the editors, and uttering complaints which only make you ludicrous, become Chancellor of the Exchequer yourself, and, I'll warrant you, you will not then turn up your eyes to the reporters' bench in vain. Now here is a fair and brief statement of the case: O'Connell now, for the first time, addressing an assembly above the rabble, is found to be a mere spouter of commonplaces, in bad grammar and very questionable English; he is coarse without vigour, and elaborate without correctness. He speaks upon every question and even petition, and in every speech he introduces the same topics; so that, were all to be printed, they would fill a paper, to the exclusion of all other matters, and the reporters might enjoy a sinecure by ordering his first oration to be reprinted a dozen times. On all occasions, however, he had his fair share of the debate; and all the harangues of which he had given notice were reported at a length altogether unmerited by their proper deserts, by his weight in the House, or his character in the country. True, he was not allowed to write his own speeches, and insert what he never had the courage to speak, as he did, for instance, in his so-called reply to Doherty, which he published in an Irish paper. On this account he declaimed against the reporters, many of whom are Irishmen and papists like himself, and gave occasion to a conversation in which the Honourable House made itself abundantly ridiculous, and of which I subjoin a part, as it will serve to illustrate what I have already said upon the subject.

Mr. S. Rice complained of some editorial mistatement respecting him.

Apropos to that, Dan said—

“This was only one out of many instances of the awkward and slovenly

manner in which the proceedings of that House were reported; and which rendered it most advisable that there should be persons appointed for that purpose, who would be responsible for the proper fulfilment of their duty.”

Mr. E. Davenport, a square-toed old gentleman, who is beset with an idea of his own talent and importance, and who is addicted to the manufacture of vile jests, then rose and made the following rational observation:—

“That it would well befit the dignity of such a body as that House to have Reporters sworn to report fully and faithfully whatever occurred.

“*Sir R. Peel.*—Sir, I can assure the Honourable Member for Shaftesbury, that I have neither the inclination nor the power to join in concerting any such scheme as that which he has just supposed to be possible on the part of his Majesty's Government. With respect to the reports in the newspapers of the proceedings in this House, I must say that they appear to me to be given with singular correctness and impartiality [*hear, hear, hear!*]; and that I very much doubt the policy of the arrangement proposed by the Honourable Member, for giving faithfully every word that is uttered here [*a laugh*]. Upon the whole, I really do not think that we have any right to complain of the wise and useful discretion exercised by the Parliamentary Reporters in lopping off the excrescences of some speeches, and of putting others into much better language than that in which they are delivered [*hear! and a laugh*]. If every word that is said in this House were to go abroad, I do not think that it would be either beneficial to the public or creditable to ourselves [*loud laughter, and cries of hear, hear!*].

“*Mr. Spring Rice*, in allusion to what had been said by the Honourable and Learned Member for Clare, observed, that he had not complained of the Reports of his speech on the occasion to which he had alluded. Those Reports were perfectly correct. What he had complained of was the unfounded comment of the Editors of the papers.

“*Mr. E. Davenport* observed, that the Right Honourable Baronet opposite might well be satisfied with the manner in which the proceedings of that House were reported, because his speeches were given *verbatim*; but—

“*Lord Howick* spoke to order. They were not then discussing Reports, but Stamp Duties.

“*Mr. E. Davenport* said, that the Noble Lord who called him to order probably wished that—

"*The Speaker* called the Honourable Member to order.

"*Mr. E. Davenport* disclaimed any intention of imputing improper motives to the Noble Lord.

"*Sir Robert Peel*, in allusion to what had been said by the Honourable Member for Shaftesbury, declared that he should be sometimes very glad not to have his speeches reported *verbatim*."

This debate, in my opinion, needs no comment. The public, I have no doubt, would be infinitely amused at seeing a speech of old square-toes reported *verbatim*; but I much doubt if he would be so well satisfied when it appeared before him in its awful reality.

This was O'Connell's first attack; it was made with more than his ordinary parliamentary boldness, for he knew there was nobody to contradict him; his second attack was still more valorous, for he was upon his own dunghill. In an exceedingly characteristic, that is to say, mendacious harangue, delivered on the 13th to a party of his friends, he is reported (most probably by himself) to have used the following words: "If ever one man was right and another wrong, I was justified in the course I adopted in that transaction, and Doherty was in error." (That is to say, I presume, he was right in skulking out of his pledge to drag Doherty to the bar of the House, and Doherty was in error when he supposed Dan would have had the manliness to meet him in a place where there was a fair field and no favour). He continues—"By the by, I should like to know what is to become of Doherty this election?"—[*cheers and laughter*]. (Now, pray, Dan, was not the problem of what was to become of yourself rather difficult of solution?) "I hope he will present himself in some part of Ireland where he will not have a paid pack to cheer him on and falloo out their shouts between every sentence; and where, above all things, he will not have a base and corrupt press like that of England, to suppress my sentiments. [*Hear, hear!*]" For my own part, I expected to find, from many of that press, a sympathy of feeling, as there was a community of persuasion between us;—as both had been subjected to the same attacks and had undergone similar sufferings, they would have given me a portion of

their patronage. I had not more bitter enemies in the world than were to be found at that press. [*Hear!*] I was told that I ought to court them. I set them at defiance; and as I never submitted to the lions of the forest, I will not yield to the rats and mice of creation! [*Hear! and cheers.*] Never was there such miserable reporting. Reporting never was so bad as during the present session of parliament [*Hear!*]. The London reporters arrange it so as that one shall report no better than another. They have established a sort of monopoly amongst them, and the consequence is most injurious to the public." [*Hear, hear!*]  
—Now, to any body who has ever been in the gallery of the House of Commons, and knows any thing of the daily press—the gross, deliberate falsehood of this is apparent. As we learn, however, from a calculation in the *Standard*, that a number equal to the present male population of England and Ireland would not be enabled to enter the gallery in less than four hundred sessions, and that many of our contemporaries must necessarily be uninformed upon the subject, it may therefore be well to explain, in some slight degree, the system upon which parliamentary reporting is carried on. There are only three papers in London that profess to give a fair and full account of the debates—the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Times*, and the *Morning Herald*. There are from ten to twelve reporters engaged by each of these papers, at a salary of between three and four hundred pounds a-year. They take notes in the gallery for three quarters of an hour, and, returning to the office, they spend four or five hours in writing those at large. Between the *Times* and *Chronicle* there is always considerable emulation. The editors use their best endeavours to secure the services of the best-educated men; and it may be well conceived that no pains are spared by the reporters to make their reports as complete as possible. The rivalry between the papers, therefore, and the emulation of the reporters, must, in itself, be sufficient to prevent any unfair conduct; but were it possible to suppose that it were not so, by what means could you induce three dozen men, of different creeds, countries, politics, and pursuits, to join constantly in wilfully doing wrong to any one, two, or three individuals?

Why should the Irish papist wish to extinguish Mr. O'Connell? and if he does not so desire, he can, if there be any thing worth reporting, compel the English Protestant, who sits by his side, to give it to the world. The fact is, that in the exercise of his office a reporter can be swayed neither by politics nor religion, by favour nor disfavour; and Dan's assertion accordingly is a gross and palpable falsehood. It was only made to screen his own miserable failure. In the same manner, when Mr. Doherty read certain passages from a speech reported in O'Connell's own paper (the *Register*), wherein he made some most unfounded charges against him, Dan rose in his place, and unblushingly denied having made use of such language; he had been incorrectly reported! Thus, it will be seen the Agitator pays no respect to country in the selection of his scapegoats. He is fully alive also to the convenience of the practice. When a man rides badly, it is easy for him to throw the blame upon his horse.

In his attack upon the talent of the Parliamentary Reporters, Dan has, in like manner, set veracity at defiance. A reporter of the *Chronicle* or *Times* must be a clever man. To be considered a good reporter on either of these establishments, he must be a man possessing many natural gifts and extraordinary attainments. To the mechanical dexterity of the short-hand writer he must unite quickness of ear, and extensive, if not profound learning. He must possess classical and historical information, in the widest sense of the words; and he must have at least a general knowledge of all the subjects brought under parliamentary discussion. He must besides possess a sound judgment, and extreme facility of composition, to enable him, on the moment, to fill up the *lacune* which must necessarily exist in the most perfect note-book. Many of the reporters, indeed, do not, of course, possess these qualifications. No sum of money could secure the services of twelve men thus accomplished; and therefore is it that the debates are necessarily reported unequally, and that such variations in style and spirit are observable in a single speech. Take up the *Chronicle*, and for a column of a speech of Brougham's you are intuitively convinced that the very words he used

have been set down with scrupulous fidelity; read the next—you find it might have been spoken by any body. The dry branches of the tree are there; but the foliage which gave it grace and beauty has disappeared. It is obvious, therefore, that an orator's lines may not always fall in pleasant places; but still he has two chances: if the *Chronicle* reporter is incompetent to do him ample justice, the *Times* reporter, on the contrary, may be excellent, and *vice versa*; while even at the worst he can report his speech himself for the evening papers, as is the practice of Demosthenes Twiss, and other most honourable members.

Let it not be supposed, however, from all that I have said, that I wish mordantly to exalt the craft and mystery of reporting. I look upon it as answering in all respects but one to the description given of alchemy by—I forget whom—"Ars est sine arte, cujus principium est mentiri—medium, laborare—finis, mendicare." Reporting is certainly not *sine arte*; but for the rest a young beginner must frequently not be scrupulous as to truth—a man who has achieved a reputation must labour to maintain it—and a reporter having never more than sufficient for his comfortable support, is extremely likely to go to the parish when age or infirmity renders him unserviceable. There have been instances of this, but they are rare; for fortunately there are but few old reporters. The occupation is for the most part adopted merely as a temporary assistance by men engaged in some other pursuit. The reporters of the *Times* and *Chronicle* are, with scarcely an exception, law-students; and here I may take occasion to remark, that nothing can be more unjust than Dan's tirade against them personally. They are gentlemen labouring in an honest calling to support themselves; and, in most cases, devoting the hours they can abstract from business to the acquisition of that professional knowledge by which they can alone expect to attain eminence or independence. With many, the struggle has been successful. Campbell, the son-in-law of the persecuting attorney-general, and a host of other eminent lawyers, were formerly reporters. As a body, I know no charge which can be made against them, save that they are so poor as to be compelled

to enter an intellectual tread-mill for a consideration of three hundred pounds a-year.

I have also heard it said, that they are addicted to the "odious and loathsome sin" of conviviality, as the statute of James the First has it; but I believe not more so than the Honourable House, whose bad hours they are constrained to keep.

The fact is, however, that parliamentary reporters are held in much disrepute, from being confounded with another class of men—the most degraded that walk upon the earth. I mean the penny-a-line reporters, the fellows who send the newspapers in a bill of a Saturday morning to the following effect:—

	s.	d.
To Diabolical rape . . .	2	3½
Atrocious murder . . .	3	2
Sanguinary riot . . .	4	1½
Dreadful conflagration .	4	9
Total . . .	14	4

These are decidedly the lowest fellows breathing: you may talk of butchers,

hangmen, night-men, resurrection-men, and so forth; but they are, one and all, gentlemen of nice sensibilities, delicate feelings, and high honour, in comparison with these worthies. Some glimpses of human feeling occasionally break in even upon the bosom of the hangman in his hours of retirement and repose; but the penny-a-liner, like the spirit of evil, is destined to prowl perpetually amid scenes of misery and crime. The innocent joys, the happy passages of mortal existence, have no charm for him.

To the penny-a-liner, as the poet says:—

"A house a-fire is breakfast, and a rape  
Serves for a luncheon—murder is his  
dinner:

Welcome to him is crime in every shape,  
Woe and misfortune clothe and feed  
the sinner.

Thieves, scoundrels, knaves, find  
morsels for his jaws,

And as effect fast follows after cause,  
He grows the fine original he draws."

NLD CULPEPPER.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

O saw ye my Mary, when, light as a fairy,  
She glides through the dance, as on gossamer wing  
She seems from earth springing, and yet to earth clinging,  
Like Summer when blushing her farewell to Spring?  
O saw ye my Mary, soe brisk and sae any,  
She's winsome, she's blythe, and she's fair as she's free;  
And while she is roaming frae sunrise till gloaming,  
Her heart bounds with lightness, her eye beams with glee?  
O saw ye my Mary, &c.

Would you picture our meeting, our mutual fond meeting,  
When we whisper our vows 'neath the moon's silver beam?  
The world's richest treasure compared to such pleasure  
Is but an illusion, a phantom, a gleam!  
Her fair form caressing, her balmy lips pressing,  
I yield me a captive in Love's silken chain;  
I've a kind Heaven o'er me, and rapture before me,  
For Mary has promised that she'll be my ain!

O saw ye my Mary, &c.

J. O. C.

## THE WHEEL OVERBOARD.

A FORECASTLE STORY: FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY THE MAN-OF-WAR'S MAN.

'Tis always the way on't; one scarce finds a brother  
 That's kind, honest-hearted, and true to the core,  
 But by battle, or by storm, or some d—d thing or other,  
 He's popped off the hooks, and we ne'er see him more.

THE twinkling stars of a clear blue sky had not entirely receded from view, in a keen frosty morning of the month of November 1811, when the hooker to which I then belonged, his Majesty's sloop of war, the saucy *Roaming Buckie*, let go her anchor and furl'd sails in the roadstead of Leith. We had been enacting the troublesome part of one of the body-guard to repeated fleets of our heavy-laden merchantmen, which, in that very bustling and eventful year, crowded up the Great and Little Belts on their way to the Baltic, and who contrived to drive a very brisk and lucrative continental trade, in spite of the thundering decrees of the "grand, elevare, leetle individdle" who in those days was endeavouring to rule the roast of European affairs; and of course we had come in for our full share of that paltry, nocturnal drubbing and unceasing fatigue, which we firmly believe proved as sorry a speculation to the enemy in the end as it was harassing and teasing to us. There is not a doubt, that could we have realised that most essential of all preliminaries, which indeed is ever supermost in the noisy vituperations of the merest morsels of our metropolitan fancy—a clear ring and no flinching—like them we could have cheerfully d—d all favours, and made the business brief and simple enough: unfortunately, however, the case was the very reverse. There was such a thing, gentle reader, and of pretty frequent occurrence too, as *dead calms*, when all the winds of heaven seemed to have put on their night-caps and turned in, or else to have fairly shut up shop and gone a-boating, or a-quadrilling, or a-bathing to some of the more distant watering places;—and there was also such a thing as a very regular-going dense evening fog,

which, mounting guard at sunset, continued stiffly on duty until midnight, with a sable sternness which literally rendered night itself invisible. The moment that either of these foul fiends was in full possession of either the water or the air, that instant was seized by the watchful *Danskés* to commence the cruel work of spoliation and murder on the persons of our heedless and often unexpected merchantmen; and then, guided only by the ear-stunning shouts or affrightened shrieks of stubborn opposition or frantic despair, would our hardy bands of ocean warriors sweep their flying cutters into the centre of the obstinate *mêlée*, when the pistol, the cutlass, and the short and murderous double-edged Danish knife were directly in full employment. In truth, a passage up or down either Belt at that time was literally running a gauntlet of the most appalling description; where, despite the most sleepless vigilance and precaution, you had every thing to dread; and as in the whole course of our practice we never had the French effrontery to think ourselves invincible, the tea and fear of human life, as well as of every other dock-yard material, rather exceeded even the usual infectious fever-par of the peaceable now-a-days shore-going bills of mortality. Accordingly, after coming to an anchor in Wingo Sound, when we had leisure to count skulls, and overhaul hitherto unheeded damages, we not only found ourselves fewer in number, but had several cripples on board, both Jacks and gentlemen;—our very commander himself, brave fellow! having most miraculously escaped losing his number, by receiving a very severe contusion on the side of his head, the natural consequence of the uncourtly salutations, *en passant*,



of a wandering horde of cowardly splinters. All these matters having been duly reported to the commander-in-chief, Sir James Saumarez, whose flag fluttered at the mast-head of the far-famed Victory, he promptly ordered another sloop of war to supply our place, and gave us happy fellows the welcome word of "*for England, ho!*"—a word which had so much of music or magic in it, as instantly to adorn every weather-beaten visage on board—even the most whinstone—with a genuinely good-humoured heart-winning smile; and one which was so cheerfully and instantaneously obeyed, that the Admiral himself must needs have been greatly edified to see his commands put into execution with such inconceivable alacrity. Agreeably to our most anxious wishes, the wind continued both steady and favourable; so that we made a fine undisturbed run of it to the Firth of Forth, and let go our anchor, as we have already observed, at a very early hour, in a fine, clear, frosty morning.

After breakfast, whilst sitting sociably chatting with my messmates, who, like my-self, were patiently awaiting the boatswain's call, or, to speak more nautically, to see whether it was to be eggs or young ones, I was not a little surprised at receiving an order from the Captain's servant to follow him to the cabin immediately. I instantly obeyed, not, I confess, without feeling some small perturbation arise within me, since I had ever remarked that these cabin interviews were only another name for receiving the "bastinado with the tongue," a potion very unpalatable both to the mental and corporeal organs; and in this I was the more confirmed by beholding, as soon as the door was thrown open, the unusual sight of the first lieutenant already seated and awaiting me. "Oho," ejaculated my worthy self, "what the deuce is amiss now?" but, conscious of nothing with which I could charge my memory that was amiss, I stalked boldly into the cabin, leather hat in hand, determined to meet the expected fire with at least a bold exterior. Pshaw! all this was mere uncalled-for braggadocia; and no more required, on the present occasion, than a fifth wheel is to the Islington omnibus. Judge, gentle reader, how the heart swelled in my bosom—how my grati-

fied ears drank in the silvery sounds—when my gallant Captain Manly, who had hitherto been busy closing a letter, turned round to me, and thus began:—

"That I can do as I'm now doing, Truck, I certainly am bound to thank you; for, under Almighty God, you unquestionably were the means of saving my life, at the hazard of your own, by the gallant use you made of your pistols and cutlass on that day I so far forgot my duty as to try my prowess in boating. I have ever since been determined to do something handsome for you, but my continued indisposition has hitherto rendered me unfit for the task. I am diminished, however, to dally no longer on a subject so favourable to your best interests; and having consulted with your warm friend here, Lieutenant Teasum, we have agreed in opinion, that you shall, from this day henceforth, consider yourself as my coxswain. You will see, by the ship's books there, that I have rated you as such with my own hand. Come, come, I want none of your speeches; so patiently hear me out, I command you; for, now that you are promoted, I mean to put you on immediate duty. I have suffered too much myself, Heaven knows, from this unfortunate head of mine, not to have a warm sympathy for the brave fellows on board, who, many of them, are labouring under afflictions doubly severe. I would wish them much, therefore, to be conducted to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, as carefully and speedily as possible; and as, in my present plight, I can neither spare Mr. Teasum, nor any of the other gentlemen on board, I should like you to accompany the doctor, to aid him in seeing them properly escorted, and as comfortably berthed as circumstances will admit. I am as certain you will execute this melancholy duty from principle, as I am certain it will afford the highest gratification to the poor fellows themselves; and it shall not be my fault, if, short as the time is, you do not go in a shape every way becoming the confidential coxswain of Ralph Manly. Go, therefore, and rig yourself without delay in your best blues—that is the most becoming colour for your present duty; my servant will go with you, to whom you will give your jacket—as I wish to ex-

amine it. Come, Truck, come!—what does the fellow stare at? Heavens! consider your poor suffering shipmates, and obey me instantly, I command you!”

But, no! there I stood, like another booby, as if rooted to the deck, with my eyes fixed in my head, and my heart swelled in my bosom almost to suffocation, unable to utter a single syllable; and certes, I swear, that if ever mortal was in danger of breaking his Maker's command by falling down and worshipping a fellow-creature, that danger was mine on that happy day. Both the gentlemen kindly commiserated my unhappy situation, and giving Jerry a significant hint, he took me by the shoulders, and, nothing loath, forcibly ejected me from their presence.

As soon as I got on deck the charm was immediately dissolved; and, though somewhat abashed at my clownish behaviour, I yet set about obeying my orders with such alacrity, that I had been some time waiting in readiness before the Captain's servant, Jerry, again appeared to command my attendance.

“The doctor has been with me, Truck,” the kind gentleman began; “and has told me that he has got all ready, both alongside and on shore. You may, therefore, proceed to work as soon as you like; but, as you love me, my brave lad, oh, be kind and attentive to your brave shipmates; see that you take all their bags and gear carefully along with you, and see them properly stowed away under some person's charge. Tell them, if you think it will serve any good purpose, that I shall visit them soon—very soon, I hope. But hark'ye, Jerry, the jacket, child. Is that rascally fellow not done yet?”

“I dare say it will be ready now, sir,” said the obsequious lackey; “shall I fetch it?”

“Undoubtedly,” cried the Captain, “for I wish to send him off directly. I have just ordered the marine tailor to sew a small piece of distinctive ornament on the collar of your jacket, noway intruding on the established rules of the service, but sufficient to mark you out as my coxswain. Here, Jerry, let me examine it. Ah, clumsy enough; but it will do for the present. Come, on with it, Truck, and let me

see how you look the coxswain. 'Pon my honour, pretty fair!—I don't doubt but I'll have some credit in you yet: take these letters to the post-office in Edinburgh—you pass it as you go to the hospital. You will also take young Banetickle with you, by no means as an officer, but merely for a shore walk, and to see the town. His father is a very dear friend of mine, and he is intrusted to my care. It will do the boy good; for it is a long time now since he has been ashore. If there are any letters for me, bring them on board with you.”

After having vainly attempted to string together a few most abominable sentences by way of expressing my gratitude—an attempt which, however, I had the mortification to behold, merely excited in him a good-natured smile—I pocketed my letters, made my very best *conge*, and retired in search of my youthful companion, Master Banetickle, who, in a fine new suit and handsome jewelled dirk, looked a gem worth the honour to have the keeping of. On reaching the deck, we found the doctor had already got all his sick and their luggage into the boats; so that having nothing more to do than walk over the side, we shoved off, and reached Leith harbour in safety. The boats' crews now transferred their living, and, in many instances, mutilated cargoes, into covered spring-wagons, which the care of the doctor had previously provided; and thus we all reached the Royal Hospital at an early hour of the day.

Having seen all my shipmates into snug quarters and good careful keeping, and bundled my letters into the post-office, I now took young Banetickle by the hand and 'squired him to several gentlemen's abodes, to whom the Captain had given him the means of introduction. Here the young gentleman was received with such a cordial warmth, both by seniors and juniors of these fine families, as entirely to forget he was only a visitor. The happy hours flew rapidly away on “angel wings;” and it was not until I was admonished by the deep-toned sound of the hour—three o'clock, as it reverberated from the imperial-crowned spire of St. Giles's cathedral, that I succeeded in absolutely tearing him away from the fascinating circle by which he was surrounded. Poor,

dear little fellow! he was yet young in the school of sorrow, and wept bitterly—all the young *élite*, aided by their compassionate mammae, pleading strongly with me to leave him for one short little night. But I knew my orders better, and the officer I had to deal with; so, bundling my youthful officer into a sorry vehicle called a Lenth stage, we set off, after he had made repeated promises of seeing all his young new friends on the following day, when there should be no Truck to baulk his melancholous—having, poor, little, simple soul! not the shadow of a doubt about him, but that he should be allowed a few days' liberty amongst his young friends, merely for the trouble of asking.

In forming this notion—though egregiously wrong—the youthful officer was by no means singular, since the expectation of our having a tolerably long spell in harbour at this time was the firm belief of the whole ship's company—being not only founded on our Captain's illness and our being deficient in hands, but on the more weighty fact, that the vessel herself required many repairs, her rigging and sails being actually unseaworthy. But, however satisfactory and conclusive these reasons appeared to us, they were “trifles light as air” in the eyes of the Admiral; who, in fact, as it afterwards turned out, had that very day been personally on board the *Roaring Buckie*—had had an interview with the Captain, whom he informed of his having the same morning received no less than two official notices: first, that a large armed Danish brig, called the *Laland*, had most unaccountably eluded our cruisers, and escaped to sea; and, secondly, that a large strange sail, supposed to be her, had been repeatedly seen hovering about to the northward of the Pentland Firth and the Orkneys—on both of which accounts he had come to the determination of sending out the *Roaring Buckie*, with all the despatch in his power, and under a nominal command, if Captain Manly felt himself unable to go with her, in order that she might afford every necessary protection to the Northern trade—then hourly expected. He concluded by assuring the Captain, that he should be victualled as fast as the boats could pull from the shore, and his complement of hands made complete by a

chosen draft of picked men from his own guard-ship.

It is hardly necessary to state, that Captain Manly's nice sense of honour would not allow him to listen to the Admiral's considerate proposal to send out the vessel in the meantime under a nominal command during his indisposition. He spurned at the idea; and vowed, that were he doubly worse than what he really was, he should not for one moment be restrained from doing the best service he could in the defence of his king and country, whose commission he bore; a declaration which so completely captivated the old Admiral, that he pledged his honour that the *Roaring Buckie* should not be kept one moment longer out than the arrival of the first vessel of her weight and size should enable him to relieve her; and thus ended the interview.

Now, although in our case this was what any one might have called severe duty, it was not one whit more than the stern relentlessness of the times required. The times, in fact, were too important, and far “too big with the fate of Rome,” to allow of the smallest relaxation in the utmost exertion of the British fleet, beyond that unavoidable pause which the receiving of supplies and repairs rendered absolutely necessary. The restless ambition of Bonaparte, though successful in going itself on the blood of whole generations, had, nevertheless, been pretty severely nobbled in the contest; and now that he was beginning to be suspected of shewing some slight indications of weakness, it was a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, with his army and navy, to come early up to the scratch, and prevent him, if possible, from recovering his wind. He had long promised to crush this “tough little island” into worse than insignificance, by annihilating her *at that time* almost *universal commerce*. [Think of that, ye Liberals!] And it is but justice to the memory of this indefatigable man to confess, that nothing could exceed the magnitude or desperation of his exertions, at this eventful period, to forward this his favourite project. Partly by dint of force or flattery, he had added state to state, and kingdom to kingdom, until the united powers of the continent of Europe,

with a miserably meagre exception, assumed the novel appearance of being arrayed in imposing and hostile phalanx around poor devoted Britain, for the sworn and avowed purpose of effecting her utter ruin. Fatal experience, however, soon convinced him that he had to deal with the most daring and amphibious of all God Almighty's creatures—with beings who were as terrible on the water as they were unconquerable on the land; and the consequent result of all this was, that no sooner was the heroic Nelson and his gallant compeers let loose upon him, than they swept the seas of his combined navies; and, in an incalculable short space of time, what by the most inglorious blockades, and the teasing and harassing of him at pleasure throughout the whole of his nearly immeasurable beleaguered coast, they alike convinced him and the assembled powers of Europe, that the wide waters of the immense ocean were their own, and that through them, and them only, were his ill-assimilated subjects and allies to be supplied with all or any of the luxuries and elegancies of life. In the course of this well-contested strife, the numerous sea-ports of the Baltic, as so many channels through which our commerce flowed freely over all Europe, early attracted his notice; and to blockade the belts against our far-famed wooden walls, he directed the whole force of his powerful mind. Sweden still consulted her own safety, and declined his proffered hand; Russia, under the sway of a *nobody*, gave her reluctant consent; and the unfortunate Dane was compelled to join in his unholy cathe. The desperate assaults of 1801 and 1807, however, had shorn the Dane alike of talons and teeth, and reduced his utmost efforts for annoying our trade to the level of the midnight felon, who, shunning the light of day, is compelled by his circumstances to steal forth to the cowardly labour of pillage and murder while darkness covers the earth. The Danish galleys and row-boats were, no doubt, in such circumstances, a species of force by no means to be sneezed at; and, in fact, under some particularly unfavourable circumstances, there were instances where they even went the length of taking the conceit out of

some of our smaller craft. These instances were, however, so very rare, and the circumstances under which they were placed so very peculiar, that they can hardly, in justice, be fairly quoted. In day-light, even under the disadvantages of fog and calm, our smallest vessels never surrendered until farther opposition was unavailing; and, when placed under no such disadvantages, these same vessels were more than a match for as large a number of these boats as carried more than double their weight of metal, and sometimes quadrupled then number of hands. It was, possibly, to supply this deficiency as far as he was able, and to avert the threatened displeasure of Bonaparte, that induced the Danish Crown Prince at length to exert himself. Collecting the gleanings of what our brave fellows had carelessly thrown aside, he, with much ado, mustered the materials which constructed one sixty-four-gun ship, and a large armed brig of twenty guns; and these were no sooner finished than they were sent adrift, to do their utmost in the promised destruction of our heavy-laden and innumerable merchantmen. I really cannot call to memory the name of the sixty-four, nor is it necessary, since she was short-lived, and, long before this period, destroyed; but the name of the brig we have already noticed, and, having done so, we will cheerfully bid adieu to politics, in which we feel ourselves almost as comfortably at home as Professor McCulloch, in his incomprehensible Absenteeism, or Mr. Herries in his lucid account of the Causes of the Increase of Crime, and gladly return to the even current of our sober-paced story.

On leaving our *stage*, then, and reaching the landing-place at the pier, a sight was at once presented to our eyes, for which I believe neither of us was prepared. There, after forcing our way through a crowd of idle and curious spectators, we found the whole of our boats assembled, accompanied by the admiral's large yawl and larger launch, the crews of all of which, under the immediate superintendence of our purser, his steward, and the warrant officers, were toiling, with no small noise, in loading their respective craft, and a lighter, with divers and sundry naval stores, pro-

visions, water, coal, and a long *et cetera* of other necessities, which lay in careless profusion along the pier, under the charge of sentries.

"Ay, my young gentleman," exclaimed I to my youthful companion, "so we are to be off for sea again! How do you think you'll be able to keep the appointments you have made for to-morrow, now, thank you?"

Instead of answering me, the high-spirited, fine little fellow, burst out into a flood of ungovernable tears; and nothing remained to me but to hurry him off to the northern extremity of the pier, to be out of the vulgar gaze. He wept bitterly and sore, nor could all my cheering have the smallest effect for a great length of time, when he sunk into a sort of species of what might be termed a brown study—soliloquising away to himself like a new and modern edition of Hazlitt, in one of his handsomely unmeaning rhapsodies. In this way he went on, Heaven knows how long! for I allowed him to take his own way, until the noise of the well-timed oars of a man-of-war's boat seemed at once to arouse him from his reverie. He turned round, and the sight of our veteran boatswain, standing in the stern of the heavy, coal-laden, ponderous, guard-ship's launch, tiller in hand, alternately coaxing and swearing at his bulky, strong-armed rowers, in notes of no trifling impatience, to give him more way, recalled at once the smile to his tear-bedewed countenance.

"Give way, give way, my lads!" was the old fellow's unceasing song, or rather growl. "Hurrah for on board, there, in the bows! Zounds! don't you hear old Biscuit-dust mixing the grog?"

"Soul of me!" was the immediate response; "he'll be after requiring Mother Macgill's ladle then, with which they say, Master Officer of mine, she used to whisk round the potheen in the devil's punch-bowl, county Kerry, for the use of the fairies at Halloween. Grog, honey; och, and you may say it, sure and sure! The never a drop of the blessed jewel does Darby Kelly expect—no, not for hours and hours to come yet."

At this unsqueamish remark, the rugged face of the veteran cuddled itself up into something between a smile and a grin. His only answer, how-

ever, was given in the old words—"Give way, men! give way!"

This, however, as well from the heavy and unwieldy form of the launch, as from the force of the full tide running into the harbour, was for some minutes a matter of serious conflict. He had just succeeded in clearing the pier's head, and was getting fast into smooth water, when the largest cutter, under the charge of the gunner, came spanking up in his rear; and whilst her crew were hurling in their oars, and hoisting their fancy swallow-winged sails to the wind, the following brief colloquy ensued between them:

"My eye, Bawler!" cried the gunner gaily; "hast not got quits on the harbour yet, mate?" It doesn't get on smarter in that there old quality tub of your'n, I'm d—d but to my thinking we needn't expect you on board to-night, at any rate. Hast ne'er a stick nor a sail on board, my old pell?"

"No, no, Sam," growled back the testy old boatswain, "we're too much of quality for the likes of them there common affairs, and loves to move quite lazy and genteel, like our own stern flag in a calm. Sails, did you say, Sammy? why, blow me, lad! but that would be quite as vulgar as purser's slops, or pease soup. Give way, my lads! give way! Hurrah!"

"Why, mate, I really do think as how you are giving way smartly," cried the jocular gunner; "for summat or other about you must be stranded, most certainly. Seriously, Bawler, when dost expect to get on board?"

"Dash my buttons, Sam, if I knows," answered the boatswain, peevishly; "for d'ye see, mate, we're not only packed to the gunnels with Newcastle diamonds, like any other lousy bum-boat, but we gets on besides as wisely and slow as any dock-yard commissioner! D—n your pie-bald eyes, you Muggins! what art tittering and slobbering at there? Canst keep stroke, you lubber! and pull like a sensible man? Give way, men! give way!"

"That's your time of day on't, my old boy!—go it, Neddy!" returned the laughing gunner. "Well, my dear fellow, all I can do for you is to tell them you are under weigh, and that you expect they will keep all the idlers

with one eye open to assist you in clearing her. But, hilloah, my old ship!" continued he, in a laughing bawling tone, as the cutter, feeling her canvass, sprung swiftly away—"when shall I say they may expect you, as all depends upon that there, you know?"

"Oh, to the devil with your *says*, you wicked wag," cried the bluff old fellow, laughing good-humouredly aloud; "shiver my old sticks if I doesn't think that there mad scamp of a fellow, now he's got snugly seated in a smart flying boarder, takes us for a parcel of lazy old Greenwich men, my lads. But never mind his wifes, my heaties; we all know that there are worse chaps to be found in this here world than merry Sam Chappell. But come, my lads, stick to her, and give way! Hurrah for the weather-side of the Martello tower yonder! As soon 's we gets there, I'll heave-to directly, and splice the main-brace. Hurrah! I've got some crack stuff in the locker here for you. Come, give it mouth lustily—hurrah! and give way."

Well knew the wily veteran when and how to sound a welcome note. The promise was no sooner heard than a hearty hurrah burst from the throats of his toiling rowers, who, sweating and straining every nerve as they actually were, seemed now to redouble their exertions in accelerating the tardy motions of the heavily-laden, unwieldy launch. This spirit-stirring scene seemed to have a magical effect in dispelling the sorrows of my youthful companion: his bad humours seemed long ago to have taken to flight; and now, only anxious to get on board to hear the news, we hurried back to the landing-place.

Here we found Ned Diddle, the purser's steward, who, having at length surmounted the grievous duty of getting all his eatables and drinkables on board the lighter, and dismissed his noisy assistants in their boats to the ship, was now, whilst the lighter's people were preparing to get under weigh, indulging himself in a gossip with a squat, stout-bodied man, who wore all the usual indications about him so common to be met with under the important epithet of general victualler. Both parties were in high glee when we joined them; and Ned having intro-

duced us to the merry restaurateur as his much-esteemed shipmates—for which excellently homed phrase we were both, no doubt, not a little indebted to our well-plumed exteriors—we were graciously received; and after a little farther badinage, and the giving the lighterman a hint not to be in too great a hurry, we were actually all on the move to a neighbouring grog-shop, to enjoy a parting treat at the victualler's voluntary expense, when who should suddenly pounce down upon us but the tall, gaunt, frowning figure of Gregory Gled, Esq., purser of his majesty's sloop of war the Roaring Buckie. His unexpected appearance threw all aback in an instant; and never shall I forget the rueful, mortified gloom poor Diddle's merry pliz instantly assumed, on the hesitating hum-hawing awkwardness of the little pot-bellied vendor of good things, as he for a few moments silently surveyed the whole of us, mentally calculating, doubtless, how he should escape this threatened double pill on the precious contents of his dearly beloved purse. His resolve was speedily made, however; for, with all the usual cool bearing of a trader to a better customer, he instantly wheeled away from the deputy to the principal, bade the former gravely good night, and, taking the latter cordially under the arm, marched off with him in triumph—though not before the purser had ordered, in no homed phrase, the crest-fallen and disappointed Diddle to go on board *instantly*.

All this appeared so ludicrously ridiculous in my eyes, that I would gladly have indulged myself in a jolly good laugh, had I not seen plainly that the heart of poor Diddle was probed to the very core: restraining my unseasonable mirth, therefore, as well as I was able, I began, in a gay tone, to exhort my severely disappointed shipmate to pocket the affront and obey orders quietly. But, no! my exhortation was unheeded. The vanity of poor Diddle's heart—of which he had no small share—seemed actually to have been cloven asunder. Heedless of my railery, there he stood, biting his thumb-nail, his eyes steadily fixed on the retreating pair until they were lost in the crowd of bustling pedestrians who hurried along the narrow pavement; when, suddenly

dashing his fine, new, fancy beaver on the filthy causeway, he at length burst out with a long-drawn gasping "Ay, man!" which was repeated several times, like so many hysteric sobs. Then, gradually recovering his wind, he continued —

"So, not content with skimming the cream off a poor fellow's milk, it is, go on board *instantly*, is it? By the holy fust, I have seen the day, and mayhap may see it again sooner than you imagine, when you durst not have given such an impertinent order to mother's son of mine, you hungry-looking hop-pole as you are. You a gentleman! a troo for all such, say I (*snapping his fingers most heroically in the air*), and may the devil fly away with the whole lantern-jawed generation of you!"

"Pshaw, Ned!" cried I, "you are talking exceedingly foolish now. Don't you observe the very people staring at you as they pass. Come along, mate, let's on board the lighter."

"Let them stare, and be d—d!" cried the mutated Diddle, throwing himself into a spouting position:—"they'll neither see a miserable skin-flint of a scaut-crow, like some people, nor yet a pig in a gate, but as tight a little fellow of his inches as ever drew on trousers, or swung in a hammock. D—n me if I care a single straw who knows it, Truck! but I'll say it again and again, that he's a mean, low, swivelling swab, this precious Mister —."

"Hush, Ned, for Heaven's sake, if not for your own!" cried I, interrupting him by clapping my hand on his mouth. "You are little aware, mate, who may be hearing you bawling in that manner in a public street. Do you know that you are talking downright mutiny just now?"

"Pshaw! to the bottom of the Red Sea with your cursed law, Bill," returned the enraged Diddle, in a somewhat more subdued tone, however, being evidently startled at the word *mutiny*. "I knows very well that all this here paltry affair will appear no more than a mere jest to the likes on you who have been a pleasuring on shore all day; but it aint so to a poor fellow like me, who have been knocking about from one hard work to another this whole blessed day, for

all the world just like another plantation-nigger, without so much as a moment's time to take a comfortable morsel of vittels; and then, just be-think thee, Bill, how confoundedly knavish it was, just when all the hurry was over, and we were all going to be as happy and merry as birds in May, for this same long-spun hungry lubber to come pop upon us so suddenly, and so sly and cunningly withal, and snatch, as I may say, the very morsel out of our mouths. Oh, it was mean to a degree you can't think! Don't you go to be thinking, Bill, that I value the old fellow's treat a single straw. No, no, believe me, mate, when I tell you I value it not the cracking of a mould biscuit; for, thank God, I have plenty of the best both to eat and drink. It is the consumed meanness of the fellow that vexes, and maddens, and fairly puts my pipe out; for he's ever the same, and has done me in this here same mean, lousy manner times out of number. By the cross of St. George, he apparently makes it a regular rule to stand by and take all the skinks to himself! But avast a bit, mate; for if I have not my revenge on him, in some shape or other, there is no snakes in Virginia."

"Oh, the never afear, Ned," cried I, at the same time pushing him towards the lighter, "but you can take him over the left whenever it likes you; so come along, my lad of wax. Well, skipper," continued I, seeing the master of the lighter approaching us, "what 's the news, my old mate?"

"Uh, naething unco particular," answered the old man, scratching his bald forehead, "bimna only that I'm come to tell Maister Diddle, there, that we're a' ready for casting off. Will we be gaun, think ye, Maister Daddy?—the tide's prime the now."

"Yes, yes, skipper," returned I, answering for him—"we'll shove off directly. But here, my hardy old Trojan, take hold of this fellow's larboard arm, and let us lug him on board by the mast;—he seems to have lost his reckoning completely."

"Aha, Billy, ye ken little about Maister—Lord's sake, dinna let him coup the creels, I beseech ye. There nae—canny, neighbour, canny wi'

him—now it's a' clear road and we'll get on fine. Forgie me, the creature has filled itself as fou's a piper in nae time—though it's a bit lively yattering body when it's sober. This will be a' Maister Pangmykite's doings nae, I'se warrant."

"Master who, mate?"

"Tut's, man, yon fat-ribbed, swearing creature, that's been banning and flying on us this hail afternoon, like anither kail-wife—him as set aff with the lang-legged purser, man. Od, he might hae gane awa without making Maister Daidly sae fou."

"He is not drunk, my good old soul, any more than I am," returned I, still bundling the sulky, unwilling Diddle along with me; "he's only bothered with the millegrees and millerums; for the purser, d'ye see, has affronted him, and so he's lost his reckoning, as I've told you. Come, lay hold of his larboard leg; d—n me, we'll have him on board directly, will he or will he."

"Haith, Billy, if he's no fou, he's devilish like it, that's a'," cried the old man, as we hoisted the carcass of the manumate Diddle o'er the side rail of the lighter. "Now, hoohe, lad, hoohe—we'll lay him along this side-furn a' his length, and I'll cover him wi' my pee-jacket, and he'll sleep it out abins before we reach your veschel. There nae, 'od ye'll be as snug there, Maister Daidle, as though ye were in Abraham's bosom."

"Is that fellow, Diddle, really tipsy, Truck?" asked my young companion, very seriously.

"Oh, no, far from it, young gentleman," returned I, "he's been, or, at least, has *supposed* himself affronted, and that is the reason of the whole story."

"Affronted!" cried the astonished youth; "what for the few sharp words that Mr. Gled spoke to him?" "Pon my honour, Truck, I think Master Diddle must have a very superior notion of himself, indeed."

"Mayhap he has, young gentleman," cried I, "and yet I can't say he is altogether singular either. I cannot forget how I saw a young gentleman behave himself on the pier hours gone."

"Ah, now you're cruel, Truck; but I am done," returned the ingenuous

youth, his face all in a glow, as he walked forward to the lighter's bows.

The skipper of the lighter now sung out to another veteran who stood arms a-kimbo on the pier, "Hoy there, Watty—let go that warp frae the post behind ye, like a bonny man!" His request was immediately complied with, and the old boat, now at full liberty, directly took stail in hand, and made her way out of the harbour towards the roadstead with a celerity which excited my admiration.

"A devilish good boat this of yours, skipper," said I, addressing the ruddy-checked, bluff old fellow, who stood alongside of me, tiller in hand.

"Uh! she's no amiss—no amiss at a', neighbor," replied he; "though, like mysell, she's rather getting auld and geyzend a wee now-a-days, and wadnae be the waur o' a touch o' the carpenter, could a body afford it; but losh, man, times are sae tight the now, sic a thing's no to be thoct on. So, ye see, we just aye keep doring on, her and me, doing our best, there's nae doubt, to keep the banes green as lang as we can. Troth, if she just hands on as weel as she does the now, poor queyne, I'se ne'er complain, for she'll last a' my time, and after that they may mak whistles and firewood o' her for aught I care, though, weel I wot, I'll no deny but what I'm fond, fond, o' my an auld bonny Mally, for the sake o' her that he's cauld in the dust."

"Your wife, I presume—ay—But have you no sons that could take the command of your bonny Mally when you knock off?"

"Sons!" responded the veteran, emphatically, with a heavy sigh, "troth, lad, I had as fine a family o' stout, hardy callants, yince in a day, as ever ran about the Green Tree o' Leith; but just as we were coming to something o' strength and use, the war brak in among us, and spoiled and scattered us a'. Whar we are a' now, the Lord abune only knows—here, there, and every where, I fancy—some living and some dead."

"Ay, mate!" said I, for I felt myself beginning to take an interest in the old man's story, "that is rather



unfortunate. Pray, how many sons were of them?"

"Indeed, there were hail four o' them, my man," replied the old man gravely; "and, my certy, that was three owre mony to gang the gate they a' did. But, ye see, they were a' like mysell, unco fond o' the water, and wad gang to the sea, though, waes me! little they've made o't. There is still thrie o' them on board o' me a' war, like yoursell; that is, if they're to the fore; for the ne'er a scrape o' a pen hae I got frae ony o' them now this lang, lang, and mony a day."

"Your other son is dead, then, I suppose?"

"Uh ay, man," sighed the veteran, wiping his moistening eyes. "Poor Charley! He was my second auldest—as wild a careless, light-hearted, merry chield as ever ye clapt een on. He cared little for me, for I was seldom at home; but, loosh, man, he was desperate fond o' his mother, and the auld wife was as daft about him. If her laddie, Charley, was right, every thing was right—ye never saw the like o' the twa, they had sic a trocking wi' ither. There wad he be fetching her hame tea, and honey, and silk napkins, and bonny wallies frae the Baltic; and her driving awa at the stocking wires, and boring the auld een out o' her head, darning, and sewing, and patching, and mending, an' hae a' thing comfortable and ready for her an' callant Charley. God help me! when I mind how angry I used to be at her for her uncommon fondness to that ae bairn, little did I then think how short was to be its continuance. Poor Charley was killed at Copenhagen, and weel may I say my poor wife never got the better o' it."

"Then I suppose she also is ——."

"Yes, yes! ye're richt, ye're richt!" exclaimed the old man in a hurried, faltering voice. "My poor, kind-hearted Mary had ne'er anither day to do weel after we got the dreadful tidings. She dwined awa and dwined awa, month after month, and day after day, and, waes me! lies cauld, cauld enough now in the auld kirkyard o' North Leith, yonder."

"I am truly sorry for it, my honest friend, for your sake. You

will, no doubt, feel yourself very lonely now-a-days at your own fire-side!"

"Uh, bless ye, ne'er a bit, man!" replied the sturdy veteran, with a melancholy cheerfulness painted on his weather-beaten countenance, that would have put the empty trades of most of our modern would-be philosophers to the blush—"the never a bit. She's ta'en awa frae me, it is true, but it canna be lang before I follow her; and whether on water or land, God's will be done, say I; for it wad ill become a creature to dictate to its great and Almighty Creator. Besides, if ye kent a', my bonny man—or had ye come through what I've come through, ye'd really wonder how weel the back is aye made for the burden, and how couthly and patiently a submission to the will of God, and time thegither, make us bear wi' an auld, inveterate, and, maybe, an incurable sair."

"True, my good friend, it is really wonderful. It is likely, then, you will still occupy your old house."

"There's no a doubt o' that," replied the old man, cheering up his melancholy countenance, "for the house is my ain, and has been in the family since the first twa stanes o't met thegither. Uh, lad, ay, I still live in my ain auld house; and my dochter, young Mary, is my house-keeper, and keeps a' thing m't, and mysell too, unco snod, and clean, and wise like; but she tak's that o' her mother, who was really a clever, managing woman; so ye see I hae nae sae muckle to maue for after a's done and said."

"Ah well, that is comfortable, my good old ship," returned I, still bent on cheering up the fine old boy; "and gives me infinite satisfaction to hear you tell it. Ay, so you've got a young Mary at home, have you? By the hookey, mate, the first time I'm on shore again, I must board you to introduce me to your old house at the Green Tree, and your young Mary into the bargain."

"Aha, lad, I'm wae for ye now, to see ye sae very far left," replied the veteran, resuming once more his usual cheerful manner. "Young Mary, my bonny lad, I'm unco glad to tell ye, is aff my hands mair than sax months ago. Ye maun neither girn

nor greet whan ye hear that she has been a' that time a carpenter's wife—an excellent, dounce, sober lad, and a very auld neighbour's son of mine. But, Lord's sake, we're certainly either donnered or demented, standing clishmaclavering this way, like a couple o' howdies at a baptism, whan we ought to be minding what we're about. Come here, man; isnae that black-sided, lang, skranky thing, that's lying just fornet the Admiral, your veshel? Ay—just so nae—that will do, thank ye. I say, Dunky, gie that jib-sheet o' yours a hearty rug this way, man. Devil speed me, but it's fluff-flaffing and fleeing awa there as though ye had belayed it with neither fingers nor thumbs. That will do nae, Dunky, my man—belay that. Na, na—no yet—Gude forgie us! the dour, contramacious deevil's rugging and tugging awa at that poor auld tow as though it was made to last for ever—D'ye hear what I'm saying till ye, Dunky—belay, belay, man, for the love o' the ladle, the thing ye're foudest o' handling. Steady, my bonny Mally! ye're gaun through it finely! We'll be alangside o' ye in a crack."

Accordingly, in a few minutes longer the lighter was run alongside and lashed to the Roaring Buckie; and, while the boatswain's mate shrilly piped, "*All hands clear lighter, ho!*" I leaped on board, followed by young Banetickle, and made the best of my way to the quarter-deck, where, not finding the captain, I descended, and, after delivering him my report, papers, and letters, I requested to know whether I was any farther needed.

"No, Truck, not at present," replied the gentleman, mildly; "but don't strip off your fuery, for I may require you yet to go on shore. If I do, I'll send Jerry for you."

"Very well, sir," said I, and made my escape to my mess, into which I vaulted with the agility and joy of a fellow once more rid alike of foam and responsibility. After partaking of a hearty refreshment, and whiling away the time in a very agreeable manner with an afternoon's siesta, my messmates began to assemble, when the paltry piece of silver cord with which it had pleased the Captain to ornament the outer

edge of the collar of my jacket, became at once the subject of examination and criticism. Much wit was expended to little purpose, and not a small portion of ill-nature; but both were levelled at a fellow whose mind and feelings had long been proof against their assaults, and who, as long as they kept hands off, was as careless of their applause as he was indifferent to their censure. As I was naturally of a grave disposition, too, I had still another advantage—the rattles at railery grew tired of rattling, and the ill-natured, and envious, and passionate, sunk before my silence, for want of something to feed on. Notwithstanding all this, however, I flattered myself ever on enjoying the esteem and good-will of the best men in the ship; and I received the compliments of not a few, on my new rating, with infinite pride and satisfaction, because I believed them sincere.

Whilst thus seated in my berth, the silent tapper for every merry knave to aim his bullet at, I was suddenly relieved from my disagreeable situation by the appearance of Jerry, the Captain's servant, who silently beckoning me, I gladly arose and followed him into his cabin, which also answered all the purposes of a depot for his master's plate and culinary utensils.

"You've brought us most unhappy news to-day with you, Truck," he began. "My poor master has lost his lady, and is now well nigh to going distracted. I have been obliged to call in the doctor and Lieutenant Teasum to assist me, I were so afeard as he might do some mischief to himself; and now they are both in the cabin with him, no doubt doing their best to comfort and console him. I'm sure, I trust in God they will succeed; for the Captain, though apparently a quiet, well-spoken gentleman, has strong passions, which makes it rather dangerous to cross his path when he is in these hair-brained ranti-poles—and that I can say from actual experience."

"Indeed, mate, I am sorry to hear that my coxswainship should have had such an unfortunate commencement," returned I, "although you must be aware it might have fallen into your hands as well as mine. How long has he been married?"

"Oh, bless thee! hardly a year yet," continued Jerry. "Poor gentleman! I'm really sorry for him, after all; for many, many a long year did he run after her, and much did he suffer, both from his own friends and hers, on that account. It was a runaway business at last. I myself was a witness to the marriage, and certainly thought, that if ever there was to be happiness in this here world, it would have been theirs; for they were a fond, fond couple, and never happier than when in each other's company. But you see it is all in my eye already, and done with."

"Ah well, mate," said I, "the like on these things will happen, do as you will: he's a happy fellow who can take them coolly."

"I am glad to hear you talk so, Bill," resumed the cautious Jerry; "for much I doubt me it will require all your philosophy to conceal your disappointment, when I tell you quietly as a friend, that I have every reason to think your rating and your dignity is already at an end. When I left the cabin now, the gentlemen were strongly persuading the captain to accept of the admiral's offer, and go ashore sick for this cruise, when he could get every thing gone about according to his own wishes."

"Well, my good fellow, be it so," cried I; "and I hope he will embrace the offer while he has it, were it no more than to convince certain shipmates of mine, that I am above the likes of these paltry little considerations. God love thee, mate! I never attached, for a single moment, the vast importance to my new rating that some have done for me—no, never for a moment. This paltry morsel of glittering cord my knife can rid me of in a second; and then Bill Truck is no worse than he was. Thank God! I both know and can do my duty."

"Nay, Bill, I wouldn't be altogether so rash, either," returned Jerry; "it will be all in good time when you hear of it from his own mouth. I merely meant to put you on your guard, in case of the worst."

"And you have my thanks for your intentions, my good fellow," cried I. "Meantime, as I suppose there will be no more for me to do this night, I think I shall go turn in. What say you?"

"Oh, I think there will be little danger in your doing so, though, Heaven knows, the never an eye do I expect to close. The Captain is no great sleeper at any time; but, Lord! Lord! when any thing vexes him, he's as restless, and fidgety, and peevish as the very devil. Well, good night, Truck; if any thing occurs as to what I've been saying, I will tell you in the morning." We shook hands and parted.

The next morning, at a very early hour, Jerry gently roused me, and whispering me to read a note which he put into my hand, immediately retired. Curious to see what we were to be after, I slipped on my trousers, and crawling up to one of the sentries' lanterns, soon learnt that the captain was determined to stick to his post, at all hazards, and that we were to sail that very morning. On reading this little morsel of intelligence, "Ah, well," quoth I, soliloquising to myself, "a most sturdy determination, most noble Captain—but so would not I. However, it is an old saying and a good one, a wilful man will have his way—then that man to Windsor, will to Windsor;" and saying so, I shrugged up my shoulders and returned to my hammock.

By the earliest dawn, every ear was astounded by the boatswain's mate's pipe, and his thundering down the hatchway, through the lungs of an ox, "*All hands unmoor ship, hoy!*" a command which, in a trice, converted a scene of the most tranquil silence into a little Babel of confusion. With inconceivable alacrity, however, the hammocks were lashed up and stowed, the messenger passed round, and the capstan-bars slipped. "Unbitt the cable—look out forward, there!—go round!" was the next order given by Lieutenant Teasum; and away trod the well-crowded capstan, to the popular nautical ditty of *Shove her off!* amidst a confusion of cries of "Heave round, my lads! heave and away! Pay down the cable—hurrah in the tier, there! Look out forward, there!" &c. &c. Both anchors were at last run up, and immediately secured; and her sails being thrown loose, and pointed to the wind, away she went, before a fine, fresh, south-wester, driving through it down the capacious

Forth, at the stylish rate of nearly twelve knots an hour.

At this rate a very few hours sent the Admiral's line-of-battle guard-ship beneath the horizon, when we immediately doused our royal yards and flying gear—as, however imposingly they may swagger in harbour, they are of little service at sea. We then continued our run before a freshening breeze during all that night and the following day, without a single occurrence worthy of notice. On the third day we doubled Duncan's Bay Head, and ran through the boiling unruly Pentland Firth amidst very fitful and squally weather; in short, by the time we made the ocean again, to the northward of the Orkneys, matters, generally speaking, began to assume more and more of a sulky appearance, and betrayed every indication of what seamen call an approaching gale of wind. All this, however, seemed to make little impression on the Captain, who that day, for the first time, appeared on deck, pale as death, and clad in all the mournful uniform of the grave. He still continued his run with the same energy with which he had left the Forth.

Very different, however, were the notions of the best and oldest seamen on board; they anticipated the approaching evil, and wished much to make all snug before it came on them. The Captain's conduct of course was, in the present conjuncture, to them a mystery, and the sails he wore a dread and a terror.

"Shiver my timbers!" cried old Jack Simpkins, the quarter-gunner, "but I've seen the day when I wished to be under none other's command but honest Ralph Manly's—he was then the boy as stood the sailor's friend. But now 'tis another guess-story seemingly; and 'twould almost make a fellow swear, that because we are careless of ourselves, we don't give a straw for a single soul on board, whether they live or die. All this is not fair, and should be seen to; and if so be as how the gemman's head-piece is rather aback, why they should lay him up in dock, and not allow him to be knocking about in them there d—d dismal gewgaws, which mind one of nothing but Mother Carey's chickens, and Davy Jones's locker, and are enough to make a poor fellow dive headlong into the doc-

tor's list, even at the expense of his grog."

"Why, as to the matter of all that 'ere, Simpkins," went on another, "I wouldn't value it a rush; for though, d'ye see, I aint altogether fond of the sight of them there churchyard signals at sea, and don't hold 'em to be the greatest good luck to a cruise, yet there's one thing that I dare not and cannot overlook, because I do says as how it can never promise good, but the very reverse."

"Ay, mate; and what may that lawyer-like word *reverse* mean?" cried several together.

"Why, lads, it means," replied this hoary oracle, "bad weather, gales of wind, hardship, and death!"

"And why should all this be?"

"Because we sailed on a *Friday*, to be sure. Didst ever hear say of any luck coming over a hooker as sailed on a Friday in the life?—Never, lads never. The skipper's got his portion already in the loss of his fancy girl—it remains to be told what this here gale that's preparing will bring to the lots on us all— who is to lose his number completely, and who is to be permitted to remain. For my part, it is an opinion of mine, mates, that we should make the best of evil we can, and at least represent to the first lieutenant, by a round-rob-in, that the hooker should immediately be made snug. I see, by the very form of the clouds, that it will blow like the devil in a very little time."

Such a round-rob-in, however, was entirely unnecessary; the dreaded prognostics of a gale had not escaped the vigilant observation of Lieutenant Teasum, and his first order to take in top-gallant sails and send down the yards, speedily allayed the fears of those whose superstitious minds had been roused to terror by the circumstance of their happening to sail on a Friday. Whilst the dreaded night, therefore, rapidly advanced, and the wind continued to increase in violence, every precaution was taken which the ingenuity of an able officer, well acquainted with the fitful nature of those inclement seas, could possibly suggest. The top-gallant masts and flying jib-boom, along with the spritsail-yard, were sent on deck; the top-sails were close-reefed, and aided with preventer-braces and sheets; and the fore-and-aft mainsail, the courses, and the jib,

were furled for good; a try-sail was then bent on, and a main stay-sail was tacked, along with a storm-jib;—and these being set, and the boats and guns doubly secured, all hands now awaited in silence the approach of the threatened gale, somewhat satisfied that every precautionary mean had been taken.

Still, however, the denunciation of sailing on a Friday hung upon the minds of many; and thus prepared to expect some preternatural interference, it was very easy for them to construe the most common phenomena of nature into whatever terrific form accorded most with their diseased imaginations. As it happened, therefore, the night did come on drear and dark, the wind suddenly lulled into a rippling light breeze, faint and fitful, sinking often into a complete calm;—so that the better half of the first watch had ample time to sit and admire the aurora borealis, or north lights, as they flashed and swung backwards and forwards up the sides of the northern horizon, like so many tremendously luminous sea-snakes, or like a distant city in a blaze, whose spires, and palaces, and towers, were sinking into irremediable rum under the high streaming flames of a light grey fire. When the middle watch was turned up, the streamers, as they are popularly called, were rapidly making their exit—to give way to the entrance of the moon on the eastern horizon, where she was to be seen struggling through clouds of the jettest black, until, getting entirely free, up she ascended a clear dark blue sky, studded with innumerable stars, diffusing light, and hope, and cheerfulness on all but the old and veteran seamen, whom experience had taught that all these appearances were only the preludes to what they so fearfully anticipated. Having attained her utmost altitude, where she swam in ethereal glory, she became gradually surrounded by a zone of the most beautiful colours fancy ever imagined. In truth, it was a circular rainbow; so vivid to the eye, that it soon attracted the attention of the whole watch, whose eyes, whether they were sitting or standing, were all bent fixedly on her in silent admiration.

"Ay, ay, goody moon," growled out an old *ci-devant* Greenland whaler, "glitter away there, and hoodwink those, you jade, as doesn't know you—you'll find no flats here. By

the mass, Parkinson, but she strongly puts me in mind of that flashy, high-flying freship you got grappled with the last time we were at Point, Portsmouth. Doesn't recollect?—No, in faith, I should think not—the story is rather too humiliating; seeing she not only fleeced you of every cross in possession, but got you heartily mauled, and into disgrace and trouble besides. Ha, ha, ha! that was all Jack got, poor luckless soul, for his admiration of the beautiful."

"Come, come, mate, belay if you please," returned Jack Parkinson, "that yarn befits not the present occasion."

"Fair be' ye, Johnny Parkinson," cried honest Sandy Cameron, "for that wise-like observe. I' wad be telling some folks' peace of mind, and be mair like the years that's flown owre their heads, were they to cherish thoughts o' anither description than the filth o' Portsmouth Point. Wha can look at that beautiful orb, for instance, blazing awa there in a' the genius imagination can think o', without figuring to yourself ye see the ——"

"Famous, high-flying, dashing Nancy Dawson, of the Point, Portsmouth," interrupted the sturdy Greenlandman. "I'm quite aware, mates, that, speaking honestly, comparisons are odious; and yet, by the mass, in many things sister Nan and the moon there will stand a comparison. They are both lovely when they're full rigged in their churchgoers, as we'll suppose them at the present; but allow them to douse their gowgaws and flying gear, and tip them the plush of your grog—(I'm not assured whether that hussy, the moon, drinks or not)—and then, my boys, stand by for squalls and broken heads! I have no gift for preaching, like that canny Scotchman there—but what of that, mates? seeing, in my eye, I should think is worthy of believing—and, as I observe she has begun to take out her pins already, if you do not find her in an hour another sister Nan at a riot, never believe old Dick aither more." So saying, the old man, planting his arms a-kimbo, walked slowly away.

It was curious to observe the various effects this badinage had on those who listened to it; for while it inspired some with mirth, it seemed to strike others with horror. However, the gorgeous moon was still the object of universal admiration as well

as observation; and it was soon actually to be seen that her late glorious circle was fading rapidly away. The northern horizon was black as Erebus; and all around to the eastward were ridges of dark and lowering clouds, which evidently appeared to be advancing upwards. By and by, the wind began to blow more steady—the beautiful moon, now divested of all her late gauds, became more and more obscured, the stars disappeared, and small specks of black cloud were seen breaking away from the north-west, and gradually becoming larger and larger, like the light troops preceding an army advancing to battle. Fitful gusts and pretty sharp squalls of wind were the consequence; but these, seldom lasting many minutes, were little cared for. At length the moon herself bade us adieu, and a gale of wind commenced, the horrors of which can never be erased from the memory. Squall succeeded squall in terrible succession, each more terrific and lengthened than the one which had preceded it, accompanied by snow, or hail, or rain, and occasionally all three together were hurled on our unhappy heads; whilst the light-blue lightning shot its zig-zag courses athwart the sable skies with a soul-withering grandeur that shook humanity to its centre. As if the bare sight and hearing of these awful engines of the Deity were not enough to quail the stoutest heart, untoward circumstances were not wanting to render our pitiful situation still more miserable. After resisting the effects of two or three very heavy squalls, the sheet of the main topsail gave way, and the sail was in ribands in a twinkling. Up went the topmen on the yard; but such was the violence of the wind on the shattered sail, which now scourged the people on the yard as with so many enormous whips, that it latterly took the whole strength of the watch before it could be finally mastered and furled. Cold, wet, and worn out with fatigue, it was not without a feeling of satisfaction that we heard the boatswain pipe, *All hands, ahoy!*—when every soul was on deck in a trice. After a well-fought battle we got the sail un-bent and sent on deck, and remained in the top, amid the pelting of the pitiless storm, until another was sent

aloft to us to bend anew on the yard. This was the ugliest part of the duty of that eventful night; for whilst your attention and hands were employed, the storm that surrounded you had far less effect on the mind. At length, after much confusion and many mistakes, the sail was bent on and furled; and the same precaution having been taken with the fore topsail we had nothing now to dread while the masts stood fast, and her timbers held together. It was however a frightful sight, when we once more regained the deck, to look around you on the ocean. The waves ran mountain high; and, lashed into madness with each successive squall, they came rolling onwards, fizzing, and sputtering, and frothing, each threatening to bury us in its ample bosom. How insignificant then appeared the ponderous works of man, and even man himself! Here was our excellent sea-boat, the saucy Roaring Buckie, kicked about as though she had been the merest toy babe ever handled! Now would a wave send her aloft as it were to heaven, and now would she be hurried down an abyss fearful to look on, until the next advancing wave, after threatening to devour her, would in its urn hurry her aloft. The spray which sprang from the snow-white crests of these tremendous waves had long before occasioned the fore and main batches to be battened down, to keep the lower deck as dry as was possible. And the people having now been ordered below, there sat we of the watch abait the wheel, cold, wet, and comfortless, huddled together as best we could, and as crest-fallen and silent as the grave!

Whilst thus seated, with our anxious eyes bent eagerly on the tumultuous waters that surrounded us, which were ever and anon rendered more horrific by the lurid gleams of pale grey light, which, in transient flashes, accompanied the severer squalls, we were suddenly struck all aghast by the appearance of the huge hulk of a vessel, with nothing of a mast standing in her but the stumps, and the fragments of a jib still flying in the wind from her jib-boom, the only stick in her that remained entire. On she came, rolling towards us in the trough of the sea, ever, as she

appeared on the top of the mountain-wave, belching out the foaming waters from all her port-holes like so many water-spouts. As she neared us, the curiosity of a number overcame their fears, and they got up to examine her more closely; but not a soul alive was to be seen about her, and though our gallant first lieutenant, Teasum, whose cool and intrepid mind soared above every expression of fear or danger, repeatedly hailed her through his speaking-trumpet, no answer was returned. Like the silent thing of another world, she flitted past us and was lost in the gloom. Here was another copious subject for the lovers of the marvellous, and a cruel blow on those who were already nearly rendered useless by their superstitious fears. None of us were inclined to much talking; but it required little ear to hear the ominous words, *Flying Dutchman and Spectre Frigate*, go the rounds of the dejected jumbo in hurried whispers; a species of telegraphic conversation which, taken in connexion with the powerful effect our sailing on Friday had already had on the minds of many, altogether formed a climax of the horribly imaginative, much more enviable to be heard of than felt. Every one now felt his situation disagreeable, and never was the aspiration and earnest wish for daylight more truly and devoutly given than those that were uttered that miserable morning.

At length the dull daylight came on, but it only came to render our situation more heartless and uncomfortable, as exhibiting to us more fully the horrors of our situation, and the utter ruin and disorder the horrors of the night had already thrown every thing into. Great part of the rigging was unrove and flying away, or worked by the strainings of the harassed vessel into a degree of laxity which left the masts in a very critical state. All these and many other things were immediately looked to and botched up in the best manner circumstances would admit of; and thus having done every thing we could think of for easing the vessel, she was hoisted, and left to be carried along at the mercy of the furious winds, whilst all hands went below, except the officer of the watch, the quarter-master, and the man at the wheel.

If, however, the deck was uncomfortable and appalling, the lower-deck

was not one whit better. The chests, the wash-tubs, the clothes-bags, the mess-gear, every thing in short had broken loose, and were in one mass of inextricable confusion; rolling hither and thither as the vessel reeled, to the imminent danger of every luckless mortal that came in contact with them. As to the water we shipped at every second, and which came rushing in torrents down the hatchways, we contrived to give it a speedy passage into the hold by lifting the hatches of the deck; still every thing was uncomfortable, every thing wet, and to get a fire lighted impossible. There remained nothing for us but our hammocks where we could rest our weary bones; as to them not a few of us instantly repaired, wet and filthy as we stood. For my own part, worn out with fatigue as I was, I yet threw off my boots and upper garments, and after wringing the water out of them and hanging them to the clue of my hammock, I leaped in, and had not lain many minutes before I was sound asleep. How long this lasted I never could learn; but I was suddenly awakened to horrors such as I can never forget; it was a tremendous crash, a rushing of waters, and the desperate shrieks of perishing human nature! Shipping on my boots and trousers, I rushed on deck half suffocated with the waters which poured down the hatchway, and there beheld a scene of the most appalling description; the greater part of the starboard quarter bulwark, the wheel, and binnacle, had been swept overboard! The unfortunate vessel, at this moment, was actually lying on her beam-ends, seemingly smote thus down on her knees by the amazing force of the overwhelming blow!—However, she soon righted, and by setting the close-reefed main-topsail, she seemed more able to bear up against the turbulent waters.

When we had time to make the necessary inquiries, a story of the most pitiable description was elucidated. It appeared from the account of the lad at the wheel, whose life had been preserved almost by a miracle, that after all hands had gone below, the captain had come on deck, and having insisted on giving Lieutenant Teasum a spell, had prevailed on that officer to go below. Pale and melancholy as he had all along been

during the cruise, the poor fellow, from imagination, no doubt, thought him doubly so that day, and swore most vehemently that his eye was wild, that he spoke to himself, and in short appeared to him as something unearthly, and not belonging to this world. As was his usual custom, he passed the time in marching backwards and forwards on the little spot of the weather quarter-deck, which was least exposed to the spray she was continually shipping, more or less. How the parties were situated at the moment of the disaster, the fellow could not describe. He recollected of the Captain and honest Sandy Cameron being, however, in earnest conversation at the unfortunate spot where the bulwark gave way; but he remembered no more. He heard the horrible crash when the sea struck her, and was overwhelmed in an instant! How he was saved he could not account for; but found himself locked in the main-rigging when the waters retired, when he disengaged himself, and clung to the weather belaying rack.

Thus perished my brave, my unfortunate, and I believe my heart-broken Captain, the gallant, and generous, and honest Ralph Manly! Peace be to his ashes!—his memory will live within the core of my heart while life endures!

Gentle reader, my yarn is at last spun out. It would be almost useless to inform thee, that if you thought the ridiculous and superstitious strongly interwoven in the stubborn and thorough engrafted prejudices of that prophet of evil, Richard Mather, you are yet to learn that Richard is only one of many thousands who inherit and cherish the self-same opinions. Sailing on a Friday, therefore, is on every account to be from henceforth avoided; and if people will mourn for the loved and the departed, let it be internally, and from the heart; for the trappings of the grave, interesting to the thoughtful even on shore, are disagreeable and highly ominous at sea.

S.

## CANZONETTE.

Meet me in the moonlight,  
Meet me in the dell;  
If the stars behold us,  
Will they ever tell?—  
Though the moon be bright, love!  
Never heed the skies;  
Need we gaze at heaven—  
Are there not your eyes?

Let the gentle breezes  
Whisper as they fly,  
Still they cannot echo  
All that we may sigh.  
Who shall ever listen,  
Who shall ever tell,  
We were, in the moonlight,  
Kissing in the dell?

P. S.



A WORD OR TWO ABOUT AN IRISH BOOK, OVER OUR GLASS  
OF WHISKY PUNCH.

Hut—tut—Claret!—no more Claret to-night, if you please. Bring the whisky—some of the real stuff—our friend Bastable's best, and no humbug. Let the water be red hot; and for the rest, why we'll e'en take our chance.

Now that's a fair-sized tumbler enough, and four-and-twenty may satisfy any moderate man, provided he has good company or a pleasant book—no manufactured trash—"no Colburn!"

By my word this is most excellent. Let us have something genuine as this whisky; and as it is Irish, suppose, for acquaintance' sake, we try an Irish book, which Mr. Oliver Yorke has conscientiously taken upon himself to commend to our notice.

O Ireland, island of song and sorrow!—Here are two neat little volumes, done up in green binding—the national colour—about thy unhappy and starving millions\*—thy once persecuted and ever hard-drinking people. Here are accounts of weddings, wakes, and faction fights, funerals and abductions. This is very small print—it will be hard reading after our seventeenth—why there's matter enough for three, ay, four volumes, if properly leaded out; it is plain enough to be seen that Curry was not educated in the New Burlington Street school.

We have chosen our subject out of friendship for our liquor, and we are almost sorry for having done so. Irish writers were the most absurd race of creatures possible:—those of the last century lived and moved, and had their being, in a world of their own creation:—O'Halloran, O'Flaherty, O'Gorman, O'Connor, and other worthy Milesians, with the English Valancey, were at once the most ignorant, the most impudent, and consequently the most conceited literary quacks that ever took pen in hand; and their dulness is insufferable. They wrote about what they had no notion of, and ran through dialects and derivations, and into absurdities and botherations

about Pagans and Paganism, to produce a conglomeration of glory for that variously termed island—the Phœnician *Iber-nac*,—the *Thule* of that Egyptian gentleman, Pytheas—the Sir Edward Parry of his day, who set out one fine summer's morning from Marseilles, to look after icebergs,—the *Hiere*, or *Eri*, of Camden, a decent sort of man enough for an antiquary, who chuckled prodigiously at his conjecture thereupon; and so he might have done, were it not for one O'Brien, a lexicographer and Catholic priest, who called himself bishop of Cloyne, and Camden's derivation absurd,—the *Hibernia* and "*glaciulis Ierne*" of the Romans,—the—

We must take breath; and now that we have done so, our wonder is, that such reflections should have proceeded from our glass. It stood too long before us, we suppose, with the same quantity of whisky and water, and consequently our ideas became refracted like the spoon in our tumbler.

The Irish writers of the present century have had minds of a healthier order—the enchanted knights of the red branch, and the magic hall of Tara, vanished as dew before the sun, and the prismatic forms of such "airy nothings" were completely exhaled in the fiery lays of Moore, when he fancied he thereby might swell himself up and look a *little* taller, "remembering days of old," and singing about "harps that once." By the way of episode—Moore's Irish Melodies will live to be sung, and to be read; but as for any one Irish feeling which they possess, beyond the tunes, and even these are "done up for the drawing-room," we who love Irish whisky, and consequently the country which produces it—we, in the name of the renowned Saint Patrick, the destroyer of serpents, and antagonist of toads, demand of all admirers of the aforesaid Irish Melodies by Thomas Moore, where and in what, beyond the Melodies to which the

\* Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry, with Etchings by W. H. Brooke, Esq. Dublin. Curry and Co.

lyrist has wedded his words, consists the nationality? Always excepting the publisher, honest James Power, who may be daily seen in the Strand—

“All the way from *Gal-a-way*  
Early in the morning.”

Moore's nationality as a writer, therefore, being as debatable as Lady Morgan's absurdities are unquestionable, we go on to the genuine Miss Edgeworth—the classically-Irish Maria Edgeworth—who stands alone. Between the novels of Griffin, and Baum, and Crowe, we are inclined to enter into no comparisons. To our mind they have all peculiar excellences, and peculiar faults—Griffin is sometimes tedious and unconnected—Baum is sometimes offensively vulgar—and Crowe is sometimes too refined and metaphysical. They are clever fellows notwithstanding, and might do better, could they but emancipate themselves from the circulating-library mill of Colburn.

“Would you write for Henry Colburn,  
You must make volumes three;  
Though your manners smell of Holborn,  
Yet high-life there must be.”

The reverse is the case with William Curry, jun. and Co., of Upper Sackville Street, in the city of Dublin, and the proof is before us in the two little green-coated volumes of *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. We open them by chance, and have come upon the abduction of Mat Kavanagh, the hedge-school-master.

The village of Findramore, it appears, was without a schoolmaster; one of these worthies having been hanged for *only* being concerned in burning the house of an agent; and his successor, a lame young man, named Garraghty, the son of a widow, having, it was maliciously reported, died of poverty.

“Garraghty had been attentive to his little pupils, and his instructions were sufficient to give them a relish for education; a circumstance which did not escape the observation of their parents, who duly appreciated it. His death, however, deprived them of this advantage; and as schoolmasters under the old system were always at a premium, it so happened that, for three years afterwards, none of that class presented himself to their acceptance. Many a trial had been made, and many a sly offer held out as a lure to the neighbouring teachers, but they did not take;

for although the country was densely inhabited, yet it was remarked that no schoolmaster ever ‘*thru*’ in the neighbourhood of Findramore. The place, in fact, had got a bad name.”

The villagers, however, determined to have their children educated, and as fair words, and an advertisement placarded against the chapel-door, could not induce a teacher to settle among them, it was agreed, at a meeting held one Saturday evening in Barney Brady's sheebien house, to carry off Mat Kavanagh, the master of a school distant eighteen miles from Findramore.

Although the instruction of the rising generation was a powerful stimulant towards the abduction of a schoolmaster, it must not entirely be forgotten that there were other motives—not mentionable in broad daylight; of these, the principal was the necessity which existed for a secretary to the secret association of Findramore, variously termed Peep-of-day Boys, White Boys, and Rockites, whose literary productions were extensively circulated through the country, in the shape of notices to quit certain lands by a certain time, orders against employing proscribed persons, and friendly intimations that, unless these mandates were immediately complied with, all the horrors of fire and sword would follow. A schoolmaster was therefore required who could officiate in a double capacity, as distinet, and not quite as harmless as  
“A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.”

Kavanagh, who, like ourselves, was never the man to gainsay a glass of whisky, was, with some difficulty, made drunk by the party despatched for the purpose, first of bringing him to Findramore, and afterwards of asking his consent to remain there. He was then put into a sack, and tied on a horse, “free from all earthly care.”

“Now, boys,” said Dolan, “let us do the thing clane an’ darent. Let you Jem Cogan, Brian Murphy, Paddy Delany, and Andy Connell, go back and tell the wife and two childher a cock-and-a-bull story about Mat; say that he is coming to Findramore for good and all, an’ that ‘ill be truth, you know; and that he ordered yees to bring her and them after him; and we can come back for the furniture to-morrow.”

Kavanagh arrived at his journey's end without the slightest gleam of consciousness having broken in upon his mind. He was unsacked and deposited in a settle-bed at a farmer's house, where he remained in an oblivious trance until breakfast time on the next morning.

"In the mean time, the wife and children were taken care of by Mrs. Connell, who provided them with a bed, and every other comfort which they could require. The next morning, when Mat awoke, his first call was for a drink.

"'Wather!' said Mat, 'a drink of wather—if it's to be had for love or money—or I'll split wid druth. I'm all in a state of conflagration, and my head—by the sowl of Newton, the inventor of fluxions—but my head is a complete illucidation of the centrifuge motion, so it is. Tundher an' turf, is there no wather to be had? Nancy, I say, for God's sake, quicken yourself wid the hydraulics, or the best mathematician in Ireland's gone to the abode of Euclid and Pythagoras, that first invented the multiplication table.'

"On cooling his burning blood with the 'hydraulics,' he again lay down, with an intention of composing himself for another sleep; but his eye noticed the novelty of his situation: he once more called Nancy.

"'Nancy, avourneen,' he inquired, 'will you be afther resolving me one single proposition? Where am I at the present spaking? Is it in the *simi-nary* at home, Nancy?'

"Nancy, in the mean time, had been desired to answer in the affirmative, hoping that if his mind was a little easy on that point, he might refresh himself by another hour or two's sleep, as he appeared to be not at all free from the effects of his previous intoxication.

"'Well, Mat, jewel, where else would you be, a lannah, but at home? Sure isn't here Jack, and Biddy, an' myself, Mat, agra, along wid me? Your head is'n't well, but all you want is a good rousin' sleep.'

"'Very well, Nancy, very well, that's enough—quite satisfactory—*quod erat demonstrandum*. May all kinds of bad luck rest upur the Findramore boys, any way! The unlucky vagabonds—I'm the third they've done up. Nancy, off wid ye, like quicksilver, for the priest.'

"'The priest?—why, Mat, jewel, what puts that into your head? sure there's nothing wrong wid ye, only the sup o' drink you tuck yesterday.'

"'Go, woman,' said Mat, 'did you ever know me to make a wrong calculation? I tell you I'm *non compos mentis*

from head to heel. Head! by my sowl, Nancy, it'll soon be a *caput mortuum* wid me—I'm far gone in a disease they call an optical delusion—the devil a thing less it is—me bein' in my own place, an' to think I'm lyin' in a settle-bed, that there is a large dresser covered wid pewter dishes and plates, and, to crown all, the door on the wrong side of the house. Off wid ye, an' tell his Reverence that I want to be anointed, and to die in pace and charity wid all men. May the most especial kind of bad luck light down upon you, Findramore, an' all that's in you, both man and baste—you have given me my gruel along wid the rest; but, thank God, you won't hang me, any how! Off, Nancy, for the priest, till I die like a Christian, in pace and forgiveness wid the world;—all kinds of hard fortune to them! Make haste, woman, if you expect me to die like a Christian. If they had let me alone till I'd publish to the world my Treatise on Conic Sections; but to be cut off on my march to fame! Another draught of the hydraulics, Nancy, an' then for the priest; but see bring Father Connell, the curate, for he understands something about mathew-matics; an' never heed Father Roger, for little he knows about them, not even the difference betune a right line and a curve—in the page of history to his everlastin' disgrace be it recorded.'

"'Mat,' replied Nancy, scarcely preserving her gravity, 'keep yourself from talkin', and fall asleep, then you'll be well enough.'

"'Is there e'er a sup at all in the house?' said Mat, 'if there is let me get it; for there's an old proverb, though it is a most unmathematical axiom as ever was invinted, 'try a hair of the same dog that bit you,' give me a glass, Nancy, anyhow, an' you can go for Father Connell after. Oh, by the sowl of Isaac, that invinted fluxions, what's this for?'

"A general burst of laughter followed this demand and ejaculation; and Mat sat up once more in the settle, and examined the place with keener scrutiny. Nancy herself laughed heartily; and as she handed him a full glass, entered into an explanation of the circumstances attending his translation.

"Mat, at all times of rather a pliant disposition, felt rejoiced that he was still *compos mentis*; and on hearing what took place, he could not help entering into the humour of the enterprise, at which he laughed as heartily as any of them.

"'Mat,' said the farmer, and half-a-dozen of the neighbours, 'you're a happy man; there's a hundred of the boys have a school-house half built for you this same blessed shining morning, while you're lying at ase in your bed.'

" 'By the sowl of Newton, that invinted flunxions,' replied Mat, 'but I'll take revenge for the disgrace you put upon my profession by stringing up a schoolmaster among you, and I'll hang you all! It's death to stale a four-footed animal: but what do ye deserve for stalin' a Christian baste, a two-legged schoolmaster without feathers, eighteen miles, and he not to know it?'"

The building of the school-house, which was speedily accomplished, however, overcame Mat's anger; his furniture was removed, and he soon found himself comfortably established in a small cabin, which was given to him at a low rent. Scholars crowded to his seminary for instruction, and their various traits are admirably depicted by our story-teller. Without the difficulty of substituting Dick for Dan, and *vice versa*, no one, we suppose, will recognise the characters thus exhibited among Mat's pupils. Matthew speaks:

" 'Ha! you ringlader, you; you are as bad as Dick O'Connell, that no master in the country could get any good of, in regard that he put the whole school together by the ears, wherever he'd be, though the spalpeen wouldn't stand fight himself. Hard fortune to you! to go to put such an affront upon me, an' me a professor of humanity,'" &c.

" 'Dan Shiel, you little starved-looking spalpeen, will you come up to your illocation? and a purty figure you cut at it, wid a voice like a penny trumpet, Dan! Well, what speech have you got now, Dan, ma bouchal? is it Romans, counthrymin, and lovers?'"

" 'No, shir! yarral, didn't I *spake* that speech before? 'tis wan, masther, that I'm after *pennin'* myself.'

" 'No, you didn't, you fairy; ah, Dan, little as you are, you take credit for more than ever you spoke, Dan, agra; but, faith, the same thrick will come agin you some time or other, avich! go and get that speech bitther; I see by your face you haven't it; off wid you, and get a patch upon your breeches—your little knees are through them, though 'tisn't by prayin' you've worn them, any how, you little hop-o'-my thumb, you, wid a voice like a rat in a thrap; and yet you'll be practisin' illocation; off wid you, man alive! You little spitfire, you, if you and your schoolfellow Dick had been wid the Jews whin they wanted to burn down the standin' corn of the Philistines, the devil a fox they might bother their heads about, for yees both would have carried fire-brands by the hundher for them. Spake the next

speech bitther; between you and Dick, you keep the school in perpetual agitation.'"

In rapidly turning over the leaves of a volume, it is impossible to do justice to the author. How then can we, although not by ten at least arrived at our zig-zagging tumbler, do as we ought to do towards this Irish book which has pleased us so much? Details and amusing incidents are out of the question—we will therefore ~~con-~~ on the story as best we may.

Among the neighbouring gentry who, generally actuated by motives of curiosity, visited Kavanagh's establishment, was a Squire Johnson; on the present occasion he was accompanied by an English gentleman, over whose ignorance of the schoolboy puzzles Matthew enjoyed a hearty triumph, which must have marvellously exalted the master in the eyes of his pupils.

"It appeared, however, that Squire Johnson did not visit Mat's school from mere curiosity. 'Mr. Kavanagh,' said he, 'I would be glad to have a little private conversation with you, and will thank you to walk down the road a little with this gentleman and me.'

" 'You have heard, Mr. Kavanagh,' continued Mr. Johnson, as they went along, 'of the burning of Moore's stable and horses, the night before last? The fact is, that the magistrates of the county are endeavouring to get at the incendiaries, and would render a service to any person capable, either directly or indirectly, of facilitating that object, or stumbling on a clew to the transaction.'

" 'And how could I do you a service in it, sir?' inquired Mat.

" 'Why,' replied Mr. Johnson, 'from the children. If you could sift them in an indirect way, so as, without suspicion, to ascertain the absence of a brother, or so, on that particular night, I might have it in my power to serve you, Mr. Kavanagh. There will be a large reward offered to-morrow, besides.'

" 'Oh, damn the penny of the reward ever I'd finger, even if I knew the whole conflagration,' said Mat; 'but lave the siftin' of the children wid myself, and if I can get any thing out of them, you'll hear from me; but your honour must keep a close mouth, or you might have occasion to lend me the money for my own funeral some o' these days. Good morning, gentlemen.'

"The gentlemen departed.

" 'May the most ornamental kind of hard fortune pursue you every day you rise, you deservin' villain, that would have me turn informer, bekase your bro-

ther-in-law, rackrintin' Moore's stable and horses were burnt; but I'd see you and all your breed in the flames o' hell first.' Such was Mat's soliloquy as he entered the school on his return."

This is sketched by a master hand, and admirably graphic; it is true to the manners of the country, and to those of its misguided peasantry. Were we to allow ourselves to linger here over this scene of servility and dissimulation, a thousand painful thoughts would crowd upon us—let us then proceed to the sequel:

"One day, soon after the visit of the gentlemen above named, two strange men came into Mat's establishment—rather, as Mat thought, in an uncere-  
monious manner."

"Is your name Matthew Kavanagh?" said one of them.

"That is indeed the name that's upon me," said Mat, with rather an infirm voice, whilst his face got as pale as ashes.

"Well," said the fellow, "we'll jist trouble you to walk with us a bit."

"How far, with submission, are yees goin' to bring me?" said Mat.

"Do you know Johnny Short's hotel?"

"My curse upon you, Ffindramore," exclaimed Mat, in a paroxysm of anguish, "every day you rise! but your breath's unlucky to a schoolmaster, and it's no lie what was often said, that no schoolmaster ever thruv in you, but something ill came over him."

"Don't curse the town, man alive," said the constable, "but curse your own ignorance and folly; any way, I wouldn't stand in your coat for the wealth of the three kingdoms. You'll undoubtedly swing, unless you turn king's evidence. It's about Moore's business, Misther Kavanagh."

"Damn the that I'd do, even if I knew any thing about it; but, God be praised for it, I can set them all at defiance—that I'm sure of, jintlemen—innocence is a jewel."

"But Barney Brady, that keeps the shebeen house—you know him—is of another opinion; you and some of the Ffindramore boys took a ryp in Barney's on a sartin night?"

"Ay did we, on many a night—and will agin, plase Providence—no harm in takin' a sup, any how, by the same token that maybe you and yer friend here would have a drop of the rale stuff as a thráte from me."

"I know a trick worth two of that,"

said the man. "I thank ye kindly, Mr. Kavanagh."

"One Tuesday morning, about six weeks after this event, the largest crowd ever remembered in that neighbourhood was assembled on Ffindramore hill, whereon had been erected a certain wooden machine yclept a gallows. A little after the hour of eleven o'clock, two carts were descried winding slowly down a slope on the southern side of the town and church which I have already mentioned as terminating the view along the level road north of the hill. As soon as they were observed, a low, suppressed ejaculation of horror ran through the crowd, painfully perceptible to the ear in the expression of ten thousand murmurs, all blending into one deep groan—and to the eye, by a simultaneous motion that ran through the crowd like an electric shock.

"The place of execution was surrounded by a strong detachment of military; and the carts that contained the convicts were also strongly guarded.

"As the prisoners approached the fatal spot, which was within sight of the place where the outrage had been perpetrated, the shrieks and lamentations of their relations and acquaintances were appalling indeed. Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, cousins, and all persons in the most remote degree of kindred and acquaintanceship, were present—all excited by the alternate expression of grief, and low-breathed vows of retaliation; not only relations, but all who were connected with them by the bonds of their desperate and illegal oaths. Every eye, in fact, coruscated with a wild and savage fire, that shot from under brows knit in a spirit that seemed to cry out—blood! vengeance!—blood! vengeance! The expression was truly awful; and, what rendered it more terrific, was the writhing reflection, that numbers and physical force were unavailing against a comparatively small body of armed troops. This condensed the fiery impulse of the moment into an expression of subdued rage, that really shot like livid gleams from their visages.

"At length the carts stopped under the gallows; and, after a short interval spent in devotional exercise, three of the culprits ascended the platform, who, after recommending themselves to God, and avowing their innocence—although the clearest possible evidence of guilt had been brought against them—were launched into another life, among the shrieks and groans of the multitude. The other three then ascended; two of whom either declined or had not

strength to address the assembly. The third advanced to the edge of the boards; it was Mat.

"After two or three efforts to speak, in which he was unsuccessful, from bodily weakness, he at length addressed them as follows:—

"My friends and good people; in hopes that you may be all able to demonstrate the last proposition laid down by a dying man, I undertake to address you, before I depart to that world where Euclid, De Carte, and many other larned men are gone before me. There is nothing in all philosophy more true than that, as the multiplication table says, 'two and two make four;' but it is equally veracious and worthy of credit, that, if you do not abrogate this system that you work the common rules of your proceedings by—if you don't become loyal men, and give up burnin' and murderin', the solution of it will be found on the gallows. I acknowledge myself to be guilty for not separatin' myself clane from yees; we have been all guilty, and may God forgive them that jist now departed wid a lie in their mouth.' Here he was interrupted by a volley of execrations and curses, mingled with 'stag, informer, traithor to the thrue cause!' which, for some time, compelled him to be silent. 'You may curse,' continued Mat, 'but it's too late now to abscond the truth; the *sun* of my wickedness and folly is worked out, and you see the *answer*. God forgive me, many a young crathur I enticed into the *ribbon* business, and now it's to ind in *hemp*! Obey the law, or if you don't, you'll find it a *lex talionis*—the construction of which is, that if a man burns or murders, he won't miss hanging; take warning by me—by us all; for, although I take God to witness that I was not at the perpetration of the crime that I am to be suspended for, yet I often connived, when I might have superseded the carrying of such intintions into effectuality. I die in peace wid all the world, save an' except the Findramore people, whom may the maledictionary execration of a dying man follow into eternal infinity! My manuscript of conic sections——' Here an extraordinary buzz commenced among the crowd, which rose gradually into a shout of wild astounding exultation. The sheriff followed the eyes of the multitude, and perceived a horseman dashing with breathless fury up towards the scene of execution. He arrived, and brought a full pardon for Mat, and a commutation of sentence to transportation for life for the other two. What became of Mat I know not, but in Findramore he never dared to appear, as certain death would have been the con-

sequence of his not dying *game*. With respect to Barney Brady, who kept the shebeen, and was the principal evidence against those who were concerned in this outrage, he was compelled to enact an *ex tempore* death, in less than a month afterwards; having been found dead, with a slip of paper in his mouth, inscribed—'*This is the fate of all informers!*'"

Truly lamentable is it, that there should be such a state of society. Ireland is a fine country, and has prodigious natural advantages; but to what purpose have those capabilities been applied? None; the curse of the Church of Rome is upon her, and the dark cloud of superstition hangs over her as an incubus, which prevents her rising among nations. Education, rational and moral education, will alone dispel the mental gloom of the Irish peasantry. In the above scene there is full illustration of our assertion. The danger, to an ignorant mind, of the doctrine of absolution from a fellow-creature, is established by the guilty wretches who make their exit from this life, and enter upon another and a fearful state of existence, uttering that with their lips which their hearts know to be untruth. In Ireland, not one criminal in ten, although convicted upon the clearest and most unquestionable evidence, acknowledges his guilt. On the contrary, nine out of ten repeat un-called-for declarations of their innocence, even at the fatal tree, and in the full conviction that such protestations can avail them nothing. And to what is this to be ascribed, but to the absolution given by the priest! Where the horror and misery of crime can be so easily effaced from the conscience, it is not to be wondered at that the commission should be frequent. It is, we repeat, the doctrines of the Romish Church that debase and depress the national character of Ireland. Removed from the power of priestcraft—(we do not mean thereby out of the way of religious instruction—far from us be such a wish)—but mentally emancipated, Irishmen are different beings; and if your political economists would but propose hanging for half an hour a certain class of divines, we stake our reputation upon it, that the experiment would do more for the advancement of Ireland than all that has been said or written on the subject.

But your political economists have ever and always been fools—asses of the first water.—Let us replenish our tumbler, and we'll prove it satisfactorily in a moment.—They talk about the demand creating the supply—we deny the fact, and appeal to our whisky bottle for proof. Alas! the whisky itself was once above proof—now, it sufficiently proves the kind of stuff these fellows assert. Would that any such crack-brained folk had the decency to convince us to the contrary, by sending a

small jar, containing ten or a dozen gallons, marked “confidential,” and addressed to the care of Mr. Fraser, 215, Regent Street, for our private use. Then might we listen with some degree of attention to their assertions; but there's no decency in them; and our draughts must remain unhonoured, should we not apply for assistance to Cork. We really must broach the other bottle—*Po—o—op!* oh, how melodious is thy song, thou namesake of Munster's glorious city! where—

“Take the road to Glanmire—the road to Blackrock, or  
The sweet Boreenmanna, to charm your eyes!  
If you'll do what is wise, take a dram of Tom Walker;  
Or if you're a Walker, toss off Tommy Wise.”

*Nine—ten—eleven*—yes, that's eleven; we have just a quarter of an hour more to discuss this tumbler, for we like early hours and sober habits. Therefore, suppose we also discuss the bone of contention between two clans or factions, and let a hedge school-master relate the matter in his own way, as we doubt much if we could amend his style. Proceed, sir, if you please.

“The bone of contention that got between them and our faction was this circumstance: their lands and ours were divided by a river that ran down from the high mountains of Sheve Boglish, and, after a course of eight or ten miles, disembugued itself, first into George Duffy's mill-dam, and afterwards into that superb stream, the Blackwater, that might be well and appropriately appellationed ‘the Irish Niger.’ This river, which, though small at times, occasionally inflated itself to such gigantic altitude that it swept away cows, corn, and cottages, or whatever else happened to be in its way, *was* the march-ditch, or *merin* between our farms. Perhaps it is worth while remarking, as a solution for natural philosophers, that these inundations were much more frequent in winter than in summer, though when they did occur in summer, they were truly terrific. God be with the days when I and half a dozen gorsoons used to go out of a warm Sunday in summer; the bed of the river nothing but a line of white meandering stones, so hot that you could hardly stand upon them, with a small obscure thread of water creeping invisibly among them, hiding itself, as it were, from the scorching sun; except here and there that you might find a small pool where the streams had accumulated.

“Our plan was to bring a pocketful

of roche lime with us, and put it into the pool, when all the fish used to rise on the instant to the surface, gasping with open mouths for fresh air, and we'd only to lift them out of the water—a nate plan, which perhaps might be adopted successfully on a more extensive scale by the Irish fisheries.

“Indeed, I almost regret that I did not remain in that station of life, for I was much happier then than ever I was since I began to study and practise lawning. But this is vagating from the subject.

“Well, then, I have said that them O'Hallaghans lived beside us, and that this stream divided our lands. About half a quarter, *i. e.* to accommodate myself to the vulgar phraseology, or, to speak more scientifically, one eighth of a mile from our house, was as purty a hazel glen as you'd wish to see—near half a mile long—its developments and proportions were truly classical.

“In the bottom of this glen was a small green island, about twelve yards, diametrically, of Irish admeasurement, that is to say, be the same more or less; at all events, it lay in the way of the river, which, however, ran towards the O'Hallaghans' side, and, consequently, the island was our property. Now, you'll observe, that this river had been for ages the merin between the two farms, for they both belonged to separate landlords, and, so long as it kept the O'Hallaghan side of the little peninsula in question, there could be no dispute about it, for all was clear. One wet winter, however, it seemed to change its mind upon the subject, for, assuredly, it wrought and wore away a passage for itself on our side of the island, and by that means took part, as it were, with the O'Hallaghans, leaving the territory which had been our property for centuries, in their possession. This was a

vexatious change to us, and, indeed, eventually produced very feudal consequences. No sooner had the stream changed sides than the O'Hallaghans claimed the island as theirs, according to their tenement, and we, having had it for such length of time in our possession, could not break ourselves of the habitude of occupying it. They incarcerated our cattle, and we incarcerated theirs. They summoned us to their landlord, who was a magistrate, and we summoned them to ours, who was another.

“ Their verdicts were north and south, their landlord gave it in favour of them, and ours in favour of us. The one said he had law on his side, the other that he had prescription and possession, length of time and usage. The two squires then fought a challenge upon the head of it, and, what was more singular, upon the disputed spot itself; the one standing on their side, the other on ours; for it was just *twelve paces* every way. Their friend was a small, light man, with legs like drumsticks; the other was a large, able-bodied gentleman, with a red face and a hooked nose. They exchanged shots, one only of which—the second—took effect. It pastured upon their landlord's spindle leg; on which he held it out, exclaiming, that while he lived he'd never fight another challenge with his antagonist, ‘because,’ said he, ‘the man who could hit *that* could hit any thing.’

“ We then were advised by an attorney to go to law with them, and they were advised by another attorney to go to law with us; accordingly we did so, and in the course of eight or nine years it might have been decided; but just as the legal term approximated in which the decision was to be announced, the river divided itself with mathematical exactitude on each side of the island. This altered the state and law of the question *in totum*; but, in the mean time, both we and the O'Hallaghans were nearly fractured by the expenses. Now, during the lawsuit, we usually houghed and mutilated each other's cattle, according as they trespassed the premises. This brought on the usual concomitants of various battles, fought and won on both sides, and occasioned the lawsuit to be dropped; for we found it a mighty inconvenient matter to fight it out both ways; by the same token that I think it a great proof of stultity to go to law at all at all, as long as a person is able to take it into his own management. For the only incongruity of the matter is *this*—that in the one case a set of lawyers have the law in *their* hands, and, in the other, that you have it in *your own*—that's the only difference, and it is easy knowing where

the advantage lies. We, however, paid the most of the expenses, and would have *ped* them all with the greatest integrity, were it not that our attorney, when about to issue an execution against our property, happened to be shot one evening as he returned home from a dinner which was given by him that was attorney for the O'Hallaghans. Many a boast the O'Hallaghans made, before the quarrelling between us and them commenced, that they'd sweep the streets with them fighting O'Hallaghans, which was an epithet that was occasionally applied to our family. We differed, however, materially from them; for we were honourable, never starting out in dozens on a single man or two, and beating him into insignificance.

“ A couple, or, maybe, when irritated, three, were the most we ever set at a single enemy; and if we left him lying in a state of imperception, it was the most we ever did, except in a regular conflict, when a man is justified in saving his own skull by breaking one of an opposite faction. For the truth of the business is, that he who breaks the first skull or the first bone is safest; and surely, when a man is driven to such an alternative, the choice is unhesitating. O'Hallaghan's attorney, however, had better luck; they were, it is true, rather in the retrograde with him, and of course it was only candid in him to look for his own.

“ One morning he found that two of his horses had been executed, by some incendiary unknown, in the course of the night; and on going to look at them, he found a taste of a notice posted on the inside of the stable-door, giving him intelligence, that if he did not find a *horpus corpus* whereby to transfer his body out of the country, he'd experience a fate parallel to that of his brother-lawyer. And, undoubtedly, if honest people never perpetrated worse than banishing such varnum, along with proctors and drivers of all kinds, out of a civilised country, they would not be so very culpable or atrocious. After this the lawyer went to reside in Dublin, and the only bodily injury he sustained was the death of a land-agent and a bailiff, who lost their lives faithfully in driving for rent. They died, however, successfully; the bailiff having been provided for nearly a year before the agent was sent to give an account of his stewardship—as the authorised version has it.”

Halt—our tumbler is finished—our hour has come—and so, good night, reader!



## CORINNA AND HER PUPIL.

I HAVE often thought that a very delightful book might be made from poems written to illustrate the more beautiful fragments of antiquity. I remember to have seen a very exquisite engraving of two heads, supposed to be Corinna and her infant pupil Pindar, in an Italian collection, but the name I do not at this moment recollect. This, indeed, is a subject every way fit for adaptation to poetry. I have chosen the period when Corinna, having obtained the crown of poetry, retires a short distance from the admiring throng of spectators:—

She stood by a tree that bent  
O'er an old and mossy stone :  
On her laurel'd lyre her arm she leant—  
And she stood not there alone.

Breathless and still a radiant boy  
Had near'd that holy place ;  
And his incense breath, like a hymn of joy,  
Came wafted to her face.

She shook her sun-lit tresses back,  
She wreathed the olive in each curl ;  
The shout of the thousands roll'd in her track,  
Lo ! for the Grecian girl !

She took the boy's small lily hand,  
Throwing his locks aside,  
While she bound in his hair one leaf of the band,  
Her olive crown of pride.

A shout arose, the child look'd up  
And gaz'd on the glorious throng ;  
And his heart was full, like an odour-cup,  
And his breast was full of song.

The gath'ring shout hath pass'd away,  
The spirit in vain hath sought  
The garlanded girl of that hallow'd day—  
But where is the boy she taught ? —

Thou of the cittern, arise and tell  
In what glad home of the earth thou art ;  
Child of Corinna ! we know thee well,  
Thy home is in our heart !

THE HARROVIAN.

no consideration whatever. We must not starve, and it is our duty not to surrender; therefore, even in spite of my wound, I will go to the commandant, and prove to him the necessity of undertaking what you suggest." This he said with great earnestness and warmth.

"Be you still, and I will try him again," said Noah; and so saying, he quitted the hut, and hastened to the governor, whom he found at his door, sitting on the stump of a tree, disconsolately reading an old religious book; on seeing who was approaching, he hastily closed the book, and said, "Noah, I have been considering that it would be better to collect the inhabitants after the provisions are done, and make a sally on the enemy."

"It is something to that effect I am come to advise; but before allowing our affairs to reach such an extremity, would it not be better to send out thirty or forty men (I will head them myself) to some of the neighbouring settlements for provisions." The governor, who had hastily expressed himself, was taken by surprise at this new reasonable proposition, and scarcely knowing wherefore, felt himself unreasonably angry; but Noah, without seeming to notice his passion, added, "there are but three days' provisions remaining, and it is full time the inhabitants of the village were consulted." In a voice rendered only half audible by passion, the governor returned—"What! am I to be dictated to?" Noah made no other answer, but bowed to the governor, and walked away: he hastened, however, to his friend's bed-side, and related his disappointment.

"Well," said Amidab, thoughtfully, "we must inform the inhabitants."

To this Noah replied—

"The person whom government has appointed we are bound to obey, and therefore I beg you to lay this thought of appealing to the settlers aside."

"But government never intended that we should rashly sacrifice our lives to this man's folly—it cannot be—it is impossible, and I, for one, will not do so."

"I am sorry," said his friend, "very sorry, to find the seeds of rebellion so easily quickened."

Amidab was about to speak, when Noah exclaimed—

"Hush! hush! what noise is that? Perhaps the enemy have made another attack." They listened. "Yes—there it is again; it is their rifles." Here they were stopped by terrible shouts, accompanied by cries. Again there was a pause; but it was quickly broken by louder shouts and cries. Amidab turned to speak to Noah; he was gone: he, however, managed to get his rifle, and to drag himself to a small window or loop-hole, where he saw his friend engaged with a gigantic Indian, who would, however, have been overcome had not two more rushed to his assistance. A shot from a rifle killed one of them, who was in the act of brandishing his tomahawk in the one hand, and his scalping-knife in the other, over his intended victim. The shot came so truly to his heart that he instantly dropped dead. Noah, now seeing one of his foes fallen, attacked the other two, one of whom he felled with a blow of his axe; the other turned to fly, but he was stopped by another deadly messenger from the window of the hut, which took him in the back, and he fell, face forwards, on the ground, where he never moved again. Not staying to look at his dead foes, Noah rushed into the midst of the battle, and was about to be mowed down by an Indian, when he was saved by another shot, at the moment when his finger was at the trigger. The origin of this attack was somewhat remarkable. One of the sentinels had deserted; the French, seeing the post undefended, marched directly to the place, and began to clamber over the trees, when one of their muskets went off and alarmed the garrison; but not before some of the most active of the Indians had got over the rampart, uttering their tremendous war-whoop. The settlers, thus surprised, were at first driven back, but soon rallying, repulsed their assailants with great bravery—pouring an effectual volley upon them as they retreated. In this affair the governor was killed; and the whole of the settlers, with one voice, elected Noah to be their commander on the spot. His bravery, his coolness, and presence of mind, well deserved the honour; for no sooner was order restored, and the enemy beyond the

range of the rifles, than Noah resolved to carry into effect the suggestion he had offered to the governor, to procure, if possible, a supply of provisions. A party of the best marksmen in the settlement were accordingly chosen for the sally, and, to stimulate their ardour, he manfully pointed out to them the danger of their enterprise, and dwelt on the necessity that required it. His men expressed their approbation of his sentiments with shouts of applause; and, as soon as it was dark, the expedition set out, followed by the prayers and good wishes of all their friends.

The night, which had as yet been calm, was suddenly overcast, so that it was impossible to see many yards before them. They were instantly ordered to proceed crouching, as by that means they might approach without attracting attention; and the slight noise they made was completely drowned by the bursting of the wind in the leaves of the forest. After they had proceeded a short distance in this manner, and were nearly abreast of the enemy's camp, a sudden flash of vivid lightning shewed them filing off under the trees. Noah instantly thought they might have been seen if any one had been on the look out, and told his comrades to hurry on, as he expected they would be pursued immediately. As he surmised, they had been discovered by the lightning.

Noah, in the meantime, made a rapid circuit round the camp in the woods, leaving their enemies far behind them, (they having mistaken their route;) and then suddenly rushing out on the

camp, fired it in all directions, and either slew or made prisoners the remainder of its defendants, the rest having gone with the commander to attempt to storm the fort. The party that had pursued them were now wending their toilsome way back, having lost all traces of them, but were thrown into confusion by a discharge from hidden assailants, which killed nearly half of them; and before they had time to recover themselves, they were attacked on all sides by a band of Indians, headed by the well-known Cherokee, and were soon deprived of their scalps.

Little more remains to be said. The French commander not finding the fort so unprepared as he expected, and having some regard for the safety of his men, sounded a retreat. But upon turning to go, judge of his horror and amazement at seeing a bright flame ascending from the direction of his camp; and upon approaching nearer, he distinguished the shouts of the victors and shrieks of the conquered. By this time the remainder of the men in the fort, viewing the conflagration, rushed out in pursuit of the French, who were now hemmed in on all sides, and not having any chance of escape, surrendered at discretion; being deprived of their arms, they were permitted to depart in safety, upon promising not to fight again during the war, which was soon after this happily ended. Cherokee became the ally of the English, and in the course of time the village rose to be the town of Lexington.

## WILKINSON ON HIEROGLYPHICS.\*

SINCE the death of the late Dr. Young, the study of hieroglyphics has made but small progress in this country. For its subsequent advancement in France we are much indebted to M. Champollion, who, by following the theory of Young, has been enabled to unravel some part of the mystery in which the hieroglyphic monuments of Egypt have been involved: and although it cannot be expected that so intricate a subject should be clearly developed in a short time, yet we have sincere pleasure in finding that extensive progress has already been made. Notwithstanding the subject seemed to have been abandoned in England, still some of our countrymen were silently pursuing this study in the country whose temples are covered with inscriptions, which till lately have baffled the conjecture of the traveller, and the erudition of the antiquary. When we reflect on the changes and events which have tended to extinguish all knowledge of the early Egyptian literature, we cannot refrain from expressing the satisfaction which has been afforded us by the unwearied application and perseverance of the few persons, who, undeterred by difficulties, and regardless of the sarcasms of scepticism, have at length brought their labours to a successful issue. No nation has left more stupendous monuments than the ancient Egyptians, which have stood for thousands of centuries, and still remain an index of the power and intelligence of a great people, the details of whose history the hand of time and man have both contributed to destroy. The sculptures which ornament their temples point out the victories they gained, and the paintings in their tombs prove the extent of their dominions, by representing the several nations which are bringing tributes to their monarchs. The national character of the individuals is too clearly depicted to admit of doubt: the characteristic features which distinguish the negro and other swarthy inhabitants of Africa from the light-haired and fair-complexioned natives of more northern regions, are re-

presented with astonishing accuracy, and as strongly confirm the extent of the conquest of the Egyptians, as the paintings themselves verify their progress in art.

Thus much remained of their painting and sculpture; but the explanatory part, excepting the hieroglyphics, was lost. The books of the Egyptian priests, treating on theology and history, were at different intervals destroyed by the orders of Artaxerxes Ochus and Alexander Severus, and their works on chemistry were also suppressed by Dioclesian. The library of Alexandria, which might be styled the treasure-house of Eastern knowledge, was half destroyed by the fire from Caesar's galleys, and its utter annihilation finally accomplished by the Caliph Omar, who ordered the books and manuscripts to be used as fuel for the baths of the city.

We cannot forbear calling to our readers' recollection the Mussulman-like sentiment which was expressed in the order for this barbarian act. "If," said Omar, "they contradict the Koran, let them be destroyed; if they confirm its doctrine, we do not require them." The votaries of science, however, may be satisfied with his punishment: he fell, assassinated by a slave; and the nation professing that faith which prompted him to the commission of the deed, by their rejection of knowledge, are in a fair way of becoming slaves themselves. Thus did every successive revolution in this land tend to the annihilation of its records, to involve its people in ignorance, and to render more and more difficult the task of deciphering those inscriptions which were the only written records of the aboriginal inhabitants.

It was a generally received opinion among the ancients, that hieroglyphics were invented by the priests of Egypt to hide the mysteries of their theology and philosophy. That they used them for the advancement of those objects is unquestionable; but there is no reason to suppose that hieroglyphics were employed to con-

real the events they were intended to record, or the prayers or offerings of which they were the testimonials. It is not likely that a sovereign who felt a desire to dazzle the people, and to convey his name to posterity, should employ a means of recording his exploits which none excepting the priests could understand; nor would these latter cover their temples with incomprehensible inscriptions in praise of munificent donations as a lure to others, who, if ignorant of their meaning, could not be tempted by their flattery. The fact was, that they had no other means of recording events, the memory of which they wished to preserve.

That hieroglyphics were originally invented by the Egyptians, is a point which can never be decided till the relative civilisation of the world is known; they have been used as a means of conveying to other persons correct notions of objects and ideas, not only by the Egyptians, but also by the Chinese and the South Americans; they are the natural indications, the first signs, that mark the dawn and progress of civilisation, from the notched calendar of a peasant to the paintings of a Raphael. The Americans did not carry their knowledge to such a pitch as the Chinese, nor did the Chinese advance so far as the Egyptians, who reached the highest point of intellectual superiority ever obtained by any ancient nation. This was the result of their discovery of the *phonetic*, or, to speak more plainly, the alphabetic system of hieroglyphics. It was one of those inventions which, like the art of printing, facilitated the diffusion of knowledge, and its consequent effects were the increase of national prosperity and power.

Hieroglyphics in their origin exhibited as nearly as possible an exact representation of the objects described, and by an easy and gradual transition, as a means of shortening labour, in the course of time became fixed and arbitrary marks, still retaining the same meaning and import as the original figure, and this was the origin of the style termed *figurative*.

The next step of improvement was the *symbolic*; and this was rendered necessary to express the passions, the ideas, or attributes of man, and the qualities of things; thus, force would

be indicated by a lion, industry by a bee, speed by wings, &c. This metaphorical mode of conveying information is and always has been a distinguishing feature in the style of oriental literature. It often happened, however, that the expression of some ideas could not be rendered by the representation of an object: by way of example, let us endeavour to represent manhood,—the delineation of a man would give the idea of one, but at the same time would not convey a correct notion of age; to do this, another symbol would be required, and the representation of a hood in conjunction gives the word, and thus syllables were first formed from symbols. The effect of this system, however, is only to multiply the number of characters, and render the attainment of a language thus written exceedingly difficult, since the characters, by seldom recurring, are with difficulty retained in the memory.

It is about this stage of writing that the Chinese have stopped; and never having been fortunate enough to discover the alphabet, like the Egyptians, the attainment of their written language became even to themselves a matter of great difficulty; and as the transmission of the knowledge and experience of their predecessors was thereby a work of time, their progress in improvement was necessarily slow.

When it is considered that this language has the enormous number of twenty-four thousand different characteristic signs, all of which the student has to bear in memory, it will be seen that the youth and vigour of his intellect is exhausted in obtaining even the means of information. There is, however, according to Du Halde, one advantage attending this style of writing, from its figurative and symbolic construction; namely, that the inhabitants of Cochin China, Tonquin, and Japan, though speaking different languages, are in the habit of using the same books, which they all understand, the signs being conventional.

The precise date of the discovery of the phonetic system by the Egyptians is not known, though it is supposed that the inventor of it was named Thoth or Thouth, who was deified under that name, and occupies in one of his characters in the Egyptian Pantheon, the same station as Mercury held among the Greeks.

This is the third and most improved style of writing which the Egyptians adopted, and by so doing prevented that excessive increase of characters by which, as we have already shewn, the study of writing was rendered so perplexing.

The method pursued was by selecting an object which nearly represented the sound required, or the initial sound of which formed part of the word to be written; thus the figure of a bee would stand for the letter. We have, indeed, an every day exemplification of this by the manner in which a child learns the alphabet; A, standing for apple, has a pictorial representation of it given which impresses it on the mind, a bee for B, a cat for C, &c. &c.; and thus proceeding throughout the alphabet, the signs once having become conventional, the system is complete.

The Egyptians in making this discovery did not discard their former practice of employing figurative and symbolic signs; these were still in a great measure retained, while the phonetic were used to make up the deficiency, and it was only by degrees that the new system gained upon the old; but it did eventually so far come into general use, in the time of the Greek and Roman dominion, as almost entirely to supersede the others; so much so, that all the names of the Ptolemies and Roman emperors are entirely phonetic.

The vast increase of hieroglyphics may be attributed in some measure to the general use of the Greek literature of this period, that led to the more frequent introduction of vowels, which, in the earlier inscriptions, are almost entirely left out.

If we refer to our books printed two or three centuries back, the different style of spelling and expression which are there used, will at once shew what great changes have been made in the orthography and pronunciation of our own language, in, comparatively speaking, a short space of time; if then, with all the advantages of our printing, such variations have taken place, what must have been the changes in the Egyptian manner of pronouncing their words during the space of between two and three thousand years, in a country in which two, the Theban and Memphitic, if not three dialects, were spoken? It is this circumstance which has tended to obscure the meaning of the phonetic

hieroglyphics, though the figurative and symbolic have not suffered from the same cause, the forms of objects and the sensations of the mind not being subject to alteration. This is one of the reasons why a variety of phonetic signs has been employed to signify the same letter by different towns, in inscriptions of earlier and later dates. In the names of the gods this observation does not apply so strongly as in many other instances; the name of Amon is hardly ever found changed, and the same may be said of most of the others.

The system of hieroglyphics may be thus divided into three parts—namely, the figurative, the symbolic, and the phonetic: in the first the object is imitated, in the second the idea is symbolised, and in the third the sound is expressed. Hieroglyphics are variously written; sometimes from right to left, and at others from left to right; as a general rule it may be observed, they are to be read toward their faces.

The Egyptians had also three methods of writing, viz. the hieroglyphic, the hieratic, and the enchorial: the first we have already described; the second was an imitation of the first, in which the characters were slightly traced with the pen; and the third was the style used by the people of the country in their transactions with each other.

Having thus given, as concisely as we are able, the leading points in the system of hieroglyphics which the late inquiries on the subject have established, we shall proceed to notice the way in which the discovery was first made, and the subsequent additional evidence by which the theory founded on that discovery has been confirmed.

The reveries of Kircher, and the ridiculous notions of Chevalier Palm, had done much to throw doubt on this interesting branch of literature, which probably would have remained in the obscurity to which it seemed destined, had it not been for the discovery of the celebrated Rosetta stone, which now forms one of the most distinguished ornaments of the British Museum. The inscription on it being in three characters, viz. the hieroglyphic, the Greek, and the enchorial, as was found by the Greek translation in which this circumstance is mentioned, gave the clue to the discoveries which have since been made.

M. Silvestre de Sacy was the first

who observed the letters in the enchorial of the proper names, but proceeded no further. M. Akerblad separated them, and was enabled by this means to form part of an alphabet; but not being aware of the custom common in oriental languages of omitting most of the vowels, was unable to apply it. Dr. Young, however, persevered, first overcame this difficulty, and by then observing how often a particular group of characters was repeated in the enchorial, and by comparing that with the same word which corresponded in number of repetitions and position in the Greek, the translation was eventually obtained. We cannot, in our confined space, follow the whole history of this interesting discovery, which is so clearly and satisfactorily explained by Dr. Young, in his excellent article on Egypt, in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to which we must refer such of our readers as are desirous of further explanation.

The next important discovery was made by William Bankes, Esq., in clearing away the sand which covered part of one of the temples at Abydos. On one of the walls is a tablet, which contains the names in order of succession of all the kings who preceded Sesostris; the upper row is unfortunately destroyed, but the rest confirms the accounts of such parts as are preserved of Manetho, an Egyptian priest, who wrote an account of the dynasties preceding Alexander, by the desire of Ptolemy Philadelphus. A copy of this interesting monument is among Mr. Wilkinson's numerous hieroglyphic plates, which we believe to be the most, if not the only correct one, that has been published: it is accompanied by many other singular transcripts which illustrate and authenticate each other.

It reflects no little credit on the talents and perseverance of Mr. Wilkinson, that he should have been able to produce such a work as the one before us, when it is considered that he is in a country where even the commonest library of reference does not exist; and, had he not possessed deep and extensive knowledge, joined to a retentive memory, he never would have succeeded. If influenced by any other motive than that of advancing the particular branch of literature which he is pursuing—had profit rather than fame been his object, by returning to Eng-

land he would have produced in a short time one of those frothy traveller's quartos, which, though they may increase the wealth of the author, do not add greatly to his credit. Those who are acquainted with the trying difficulties resulting from the want of accommodation, and the interruptions arising from disease, which the climate of Egypt produces—particularly that scourge of the student, ophthalmia—will be able to appreciate the difficulties which he has had to encounter. In these he has been greatly assisted by Mr. Burton, who is now residing at Cairo, and is already known to the scientific world by his "*Excerpta Hieroglyphica*," which he has published in that town by means of a lithographic press. This gentleman, in conjunction with Mr. Wilkinson, has collected the most interesting monumental inscriptions to be found in Egypt, Nubia, and the Desert adjoining. He has engraved, published, and forwarded them to the different learned societies on the Continent and in England, and by this means has saved them much labour, expense, and risk in personal research, which many, however they may feel interested in the subject, have not the power, or perhaps the inclination, to undergo. Among those who have reaped no small advantages from these gentlemen's exertions, M. Champollion ranks the first; and although it has been reported in some quarters, that he is not very forward in acknowledging the persons or sources whence his information is derived, yet as this fact is so well known among those who are interested in the advancement of this study, we cannot but believe that he will frankly and openly avow, in his forthcoming work, the assistance he has received from the labours of those who, by their own individual expense and exertions, had cleared the way for him previously to his arrival in Egypt.

The work of Mr. Wilkinson which is now before us, consists of two parts; the first contains the whole of the Egyptian Pantheon, in fifty-one plates, representing the different characters of the gods, with their accompanying hieroglyphic names and emblems. These plates were engraved by Mr. Wilkinson, with the assistance of Mr. Humphries. The neatness of the execution, and the characteristic style in

which they are done, shew Mr. Wilkinson to be as fully capable of illustrating his subjects by the pencil as the pen. The letter-press of the first part is almost entirely taken up with the explanation of the plates, the size of which prevents our laying them before our readers: we have, however, extracted that part of Mr. Wilkinson's alphabet which we consider will be most interesting, and have taken the liberty of substituting Roman for the Coptic letters, which we conceive will be the more easily understood by the general reader. The two ovals at the bottom of the plate are the forms in which the names of the kings are written. No. 1 contains the title, and No. 2 the name; we must refer our readers to a more lengthened explanation on this part in our next Number, when we shall resume the subject, and bring under their notice the second part of Mr. Wilkinson's work, which consists of a summary view of early Egyptian history, deduced from a comparison of ancient authors with the existing monuments of the Egyptians.

# MENTAL MAGIC.

BY MISS CRUMPL.

THE pearls that grace thy neck of snow  
 Are rich — the locks that shade it,  
 In clusters, crown thy beauty's glow:  
 Thy form — 'twas Heav'n that made it!  
 Thine eyes are with expression bright,  
 The soul of love revealing,  
 Emitting intellectual light  
 From shrines of deepest feeling!

But though thou look'st as if the zone  
 Of Cythera bound thee,  
 I love thee for thyself alone,—  
 Thy *mental* spells are round me!  
 Such bonds as these will not decay,  
 But keep their hold for ever:  
 Our heart-strings may be rent away,  
 Our souls -- when part they? — NEVER!



THE COLONISTS *VERSUS* THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BY A LATE RESIDENT.

A RESIDENCE of some years in the West Indies, will, perhaps, be deemed a sufficiently substantial basis on which to found an opinion as to the actual condition of that portion of the British empire; and when it is added, that the observations here submitted to the consideration of the public are the result of a long and minute inquiry into the state of slavery, and the condition of the negro, both with respect to his moral and spiritual situation, as well as the comparative temporal enjoyment to which he is entitled under the existing colonial regulations, no farther introduction can be deemed necessary. At a period, indeed, like the present, when the malignity of party and personal spirit actuates the anti-colonial writers, and every tale of forgotten horror is raked up in order to excite feelings of hostility against the West India planter — when the ravings of incendiaries and disappointed missionaries are hawked through the streets as authentic narratives, and religion itself is converted into a weapon of offence — silence on the part of any person who feels qualified to offer an opinion is doubly criminal; criminal towards the maligned and much misrepresented planter, and criminal towards the great body of the deluded people, who are hoodwinked and misled by a self-interested faction, wilfully blind to the real bearings of the question, and intent only upon acquiring a reputation for humanity and Christian charity by the ruin of their fellow-countrymen.

To enter fully into this most important subject, and to place in their true colours the demagogues who traverse England, from the Land's End to the Hebrides, upon a fanatical crusade against the colonial interests, it is necessary to enter into a brief review of some of the most important facts which bear upon the argument, and to shew that, in the history of the world, there is not on record an instance where a body of men have effected so much for the benefit of their servants in so short a space as the West India planters have during the last ten years.

There is no doubt whatever, that the vast majority of the signatures attached to anti-slavery petitions have been procured by the active misrepresentations, not to say malevolent falsehoods, of the restless and encroaching party from which they emanate; and that the individuals whose names swell the list of clamourers for emancipation are utterly ignorant of the real state of slavery as it prevails in our Transatlantic possessions, and merely re-echo the sentiments of the prime agents, whose interest it is to keep the public mind in a state of agitation, that their own consequence may not be destroyed. For example, Mr. Otway Cave, if this question were once disposed of, would soon be forgotten; Mr. Buxton's philanthropy would be circumscribed by the smoky atmosphere of his brewery; and the Macauleys, and other

“ Shoals unnumber'd of a nameless fry,  
Like lying hounds, known only by  
their cry,”

would be compelled to confine their harangues upon the miseries of their black brethren, and the glorious land of liberty which is blessed with their presence and enlightened by their talent, to the coteries of twaddling old tea-drinkers at Clapham and Peckham.

Amidst all the *assertions* which have inundated the country, through the medium of “ Anti-slavery Reporters,” and speeches delivered at the hole-and-corner congregations of the pseudo-pious, not one single argument is attempted that can be exclusively applied to the colonial policy. We find the notorious Stephen *asserting*, that “ the master may imprison, beat, scourge, wound, or otherwise inflict or injure the person of his slave at his discretion.” This necessarily raises all the old women up in arms; a subscription is set on foot, meetings called, a petition to Parliament resolved upon, and the planter denounced as the very “ abomination of desolation,” and unworthy to be classed with his fellow-men; for these people, be it remembered, look upon Master Stephen as a perfect “ model of a Chris-

tian man!" The *assertion* is, however, an absolute and detestable falsehood.

Nor does our "model" stop here. The man, by whom his admirers declare the very saints might swear, proceeds, with insidious malignity, to add, that the master may delegate this harsh authority — nay, that he can invest one of his favourite slaves with this tyrannical power over his fellow-bondsmen. It need scarcely be said, that *this* is falsehood of a deeper dye! Let any one consult the "consolidated slave code," and "the punishment record-book," and he will find the master's authority limited to a great extent, and that of his deputy still more so. Nor will any one who has resided in the West Indies of late years, unless his eye has been unable to view slavery through any other medium than that of pre-conceived prejudices, venture to confirm such gross and palpable misstatements.

It cannot be denied, however, that instances exist, and that in individuals from whom better things were hoped and expected, where an indirect confirmation has been given to some portion of the calumnies so justly and indignantly complained of. But the leaven may be here detected. Major Moody, it will be recollected, lost his situation in the colonial office for speaking truth; and the ministry by whose dereliction of principle, popery, commonly designated Catholic Emancipation, was introduced, may not be slack in conferring their favours upon the traitors who would belie those at whose board they feed, and from whom they derive their means of existence, by transmitting to the colonial office highly-coloured pictures of the evils under which the negroes labour, and totally withholding every circumstance which would place their relative position in a favourable point of view. But this must form the subject of another communication, as the present object is to refute some of the grosser calumnies, preparatory to a complete *exposé* of the disgraceful falsehoods which continue to be disseminated by a factious and unprincipled cabal against the well-being, if not the very existence, of the colonies.

In the face of the legislative enactments of the West India representatives, it is customary to affirm, with truly jesuitical craft, that the slave

may be at any time exiled in a moment, and for ever, from his home, his family, and the colony in which he was born, or in which he has been long settled. This charge is generally supported by a reference to transactions of an ancient date, which it is impossible to defend, and unnecessary to refute; and it is used like a *clap-net*, to engage the feelings on the side of the speaker, and render his hearers more alive to the impression which the anti-slavery party are anxious to produce. Each of the charges is, indeed, sufficient to enlist the hearts of Englishmen in behalf of the reputed sufferers, and only want the stamp of truth to render them unanswerable. But, unfortunately for the wholesale slanderers, it is a notorious fact that the transfer of slaves from one colony to another is strictly forbidden by law, and that the government at home have not only discountenanced it, but have entirely refused to sanction such a removal, though it was satisfactorily proved that it would have been highly advantageous to the negro himself. This, however, it must be acknowledged, arose from the circumstance of his Majesty's Colonial Secretary having by some means discovered that the settlements on the banks of the Demerara River could not with strict propriety be called an island. With respect to the separation of families by sale, not only is it illegal, but so desirous are the proprietors to anticipate the wishes of the government upon this point, that in the family compact, remote connexions are not unfrequently included, and a separation against the consent of the parties themselves is never even contemplated.

It may not be irrelevant here to say a few words upon the subject of atrocious cruelties, imputed with no measured vituperation to the planters; although the able elucidation of the case of the *Mosses*, in a previous Number of this Magazine, renders it almost unnecessary. Two things, however, appear to be so carefully kept in the back ground upon this engrossing point, that it is evident the "clamour" is not raised for the sake of justice and humanity, but for the purpose of obtaining a malignant triumph. The question will perhaps be best comprehended by first placing the accusation before the reader, and

then replying in detail, which, in a case of such evident shuffling and blinking the question, will require but few words. While (observes Mr. Stephen, in continuation of some previous charge), the master's power of alienation is thus despotic and unlimited, the slave has no legal right of redeeming his liberty on any terms whatever, or of obtaining a change of masters when cruel treatment makes it necessary, for his relief or preservation. It may be said that this charge is of long standing, and that amelioration upon these points has now been conceded. If this much be allowed, the question of colonial slavery is reduced to a very narrow compass. One party clamours for further protection of the slave, which the other is not only prepared to grant, but has even anticipated the demand, by voluntarily enacting laws in accordance with the spirit of the proposed amendment. But it is not necessary to shelter the planter by any such assumptions; for a law has existed for many years, which, upon proof of cruel treatment, can take a negro from his master, by paying to the latter a price upon valuation; and there are upon record many cases where the managers of estates have been convicted and punished for exceeding the powers allowed by law in regulating the labour and punishment of the negroes.

Besides, the very fact of the colonial houses of assembly having recently received the official protectors of slaves not only without remonstrance, but with cordiality, is of itself a sufficient proof to all candid persons of the anxious desire they have to promote the welfare and comfort of the slave, as far as is compatible with his own well-being. But as a complete and unanswerable reply to the charges of ill-usage and barbarity with which the anti-slavery reporters and *place-hunters* of the *Westminster Review* teem, it would be advisable to turn to the reports upon the colonies, published by order of the House of Commons; from which it will be found that the punishment awarded to disorderly and idle blacks is not more severe, nor are the committals more numerous in proportion, than among the much be-praised, free, and enlightened peasantry of Great Britain. A comparison, indeed, between the habits and

ferocity of the Irish peasantry, the poachers of the interior, and the smugglers on the coast, with that of the "black brethren" of Messrs. Wilberforce, Cave, and Buxton, would not be much in favour of the former; and it is a fact, too glaring to be denied, that, to use the phrase of the "faction," with respect to "creature-comforts," the situation of the negro is infinitely superior to that of the free-born agricultural or manufacturing labourer.

It is not the wish of the writer of these observations to be looked upon in the light of an admirer of the colonial system, or an upholder of slavery in the abstract: the only object in view is to disabuse the public mind, and to throw light upon a subject so little known, and less understood. Some writer has said, that "a knowledge of the West India question is not obtainable by intuition;" and our greatest statesmen have pronounced it difficult beyond example: and yet itinerant quacks are seen progressing from one end of the kingdom to the other, exhibiting their mountebank tricks, passing off their tinsel speeches as sterling, and pronouncing the condemnation of a vast and important part of the British empire, about which they know as much as Sancho Panza's charger.

Surely, then, when individuals are found who are ignorant even of the geographical position of the West Indies, and, as a satirist observes,

"Who think Dominica 'twixt Windsor and Staines;"

and when the most unjustifiable practices are resorted to, and the most atrocious and garbled statements industriously circulated;—surely, when such is the case, it is most desirable that every authentic information should be published abroad; and, as far as is practicable, that the feelings of the British nation should be directed in the proper channel, and not allowed to overwhelm one body of men on the *ex parte* statements of another. It ought to be borne in mind that general knowledge upon a subject of this magnitude and importance is not alone sufficient; but that local, particular, and minute investigation is required—an investigation into the circumstances, population, and laws of

each particular colony ; of the numerical force and disposition of the whites and free coloured inhabitants ; of the character of the negro, in his natural and artificial state ; his capacity to receive instruction, and his disposition to avail himself of any improvements that may be introduced in his moral or physical condition ; and his capabilities of forming a just estimate of, and duly appreciating, measures designed for his benefit. To take a proper and comprehensive view of this subject, a residence upon the spot is absolutely indispensable. At all events, no one who wishes to be correctly informed upon these several heads, would pin his faith upon the sleeve of a person who only retails his information at second hand, and who may be interested in suppressing every article that militates against his own particular theory.

All the planter requires, at the hands of the British public, is justice. All that he demands of the British parliament is, that he may not be condemned unheard. He challenges inquiry into the general details of colonial management ; and if, in particular instances, any flagrant violation of the law, any great practical injustice is discovered, far from wishing to shield the perpetrator, he would be the first to deliver him to the vengeance of the offended laws. Surely, then, when such a disposition is known extensively to prevail, it is worse than injustice to dream for a moment of sacrificing an honourable and important body of men to the clamours of the emancipationists. The voice of the mob, demanding of a candidate on the hustings his pledge to support the abolition of slavery, ought not to affect the minds of his majesty's ministers to such an extent as to induce them to entertain the motion, without the fullest and most satisfactory proof that the evil complained of exists to the extent represented, and that the measure proposed will answer the expectation of the proposer. And this can never be the case until the question has undergone the strictest and most impartial investigation. Even the reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry, who were sent out by government at such an enormous expense, ought to be received with caution ; not that it is intended to impute any sinister motives

to these gentlemen, but from a conviction that they could not possibly draw correct inferences, nor obtain sufficient information on which to ground a copious report, from the short period of their sojourn in the several colonies ; and that there are many individuals qualified, by residence and observation, to strengthen some facts, and refute others, and, generally, to throw great light upon this complicated question. It is to be hoped, that before his majesty's government take any decisive steps, such measures will be adopted, and such information sought and required, as will lead to a proper and equitable adjustment.

If ever a government, indeed, were called upon to exercise sound discretion at a great and paramount crisis, it is that of England. By the clamorous importunities of factious demagogues, she is called upon to invade the private and inalienable property of individuals, for the attainment of a problematical good. To make out a sufficient cause for this unnatural and unjust exercise of authority, a case is attempted to be proved ; to effect which, however, not all the inveterate malignity of doting hypocrites and political charlatans has succeeded. The almost forgotten horrors of the worst periods of the early Spanish and Dutch settlers, are all exhibited to the gaping populace of this country in a modernised English dress ; and the poor deluded fools, who listen and believe, go to their roofless cottage, and supperless couch of straw, blessing themselves that they are secured from such evils by the glorious laws of the country, and shouting, " Liberty for ever ! "

Yet it is upon demands originating in such sources, and feelings aroused by such dishonest tricks, that the West Indies are to be sacrificed. And with a view to increase the determined spirit of plunder, which aims at colonial property, the people are led to believe that the retaining these possessions causes the country annually a vast expenditure ! It is impossible, however, in a single paper to enter fully into all the manifold charges which the known gullibility of John Bull induces the anti-slavery party to make. And this crying falsehood, therefore, amongst

many others, must be left for future consideration, when an abstract of the history of the slave-trade, from its origin to its final suppression, together with a view of the various ameliorations introduced into the plantations since that period, will be submitted to the public. As, however, the religious instruction and education of the negroes has been the subject of much conversation, and as heavy complaints not only have been made, but continue to multiply, evidently with a view of producing a sensation on the minds of the new parliament, it is imperative that we take a concise review of the progress of the church in the West Indies during the last six years under the episcopal jurisdiction, for the purpose of shewing, that, so far from throwing any obstacle in the way of promoting Christian knowledge, the proprietors at home, and their representatives in the colonies, have shewn the greatest anxiety to co-operate with the clergy, and to promote the establishment of schools, and other means of religious instruction and education.

After the attention of parliament had been directed to the condition of the negroes for upwards of seven years, by a continued series of discussion, in which the opposite views of the Colonists and Anti-slavery Society were exhibited in striking contrast; and after many concessions had been made, especially that of sanctioning an official register of all negroes employed in the West Indies, to which, it may be remarked, the planters did not object, from a consciousness that, as far as they were concerned, the slave-trade had ceased; and that no importation of negroes had been made for many years: and when a disposition generally prevailed to receive, with certain qualifications, all the orders in council resolved upon at home, the Anti-slavery Society were in raptures, and anticipated that all their theories were about to be adopted, and that the Utopian happiness pictured forth by Wilberforce and others was about to be realised. These infatuated men, therefore, recommenced their exertions with all the enthusiasm of persons who thought themselves upon the eve of attaining a favourite object. The horrors of the insurrection

in Barbadoes, in 1816, were forgotten, or studiously concealed. The text of the history of that event was interpolated, and glosses added to mislead the unwary. And the more recently attempted massacre of the white population in Demerara,—in 1823, got up under the assumed cloak of sanctity by the Missionary Smith, for which crime he was most justly condemned to death, after a long, laborious, and painful investigation,—was brought forward by the factious opponents of the colonies, as a further reason for not, be it remembered, a progressive amelioration—but a total emancipation of the negroes!

This subject, however, would on the present occasion lead to too lengthened a digression, and involve other collateral notices, which it is advisable to leave for another Number. To return, therefore, to the more interesting subject of the first introduction of episcopal jurisdiction in the West Indies. Government, perceiving the clamour raised by the anti-colonial party daily gaining strength, and that no efforts were made on the part of those most interested to check the tide of popular fury, which was setting so strongly against them, resolved upon adopting a plan, which it was hoped would be acceptable to all parties; and a provision was accordingly voted by parliament for the establishment of two bishoprics, with a certain number of chaplains attached to each, whose principal care should be to impart religious and moral instruction to the black population, with strict injunctions, at the same time, to abstain from any interference whatever in the political government of the colony wherein they might be located.

This very arrangement, however, it would appear, by the renewed war-cry, "*delenda est Carthago!*" which is raised by the anti-colonial Mohawks, has defeated the views of the enemies of West India prosperity. Their object, "*exceptis excipiendis*," never embraced the welfare of the negro, but was confined to a little ephemeral popularity. And they consequently, so far from being gratified, are annoyed at the good feeling displayed by the planter, and would impute to any cause but the right, the anxiety shewn to ameliorate the

condition of the slave as far as practical observation considers safe

The arrival of the bishops in the West Indies was hailed by all parties with acclamation. Wherever they landed they were received with almost royal honours, and in the establishment of schools, and providing the means of religious instruction generally, their wishes were in many instances anticipated. What more could be desired? Did the anti-slavery philanthropists expect a miracle would testify the truth of their reiterated assertions? or did they hope that the negro population would make as much progress in civilisation in a few weeks as the white peasantry of Great Britain had done in centuries? If this were expected, it must be confessed that much remains to be done. But if the opportunities now enjoyed by the slaves of attending public worship twice on every Sabbath, and of receiving instruction generally during that day of rest, both at the hands of the minister and catechist, has been attended by those beneficial results which the real friends of the slave looked for, and which no one dares deny has been the case then are the slanders so spitefully continued, and so industriously whispered throughout the kingdom, at once refuted, and the shameless traducers left, as they deserve to be, by all honest and justly thinking individuals, to the infamy they so richly merit, and the tortures of conscience which cannot fail to rack the unsuccess-sting guilty.

If my further limit is required to guide the public in forming an accurate estimate of how far this statement is correct, let them once more consult the papers printed by order of parliament, especially the returns annually transmitted to the dioceses, wherein a particular analysis of the state of each parish will be found, containing the number of the population, and extent of the parish, places of worship, and times and seasons at which the service of the church is performed, the facilities afforded by the resident proprietors, or their representatives, to the respective clergy in the discharge of their duties—births, deaths, marriages, churching of women, visitation of the sick,—in a word, all that is embraced in the comprehensive duty of a parish priest. And if these details are read

without prejudice, there cannot remain a doubt, that the moral and religious improvement of the negroes is attended to at least as much as that of the lower orders of Great Britain; and it will be further shewn, that their opportunities and means of availing themselves of the instruction of their ministers are far greater than those afforded to the labouring classes of Europe, or indeed of any other portion of the world. And there can be no doubt, that more would be done by the proprietors, than they could in justice be called upon to effect, provided the instruments appointed by government to carry their design into practice, were selected with a little more judgment and attention to the state of society, and the long duration of the evils complained of. In a community, where for so many years the number of clergymen has been too small to attend to the spiritual wants of even a limited portion of the public, where even the offices and ceremonies of the church have been celebrated only at intervals, where the Sabbath has been a day of relaxation, or rather of unmixed gaiety, instead of properly regulated devotion,—the appearance of a well educated and efficient body of clergy has not been at once able to eradicate all the old evils; but still great progress has been made. The churches are generally well attended, the congregation attentive, and the example of the minister followed by the servant. The negroes not only crowd the churches, but frequent the Sunday schools, and the children need not shrink from a comparison with those of similar institutions in the mother country. Infant baptism is performed with the same regularity, and at the same age, as in England. The women almost invariably attend to be churched. And all, both young and old, shew the greatest anxiety to read, and are remarkably quick and intelligent in acquiring information at the hand of their instructors.

It may be remarked, that nothing has hitherto been said of marriage, which is justly considered the foundation stone of morality, and the first step to improvement in civilisation. That the Christian institution of marriage was not attempted to be introduced among the slaves, has been a

charge against the planters, from the time of Mr. Wilberforce's first attack to the present day. But it may be asked, with regard to the former period, whether it was compatible with the duty of a minister of the established church to unite in matrimony, according to the ritual, individuals who were not only ignorant of the nature of the obligation thus to be entered into, but were strangers, moreover, to the very name of Christ? And so difficult has it been found to instruct the old Africans, even in the rudiments of the English language, that to this day many are found totally incapable of holding a five minutes' conversation with a stranger.

But if a reference be made to the returns of the last six years, it will be seen that the foundation on which this accusation has been erected is no longer tenable. In no instance is marriage disallowed; and generally the negroes are encouraged by their proprietors to enter into that state. The anti-colonists appear to have forgotten, that the worst errors of the worst superstition were to be eradicated before the catechumen could, with propriety, be admitted to a participation of the privileges of the church, or before he could even comprehend the nature of them. And it is utterly impossible for those who have been from their cradles initiated in the principles of revealed religion, to conceive how truly the pagan negro may be said to have been sitting in the valley of the shadow of death, and how necessary it was that a great light should shine upon him, before he became qualified to take the oath to live in obedience to the Divine law.

It is quite clear that the opinions broached upon this subject by the orators of the Anti-slavery Society, and their hireling preachers, are drawn from obsolete statements, or derived from assertions fundamentally untrue. The eyes of these persons are wilfully closed to every authentic account of the improved condition of the negro population. They never declaim upon the comforts which are enjoyed, or the care bestowed by the master upon his servant; or if by chance an allusion to the subject is inevitable, it is converted into a sarcasm, and compared to the attention of one of their own immaculate body

to a favourite horse or dog. But if these gentlemen would condescend to confine their researches to the history of the creoles, and the progress in morality and civilisation which has taken place of late years, they surely would never venture to utter such barefaced falsehoods as are reported by the press to have fallen from them, or having uttered them, to appear in the society of respectable men!

The next, and by far the most important consideration, is the attendance of the negro at the communion table. On this point, reference is again requested to the returns of the diocesans. One fact, however, may be stated, namely, that the number of communicants is greater in respect to the population than in most parishes in Great Britain; and that they are equally, if not better informed, upon the nature and intent of the institution of the sacrament. No person is admitted without strict examination, which, in most parishes, takes place every Sunday; and a knowledge of the Creed, Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and Church Catechism, is indispensable. But enough, it is hoped, has already been said to counteract the tissue of artful misrepresentation with which the publications of the Anti-slavery Society abound. The questions, whether Christianity and slavery are compatible, and the history of the first introduction of the negro population into the West Indies, are subjects far too important to be thus summarily discussed, and must consequently be reserved for a future consideration.

Before concluding, however, it is most advisable to address a few words to the people of Great Britain, especially that portion of them who have been misled by the quackery and active malignity of the committee of Aldermanbury and its coadjutors. The plunder of your countrymen in the West Indies is pronounced by those individuals a "sacred duty." You are called upon, by public advertisement, to lose no time in transmitting petitions to Parliament for the early and utter extinction of colonial slavery; and this system is denounced as one of unqualified, consummate, and deplorable atrocity. Before you lend your aid to these artful and designing men, it will be wise to pause. An immense popula-

tion are at present in the enjoyment of far greater temporal comforts than the British peasant. Poverty and crime are scarcely known amongst them—at least crimes of a deep dye—but this body are termed slaves!

The justice of this term will perhaps be better understood by condensing the observations of a sensible writer on this very nice point. Slavery, strictly construed, appears to include neither security of life nor property, both being dependent on the will—the irresponsible will—of another, who is the master. If this be the true definition of slavery, an ameliorated state is that by which is meant “compulsory labour, with protection of life, and of the surplus of that labour, which alone can constitute property.” Such a state should be called not slavery, but servitude or vassalage. In his native country the African is a *slave*, not a vassal, because his master may sacrifice him to the manes of his prince or his chief, or in the celebration of some national custom. In the West Indies he is, in the strict sense of the word, a vassal, because, though his services are constantly due to his master, whose power over him is restrained by local authority, yet his life is in the hands of the law; and not only his life, but whatever property he can acquire. Englishmen of the present day cannot be induced to look upon the villains of their forefathers as slaves; they were servants or vassals of a low or subordinate rank; and in the custom of those

times received protection in right of the services performed. They were the subjects, however inferior, of the same monarch, and were of the same origin as their more wealthy countrymen. The distinction was one of barbarous custom, not of physical inferiority; one of situation, not of prescription. At this day, is not impressment a remnant of villanage? But does any one dare to call a British sailor a slave? Yet that it is a compulsory servitude, however glorious and advantageous to the country, no one can deny.

From this it is obvious, that though slavery includes servitude, servitude does not imply slavery strictly considered. In the passionate love of liberty by which Britons are distinguished, they are accustomed to apply the epithet of slavery to the least restraint of free will, and to overlook the many ties of mutual dependence which unite every community. The miner, the collier, the blacksmith, the agricultural and manufacturing labourer,—these, and many others, perform an infinitely greater degree of labour, and are far worse recompensed than the West Indian negro; and though they are not forced to it by the will of a master, they are bound by a tenure equally obstinate, “the wants of nature,” and *failing to supply these wants, they become criminal in the eye of the law, and subject to much severer punishment than a plantation labourer!!*

#### SONNET TO URANIA.

BY J. A. HERAUD.

HAIL! muse of MILTON! bright Urania!  
 Who dwelt with Wisdom ere the mountains were —  
 And since of WORDSWORTH, that enraptured seer,  
 Yet simple as a child—severe his lay  
 As age, yet meek as infancy. The day,  
 The glorious sun, and the whole hemisphere  
 Of night, moon and all stars are thine. Away,  
 All meaner descants!—those of thine we hear  
 Are sacred and divine, e’en as thou art;  
 The descants of angelic essences,  
 Of heavenly intelligence. My heart  
 Heaves towards thy voice! My spirit fain would part  
 From this gross world to be with thee, and guess  
 Of Past and Future, Pain and Happiness!



## DILLON'S SERMON ON BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

"And if you will come to Bartlemy fair,  
I'll give you a fig for a fairing."

*Old Ballad.*

THE Reverend Mr. Dillon is already advantageously known in our literature as the historiographer of the progress of Mr. Alderman Venables to Oxford, during the mayoralty of that illustrious functionary. Few works in our memory made so decided a sensation as that eminent history. It was, indeed, written in a style worthy of making it a *κτῆμα ἰς αἶν*—a work to go down to our last posterity:

"A thing of beauty is a thing for ever—  
Its glory still increases—it will never"—

sink into obscurity, or something to the same effect, as the late Mr. John Keats poetically phrases it in the commencement of his *Endymion*. As the Reverend Mr. Dillon's *opus magnum* is a thing of beauty,

"An endless fountain of eternal drink,  
Pouring upon us from the heaven's  
brink,"

(to quote again the great John Keats,) it will go on flowing, like a shining river, in endless beauty, till books shall be no more.

Let it not be understood that, in quoting the last distich, we mean to insinuate that Mr. Dillon's book was merely a fountain of *drink*. He who should consider it in that capacity would grievously miss one of its grand objects. Drink, no doubt, abounds, but by no means to the exclusion of eating; it is, as becomes a Lord Mayor, a culinary progress. The great Chief Magistrate of London is let loose upon the provinces, and he eats his way to Oxford, through Oxford, and back again from Oxford. The Reverend Mr. Dillon's book is a record of the feats of the jaw-bone—we shall not speak so lightly and irreverently as to insinuate that the jaw-bone which is the hero of Mr. Dillon's narrative was in any degree related to that which, in the hands of Samson, did such execution, when

"A thousand warriors fell, the flower  
of Palestine."

The person who is fresh from Mr. Dillon's pages will not venture upon a jest so unseemly. The perusal of his progress fits the soul for sober and sub-

stantial thoughts—excludes all ideas of the light and frivolous; and as, after walking in the echoing aisles of a Gothic cathedral, or surveying its buttress and buttress alternately tipped with ivory and ebony, beneath the beams of the calm moonlight, the mind feels itself naturally disposed to pensive musings, so, after reading the work of Mr. Dillon—after listening to his grave and moral descriptions of the doings of the Lord of London, we must be sensible that nothing can be more wrong and contemptible than talking with useless or ribald tongue of the beauty of breakfast, the loveliness of lunch, the dignity of dinner, or the serenity of supper. The style is harmoniously adapted to the business in hand—it is solid as plum-pudding, and grave as a mustard-pot.

The very beginning of his book is struck in the grave key, which predominates throughout. The dawn of the important morning, which is to be henceforward marked with a white stone, indicating the honour paid it by the Venablian journey, was important as that which ushers the tragedy of Cato. At the august door of the Mansion-house, at the hour of eight, stood the magisterial coach, grand as gingerbread, and its four magnificent horses, "looking solemn and composed as if they felt the importance of their approaching mission." On the box, glorious and golden, in all the weight of wig, sat the coachman, almost as wise and stately in countenance as the horses themselves. Pouring forth, at last, came the lord mayor, the lady mayor-ess, the fair daughters of the house, "the chaplain, dogs, and all." Down Cheapside they proceeded, (after, however, the butler, the housekeeper, and other important members of the domestic cabinet had been admonished by their lord to a due administration of the household, in the absence of the premier,) "not in a rapid or undignified pace, but in that calm and equable movement which so well consorted with the dignity of the burden."

But why go on—why tell all they ate and drank—how often they lunched

and re-lunched—how many dinners prefatory and suppers postscript they devoured? We cannot reprint the book. It would be too much to tell how, in Oxford, Kyd lectured them upon the use of the grinders and eye-teeth—the theory of mastication—the process of digestion—the corporation all the time wondering, like Jourdain in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, that they should have digested all their lives without knowing it; how the same professor explained the impropriety of having the eye in the palm of the hand, “where, though in many respects convenient, it would impede the action of carving, and be liable to continual offuscation from the unctuousness of turtle, or total blindness from the casual sprinklings of the pungent pepper.” Kyd’s lecture was indeed admirable, and not to be surpassed by any thing in Tom Brown: and what think you, good reader, was the only curiosity he shewed the Lord Mayor and the Lord Mayor’s chaplain?—the stomach of a turtle!—Kyd is a rogue.

Nor shall we pursue the chaplain in his antiquarian and compotatory researches after gridiron and flagons—his discussions upon beefsteak, and his judicious dissertations upon ale. During the visit he appears to have been in a glorious state of mental felicity. They had seven meals a-day, not counting breakfast, and keeping silence upon that second supper, which ill-disposed waiters in taverns call “The Devil’s Twist.” Glorious did he look upon the grand occasion of grace, which it was conceded to him to pronounce, in honour of his high office, as chaplain of London’s only Mayor. The doctors of divinity were dumb—the heads of houses themselves sunk into silence—bachelors of laws, masters of arts, all the great hoods held their peace, and Dillon rose to the blessing. “As I looked down the table,” says the historiographer, “on rising to pronounce grace, when I beheld the covers lifted off the dishes, I felt that my eyes never rested upon any sight so glorious: awestruck, therefore, by the plate and the company, and conscious of my comparative insignificance in the presence of such doctors and such dishes, it is not to be wondered at that I ut-

tered the grace in a confused and hurried manner; but those only who have been placed in such trying situations can appreciate my feelings.”—[p. 67.] It was no doubt a sublime crisis.

Pass we also the voyage home—how they dined here and drank there—how they cracked a bottle at Staines, and got through a reel at Twickenham—how one poetical alderman quoted Sir Thomas Denham, and another—oh! my prophetic soul—Robert Waltham, criticised the drapery of the Princess Charlotte in the monument at Windsor. It would be impossible, we repeat, in the short space of our Magazine, not stretching to more than eight sheets octavo, to do justice to the manifold merits of the “Progress;” and indeed the author himself, and the hero Venables, appear to be of the same opinion with respect to their glorious composition, that Alexander the Great was with respect to the works of Aristotle. In plain English, they, upon due consideration, thought it had made too deep an impression on the public mind to allow it to be any longer in the hands of the vulgar, and therefore they have bought up all the copies so industriously,\* that any which may now steal into the market are sold for five guineas.—Rare compliment to contemporary genius! You can buy a Waverley novel for five shillings—Dillon commands as many pounds!

This year our author has again published a work upon a festive subject. As his former great book was upon the voyage of a lord mayor, so his present inimitable production regards the fair of Saint Bartholomew. We do not, however, find precisely the same spirit in both these compositions. The eternal eating and drinking of Lord Venables and his company, the hecatombs of food, the tons of drink, consumed in Cheapside, Kensington, Hammersmith, Hounslow, Windsor, Oxford, and back again—the various repetitions of all concerned—the intense feeding, the diversified drinking, are all in the “Progress” set down as matters worthy of eternal fame. Since his loss of the chaplaincy he has become more severe and ascetic, and the fair of Saint Bartholomew rises before his eyes with an enormity that scarcely gives him breath for utterance. The extracts we

\* There is not a copy in the British Museum—*pox*. We searched it in vain.  
ED. F. M.

are about to make are from a Sermon, which the Gormandising Tourist has just published.\*

Dillon, opening his mouth as widely as he ever did on the immortal tour, to gulp down a ladle of turtle, thus commences :—

"The office of the Christian Priesthood requires the man who bears it not only to preside over the spiritual concerns of the people committed to his charge; to open to them the Holy Scriptures; to guide and go before them in heavenly things; but he is also required to watch for souls, as one who must give account; to be as a sentinel at his providentially appointed station; to look out for every opportunity of doing good to the souls of his people; to give notice of the approach of an enemy, and to awaken those who are sleeping securely when danger is at hand. In discharging this part of his office, indeed, he has often to perform a most unpleasant duty; he has to speak many unwelcome truths; and will even incur sometimes the hazard of offending those whom he sincerely loves, and would anxiously endeavour to please. But if he do less than this, he cannot be said to watch for souls."

To go to corporation parties is very good and excellent—to mortify with mayors, and abstain with aldermen, a pious and meritorious act. But to go to Bartholomew fair!—Hear Dillon the Devourer:

"There is an annual exhibition of folly and iniquity in this great City which does injury to thousands. That exhibition, as every one but too well knows, is now at hand; and most affectionately do I advise every one, without exception, to avoid it, pass not by it, but turn from it, and pass away."

"For, though instituted originally, it may be, simply as an annual meeting of buyers and sellers at a time of traffic more frequented than a market, it has long degenerated into one of the lowest and looest scenes of profligacy and riot that can be imagined."

"And yet I am of opinion, that multitudes who visit this scene of depravity do so in utter ignorance of what they are promoting. They have never considered, nay, they do not know half the amount of evil which this fair heaps upon society. It becomes necessary, therefore, to lift up, in some degree, the veil which covers its abominations."

But the whole cannot be unfolded, because it is not lawful to speak of those things which are done at them in secret, because the virtuous ear must not be contaminated by minute details of licentiousness and impurity. If, however, the works of the flesh are declared in Scripture to be these—*adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, envyings, drunkenness, revellings, and such like*; and if these are the things which will certainly shut men out of the kingdom of heaven, then I must tell you, brethren, that these and *such like*, are practised to an extent at this season which is truly appalling."

Well—we were going to be angry, but shall not. We must ask, however, how Dillon knows all the recesses of the fair so intimately? He admits that the multitude know nothing about it; we assure him that "good society" knows nothing about it: it follows, therefore, that a man must be of a particular class and species to understand the villany of Bartholomew fair. It seems that it is a mystery into which none but the initiated can be admitted. What is hidden behind the curtain, which none but those entered apprentices can see, is of a dreadful nature. The whole (which Dillon has, of course, looked upon) cannot be uncovered; he does not feel it convenient to tell us every thing that he has known to be done in private at Smithfield; he feels a scruple against letting loose upon the courteous ear the details of all the leentiousness and impurity which are going on at the fair.

Very well.—Mr. Dillon knows those details. How did he come by that knowledge? We scout confession (thank Heaven!) in our church, and Dillon must have gone down *in proprium personibus* (as Beggarman Clarkson, the turned off Sunday Timer, would say,) to find it out. He never, we are certain, would have so damned any man's soul, by sending him to sin, in order to inform; and being there, how could he discover "the whole that cannot be unfolded," unless he had himself unfolded that whole? Like Curtius, for the sake of his country, he has leapt into a bottomless gulf. We shall not take upon us to say whether the array of vices alleged against Bartholomew fair have any

\* A Sermon on the Evils of Fairs in general, and of Bartholomew Fair in particular. Preached at Charlotte Chapel, Pimlico, on Sunday, August 22, 1830. By the Rev. R. C. Dillon, M.A., Minister of the Chapel, &c. London, 1830. Cochran.

existence, because we never were there in our lives; but we suppose that the Reverend Mr. Dillon would not say that adultery, fornication, lasciviousness, uncleanness, drunkenness, &c. &c. prevailed there, unless he had good reasons for knowing—and those personal reasons—that he spoke the truth.

Here follows a story lamentable to relate, extracted from the authentic records of the penny-a-liners.

“I remember reading in the public papers [why *public*?] some time ago, a most affecting account of the death of a young woman who had unhappily been led astray by the error of the wicked at one of these detestable seasons. The circumstances of her death I will briefly relate to you, in the very words of the evidence that was given on the coroner's inquest. She died in consequence of being exposed all night without shelter, or the means of procuring a lodging. She applied the night before to a woman who keeps a lodging-house, and, after a short parley, was admitted, taken up to a backward garret, and, according to the custom of the house, locked in. On being called up the next morning, the landlady found her very ill, and gave her leave to remain a little longer; she was again called up, and went down stairs; she looked exceedingly pale; and having had nothing to eat, the landlady gave her a piece of bread and butter and a glass of spirits, for which she returned her thanks and left the house, but never returned. At a late hour the next night she was found by a watchman sitting down on the pavement opposite. He desired her to ‘move on;’ but finding that she was unable to walk, or even to stand upon her feet, he procured assistance, and she was conveyed to the watch-house. Appearing to get worse and worse, she was thence taken to the workhouse. The house-surgeon was called up, and attended immediately; but the poor creature was found to be dead and cold. Her name was discovered by some duplicates found upon her person; and, from subsequent inquiries, it was ascertained that her father had been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances; that she was an only child, and brought up entirely at home in all the simplicity of a country life. The narrow fortunes of her father obliging her to seek the means of her own support, she came to London, to a situation that had been previously obtained for her. The misguided kindness of her mistress gave her permission to accompany a young man to this fair; he turned out to be one of those faithless wretches who crowd around innocence and beauty

with professions and flatteries, and with no other hope than for some opportunity to beguile and destroy—and *there* was this poor girl smitten by one of those dreadful, but not infrequent, strokes of calamity, which scathe and scorch the soul—penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom.

“The particulars of her after-story may be easily conjectured. She returned to her place no more. The arms of her betrayer were no longer open to receive her. She wandered away not knowing whither—unacquainted with the usual expedients of misery—afraid to meet an eye that had seen her before—and seeking, like the poor stricken deer, to weep in loneliness and silence, and brood over the barbed arrow that rankled in her soul. Her sufferings were, however, as short as they were severe. ‘Dry sorrow soon drank up her blood.’ Finding no means of support when the money failed which the sale of some of the clothes in which she had left her place had produced, her enfeebled frame, shivering with cold and wasted with hunger, fell at length a victim to her miseries.”

From internal evidence we should think that the story of the anonymous damsel was written by the Reverend Historian of the Gormandising Progress himself, for those authentic works, the public papers, and the three-half-penny proceeds therefrom drawn by him with due industry. The pathos is of the real and genuine penny-a-line description. Did it never occur to Dillon, that the lapse of the lady might as well have taken place in a chapel as a fair? that any place where a collection of men and women is casually brought together, something like what he deplores as the exclusive characteristic of Bartholomew-fair meetings may occur? and that, it once having occurred, all the lamentable consequences may follow? Would Dillon preach against the assembling of persons to see the Lord Mayor's progress? Not he!—The Lord Mayor is a great man—an illustrious peer; but the Bartholomew fairians are plebeians!

A grand burst of cant concludes, of which we must say that it proves nothing but the assumption of Mr. Dillon, in dogmatically deciding that the middle ranks have no right to diversion. At all events, the ground is debatable: he might

“Leave all men to their own opinions,” and state his conviction with something

of modesty. But, no—he breaks forth as follows :

“ Oh, let me then earnestly beseech you to lay these things to heart! *I speak as to wise men: judge ye what I say.* And if I speak strongly on this subject, it is because I feel intensely its importance. A fondness for amusement seems to be increasing in the present day. And especially do I grieve to see it gaining so much ground amongst the *middle* classes of society, which never were affected with the love of a dissipating life till the present age. Domestic industry and economy—the qualities distinguished by the homely titles of thriftiness and good housewifery—were always, till these times of ours, deemed honourable. Now, however, they are in a great degree neglected and discarded; and in their place there has succeeded a passionate love of shew without substance—a never-ceasing attention to dress and decoration—and an insatiable hunger and thirst after diversions public and private.

“ I wish I could think otherwise; but I am much afraid that many, many parents in this neighbourhood, in the metropolis, and throughout the country, are making most desperate mistakes on these very points; and this, because they regulate the education of their children rather by *proprieties* than by *principles*. Religion, indeed, is made a *part* of their instructions; it takes its turn with the usual accomplishments; although, in the degree of earnestness with which it is inculcated and attended to, it bears about the same proportion as *minutes* bear to *hours*. They allow their children to take the Bible as their *study*, but they never tell them that it is to be their unerring *standard*. The consequence of all this is, that, having carried the religious education of their offspring thus far, they forbear to carry it any farther. And though they would mourn most deeply over it as a family trial of exceeding heaviness, should any child of theirs become the victim of a life of dissipation—though the father would grow heartless and melancholy, and the mother be as one refusing to be comforted—they are yet willing to tolerate a certain degree of gaiety, and allow their children to go certain lengths in the paths of pleasure. And, instead of deciding the question of card-tables, theatres, and fairs, and such other vapid sources of amusement, on the alternative of a happy or a wretched eternity, they are quite contented to let their children *conform at least a little* to this world's customs; and will plead, as their apology for this, *the necessity of doing as others do, the dread of singularity, and the vanity of opposing your*

*judgment to the judgment of friends and acquaintance; and that if they were to enjoin upon their children decidedly religious habits, they must surrender all their prospects of advancement in life, and withdraw them at once and entirely out of the world.*

“ Now there is something in this parental reasoning which will draw the concurrence of a thousand and a thousand fathers; and yet, brethren, I *FEEL* myself bound to protest most vehemently against it.”

“ I *FEEL!*”—Pooh!

We shall not waste many more sentences. *Poor* persons are not to go to Bartholomew fair, or other “vapid” sources of amusement. *Poor* people are not to tolerate cards, &c. &c. But Lord Venables is to go up or down the Thames, eating, drinking, juggling, and carousing with his chaplain, and the chaplain is to publish a book describing all they guzzled and guttled, as matter of great wonderment.

Hear the conclusion.

“ But if only one giddy and inconsiderate youth shall be induced to change from henceforth his way of life—if the sight of the many wrecks of youthful promise which are scattered all around shall determine him to stop, while to stop is in his power—if only one poor servant-girl shall take warning from these our pastoral admonitions, and learn, at a lesser price than the cost of her own experience, how awfully rapid is the transition from deluded virtue to hopeless wretchedness—if what I have said this day shall be the means of preventing only one poor mother's heart from being broken and dashed to pieces—then this feeble attempt to save them will not have been made entirely in vain.”

Precisely the same conclusion that he put to the Gormandising Tour!

If only one giddy and inconsiderate youth thinks this sermon any thing but a tissue of stuff from the beginning to the end—if he thinks that any body will fancy that, by publishing it, the author intended any thing but puffing himself—if he dreams, that, when the Reverend Mr. R. C. Dillon presented his book the other day to the King, the Reverend R. C. Dillon had any other view but that of promoting the grand cause of humbug—that thinker is deeply deceived—and “then this feeble attempt” to expose stupidity will “have been made entirely in vain.”

## \*GALT'S LIFE OF BYRON.\*

A WEEKLY paper, called the *Athenæum*, has thought proper to attack Mr. Galt very violently for this *Life of Byron*. Now, against a fair attack in an open field we have not the slightest objection; indeed, we love, as well as any one, a regular sparring-match, or a small-sword pass, or even the combustion of duelling-pistols, provided always that each party has extended to him equal terms of advantage: but we abominate all ambush work—all hole-and-corner diversion—all fighting under the shelter of screens or preserving parapets, where your malicious gentleman may deliberately, and in chuckling glee, poke his long and murderous barrel through his tiny loop-hole, take a dead aim at his adversary's person, and give him his everlasting quietus with something worse than a "bare bodkin"—to wit, a good round bullet, sufficiently heavy to make a flaw in the thickest skull in Christendom. Something after this fashion is the manner of the *Athenæum's* proceedings: it stands on the vantage ground; it can make its regular attacks against a bookseller, using with impunity the power which every journal must possess; and the parties attacked can do nothing in their self-defence. What grounds of complaint Messrs. Colburn and Bentley may have given the right worshipful worthies of this smartly-written hebdomadal, we know not; but it is evident that something of this sort must have happened, for as regularly as a book issues from the house of the booksellers in New Burlington Street, so surely is it made a subject of attack in the pages of the *Athenæum*. This, however, if we may be allowed the expression of an honest opinion, is a dangerous course for the adoption of the managers of this respectable periodical. Uniform censure or uniform praise is equally injudicious, and will in the end recoil in deepest disappointment on the authors. Some little discrimination, therefore, in their use is absolutely necessary. Heaven knows, that towards these gentlemen of New Burlington Street we have not ourselves been over sparing or

merciful; but then our cruelty has not been of a sweeping character. There is much to find fault with in their conduct; and when reprehension is necessary, let it be meted out in fullest measure. Surely, however, every day of a man's life is not remarkable, in an equal degree, for its dark spots of culpability; and, aware of this truth, we have behaved accordingly to Messrs. Colburn and Bentley. A truly kind father will punish his child, when expostulation and reproof are unavailing; and, in the utmost love towards the individuals in question, we have, without doubt, and, we flatter ourselves, pretty effectually, cut then lawdly fashionable novels, and milk and water biographies of swindlers, vagabonds, and Paul Cliffords, into atoms. But there our animosity has begun and ended; for as soon as they produced a wholesome publication, we proved ourselves right glad of the opportunity of uttering our laudatory opinion, and effecting the sale of the work even to a third and fourth—nay, why should we hide our worth and good offices under a bushel!—even to a sixtieth edition. To the *Athenæum*, therefore, we say, go and do thou likewise—so shall thy merits be acknowledged of all men, and so shalt thou put the golden guinea in thy pocket by an increased circulation of thy weekly productions.

Many volumes have been doubtlessly written on Lord Byron's biography; but the problem of his life has escaped an appropriate solution. Captain Medwin was too much of a man of fashion, and Anacron Moore too much a lover of praise and pudding, and too fond of the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table; Galignani's editor too much of an ignoramus,† and Leigh Hunt too much of a vulgar and concerted cockney. Dr. Kennedy, as we proved in one of our late Numbers, was a weak-headed Evangelical, though a well-intentioned twaddler. Something further was therefore required for Lord Byron's biography—not in the shape of documents for fixing dates, scandalous anecdotes, or a greater

\* The Life of Lord Byron, by John Galt, Esq. London, Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley, 1830.

† Galignani's edition, nevertheless, is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all the editions of the works of Byron.

number of facts than those already elucidated—but their proper application towards unravelling the mystery of the man's life. Some person was required, who, fixing, in the spirit of metallic diviners, his wondrous wand in the ground, might first discover the precise spot where the treasure lay concealed; and afterwards, by hard manual labour, not only give the inspection of that treasure to the eyes of curiosity, so that its nature, quality, and value, might be ascertained, but raise it from its hole of concealment, and generously lavish it on purposes of utility. We wanted a full development of the poet's character—a metaphysical analysis of his mental qualities, his idiosyncratic complexion. How did one feeling act upon another—what was his secret source of action—his relations of thought—his moral worth? What was the employment of the "little brief authority" which the circumstances of life gave into his stewardship? and whence proceeded those "fantastic tricks" which he has been reputed to have played "before high Heaven!" How, in short, the world acted upon him, and how he acted upon the world. In the elucidation of these questions, lies the pith and marrow of true biography. But the task is seldom possible—always difficult—and to say that a man has failed in its accomplishment, is to transfer an old truism into other words—that man is a blind creature, and his powers are circumscribed.

The lives of few men deserve such an investigation, and few biographers are able to cope, in however limited a degree, with the extreme difficulties of the task. But Byron was one of these individuals who, whether for good or for evil, have not lived in vain. His existence is, in the most eminent degree, destined to point a moral and adorn a tale. The example of Napoleon, it may be said, cannot apply to the peasant: the example of Jack Cade and Masaniello to crowned princes and aristocrats. Rienzi was moulded by the peculiar circumstances of Rome: Robespierre and Marat were reptiles engendered from the slime of the inundating waters of revolution; and D'Esprémeuil and Mirabeau belong to times which can have no reference to this country. This mode of reasoning, however, cannot hold with Byron, or men of intellectual expansion. Every man's moral con-

dition depends on his mental cultivation, and the sins of the person who applies his intellectual vigour in the furtherance of evil, or allows that intellectual vigour to waste away in indolence, are upon his own head; and a severe reckoning, for its misapplication or nonapplication, will be exacted of him by an indignant posterity. Byron was born in a peaceful society, was reared in comparative competence; for the mother, by thrift, contrived to cut down all wants to the means of supply. He had the chance of a liberal education; he moved precisely in that very sphere where his every action would become notable, where evil example would spread far and wide its pernicious and upas influences, where virtuous practices would have multiplied around him blessings in a hundred, nay, a thousand fold degree. He was the artificer of his own fame and earthly destiny. Placed in the world, he disdained to examine into its essential formation, being satisfied to consider himself as the centre of all motion. He forgot that such a principle as that of attraction is infused throughout the universe, and that he must pay accordance to its laws. On the contrary, he was arrogant enough to wish that all the influences of society should pay obedience to his mandates. Such a person is really a subject for inquiry, for in him the oddest contrarieties were mingled, and he stood before the world a remarkable instance of an imperfect man. It may be truly said of him,

"What Venus twined, the bearer of  
glad fortune,  
The sullen orb of Mars soon tears to  
pieces!"

His course was one of undeviating waywardness; and if, as Schiller has it, the poet is not only the citizen of his country, but of his age, it will come to pass, that his actions will long continue the theme of examination and reflection:

"Und sein Sold  
Muss dem Soldaten werden, darnach  
heisst er."

Mr. Galt, notwithstanding all difficulties and obstacles, has attempted a life of the noble poet, and with considerable success: "His endeavour," as he says, "has been to give a general view of the intellectual character of Lord Byron." To this task he proceeded in due diligence and honest

intention, and the result has been a valuable literary production. The nature of the publication would not allow of deep philosophical research. This, however, was very fortunate for the writer. He is a shrewd observer of manners, and has a quick eye for the unravelling of character; qualities which he has shewn forth to the greatest advantage in his various novels, and which he has, with infinite tact and acuteness, brought to bear on the subject of his biographical sketch. The science of metaphysics, however, he is unable thoroughly to grasp. Indeed, few men can do so, who move in the every-day bustle of the world. No wonder, then, that in this respect Mr. Galt has undergone somewhat of a failure. The consequence of this partial failure is apparent in the language, which, in his attempts at abstruse disquisition, becomes confused; in one or two places it is unintelligible. This was a capital point of attack for the set of petty and currish critics, whose choicest food is gathered from the garbage of their neighbours' misfortunes. We would, however, ask this small fry of literature, if Mr. Galt be the only person who exhibits spots and blotches in his work? We would ask, if the same complaint would not lie against names of even higher pretensions than that of the gentleman in question? Has not the great prince of poets himself been accused of taking his occasional snatches of slumber? an example which all poets and writers, "from time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," have been too wout to imitate. Then why should Mr. Galt be singled out as a fit victim to be hunted down for his partial defects, to the infinite amusement of his critics? We might have suffered this volume to pass us without much comment, had it not been for the undeserved severity with which the author has been handled. As it is, we take up the cudgels in his defence; not, however, with any intention of awarding to him praise which his labours do not deserve. We shall examine the work in all candour, and give an honest opinion of its merits; and as for his indiscriminate and injudicious critics, let Mr. Galt satisfy himself by addressing them in the cautionary words of the Rosemary to the Sow:

"Sus, apage; haud tibi spiro."

The family of Byron came in with the Conquest, under the names of Buron and Biron; and, in the reign of Henry II., they first called themselves De Byron and Byron.

"Although," says Mr. Galt, "for upwards of seven hundred years distinguished for the extent of their possessions, it does not appear that before the time of Charles I. they ranked very highly among the heroic families of the kingdom."

"Erneis and Ralph were the companions of the Conqueror; but antiquaries and genealogists have not determined in what relation they stood to each other. Erneis, who appears to have been the most considerable personage of the two, held numerous manors in the counties of York and Lincoln. In the Domesday Book, Ralph, the direct ancestor of the poet, ranks high among the tenants of the crown, in Notts and Derbyshire; in the latter county he resided at Horestan Castle, from which he took his title. One of the lords of Horestan was an hostage for the payment of the ransom of Richard Cœur de Lion; and in the time of Edward I. the possessions of his descendants were augmented by the addition of the lands of Rochdale, in Lancashire. On what account this new grant was given has not been ascertained; nor is it of importance that it should be."

"In the wars of the three Edwards, the De Byrons appeared with some distinction; and they were also noted in the time of Henry V. Sir John Byron joined Henry VII. on his landing at Milford, and fought gallantly at the battle of Bosworth, against Richard III.; for which he was afterwards appointed constable of Nottingham Castle, and warden of Sherwood Forest. At his death, in 1483, he was succeeded by Sir Nicholas, his brother, who, at the marriage of Arthur, Prince of Wales, in 1501, was made one of the Knights of the Bath."

"Sir Nicholas died in 1540, leaving an only son, Sir John Byron, whom Henry VIII. made Steward of Manchester and Rochdale, and Lieutenant of the Forest of Sherwood. It was to him that, on the dissolution of the monasteries, the church and priory of Newstead, in the county of Nottingham, together with the manor and rectory of Papplewick, were granted. The abbey, from that period, became the family seat, and continued so till it was sold by the poet."

"Sir John Byron left Newstead, and his other possessions, to John Byron, whom Collins and other writers have called his fourth, but who was, in fact, his illegitimate son. He was knighted



by Queen Elizabeth in 1579, and his eldest son, Sir Nicholas, served with distinction in the wars of the Netherlands. When the great rebellion broke out against Charles I., he was one of the earliest who armed in his defence. After the battle of Edgehill, where he courageously distinguished himself, he was made Governor of Chester, and gallantly defended that city against the parliamentary army. Sir John Byron, the brother and heir of Sir Nicholas, was, at the coronation of James I., made a Knight of the Bath. By his marriage with Anne, the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Molyneux, he had eleven sons and a daughter. The eldest served under his uncle in the Netherlands; and, in the year 1611, was appointed by King Charles I. Governor of the Tower of London. In this situation he became obnoxious to the refractory spirits in the Parliament; and was, in consequence, ordered by the Commons to answer at the bar of their house certain charges which the sectaries alleged against him. But he refused to leave his post without the king's command; and, upon this, the Commons applied to the Lords to join them in a petition to the king, to remove him. The Peers rejected the proposition.

"On the 24th October, 1613, Sir John Byron was created Lord Byron of Rochdale, in the county of Lancaster, with remainder of the title to his brothers, and their male issue, respectively. He was also made Field-marshal-general of all his majesty's forces in Worcestershire, Cheshire, Shropshire, and North Wales: nor were these trusts and honours unwon; for the Byrons, during the civil war, were eminently distinguished. At the battle of Newberry, seven of the brothers were in the field, and all actively engaged.

"Sir Richard, the second brother of the first lord, was knighted by Charles I. for his conduct at the battle of Edgehill, and appointed Governor of Appleby Castle, in Westmoreland, and afterwards of Newark, which he defended with great honour. Sir Richard, on the death of his brother, in 1652, succeeded to the peerage, and died in 1679.

"His eldest son, William, the third lord, married Elizabeth, the daughter of Viscount Chaworth, of Ireland, by whom he had five sons, four of whom died young. William, the fourth lord, his son, was gentleman of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark, and married, for his first wife, a daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, who died eleven weeks after their nuptials. His second wife was the daughter of the Earl of Portland, by whom he had three sons,

who all died before their father. His third wife was Frances, daughter of Lord Berkley, of Stratton, from whom the Poet is descended. Her eldest son, William, born in 1722, succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father, in 1736. He entered the naval service, and became a lieutenant under Admiral Balchen. In the year 1763, he was made Master of the Stag-hounds; and, in 1765, he was sent to the Tower, and tried before the House of Peers, for killing his relation and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel fought at the Star and Garter tavern, in Pall Mall.

"This Lord William was naturally boisterous and vindictive. It appeared in evidence, that he insisted on fighting with Mr. Chaworth in the room where the quarrel commenced. They accordingly fought without seconds, by the dim light of a single candle; and, although Mr. Chaworth was the most skilful swordsman of the two, he received a mortal wound; but he lived long enough to disclose some particulars of the rencounter, which induced the coroner's jury to return a verdict of wilful murder, and Lord Byron was tried for the crime.

"The trial took place in Westminster Hall, and the public curiosity was so great, that the Peers' tickets of admission were publicly sold for six guineas each. It lasted two days, and at the conclusion he was unanimously pronounced guilty of manslaughter. On being brought up for judgment, he pleaded his privilege and was discharged. It was to this lord that the poet succeeded, for he died without leaving issue.

"His brother, the grandfather of the poet, was the celebrated 'Hardy Byron'; or, as the sailors called him, 'Foul-weather Jack,' whose adventures and services are too well known to require any notice here. He married the daughter of John Trevannion, Esq. of Carhais, in the county of Cornwall, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. John, the eldest, and the father of the poet, was born in 1751, educated at Westminster school, and afterwards placed in the Guards, where his conduct became so irregular and profligate, that his father, the admiral, though a good-natured man, discarded him long before his death. In 1778, he acquired extraordinary *éclat* by the seduction of the Marchioness of Carmarthen, under circumstances which have few parallels in the licentiousness of fashionable life. The meanness with which he obliged his wretched victim to supply him with money, would have been disgraceful to the basest adulteries of the cellar or garret. A divorce ensued, the guilty

parties married; but within two years after, such was the brutal and vicious conduct of Captain Byron, that the ill-fated lady died literally of a broken heart, after having given birth to two daughters, one of whom still survives.

"Captain Byron then married Miss Catherine Gordon, of Gight, a lady of honourable descent, and of a respectable fortune for a Scottish heiress, the only motive which this Don Juan had for forming the connexion. She was the mother of the poet.

"Although the Byrons have for so many ages been among the eminent families of the realm, they have no claim to the distinction which the poet has set up for them as warriors in Palestine, even though he says —

'Near Ascalon's tow'rs John of Horestan slumbers;'

for unless this refers to the Lord of Horestan, who was one of the hostages for the ransom of Richard I., it will not be easy to determine to whom he alludes; and it is possible that the poet has no other authority for this legend, than the tradition which he found connected with two groups of heads on the old panels of Newstead. Yet the account of them is vague and conjectural; for it was not until ages after the crusades, that the abbey came into the possession of the family; and it is not probable that the figures referred to any transactions in Palestine in which the Byrons were engaged, if they were put up by the Byrons at all. They were, probably, placed in their present situation while the building was in possession of the churchmen.

"One of the groups, consisting of a female and two Saracens with eyes earnestly fixed upon her, may have been the old favourite ecclesiastical story of Susannah and the Elders; the other, which represents a Saracen with an European female between him and a Christian soldier, is, perhaps, an ecclesiastical allegory, descriptive of the Saracen and the Christian warrior contending for the liberation of the church. These sort of allegorical stories were common among monastic ornaments, and the famous legend of Saint George and the Dragon is one of them.

"Into the domestic circumstances of Captain and Mrs. Byron, it would be impertinent to institute any particular investigation. They were exactly such as might be expected from the sins and follies of the most profligate libertine of the age.

"The fortune of Mrs. Byron, consisting of various property, and amounting to about 23,500*l.*, was all wasted in the space of two years; at the end of which

the unfortunate lady found herself in possession of only 150*l.* per annum.

"Their means being thus exhausted, she accompanied her husband, in the summer of 1786, to France, from which she returned to England at the close of the year 1787, and on the 22d of January, 1788, gave birth, in Holles-street, London, to her first and only child, the poet. The name of Gordon was added to that of his family, in compliance with a condition imposed by will, on whoever should become the husband of the heiress of Gight. The late Duke of Gordon and Colonel Duff, of Fetteresso, were godfathers to the child.

"In the year 1790, Mrs. Byron took up her residence in Aberdeen, where she was soon after joined by Captain Byron, with whom she lived in lodgings in Queen Street; but their re-union was comfortless, and a separation soon took place. Still, their rupture was not final, for they occasionally visited, and drank tea with each other. The captain also paid some attention to the boy, and had him, on one occasion, to stay with him for a night, when he proved so troublesome, that he was sent home next day.

"Byron himself has said, that he passed his boyhood at Mar Lodge, near Aberdeen; but the statement is not correct; he visited, with his mother, occasionally among their friends; and, among other places, passed some time at Fetteresso, the seat of his godfather, Colonel Duff. In 1796, after an attack of the scarlet fever, he passed some time at Ballater, a summer resort for health and gaiety, about forty miles up the Dee from Aberdeen. Although the circumstances of Mrs. Byron were, at this period, exceedingly straitened, she received a visit from her husband, the object of which was to extort more money; and he was so far successful, that she contrived to borrow a sum, which enabled him to proceed to Valenciennes, where, in the following year, he died, greatly to her relief, and the gratification of all who were connected with him.

By her advances to Captain Byron, and the expense she incurred in furnishing the flat of the house she occupied after his death, Mrs. Byron fell into debt, to the amount of 300*l.*, the interest on which reduced her income to 135*l.*; but, much to her credit, she contrived to live without increasing her embarrassments, until the death of her grandmother, when she received 1,122*l.*, a sum which had been set apart for the old gentlewoman's jointure, and which enabled her to discharge her pecuniary obligations.

"Notwithstanding the manner in which this unfortunate lady was treat-

ed by her husband, she always entertained for him a strong affection, inasmuch that, when the intelligence of his death arrived, her grief was loud and vehement. She was, indeed, a woman of quick feelings and strong passions; and, probably, it was by the strength and sincerity of her sensibility that she retained so long the affection of her son, toward whom, it cannot be doubted, that her love was unaffected. In the midst of the neglect and penury to which she was herself subjected, she bestowed upon him all the care, the love, and watchfulness of the tenderest mother.

"In his fifth year, on the 19th of November, 1792, she sent him to a day-school, where she paid about five shillings a quarter, the common rate of the respectable day-schools, at that time, in Scotland. It was kept by a Mr. Bowers, whom Byron has described as a dapper, spruce person, with whom he made no progress. How long he remained with Mr. Bowers is not mentioned, but by the day-book of the school, it was at least twelve months; for, on the 19th of November of the following year, there is an entry of a guinea having been paid for him.

"From this school he was removed, and placed with a Mr. Ross, one of the ministers of the city churches, and to whom he formed some attachment, as he speaks of him with kindness, and describes him as a devout, clever little man, of mild manners, good natured, and pains-taking. His third instructor was a serious, saturnine, kind young man, named Patterson, the son of a shoemaker, but a good scholar, and a rigid Presbyterian. It is somewhat curious in the record which Byron has made of his early years, to observe the constant endeavour with which he, the descendant of such a limitless pedigree and great ancestors, attempts to magnify the condition of his mother's circumstances.

"Patterson attended him until he went to the grammar-school, where his character first began to be developed; and his schoolfellows, many of whom are alive, still recollect him as a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but withal affectionate and companionable. This, however, is an opinion given of him after he had become celebrated; for a very different impression has unquestionably remained among some, who carry their recollections back to his childhood. By them he has been described as a malignant imp, was often spoken of for his pranks by the worthy housewives of the neighbourhood as 'Mrs. Byron's crookit deevil,' and generally disliked for the deep vindictive an-

ger he retained against those with whom he happened to quarrel.

"By the death of William, the fifth lord, he succeeded to the estates and titles in the year 1798; and in the autumn of that year, Mrs. Byron, with her son, and a faithful servant of the name of Mary Gray, left Aberdeen for Newstead. Previously to their departure, Mrs. Byron sold the furniture of her humble lodging, with the exception of her little plate and scanty linen, which she took with her, and the whole amount of the sale did not yield SEVENTY-FIVE POUNDS."

When Mrs. Byron and her son arrived at Newstead, it was in a state of absolute ruin. This, however, was not the young man's worst misfortune: he had a mother whose temper was the cause of his moral ruin.

"She was," says the biographer, "without judgment or self-command, alternately spoiling her child by indulgence, irritating him by her self-willed obstinacy, and, what was still worse, amusing him by her violence and disgusting him by fits of inebriety. Sympathy for her misfortunes would be no sufficient apology for concealing her defects: they undoubtedly had a material influence on her son, and her appearance was often the subject of his childish ridicule. She was a short and corpulent person; she rolled in her gait, and would, in her rage, sometimes endeavour to catch him, for the purpose of inflicting punishment, while he would run round the room, mocking her menaces and mimicking her motion.

"The greatest weakness in Lord Byron's character was a morbid sensibility to his lameness. He felt it with as much vexation as if it had been inflicted ignominy. One of the most striking passages in some memoranda which he has left of his early days, is where, in speaking of his own sensitiveness on the subject of his deformed foot, he describes the feeling of horror and humiliation that came over him when his mother, in one of her fits of passion, called him a 'lame brat.'

"The sense which Byron always retained of the innocent fault of his foot, was unmanly and excessive; for it was not greatly conspicuous, and he had a mode of walking across a room by which it was scarcely at all perceptible. I was several days on board the same ship with him before I happened to discover the defect; it was, indeed, so well concealed, that I was in doubt whether his lameness was the effect of a temporary accident or a malformation, until I asked Mr. Hobhouse."

The mother had, moreover, a strong

faith in fortune-telling, and imparted this weakness to her son, who also, very early, imbibed his mother's waywardness and bitterness of temper. These *traits* he exhibited at a very early period; and though, in the first instance, after a childish and whimsical fashion, still they were, as Selden has it, the straws indicative of the right quarter of the wind.

"On their arrival from Scotland, Byron was placed, by his mother, under the care of an empirical pretender of the name of Lavender, at Nottingham, who professed the cure of such cases; and that he might not lose ground in his education, he was attended by a respectable schoolmaster, Mr. Rodgers, who read parts of Virgil and Cicero with him. Of this gentleman he always entertained a kind remembrance. Nor was his regard, in this instance, peculiar; for it may be said to have been a distinguishing trait in his character, to recollect, with affection, all who had been about him in his youth. The quack, however, was an exception, whom (from having caused him to suffer much pain, and whose pretensions, even young as he then was, he detected) he delighted to expose. On one occasion he scribbled down, on a sheet of paper, the letters of the alphabet at random, but in the form of words and sentences, and placing them before Lavender, asked him gravely what language it was. 'Italian,' was the reply, to the infinite amusement of the little satirist, who burst into a triumphant laugh at the success of his stratagem.

"It is said that about this time the first symptom of his predilection for rhyming shewed itself. An elderly lady, a visiter to his mother, had been indiscreet enough to give him some offence, and slights he generally resented with more energy than they often deserved. This venerable personage entertained a singular notion respecting the soul, which she believed took its flight, at death, to the moon. One day, after a repetition of her original contumely, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage, and complained vehemently of the old lady, declaring that he could not bear the sight of her; and then he broke out into the following doggerel, which he repeated over and over, crowing with delight:—

" 'In Nottingham county there lives,  
at Swan Green,

As curs'd an old lady as ever was  
seen;

And when she does die, which I  
hope will be soon,

She firmly believes she will go to  
the moon.' "

He was first sent to a private school at Dulwich, whence in due season he was removed to Harrow. Shortly afterwards he fell desperately in love with the beautiful Miss Chaworth—although, in matters of this kind, he was not, it appears, by two or three removes, a tyro, having owned to the soft impeachment as early as in his eighth year. But the young lady, after having laugh'd at him and treated him as a boy, at length jilted him; notwithstanding which, her charms made a deep impression on his memory, as it was to this attachment that the world is indebted for the poem of the *Dream*, and for the stanzas beginning with

"Oh, had my fate been join'd to thine!"

Byron was next sent to Cambridge, where he wrote his *Hours of Idleness*. The *Edinburgh Review* drove him to desperation; or, as Mr. Galt himself says (though we wish that, in the correction of his proofs, he had modified the sibylline obscurity of the passage), "Strong volitions of revenge succeeded, and the grasps of his mind were filled, as it were, with writhing adders." His brimstone wrath, however, found relief in the composition of the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Byron, after this burst of vengeance, resolved on foreign travel. Sadly conditioned must have been the state of that young man's mind who could not endure an inefficient rebuff—nay, who in that very rebuff imagined that he saw the incontrovertible indication of a universal conspiracy against his literary fame and advancement. The truly confiding poet goes through the changes, the privations, and the adversities of this sublunary existence, well knowing that he is obeying the mandate of the mighty Architect who framed that frail tenement, his body, and endures all the pains and penalties incidental to his pilgrimage with the moral energies of an Alcides armed for battle, with the undying faith of the hero imagined by Bunyan, the prince of dreamers. In the first onset, however, Byron was disarmed; and in the brutal spirit of a savage combatant, he stalked away in sulkiness from the field, firmly determining on the exaction of a speedy and an effectual vengeance. His state of mind, at this period, is indeed worthy the pity of every philanthropist; but of this we shall treat more fully hereafter. Mr. Galt says that the satire

"Bears testimony to the state of his feelings at that important epoch, while he was yet upon the threshold of the world, and was entering it with a sense of failure, and humiliation, and premature disgust; for, notwithstanding his unnecessary expositions concerning his dissipation, it is beyond controversy that at no time could it be said he was a dissipated young man. That he indulged in occasional excesses, is true; but his habits were never libertine, nor did his health or stamina permit him to be distinguished in licentiousness. The declaration in which he first discloses his sobriety, contains more truth than all his pretensions to his father's qualities. 'I took my gradations in the vices,' says he, in that remarkable confession, 'with great promptitude, but they were not to my taste; for my early passions, though violent in the extreme, were concentrated, and hated division or spreading abroad. I could have left or lost the whole world with or for that which I loved; but though my temperament was naturally burning, I could not share in the common libertinism of the place and time without disgust; and yet this very disgust, and my heart thrown back upon itself, threw me into excesses perhaps more fatal than those from which I shrunk, as fixing upon one at a time the passions, which, spread amongst many, would have hurt only myself.'"

Lord Byron embarked shortly afterwards, in company with Mr. Hobhouse, for the Mediterranean, and, at Gibraltar, fell in with Mr. Galt, who has given a minute description of their first interview, which was by no means prepossessing in the biographer's estimation. Byron next went to Malta, then to Greece and Albania, and then returned to Athens, where Mr. Galt again joined the travellers. The poet lodged at the house of a Greek widow, who had several daughters, and with one of them Byron was smitten into the sentimental. He has given her celebrity in this island, in the song commencing with

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, O give me back my heart!"

From Athens the travellers went to Asia Minor, then embarked for Constantinople, and, after touching at Tenedos, visiting the Troad, and swimming across the Hellespont, they gained the seven-throned city of the east. Here the poet had a dispute with the ambassador, and gave ridiculous symptoms of his native pride and arrogance, which ever continued the bane of his existence.

"The pride of rank was indeed one of the greatest weaknesses of Lord Byron: and every thing, even of the most accidental kind, which seemed to come between the wind and his nobility, was repelled on the spot. I recollect having some debate with him once, respecting a pique of etiquette which happened between him and Sir William Drummond somewhere in Portugal or Spain. Sir William was at the time an ambassador (not, however, I believe, in the country where the incident occurred) and was on the point of taking precedence in passing from one room to another, when Byron stepped in before him. The action was undoubtedly rude on the part of his lordship, even though Sir William had presumed too far on his riband: to me it seemed also wrong; for, by the custom of all nations from time immemorial, ambassadors have been allowed their official rank in passing through foreign countries, while peers in the same circumstances claim no rank at all; even in our own colonies it has been doubted if they may take precedence of the legislative councillors. But the rights of rank are best determined by the heralds; and I have only to remark, that it is almost inconceivable how such things should have so morbidly affected the sensibility of Lord Byron; yet they certainly did so, and even to a ridiculous degree. On one occasion, when he lodged in St. James's Street, I recollect him rating the footman for using a double knock in accidental thoughtlessness."

He had not been long at Constantinople, when his grand tour to Persia and India was suddenly abandoned, and he embarked with Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Adair, our ambassador at the Porte, on board the *Salsette*, and was put on shore on the island of Zea. "In the course of this passage," says Mr. Galt, "one of the most emphatic incidents of his life occurred—an incident which throws a considerable gloom into the springs and intricacies of his character, more, perhaps, than any thing which has yet been mentioned."

"One day," continues the biographer, "when he was walking the quarter-deck, he lifted an ataghan (it might be one of the midshipmen's weapons), and, unsheathing it, said, contemplating the blade, 'I should like to know how a person feels after committing murder.' By those who have inquiringly noticed the extraordinary cast of his metaphysical associations, this dagger-scene must be regarded as both impressive and solemn; although the wish to know how a man felt after committing murder,

does not imply any desire to perpetrate the crime. The feeling might be appreciated by experiencing any actual degree of guilt; for it is not the deed—the sentiment which follows it makes the horror. But it is doing injustice to suppose the expression of such a wish dictated by desire. Lord Byron has been heard to express, in the eccentricity of conversation, wishes for a more intense knowledge of remorse than murder itself could give. There is, however, a wide and wild difference between the curiosity that prompts the wish to know the exactitude of any feeling or idea, and the direful passions that instigate to guilty gratifications."

All this is very fine; but we think the worthy biographer makes too much of this scene with the ataghan. If Lord Byron were serious in thus openly soliloquising on the instrument of death, and by innuendo, as it were, giving the alarmed spectators to understand that he could die the death of a Cato, he must have been mad—and approaching, too, to the stark staring degree: if he were not mad, then there remains the alternative of stark staring brazen-faced conceit. However he might have wanted for common sense, which want was the fault of his rearing, he was most assuredly not mad, and proofs could be multiplied on proofs to substantiate this latter position.

From Zea he went back to Athens, and with Lord Shgo, his old fellow-collegian, travelled as far as Corinth; thence to Patras—and thence back again to Athens, where, and at which time the principal incident in the *Claouir* actually came to pass, he being one of the principals in the adventure.

"One day as he was returning from bathing in the Piræus, he met the procession going down to the shore to execute the sentence which the waywode had pronounced on the girl; and learning the object of the ceremony, and who was the victim, he immediately interfered with great resolution; for, on observing some hesitation on the part of the leader of the escort to return with him to the governor's house, he drew a pistol, and threatened to shoot him on the spot. The man then turned about, and accompanied him back, when, partly by bribery and entreaty, he succeeded in obtaining a pardon for her, on condition that she was sent immediately out of the city. Byron conveyed her to the monastery, and on the same night sent her off to Thebes, where she found a safe asylum."

With this adventure may his travels and wanderings in Greece be terminated. He arrived in London in July 1811, and arranged the publication of the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*.

"On his arrival in London, his relation, Mr. Dallas, called on him, and in the course of their first brief conversation his Lordship mentioned that he had written a paraphrase of *Horace's Art of Poetry*, but said nothing then of *Childe Harold*, a circumstance which leads me to suspect that he offered him the slighter work first, to enjoy his surprise afterwards at the greater. If so, the result answered the intent. Mr. Dallas carried home with him the paraphrase of *Horace*, with which he was grievously disappointed; so much so, that on meeting his Lordship again in the morning, and being reluctant to speak of it as he really thought, he only expressed some surprise that his noble friend should have produced nothing else during his long absence.

"I can easily conceive the emphatic indifference, if my conjecture be well founded, with which Lord Byron must have said to him, 'I have occasionally written short poems, besides a great many stanzas in Spenser's measure, relative to the countries I have visited; they are not worth troubling you with, but you shall have them all with you, if you like.'

"*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* was accordingly placed in his hands; Mr. Dallas took it home, and was not slow in discovering its beauties, for in the course of the same evening he despatched a note to his Lordship, as a fair specimen of the style of an elderly patronising gentleman as can well be imagined: 'You have written,' said he, 'one of the most delightful poems I ever read. If I wrote this in flattery, I should deserve your contempt rather than your friendship. I have been so fascinated with *Childe Harold*, that I have not been able to lay it down; I would almost pledge my life on its advancing the reputation of your poetical powers, and on its gaining you great honour and regard, if you will do me the credit and favour of attending to my suggestions.'"

While busily employed in the publication of *Childe Harold*, and in the intricacies of law with his agents in London, he was suddenly summoned on his mother's account to Newstead; but before he reached that "seat of his ancestors" the old lady had expired.

"Notwithstanding her violent temper and other unseemly conduct, her affection for him had been so fond and dear,

that he undoubtedly returned it with unaffected sincerity; and from many casual and incidental expressions which I have heard him employ concerning her, I am persuaded that his filial love was not at any time even of an ordinary kind. During her life he might feel uneasy respecting her, apprehensive on account of her ungovernable passions and indiscretions; but the manner in which he lamented her death clearly proves that the integrity of his affections had never been impaired.

"On the night after his arrival at the Abbey, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Byron, in passing the door of the room where the corpse lay, heard the sound of some one sighing heavily within, and on entering, found his Lordship sitting in the dark beside the bed. She remonstrated with him for so giving way to grief, when he burst into tears, and exclaimed, 'I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone.' Of the fervency of his sorrow I do therefore think there can be no doubt; the very endeavour which he made to conceal it by indifference, was a proof of its depth and anguish, though he hazarded the strictures of the world by the indecorum of his conduct on the occasion of the funeral.—Having declined to follow the remains himself, he stood looking from the hall door at the procession, till the whole had moved away; and then, turning to one of the servants, the only person left, he desired him to fetch the sparring-gloves, and proceeded with him to his usual exercise. But the scene was impressive, and spoke eloquently of a grieved heart;—he sparring in silence all the time, and the servant thought that he hit harder than was his habit; at last he suddenly flung away the gloves, and retired to his own room."

"The scene was impressive" indeed, as Mr. Galt very truly observes; but Byron, the sorry and thorough worldling, could not shake off the trammels of arrant conceit and clap-trap show and artifice. In matters of less moment, and involved in the ordinary transactions of life, he would "snarl and snap like dog distract;" but in scenes where the real tragedy of life was being enacted before his eyes, when a mother with a thousand sins upon her head had been suddenly called away from this shifting existence, he could force into his meretricious cheeks the show of unconcern, and strive in vain emulation at the excellences of his old pot companions, Cribb and Randal!

Mr. Galt has glossed over the trans-

action between Moore and Byron; and thus shewn a piece of good service towards the homunculus of a poet, which that little vain gentleman has not had the common sense to exercise, in his own behalf, at the time he produced his ponderous quarto. Where vanity, however, reigns predominant, there is little chance of common sense finding in its vicinity a resting-place. Thus is it with our little Anacreontaccia; who, being too proud of the opportunity of figuring in the same page with a "my dear Lord," and that lord a poet of Byron's calibre and reputation, cannot, in the spirit moralised upon in the apologue of "How we apples swim!" avoid making full mention of himself, though that mention may go far towards displaying his own unworthiness. In our humble opinion, Moore shews off in very small effigy in his celebrated duello and reconciliation business. All the hauteur and negative conduct of the peer could not daunt the little gentleman in his fawning palaver and attempts at mane compliments, until he contrived to sit opposite to him at dinner at the house of their mutual friend, the author of *The Pleasures of Memory*. "You have now declared yourself satisfied," quoth the peer to the commoner. —Satisfied!—Prudence, the poet (but not Mr. Anacron Moore) says, is the better part of valour; but this principle is capable of a double and an opposite interpretation:—With brave men it operates so,—that however slow and cautious they may be in incurring disputes, when once committed they know that, if they would have the approval of the world and of their own hearts, they must onward; being always, however, prepared to manifest clemency towards any foe importuning for mercy. With men, however, of Mr. Moore's moral conformation, it so operates, that, as soon as they hear the first growl of their adversary, they gulp down their boisterous irritation, and, becoming as meek as sucking doves, they will give their persons to be kicked by their adversaries, if it should so suit their graciousness, and submit to be the passive instruments of any favour of that and every other kind, so only they have the final satisfaction of eating salt with them at the table of some mutual friend; and thus sign lasting articles of peace and friendship, after the manner of the bearded Arabs of the desert. If Mr. Moore had received an insult, and all

the world fancied that he had, no consideration, not even that of marriage, should have operated as a barrier to his just resentment. However his glowing indignation might have been calmed by "the love of kindred and of home," which had grown upon him since the period of aggression, still, as a member of society, he should have recollected, that the eyes of the world were upon him, and that it behoved him to fulfil a duty,—however conventional, yet an imperative duty towards that society, which has always had secondary and private ways of avenging secondary and private grievances; although we wish to Heaven that some method were discoverable which should do away with the fatal necessity of duelling; and the legislator who could effect this good for the world ought to have his name written in letters of gold and adamant, for the deepest admiration of the world.—Enough, however, of the quarrel of Mr. Moore with the author of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

Byron's next exhibition was in the House of Lords, where he spoke his maiden speech with considerable success; and took care to tell Mr. Dallas, whom he met on his return from his place of triumph, "that he had, by his oratorical display, given him the best advertisement for *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*."

"It is," says his biographer, "upon this latter circumstance that I have ventured to state my suspicion, that there was a degree of worldly management in making his first appearance in the House of Lords so immediately preceding the publication of his poem. The speech was, indeed, a splendid advertisement, but the greater and brighter merits of the poem soon proved that it was not requisite; for the speech made no impression, but the poem was at once hailed with delight and admiration. It filled a vacancy in the public mind, which the excitement and inflation arising from the mighty events of the age had created. The world, in its condition and circumstances, was prepared to receive a work, so original, vigorous, and beautiful; and the reprobation was such that there was no undue extravagance in the noble author saying in his memorandum, 'I awoke one morning and found myself famous.'

"But he was not to be allowed to revel in such triumphant success with impunity. If the great spirits of the time were smitten with astonishment at the splendour of the rising fire, the imps and elves of malignity and malice fluttered

their bat-wings in all directions. Those whom the poet had afflicted in his satire, and who had remained quietly crouching with lacerated shoulders in the hope that their flagellation would be forgotten, and that the avenging demon who had so punished their imbecility would pass away, were terrified from their obscurity. They came like moths to the candle; and sarcasms in the satire which had long been unheeded, in the belief that they would soon be forgotten, were felt to have been barbed with irremediable venom, when they beheld the avenger

'Towering in his pride of place.'

We now approach towards the year 1813. His fame was great, for the fame of *Childe Harold* was at its towering zenith, and in rapid succession he had produced the *Gaioir* and the *Bride of Abydos*. His society was courted, as the society of all fashionables has been, from even before the time when Augustus sat between his Maro and his Placcus, and facetiously exclaimed against his sorrowful situation, as being placed *inter suspiria et luctus*—and Byron became the observed of all observers, even to a greater degree than perhaps he wished, as the following story, which Mr. Galt very happily calls the Lady's Tragedy, will sufficiently exemplify. It is useful—as are all the other circumstances we have adduced—because it is a link in that chain of evidence which we have endeavoured to produce in elucidation of the Poet's character.

"It forms no part of the plan of this work to repeat the gossip and tattle of private society; but occurrences happened to Lord Byron which engaged both, and some of them cannot well be passed over unnoticed. One of these took place during the spring of this year; and having been a subject of newspaper remark, it may with less impropriety be mentioned than others, which were more indecorously made the topics of general discussion. The incident alluded to was an extravagant scene enacted by a lady of high rank, at a rout given by Lady Heathcote; in which, in revenge, as it was reported, for having been rejected by Lord Byron, she made a suicidal attempt with an instrument, which scarcely penetrated, if it could even inflict any permanent mark on, the skin.

"The insane attachment of this eccentric lady to his lordship was well known; insane is the only epithet that can be applied to the actions of a married woman, who, in the disguise of her page, flung herself to a man who, as she told a friend of mine, was ashamed to be in



love with her, because she was not beautiful—an expression at once curious and just, evincing a shrewd perception of the springs of his lordship's conduct, and the acuteness, blended with frenzy and talent, which distinguished herself. Lord Byron unquestionably, at that time, cared little for her. In shewing me her picture, some two or three days after the affair, and laughing at the absurdity of it, he bestowed on her the endearing diminutive of *vixen*, with a hard-hearted adjective that I judiciously omit.

"The immediate cause of this tragical flourish was never very well understood; but in the course of the evening she had made several attempts to fasten on his lordship, and was shunned; certain it is, she had not, like Burke in the House of Commons, premeditatedly brought a dagger in her reticule on purpose for the scene; but, seeing herself an object of scorn, she seized the first weapon she could find—some said a pair of scissors—others, more scandalously, a broken jelly-glass, and attempted an incision of the jugular, to the consternation of all the dowagers, and the pathetic admiration of every miss who witnessed or heard of the rupture."

We dislike this sweeping denunciation against "every miss," because, if ever there is a period when the female breast is capable of entertaining a purity of feeling, and of confiding affection, and, by the same rule, of hatred of vice, in whatever guise it may appear—it is when women are *misses*, and are uncontaminated with the artifices of society, and unblackened in the ways of its deceit and turpitude. But let this pass. The biographer continues.

"Lord Byron, at the time, was in another room, talking with Prince K—, when Lord P— came, with a face full of consternation, and told them what had happened. The cruel poet, instead of being agitated by the tidings, or standing in the smallest degree in need of a smelling-bottle, knitted his scowl, and said, with a contemptuous indifference, 'It is only a trick.' All things considered, he was, perhaps, not uncharitable; and a man of less vanity would have felt pretty much as his lordship appeared to do on the occasion. The whole affair was eminently ridiculous; and what increased the absurdity was a letter she addressed to a friend of mine on the subject, and which he thought too good to be reserved only for his own particular study."

In the same year, Lord Byron proposed for Miss Milbanke, whom he subsequently married. The observations by Mr. Galt are truly valuable;

and the following observations by the Poet himself are worth remembering, when we would find reasons for his strange conduct.

"Lord Byron was so much the agent of impulses, that he could not keep long in unison with the world, or in harmony with his friends. Without malice, or the instigation of any ill spirit, he was continually provoking malignity and revenge. His verses on the Princess Charlotte weeping, and his other merciless satire on her father, begot him no friends, and armed the hatred of his enemies. There was, indeed, something like ingratitude in the attack on the Regent, for his royal highness had been particularly civil; had intimated a wish to have him introduced to him; and Byron, fond of the distinction, spoke of it with a sense of gratification. These instances, as well as others, of gratuitous spleen, only justified the misrepresentations which had been insinuated against himself, and what was humour in his nature was ascribed to vice in his principles.

"Before the year was at an end, his popularity was evidently beginning to wane: of this he was conscious himself, and braved the frequent attacks on his character and genius with an affectation of indifference, under which those who had at all observed the singular associations of his recollections and ideas must have discerned the symptoms of a strange disease. He was tainted with an Herodian malady of the mind; his thoughts were often hateful to himself; but there was an ecstasy in conception, as if delight could be mingled with horror. I think, however, he struggled to master the fatality, and that his resolution to marry was dictated by an honourable desire to give hostages to society against the wilfulness of his imagination.

"It is a curious and a mystical fact, that at the period to which I am alluding, and a very short time, only a little month, before he successfully solicited the hand of Miss Milbanke, being at Newstead, he fancied that he saw the ghost of the monk which is supposed to haunt the abbey, and to make its ominous appearance when misfortune or death impends over the master of the mansion.—The story of the apparition, in the sixteenth canto of *Don Juan*, is derived from this family legend; and Norman Abbey, in the thirteenth of the same poem, is a rich and elaborate description of Newstead.

"After his proposal to Miss Milbanke had been accepted a considerable time, nearly three months elapsed before the marriage was completed, in consequence of the embarrassed condition in which, when the necessary settlements were to be made, he found his affairs. This state of things, with the previous unhappy

controversy with himself, and anger at the world, was ill calculated to gladden his nuptials : but, besides these real evils, his mind was awed with gloomy presentiments, a shadow of some advancing

misfortune darkened his spirit, and the ceremony was performed with sacrificial feelings, and those dark and chilling circumstances which he has so touchingly described in the *Dream* :

‘ I saw him stand  
Before an altar with a gentle bride ;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The starlight of his boyhood ; —as he stood  
Even at the altar, o’er his brow there came  
The selfsame aspect, and the quivering shroud  
That in the antique oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude ; and then—  
As in that hour—a moment o’er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The faltering vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reeled around him : he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have been  
But the old mansion and the accustom’d hall,  
And the remember’d chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour  
And her, who was his destiny, came back,  
And thrust themselves between him and the light.’

“ This is very affectingly described ; and his prose description bears testimony to its correctness. ‘ It had been predicted, by Mrs. Williams, that twenty-seven was to be a dangerous age for me. The fortune-telling witch was right ; it was destined to prove so. I shall never forget the 2d of January, 1815 ; Lady Byron was the only unconcerned person present ; Lady Noel, her mother, cried ; I trembled like a leaf, made the wrong responses, and, after the ceremony, called her Miss Milbanke.

“ ‘ There is a singular history attached to the ring. The very day the match was concluded, a ring of my mother’s, that had been lost, was dug up by the gardener at Newstead. I thought it was sent on purpose for the wedding ; but my mother’s marriage had not been a fortunate one, and this ring was doomed to be the seal of an unhappier union still.

“ ‘ After the ordeal was over, we set off for a country-seat of Sir Ralph’s, (Lady B.’s father,) and I was surprised at the arrangements for the journey, and somewhat out of humour, to find the lady’s-maid stuck between me and my bride. It was rather too early to assume the husband ; so I was forced to submit, but it was not with a very good grace. I have been accused of saying, on getting into the carriage, that I had married Lady Byron out of spite, and because she had refused me twice. Though I was, for a moment, vexed at her prudery, or whatever you may choose to call it, if I had made so uncavalier, not to say brutal, a speech, I am convinced Lady Byron would instantly have left the carriage to me and the maid. She had spirit enough

to have done so, and would properly have resented the affront. Our honeymoon was not all sunshine ; it had its clouds.

“ ‘ I was not so young when my father died but that I perfectly remember him, and had a very early horror of matrimony, from the sight of domestic broils : this feeling came over me very strongly at my wedding. Something whispered me that I was sealing my own death-warrant. I am a great believer in presentiments : Socrates’s demon was not a fiction ; Monk Lewis had his monitor ; and Napoleon many warnings. At the last moment I would have retreated, could I have done so ; I called to mind a friend of mine, who had married a young, beautiful, and rich girl, and yet was miserable ; he had strongly urged me against putting my neck in the same yoke.’ ”

This connubial mutuality, as Mr. Coleridge would say, was short-lived. He separated from his wife—for what reason is, and most likely ever will be, unknown—and determined to reside abroad. He set sail for Ostend on the 25th of April, 1816, and, after visiting Waterloo, where he indulged in feelings which were only prompted by a “ peevish ill-will towards England,” where all his woes had originated from the bitter fountain of arrogant self, he proceeded to Switzerland by the way of the majestic Rhine. Of this tour, the third canto of *Childe Harold* is a commemoration. *Manfred*, and the *Prisoner of Chillon*, are the fruits of his sojourn in the land of lakes, and mists, and mountains.

"Of the first," says Mr. Galt, "it is unnecessary to say more; but the following extract from the poet's travelling memorandum-book has been supposed to contain the germ of the tragedy:

"September 22, 1816.—Left Thun in a boat, which carried us the length of the lake in three hours. The lake small, but the banks fine; rocks down to the water's edge. Landed at Newhouse; passed Interlachen; entered upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception; passed a rock bearing an inscription—two brothers, one murdered the other; just the place for it. After a variety of windings, came to an enormous rock; arrived at the foot of the mountain (the Jungfrau) glaciers; torrents—one of these nine hundred feet visible descent. Lodge at the curate's; set out to see the valley. Heard an avalanche fall like thunder! glaciers: enormous storm comes on; thunder, and lightning, and hail, all in perfection, and beautiful. The torrent is in shape, curving over the rock, like the tail of the white horse streaming in the wind, just as might be conceived would be that of the pale horse on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both; its immense height gives a wave, a curve—a spreading here, a condensation there—wonderful, indescribable!

"September 23.—Ascent of the Wingren, the *dent d'argent* shining like truth on one side; on the other, the clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring-tide. It was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was, of course, not of so precipitous a nature; but, on

arriving at the summit, we looked down on the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crag on which we stood. Arrived at the Greenderwold, mounted and rode to the higher glacier; twilight, but distinct—very fine. Glacier like a frozen hurricane; star-light beautiful. The whole of the day was fine, and, in point of weather, as the day in which Paradise was made. Passed whole woods of withered pines—all withered, trunks stripped and lifeless, done by a single winter."

"Undoubtedly, in these brief and abrupt, but masterly touches, hints for the scenery of *Manfred* may be discerned, but I can perceive nothing in them which bears the least likelihood to their having influenced the conception of that sublime work.

"There has always been, from the first publication of *Manfred*, a strange misapprehension with respect to it in the public mind. The whole poem has been misunderstood; and the odious supposition, that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed, that the story is derived from the human sacrifices supposed to have been in use among the students of the black art?

"*Manfred* is represented as being actuated by an insatiable curiosity—a passion to know the forbidden secrets of the world. The scene opens with him at his midnight studies—his lamp is almost burnt out—and he has been searching for knowledge, and has not found it, but only that

'Sorrow is knowledge. They who know the most  
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,  
The tree of knowledge is not that of life.  
Philosophy, and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essayed, and in my mind there is  
A power to make these subject to itself.'

"He is engaged in calling spirits; and, as the incantation proceeds, they obey his

bidding, and ask him what he wants? He replies, 'Forgetfulness.'

'FIRST SPIRIT.

Of what—of whom—and w. y?

MANFRED.

Of that which is within me; read it there—

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

SPIRIT.

We can but give thee that which we possess;—

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power

O'er earth, the whole or portion, or a sign

Which shall control the elements, whereof

We are the dominators. Each and all—

These shall be thine.

MANFRED.

Oblivion, self-oblivion—

Can ye not wring from out the hidden realms  
Ye offer so profusely, what I ask?

SPIRIT.

It is not in our essence, in our skill—  
But thou may'st die.

MANFRED.

Will death bestow it on me?

SPIRIT.

We are immortal, and do not forget.  
We are eternal; and to us the past  
Is, as the future, present.—Art thou answer'd?

MANFRED.

Ye mock me; but the power which brought ye here  
Hath made you mine.—Slaves! scoff not at my will;  
The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark,  
The lightning of my being, is as bright,  
Pervading, and far-darting, as your own,  
And shall not yield to yours, though cooped in clay.  
Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

SPIRIT.

We answer as we answered. Our reply  
Is even in thine own words.

MANFRED.

Why say ye so?

SPIRIT.

If, as thou say'st, thine essence be as ours,  
We have replied, in telling thee the thing  
Mortals call death hath nought to do with us.

MANFRED.

I, then, have call'd you from your realms in vain.'

"This impressive and original scene prepares the reader to wonder, why it is that Manfred is so desirous to drink of Lethe. He has acquired dominion over spirits, and he finds, in the possession of the power, that knowledge has only brought him sorrow. They tell him he is immortal, and what he suffers is as inextinguishable as his own being; why

should he desire forgetfulness? Has he not committed a great secret sin? What is it? He alludes to his sister; and in his subsequent interview with the Witch we gather a dreadful meaning concerning her fate. Her blood has been shed—not by his hand, nor in punishment, but in the shadow and occultations of some unutterable crime and mystery.

'She was like me in lineaments; her eyes,  
Her hair, her features, all to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said were like to mine,  
But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty.  
She had the same lone thoughts and wanderings,  
The quest of hidden knowledge, and a mind  
To comprehend the universe; nor these  
Alone—but, with them, gentler powers than mine,  
Pity, and smiles, and tears, which I had not;  
And tenderness—but that I had for her;  
Humility—and that I never had.  
Her faults were mine—her virtues were her own.  
I loved her, and destroy'd her—'

WITCH.

With thy hand?

MANFRED.

Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart.  
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed  
Blood, but not her's; and yet her blood was shed.  
I saw, and could not stanch it.'

"There is in this little scene, perhaps, the deepest pathos ever expressed. But it is not of its beauty that I am treating; my object in noticing it here is, that it may be considered in connexion with that where Manfred appears with his

insatiate thirst of knowledge, and manacled with guilt. It indicates that his sister Astarte had been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge. Human sacrifices were supposed to be among the initiate propitiations of the

demons that have their purposes in magic—as well as compacts signed with the blood of the self-sold. There was also a dark Egyptian art, of which the knowledge and the efficacy could only be obtained by the novice's procuring a voluntary victim—the dearest object to himself, and to whom he also was the dearest; and the primary spring of Byron's tragedy lies, I conceive, in

a sacrifice of that kind having been performed, without obtaining that happiness which the votary expected would be found in the knowledge and power purchased at such a price. His sister was sacrificed in vain. The manner of the sacrifice is not divulged; but it is darkly intimated to have been done amidst the perturbations of something horrible.

'Night after night, for years,  
He hath pursued long vigils in this tower  
Without a witness. I have been within it—  
So have we all been oftentimes; but from it,  
Or its contents, it were impossible  
To draw conclusions absolute of aught  
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is  
One chamber where none enter— \* \* \*  
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower;  
How occupied we know not—but with him,  
The sole companion of his wanderings  
And watchings—her—whom of all earthly things  
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love.'

"With admirable taste, and in thrilling augmentation of the horror, the poet leaves the deed which was done in that unapproachable chamber undivulged, while we are darkly taught, that within it lie the relics, or the ashes, of the 'one without a tomb.'"

From Switzerland Byron went to Venice, and composed his fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, *Beppo*, and the *Ode to the Queen of the Adriatic*. The *Lament of Tasso* was written previously to his arrival at that city; thence he removed to Ravenna, and here was formed his intimacy with the Countess Guiccioli, who, having quarrelled with the old man her husband, and being, by the sanction of the Pope's legate, about to be shut up in a convent for life, was smuggled by Lord Byron out of the city. The poet mixed in the plots of the Carbonari, and, by intimation from the government, removed to Pisa. Previously, however, to the mention of this change of abode, Mr. Galt takes occasion to make the following very pertinent and perspicuous observations on the moral tendency of his hero.

"I have never been able to understand why it has been so often supposed that Lord Byron was actuated in the composition of his different works by any other motive than enjoyment; perhaps no poet had ever less of an ulterior purpose in his mind during the fits of inspiration (for the epithet may be applied correctly to him, and to the moods in which he was accustomed to write) than this singular and impassioned man. Those who imagine that he had any intention to impair the reverence due to religion, or to

weaken the hinges of moral action, give him credit for far more design and prospective purpose than he possessed. They could have known nothing of the man, the main defect of whose character, in relation to every thing, was in having too little of the element or principle of purpose. He was a thing of impulses; and to judge of what he either said or did, as the results of predetermination, was not only to do the harshest injustice, but to shew a total ignorance of his character. His whole fault, the darkest course of those flights and deviations from propriety which have drawn upon him the severest animadversion, lay in the unbridled state of his impulses. He felt, but never reasoned. I am led to make these observations by noticing the ungracious, or more justly, the illiberal spirit in which the *Prophecy of Dante*, which was published with the *Marino Faliero*, has been treated by the anonymous author of *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lord Byron*."

Mr. Galt has very ingeniously supposed that we have the impersonation of Byron himself in the character of Sardanapalus. He further argues on the probability of the poet's lady being the true Zaira, and the Guiccioli being the Greek girl and enthusiast Myrina. This portion is done with much point and extreme neatness, saving that part only where he argues the similarity of the King of Assyria with Hamlet the Prince of Denmark. How the biographer has contrived to confuse the respective identities of the two characters, is to us surprising; for no two persons can be more distinct than Sardanapalus and the North-

man, whose purposes of just vengeance must needs be enkindled by a communication from the world of spirits. Sardanapalus, who is a self-agent, with positive moral weakness lends a willing ear to the glozing temptations of worldly sensuality, and falls the victim of a corrupted nature. Not so, however, with the youthful and the royal Dane: his is only a negative weakness. His purposes are good, his perceptions of right and wrong are distinct, he is fully aware of the principles of moral rectitude, and, with the consciousness of honourable and regal birth, his mind is fraught with the full idea of the dignity of his individual station, and of those constituent qualities which form the integral of goodness. But this goodness is an abstract essence—a divinity removed far from his sphere of action, yet exercising an influence upon him: he gazes upon it in silent awe, he owns its excellence, its benignant powers, yet will not bend down a devoted worshipper, and pray for its interposition on his behalf. He is a man of firm purpose, and a vacillating creature. This character teaches a high lesson, if it be rightly understood. Heaven expects us to do our duty upon earth: the performance must be positive and true. Confiding faith is not sufficient—negative virtue is not sufficient—procrastinated execution is not sufficient—the mere avoidance of evil is not sufficient: the agent must forward—forward—forward—neither looking to the right nor to the left; and, casting aside all the weaknesses of heart, must fulfil the behest of his mighty Master, and vindicate his ways amongst the creatures of this nether world. All German scholars must remember the eloquent, highly poetical explanation of the mystery of Hamlet's existence, given by the glorious Gothe, in the pages of his *Wilhelm Meister*. We cannot forbear inserting an extract from that fragment of vivid and just criticism; and, in order to please the general reader, we make it from Mr. Thomas Carlyle's admirable translation of the German's most admirable novel.

" 'Figure to yourselves this youth,' cried he, 'this son of princes; conceive him vividly—bring his state before your eyes—and then observe him when he learns that his father's

"spirit walks! Stand by him in the terrors of the night, when the venerable ghost itself appears before him. A horrid shudder passes over him—he speaks to the mysterious form—he sees it beckon him—he follows it, and hears. The fearful accusation of his uncle rings in his ears—the summons to revenge—and the piercing, oft-repeated prayer, 'Remember me!'

" 'And when the ghost has vanished, who is it that stands before us? A young hero panting for vengeance! A prince by birth, rejoicing to be called to punish the usurper of his crown! No! Trouble and astonishment take hold of the solitary young man: he grows bitter against smiling villains, swears that he will not forget the spirit, and concludes with the expressive ejaculation:

'The time is out of joint. O, cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!'

" 'In these words, I imagine, will be found the key to Hamlet's whole procedure. To me it is clear, that Shakspeare meant, in the present case, to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom; the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him; not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds, and turns, and torments himself; he advances and recoils; is ever put in mind—ever puts himself in mind; at last, does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts, yet still without recovering his peace of mind."

Lord Byron next moved to Pisa, where he was joined by that illustrious Cockney, Leigh Hunt, who, with the assistance of the peer, was to publish a monthly work, under the title of the *Liberal*. This periodical was intended to act upon society much after the

manner of the labours of the Encyclopedists—but Byron was not a Voltairre; and what was Leigh Hunt but the empty-headed and conceited poet of Cockayne! That any resolution was entertained of subverting religion, and introducing an *Age of Reason*, muddled and run mad, we can hardly believe—nay, we are altogether incredulous of the matter. Even were the host of philosophers, and meters of *persiflage*, and proselytes of infidelity, to join together for the purpose of counteracting religious reverence in this country, they would never succeed. They did not succeed in France, although they played sad havoc with men's intellects. Certain it is, that under whatever denomination men may herd together, the spirit of devotion is innate in their breasts, and will eventually defy the malice of the devil and of all his imps of darkness and ministrants upon earth. There is in the world a temple of universal religion, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the hands of the Mighty Architect, and which men, by their assiduity and zeal, through some thousands of years, have raised to the glorification of the Maker of the universe—a temple of stupendous and awful structure—of magnificent apportionment and unrivalled beauty! And is this erection to be destroyed by the fingers of a puny set of infidels, even though guided by the promptings and whisperings of the great Architect himself? The supposition is fanciful.

Mr. Galt's notions in respect to Byron's literary partnership with the man of Cockayne, are the true ones. Here they are, in the biographer's own words:

“Mr. Hunt, in extenuation of the bitterness with which he has spoken on the subject, says, that ‘Lord Byron made no scruple of talking very freely of me and mine.’ It may, therefore, be possible that Mr. Hunt had cause for his resentment, and to feel the humiliation of being under obligations to a mean man; at the same time, Lord Byron, on his side, may, upon experience, have found equal reason to repent of his connexion with Mr. Hunt. And it is certain that each has sought to justify, both to himself and to the world, the rupture of a copartnery which ought never to have been formed. But his lordship's conduct is the least justifiable. He had allured Hunt to Italy with flattering hopes; he had a perfect knowledge of his hampered circum-

stances, and he was thoroughly aware that, until their speculation became productive, he must support him. To the extent of about five hundred pounds he did so; a trifle, considering the glittering anticipations of their scheme.

“Viewing their copartnery, however, as a mere commercial speculation, his lordship's advance could not be regarded as liberal, and no modification of the term munificence or patronage could be applied to it. But unless he had harassed Hunt for the repayment of the money, which does not appear to have been the case, nor could he morally, perhaps even legally, have done so, that gentleman had no cause to complain. The joint adventure was a failure; and except a little repining on the part of the one for the loss of his advance, and of grudging on that of the other for the waste of his time, no sharper feeling ought to have arisen between them. But vanity was mingled with their golden dreams. Lord Byron mistook Hunt's political notoriety for literary reputation, and Mr. Hunt thought it was a fine thing to be clum and partner with so renowned a lord. After all, however, the worst which can be said of it is, that, formed in weakness, it could produce only vexation.

“But the dissolution of the vapour with which both parties were so intoxicated, and which led to their quarrel, might have occasioned only amusement to the world, had it not left an ignoble stigma on the character of Lord Byron, and given cause to every admirer of his genius to deplore that he should have so forgotten his dignity and fame.

“There is no disputing the fact, that his lordship, in conceiving the plan of the *Liberal* was actuated by sordid motives, and of the basest kind, inasmuch as it was intended that the popularity of the work should rest upon satire; or, in other words, on the ability to be displayed by it in the art of detraction. Being disappointed in his hopes of profit, he shuffled out of the concern as meanly as any higgler could have done who had found himself in a profitless business with a disreputable partner. There is no disguising this unvarnished truth; and though his friends did well in getting the connexion ended as quickly as possible, they could not eradicate the original sin of the transaction, nor extinguish the consequences which it of necessity entailed. Let me not, however, be misunderstood: my objection to the conduct of Byron does not lie against the wish to turn his extraordinary talents to profitable account, but to the mode in which he proposed to, and did, employ them. Whether Mr. Hunt was or was not a fit copart-

ner for one of his lordship's rank and celebrity, I do not undertake to judge; but any individual was good enough for that vile prostitution of his genius, to which, in an unguarded hour, he submitted for money. Indeed, it would be doing injustice to compare the motives of Mr. Hunt in the business with those by which Lord Byron was infatuated. He put nothing to hazard; happen what might, he could not be otherwise than a gainer; for if profit failed, it could not be denied that the 'foremost poet' of all the age had discerned in him either the promise or the existence of merit, which he was desirous of associating with his own. This advantage Mr. Hunt did gain by the connexion; and it is his own fault that he cannot be recollected as the associate of Byron, but only as having attempted to deface his monument."

The freedom of expression contained in the preceding paragraph has egregiously offended the sweet author of *Rimini*, and he has accordingly given the biographer a retaliating *shew-up* in his diurnal the *Tatler*. Mr. Galt, however, is a man of too much sense to mind the ravings of so thorough an idiot.

The author next describes the life and death of Shelley; and in the behaviour of his chief mourner is another argument in favour of our theory of Lord Byron. Here it is, for the reader's satisfaction.

"That unfortunate gentleman (Mr. Shelley) was undoubtedly a man of genius—full of ideal beauty and enthusiasm. And yet there was some defect in his understanding, by which he subjected himself to the accusation of atheism. In his dispositions he is represented to have been ever calm and amiable; and, but for his metaphysical errors and reveries, and a singular incapability of conceiving the existing state of things as it practically affects the nature and condition of man, to have possessed many of the gentlest qualities of humanity. He highly admired the endowments of Lord Byron, and in return was esteemed by his lordship; but even had there been neither sympathy nor friendship between them, his premature fate could not but have saddened Byron with no common sorrow.

"Mr. Shelley was some years younger than his noble friend; he was the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., of Castle Goring, Sussex. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Eton, where he rarely mixed in the common amusements of the other boys; but was of a shy, reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. He was not distin-

guished for his proficiency in the regular studies of the school; on the contrary, he neglected them for German and chemistry. His abilities were superior, but deteriorated by eccentricity. At the age of sixteen he was sent to the university of Oxford, where he soon distinguished himself by publishing a pamphlet, under the absurd and world-defying title of *The Necessity of Atheism*, for which he was expelled the university.

"This event proved fatal to his prospects in life; and the treatment he received from his family was too harsh to win him from error. His father, however, in a short time relented, and he was received home; but he took so little trouble to conciliate the esteem of his friends, that he found the house uncomfortable, and left it. He then went to London, where he eloped with a young lady to Gretna Green. Their united ages amounted to thirty-two; and the match being deemed unsuitable to his rank and prospects, it so exasperated his father, that he broke off all communication with him.

"After their marriage the young couple resided some time in Edinburgh. They then passed over to Ireland, which being in a state of disturbance, Shelley took a part in politics more reasonable than might have been expected. He inculcated moderation.

"About this time he became devoted to the cultivation of his poetical talents; but his works were sullied with the erroneous inductions of an understanding which, inasmuch as he regarded all the existing world in the wrong, must be considered as having been either shattered or defective.

"His rash marriage proved, of course, an unhappy one. After the birth of two children, a separation, by mutual consent, took place, and Mrs. Shelley committed suicide.

"He then married a daughter of Mr. Godwin, the author of *Caleb Williams*, and they resided for some time at Great Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, much respected for their charity. In the mean time his irreligious opinions had attracted public notice, and, in consequence of his unsatisfactory notions of the Deity, his children, probably at the instance of his father, were taken from him by a decree of the lord chancellor; an event which, with increasing pecuniary embarrassments, induced him to quit England, with the intention of never returning.

"Being in Switzerland when Lord Byron, after his domestic tribulations, arrived at Geneva, they became acquainted. He then crossed the Alps, and again at Venice renewed his friendship with his lordship; he thence passed to Rome, where he resided some time; and after



visiting Naples, fixed his permanent residence in Tuscany. His acquirements were constantly augmenting, and he was, without question, an accomplished person. He was, however, more of a metaphysician than a poet, though there are splendid specimens of poetical thought in his works. As a man, he was objected to only on account of his speculative opinions; for he possessed many amiable qualities, was just in his intentions, and generous to excess.

"When he had seen Mr. Hunt established in the Casa Lanfranchi with Lord Byron at Pisa, Mr. Shelley returned to Leghorn, for the purpose of taking a sea excursion; an amusement to which he was much attached. During a violent storm the boat was swamped, and the party on board were all drowned. Their bodies were, however, afterwards cast on shore; Mr. Shelley's was found near Via Reggio, and, being greatly decomposed, and unfit to be removed, it was determined to reduce the remains to ashes, that they might be carried to a place of sepulture. Accordingly, preparations were made for the burning.

"Wood in abundance was found on the shore, consisting of old trees and the wreck of vessels: the spot itself was well suited for the ceremony. The magnificent bay of Spezia was on the right, and

Leghorn on the left, at equal distances of about two-and-twenty miles. The headlands project boldly far into the sea; in front lie several islands, and behind dark forests and the cliffy Appennines. Nothing was omitted that could exalt and dignify the mournful rites with the associations of classic antiquity: frankincense and wine were not forgotten. The weather was serene and beautiful, and the pacified ocean was silent, as the flame rose with extraordinary brightness. Lord Byron was present; but he should himself have described the scene, and what he felt.

"These antique obsequies were undoubtedly affecting; but the return of the mourners from the burning is the most appalling orgia, without the horror of crime, of which I have ever heard. When the duty was done, and the ashes collected, they dined and drank much together, and, bursting from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation. They were all drunk; they sang, they shouted, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest. I can conceive nothing descriptive of the demoniac revelry of that flight but scraps of the dead man's own song of Faust, Mephistophiles, and Ignis Fatuus, in alternate chorus.

' The limits of the sphere of dream,  
The bounds of true and false are past;  
Lead us on, thou wand'ring Gleam;  
Lead us onward, far and fast,  
To the wide, the desert waste.

But see how swift advance and shift  
Trees behind trees—row by row;  
Now, clift by clift, rocks bend and lift  
Their frowning foreheads as we go;  
The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!  
How they snort, and how they blow.

Honour her to whom honour is due;  
Old mother Baubo, honour to you.  
An able sow with old Baubo upon her  
Is worthy of glory and worthy of honour.

The way is wide, the way is long,  
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?  
Some on a ram, and some on a prong,  
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along.

Every trough will be boat enough;  
With a rag for a sail we can sweep through the sky;  
Who flies not to-night, when means he to fly?"

About this time the poet wrote the *Two Foscari*—*Werner*—*The Deformed Transformed*,—and removed to Genoa. He then joined the Greeks, and died at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

Having done justice to Mr. Galt's biography, there remains the unplea-

sant task of censure. The writer should not attempt the definition of metaphysical abstractions. Mr. Galt is a shrewd observer of human nature—a powerful delineator of character—but not a hard thinker. It is when he ventures into the stream of philosophy, that, not being an expert swimmer, he soon gets out

of his depth and flounders wofully, as witness the following passage, too full of discursive imagery to lead to any intelligible definition.

"He was, undoubtedly, delicately susceptible of impressions from the beauties of nature, for he retained recollections of the scenes which interested his childish wonder, fresh and glowing to his latest days; nor have there been wanting plausible theories to ascribe the formation of his poetical character to the contemplation of those romantic scenes. But whoever has attended to the influential causes of character will reject such theories as shallow, and betraying great ignorance of human nature. Genius of every kind belongs to some innate temperament; it does not necessarily imply a particular bent, because that may possibly be the effect of circumstances; but, without question, the peculiar quality is inborn, and particular to the individual. All hear and see much alike; but there is an undefinable though wide difference between the ear of the musician, or the eye of the painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men; and it is in something like that difference in which genius consists. Genius is, however, an ingredient of mind more easily described by its effects than by its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion of the rose—as the light on the cloud—as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious until the charm has been seen by its influence on others—it is the internal golden flame of the opal—a something which may be abstracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of its substance, its form, or its attributes. I am not, therefore, disposed to consider the idle and reckless childhood of Byron as unfavourable to the development of his genius; but, on the contrary, inclined to think, that the indulgence of his mother, leaving him so much to the accidents of undisciplined impression, was calculated to cherish associations which rendered them, in the maturity of his powers, ingredients of the spell that ruled his memory."

It is impossible from the above passage to arrive at any thing like an understanding of that best endowment of man which imparts to his mind

"The vision and the faculty divine."

In the first place, Mr. Galt begs the question, when he asserts that "there is a wide difference between the ear of the musician or the eye of the painter, compared with the hearing and seeing organs of ordinary men"

This position we deny. Does the writer mean a painter like Salvator Rosa, or Mr. Martin, or Sir Thomas Lawrence, or a sign-post dauber for hedge-houses of entertainment? The two former are remarkable for ungovernable wildness of imagination; the third for poetical fancy, exquisite taste, and the secret of giving transparency and brilliancy to his colouring; the fourth for thick pericranium, the hollowness of which has been tenanted by dismal and perpetual darkness. The fact is, two painters or two musicians may differ as widely as a simple cipher does from any given quantity. There is, however, a close approximation between the sons of genius. Mr. Galt seems to think that genius is synonymous with poetical fancy—at least, such is the conclusion which we gather from his own laboured comparison. But it may be simply described as the communicative intellect between God and man, the power of self-intuition; or, to use the words of one of the later philosophers of Greece, *οτι το γεννημενον εστι θεωρημα του, σιωπης*. It is the primary imagination which is set forth in the following passage from Mr. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. We also give his definition of fancy, that our readers may see how that philosophic poet describes the *One* and the *Other*.

"THE IMAGINATION, then, I consider either as primary or secondary. The primary IMAGINATION I hold to be the living power and prime agent of all human perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I AM. The secondary I consider as an echo of the former, co-existing with the conscious will, yet still as identical with the primary in the *kind* of its agency, and differing only in *degree* and in the *mode* of its operation. It dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealise and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as objects*) are essentially fixed and dead.

"FANCY, on the contrary, has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites. The fancy is indeed no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space; and blended with, and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word CHOICE. But equally with the ordinary memory it must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association."

The question is, Had Byron that inappreciable gift which we denominate genius? We think undoubtedly not. Was he the truly great and lofty poet which his admirers would make him? By the same rule, we think not. This Mr. Galt himself unwittingly proves in the very next paragraph to the one which we have above quoted from his work. We say unwittingly, for the admission is made circumstantially, as the real state of the case is diametrically opposed to the position so confidently made by the biographer. He says —

“It is singular, and I am not aware it has been before noticed, that, with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of *Don Juan*, associated either the one or the other with sensual images. The extravagance of Shakspeare's Juliet, when she speaks of Romeo being cut, after death, into stars, that all the world may be in love with night, is flame and ecstasy, compared to the icy metaphysical glitter of Byron's amorous allusions. The verses beginning with

‘She walks in beauty, like the light  
Of eastern climes, and starry skies,’

is a perfect example of what I have conceived of his bodiless admiration of beauty, and objectless enthusiasm of love. The sentiment itself is unquestionably in the highest mood of the intellectual sense of beauty; the simile is, however, any thing but such an image as the beauty of woman would suggest. It is only the remembrance of some impression or imagination of the loveliness of a twilight, applied to an object that awakened the same abstract general idea of beauty. The fancy which could conceive, in its passion, the charms of a female to be like the glow of the evening, or the general effect of the midnight stars, must have been enamoured of some beautiful abstraction, rather than aught of flesh and blood. Poets and lovers have compared the complexion of their mistresses to the hues of the morning or of the evening, and their eyes to the dew-drops and the stars; but it has no place in the feelings of man to think of female charms in the sense of admiration which the beauties of the morning or the evening awaken. It is to make the simile the principal. Perhaps, however, it may be as well to defer the criticism to which this peculiar characteristic of Byron's amatory effusions gives rise, until we shall come to estimate his general powers as a poet. There is upon the subject of love, no doubt, much beautiful composition throughout his works; but not one line in all the thousands

which shews a sexual feeling of female attraction—all is vague and passionless, save in the delicious rhythm of the verse.”

We candidly confess that the passage is somewhat difficult of comprehension; especially as we are aware of several facts involved in the writings of Lord Byron. Mr. Galt says, that the freest passages of *Don Juan* are not associated with sensual images. This bold assertion surprises us, for we know to the contrary: and so did Mr. Southey, when, in his reply to the noble poet, he exclaimed, that “he had never manufactured furniture for the brothel.” The “bodiless admiration of beauty, and objectless enthusiasm of love,” is impossible. Neither love nor admiration, nor yet enthusiasm, are abstract qualities; they are incapable of existence without an object. This is amply proved in the very pages of Mr. Galt's biography, where the heroines and heroes of the poet's manufacture are traced to living beings with whom he had come in contact, and for whom he had entertained aversion or attachment. Besides, Mr. Galt in one place says, that his finest portions in the *Gaour*, *Bride of Abydos*, *Corsair*, *Don Juan*, and, by common consent, in *Childe Harold*, are the effect of the impressions made on his mind by the appearances of external nature; although in another he speaks of Byron being, for intellectual power and creative originality, entitled to stand “on the highest peak of the mountain.” Byron, moreover, was an individual in whose breast all the angry passions made their lair, whence they were wont to issue as occasion was afforded, and spread havoc around in their furious career. The author of his biography admits this in part, as witness the following passage:—

“Deep feelings of dissatisfaction and disappointment are far more obvious; they constitute, indeed, the very spirit of his works, and a spirit of such qualities is the least of all likely to have arisen from the contemplation of magnificent nature, or to have been inspired by studying her storms or serenity; for dissatisfaction and disappointment are the offspring of moral experience, and have no natural association with the forms of external things. The habit of associating morose sentiments with any particular kind of scenery, only shews that the sources of the sullenness arose in similar visible circumstances. It is from these premises I would infer, that the seeds of Byron's misanthropic tendencies were implanted during the ‘silent rages’ of his

childhood, and that the effect of mountain scenery, which continued so strong upon him after he left Scotland, producing the sentiments with which he has imbued his heroes in the wild circumstances in which he places them, was mere reminiscence and association. For although the sullen tone of his mind was not fully brought out until he wrote *Childe Harold*, it is yet evident, from his *Hours of Idleness*, that he was tuned to that key before he went abroad. The dark colouring of his mind was plainly imbibed in a mountainous region, from sombre heaths, and in the midst of rudeness and grandeur. He had no taste for more cheerful images, and there is neither rural objects nor villagerly in the scenes he describes, but only lonesomeness and the solemnity of mountains."

It is not sufficient for a man to be gifted with the powers of energy of expression and liveliness of imagery only, to entitle him to the distinction of a lofty poet. The first of these qualities is shared in common with Byron by many a voluble drunkard, who, as the fumes of wine are eddying around his brains, will indulge

his company with such energetic expressions, and sledge-hammer words of abuse, as cannot easily be transcended. In the second we think he is easily beaten by many an Irish labourer and uninstructed savage. Mr. Galt's high encomium on his pen, therefore, loses its effective application, supposing that it is founded on fact. "Doubts, indeed," says the writer, "may be entertained, if in these high qualities even Shakspeare himself was his superior." Allowing, for argument's sake, that Shakspeare were inferior, still even any moderate appreciator of that poet's worth would confess that the possession of the qualities mentioned by the biographer was among the minor acknowledged pretensions of the Bard of Avon—the *Αἰδώς μουρμουρὸς*—the myriad-minded man—an appellation of one of the Patriarchs of Constantinople. Has Mr. Galt forgotten the *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Rape of Lucrece*, of the immortal Shakspeare? In respect of energy of expression, what does he think of the following, among a hundred magnificent stanzas?

"Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,  
He ronseth up himself, and makes a pause;  
While she, the picture of pure piety,  
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws,  
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,  
To the rough beast, that knows no gentle right;  
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-faced cloud the world doth threat,  
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding;  
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,  
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,  
Hindering their present fall by this dividing:  
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,  
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays."

*Rape of Lucrece.*

For liveliness of imagery, is there any thing in Byron that surpasses

what follows, from the *Venus and Adonis*?

"With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace  
Of those fair arms that held him to her heart,  
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace.  
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky—  
So glides he through the night from Venus' eye."

Mr. Galt gives Lord Byron credit for "intellectual power" and "creative originality;" and on this account he says, "that Byron is entitled to stand on the highest peak of the mountain." The latter of these attributes can, we think, be sufficiently contradicted by the poet's own admission, in his letter on the occasion

of the Pope controversy, where he is continually arguing upon the superiority of the perfection of Art over the rudeness and imperfection of Nature!!

The secret of Byron's praise of Pope, and his attempt against the superiority of Dryden, is simply that he felt his own weakness: he was sensible

that he wanted high-soaring imagination and the creating power. Feeling the galling sense of his own failure, he afterwards endeavoured to decry the dramatic art, and was hardly enough to impugn the divinity of Shakspeare. With such motives he contended that "the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art." Byron most certainly had a great command of forcible words, and has accurately described whatever came under his observation. Thus, the traveller over the field of Waterloo, and along the Rhine, and in Switzerland, may literally take his *Childe Harold* as a guide-book. We also know how to appreciate his description of the Dying Gladiator, and other passages, needless now to enumerate. But it must be allowed, that the passion which inspired all his poetry is hatred of the world — detestation of society — the loftest idea of his own merits. Byron, for these reasons, was not *The Poet*. Accuracy in delineating outward objects, is but a small matter in the mystery of poetry. However brilliant the painting, however beautiful the objects, and lovely the persons, still some other requisites are wanting for the formation of a true poet. The power of poetical painting must be governed by a higher feeling. If that feeling be dark, and prompted by human passion, it becomes grovelling, has a tendency to the earth, and the possessor is not entitled to a place "on the highest peak of the mountain." If, however, the poet's thoughts mount upward to the skies; if he idealise on human perfection, cry down the baser pas-

sions of the soul, and rear into the fulness of maturity all those affections which bind man to man, and draw man's thoughts towards a higher and better state of existence, then such an agent is fulfilling the duties of a true poet.

We cannot say that Byron was of this number. We cannot even say that he gave his life and soul unreservedly in devotion to poetry. This with him was not the business, but the amusement of life, or rather the instrument by which he attracted the eyes of all nations on his own person. His reward was extrinsic to his art—it was popular applause; and the motives, therefore, that prompted his measures were unworthy and unhallowed. In his compositions all seems artifice and constraint. His Selims, Giaours, Conrads, and Harolds, are not living, sentient, loving, affectionate human beings. They have no sympathies with the world—are full of combustible stuff, breathing flames of brimstone wrath—they are incarnate devils. In their persons are embodied the various interpretations of the poet's own mind. He was in a constant struggle with the world, where he might have shone as "a bright particular star,"—he was conquered, and in his defeat manifested his own folly and weakness. Gothe would have taught him differently, had the Bard of Newstead condescended to take lessons from a fellow-creature. The excellent Old Man of Weimar has laid down the rule of life in the following significant words, which contain the true secret of existence: they are translated by his friend, Mr. Thomas Carlyle:—

What shapest thou here at the World? 'Tis shapen long ago:  
The Maker shaped it and thought it were best even so.  
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;  
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest;  
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,  
And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

He who shall act according to this golden precept will earn a never-failing happiness for himself. His life will be full of pleasure; his end will be attended with blessings; and posterity shall make mention of his name in the fervour of praise and veneration. The course of such an existence has been well expressed by Bonger in his

book *De Mysticismo*:—"Obviam ita rationi sensus, iter ad animum monstrat, eam comitatur, ducit, sustentat, accipit quæ illa tradit: atque hæc utriusque conjunctione efficitur, ut, elisis nequitiæ stupibus, recti honestique semina animis inserantur, unde perfecta virtus efflorescat."

## LETTER FROM AN X-M.P., WITH REPLY BY OLIVER YORKE.

WE cheerfully give insertion to the following letter, on the principle of *audi alteram partem*. It is pleasant to meet an antagonist face to face, particularly on a question of facts, *he* being a witness, and his character consequently at stake, and *we* having the benefit of cross-examining him.

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S  
MAGAZINE.

REPLY BY OLIVER YORKE.

— Club House,  
Saturday evening, 4th Sept.

SIR, — Having eaten my solitary cutlet here (as I am only passing through town) your Number for the present month has just been placed before me with my pint of wine.

The article headed "Prospects of the Ministry" contains, to my own positive knowledge, several mistakes and false inferences. Some of them I will hastily point out to you; and in doing so, I may happen to give you a clue to information which you will perhaps think it worth your while to sift.

Page 191. — "The representation of  
"Yorkshire was at stake, and Mr.  
"Brougham felt that the only  
"avenue to the suffrages of the Free-  
"holders was his declared opposi-  
"tion to the Ministry."

Mr. Brougham made the declaration, but it was elicited by personal and disappointed feelings. His avenue to their suffrages was of another description. *He* is returned by the interest that elected, and paid for the election of, Mr. Wilberforce: and, substituting the word Slavery for Slave Trade, for the same purpose. *He*—Mr. Brougham, the righteous overmuch—is now the representative of the saints, through a *negotiated treaty* opened with him by Mr. Wilberforce on the latter gentleman's retiring from parliament; and *after* he had failed in persuading the late Mr. Canning (Mr. Canning *actually* took time for consideration!) to take upon himself *such representation* as the surest *stepping-stone* for his ambition to a *temporal* power that no minister ever wielded before.

Mr. B. is quite *indignant* that Lord Morpeth, *only* an oppositionist, should have been at the head of the poll.

This is a gratuitous assertion on the part of our correspondent.

Supposing, however, that he is right, and we are ourselves of the same opinion in regard to Mr. Brougham, though disappointed feelings, avowing hostility to the Duke's administration; yet, be it observed, that that avowal was often made in his place in Parliament, and universally known previously to the election. When, therefore, the dissolution took effect, and Mr. Brougham was invited to stand for Yorkshire, he, in his then proclamation of hostility to the present administration, was only giving utterance to sentiments which were his own *by use*: thus there was no sudden shifting of opinions on the part of Mr. Brougham, to take advantage of the emergency created in his favour, with respect to the representation of the county of York. Mr. Brougham is certainly the successor of Mr. Wilberforce as saintly leader in the House of Commons; and the Saints we utterly abominate, for a set of whining and vainglorious hypocrites, as may be seen

in sundry articles which we have written against that mammon-loving set of *Tartuffs*, *Maw-worms*, and *Scapins*. But this has nothing to do with our proposition, which remains uncontradicted by our Correspondent of the "solitary cutlet." Mr. Brougham may have had his expenses paid by the Philanthropist and Anti-Colonists (and a most cunning race they are, and always ready to pay able and noisy advocates); Mr. Brougham may also be indignant against Lord Morpeth, for the reason propounded by our Correspondent; and the overmuch righteous gentleman may have made the proposal, as asserted, to Mr. Canning. But what has all this to do with the feelings of opposition to the Duke of Wellington's administration, which prompted the freeholders of Yorkshire to nominate Mr. Brougham as their representative in parliament? The freeholders of Yorkshire are not members of the Anti-slavery Society; many of them, perhaps, may never have heard of the existence of this club of hypocrites. Our Correspondent, therefore, in this first attempt at refuting our assertions, has proved himself the shallowest of sophists.

P. 191.—"Mr. G. Dawson's conduct  
"and connexion with the Peel fa-  
"mily lost him Derry."

Mr. Dawson was ousted through the influence of *one* family—the Beresfords—who have returned his successor to *support the government*. The Primate has returned Mr. Goulburn—Lord Beresford voted for the Relief Bill, and continues to fill one of the highest offices under the Duke's administration—Lord George's conduct on the resignation of Mr. Vilhers Stuart, and at the late election, is before you. So are the votes of Sir John and Mr. Marcus Beresford, and of Sir George Hill.

Under these circumstances, you will see that, whatever he might or might not *deserve*, PRINCIPLE had not much to do with the ousting of Mr. G. Dawson.

He was originally, when only a clerk in the Colonial Office, returned for Derry as *the Beresford member*,—as Secretary of the Treasury, he was becoming *too substantive*—too much like his own member.

The inference attempted to be insinuated by this statement is false. If the Duke's Government were strong enough, or were capable of assuming, whenever circumstances required, such a display—an imposing attitude—would the Beresfords, or any other single family in the Sister Kingdom, members of which too were part and parcel of the administration, attempt to beard the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland? Our Correspondent's admission cuts two ways. The Beresfords are supporters of the Government, and yet they, and *they alone*, expel Mr. George Dawson from Derry! We give "the Duke" joy of having such friends. A few more such generous proofs of attachment, and his Highness is finished. Our Correspondent of the "solitary cutlet" presumes to say, that Mr. George Dawson was becoming *too substantive*; by which, we presume, he means independent. (We

forgive the use of a *substantive* for an adjective, and a word of one meaning for a term of another—our correspondent's *cake*-ology, as Lord Dufferin says, is imperfect—but let that pass.) The effort, however, to make out Mr. G. Dawson an independent man, is truly laughable. What! Mr. George Dawson, who truckled to his relation, the Home Secretary, and consented to become a paltry tool in the hands of the worthy gentleman who sustained so ignominious a defeat at Oxford? What! Mr. George Dawson, who, with the keen appetite of a fawning sycophant, ate down every promise held out to the Protestants of Ireland; who broke every pledge, burst all ties of friendship asunder, and glomed in his barefaced and most impudent apostasy? We know well, that had Mr. George Dawson attempted to canvass the freeholders of Derry, the only reply which those honest Protestants would have condescended to give the candidate, would have been the *argumentum ad baculum*; or, in other words, that the personal application would have been construed into a personal insult, and the Protestants of Derry would have accordingly kicked the worthy Secretary of the Treasury out of the door which had been contaminated by his presence.

P. 192.—“For the *same reasons*—  
“their support of the D. of W.,  
“and their *dependence* upon his ministry, these have been ousted.”

“Mr. Calvert in Southwark,” who never gave a vote for Government, and was ousted by Mr. Harris, a *partisan* of the Government. “Horace Twiss for Wootton Bassett”—who, *paying largely* for the return, (the speculation through which, from being a *briefless* barrister, he got into office,) gave it up to represent one of the Isle of Wight seats, which *he gets for nothing*. Two supporters of government, one (Mr. Villiers, holding an agency on the nomination of the Colonial Office) are returned for this borough; so that *principle* had nothing to do with this ousting.

“Wilde for Newark”—who never was member, and never had a chance of being member; who, to use your own words in a subsequent part of the article, could not “disturb the se-

Mr. Calvert “never gave a vote for the Government,” says X-M.P. This happens not to be true; his vote in favour of Ministers on the Beer Bill lost him Southwark.

What proof has our Correspondent in support of his allegation, that Mr. Harris was a partisan of Government? If so, would his supporters strive to uphold Lord John Russell, or any other of the candidates, who have already come forward for the borough of Southwark, and who are known to be staunch Whigs, and opponents of Government?

Mr. Horace Twiss did not offer himself a second time for Wootton Bassett, because he could not afford to buy it, particularly when a seat in the Isle of Wight could be had at the expense of the Treasury. Mr. Twiss



curity of the borough by menacing the Duke's tenants."

"Bramston and Wellesley for Essex."—The first retired from dread of expense and ill health, or he would have been returned: he contributed 1000*l.* towards Mr. Tyrrell's expenses. Mr. Long Wellesley is the *determined* opponent of the Duke and his administration, and *was opposed* by the Government *totis viribus*.

"Wodehouse for Norfolk"—"Liddell for Northumberland"—both frightened out by expense, and both very *problematical supporters* of the Duke's administration.

is a fortunate man—not so, we fear, is his master.

If Wilde had, in his own estimation, no chance of gaining the ascendancy in Newark, why, in Heaven's name, did he attempt it, seeing that he is a lover of pelf, and is well content to gain money on any terms not inconsistent with the scruples of his tender conscience? Wilde would never have entered into the business of opposition to the Duke of Newcastle without some hopes of success. The government, too, which could take into its service Lord Rosslyn, Mr. Abercrombie, and Sir James Scarlett,—would it not be eager to gain over so influential and consummate a lawyer as Sergeant Wilde? Our correspondent does not directly deny our assertion as to the learned gentleman's rejection at Newark. He attempts sophistry, but cuts a sorry figure in that trade. He argues by "*probability*;" but probability must give way to the naked truth. One word more. With government all things are possible, or at least it imagines so;—witness its late support of the two members for Rye, in the teeth of a decision of a Committee of the House of Commons!

Mr. Bramston retired, from ill-health and the dread of *expense*, from Essex. Who doubts the expense part of the reason? and who does *not* doubt his subscription of a 1000*l.* to Mr. Tyrrell? His motive for retiring from the contest is creditable to his love of economy; his donation, if it be paid, is not very flattering to his understanding.

But the truth of the matter is, that the men of Essex were determined to have Ultra Tories. For that reason Bramston knew, that if he stood he must fail of success, as he was a thorough supporter of the Wellington administration.

Mr. Long Wellesley was the "*determined* opponent of the Duke and his administration." We must pause before we believe this—the member for St. Ives, the colleague of Mr. Morrison the linen-draper, is a Wellesley.—

Whatever Long Wellesley's political bias might have been, his connexion with the Duke of Wellington militated against him too powerfully to be resisted. For this we have the

authority of some of the most respectable freeholders of the county.

We pass by Mr. Wodehouse of Norfolk, and Mr. Laddell of Northumberland—all that we contended for being virtually admitted.

They *have* shewn a leaning towards the Duke. As to his having uniform and consistent supporters, we beg to say, that, with all others, beyond his immediate circle of fawners and slaves of office, his government does not inspire that confidence which men must feel, who, without direct political or interested motives, come forward to support measures of a prime minis-

P. 192. -- "Sir Robert Peel's first attack was on the Duke of Newcastle. "The interests of that high-spirited nobleman had *for many years* placed a seat in the house at the disposal of the Protestant champion. When he renounced those principles, and violated his pledge, the noble duke demanded a surrender of the political patent; and *consequently one of the baronet's supporters was displaced.*"

This clearly refers to the return of Sir R. Peel's personal friend, Sir Alexander Grant, for Aldborough, in 1826. That was the *first occasion* on which the duke returned a friend of the Protestant champion, *as such*—he had not, as said, placed a seat at his disposal for many years. When the Relief Bill was brought forward by Sir Robert Peel, Sir Alexander Grant opposed it, and *voted against it in every division* that took place. He was *not displaced*, nor was there ever any question of his retiring from the representation of Aldborough during the continuance of that Parliament. The story, therefore, of the government sending Mr. Wilde to Newark, in *vengeance for this act of justice*, becomes a fable, if Mr. Wilde were sent by the Government.

Our Correspondent seems to be very minutely informed about the movements of Sir Alexander Grant, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Newcastle; and as the friend of the two former individuals, he has put forward a cunningly-devised refutation of the charge brought against them in the last Number of *REGINA*. But he of the "solitary cutlet" cannot deceive us, Oliver Yorke. The cutlet-loving gentleman says, that Sir Alexander's election "was the *first occasion* on which the duke returned a friend of the Protestant champion — [out on the phrase, as applied to the renegade baronet of the spinning-jenny!] — *as such.*" Our correspondent, however, does not say, that his Grace of Newcastle did not place the seat in question in the hands of Sir Robert Peel, to return any adherent of Protestantism *other than and beyond* a personal friend. This M.P. is a sophist of the meanest order, and of the shallowest pretensions to the handling of that legerdemain and subtle craft, which can sometimes make the worse appear the better cause. The fact is, the seat was presented to Sir Robert Peel, to re-

return whomsoever he pleased. The last turn was given to Sir Alexander Grant — *vulgo* Chin Grant — who, notoriously, is the Home Secretary's "my man Friday." It is true, that Sir Alexander Grant voted against the Emancipation Bill; but little credit, indeed, is due to him for his assumed consistency. He was inclined to apostatise with his patron, the Home Secretary; but when this his intention was made known to the Duke of Newcastle, his Grace immediately required, at the hands of Mr. Peel, Sir Alexander Grant's acceptance of the Chiltern Hundreds. On this startling proposition, the patron and the client consulted together; when the duke's intention of publishing the matter, and the known difficulty of obtaining another seat, intimidated Sir Alexander Grant into consistency, which otherwise would never have been preserved. No credit, therefore, is due to this baronet for his opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill.

It is not said that Mr. Wilde was not sent to Newark by Government; and the IF, in capitals, has all the appearance of a bully who assumes outward grandeur with little of inward purpose.

The late attempt was not the first made by Sergeant Wilde upon Newark; but it would be invidious to disclose all the circumstances. Let our correspondent make further inquiries, and we are sure he will be enlightened.

P. 193. — "Mr. Jonathan Peel had,  
"on a former occasion, been return-  
"ed for Norwich on account of his  
"Protestant attachments."

And most consistently he redeemed his pledge. Throughout the whole of the discussions on the Relief Bill, there was not a member in the whole House who took a more decided, more active, and more conspicuous part *against his brother* than Mr. Jonathan Peel: and very ill he has been used by the electors of Norwich.

We did not say that Mr. Jonathan Peel was defeated at Norwich *for his conduct on the Catholic question*. No, not for that, but for his connexion with one whose name is the misfortune of his family. Mr. Jonathan Peel did not vote *against* Ministers on the Dundas and Bathurst job!

Mr. Jonathan Peel must thank his brother, Sir Robert, for his rejection by the men of Norwich. With regard to this family — *ex uno disce omnes*, was the principle of action adopted by the outraged Tories of Great Britain and Ireland, during the late General Election.

P. 193. — "Mr. Lawrence Peel, hav-  
"ing sounded several boroughs,  
"after being obliged to retire from

"*Cockermouth*, resolved to try his  
"fate in Newcastle-under-Line."

Mr. Lawrence Peel was returned for *Cockermouth*, by Lord Lonsdale, who now requires, as the price of peace in Westmoreland, that seat for Mr. James Brougham, (though, to *avoid appearances*, HE is, by a hocus arrangement, *returned by Lord Radnor*, Lord Radnor's brother being returned for *Cockermouth*;) and the writer of this believes that, under all circumstances, he would have retired from Parliament (as he had from the Board of Control,) on account of his habits being quite unsuited to it.

It is not to be supposed that THE ELECTORS of *Cockermouth* thought much of his conduct, or disapproved of it. It is clear Lord Lonsdale is not opposed to the supporters of government; for Lord Lowther and Sir John Beckett are in office, and his lordship has returned Mr. Holmes, "*Ajax Flagellifer*," for Haslemere. So there is an end of the reason inferred for Mr. L. Peel's being out of *Cockermouth*. Nor did *he ever sound any borough*.

The beaten candidate for Newcastle is Mr. Edmund Peel, who never was in Parliament.

Here is an assumption, without any just grounds for its maintenance. By our Correspondent's own confession, Mr. Lawrence Peel, though not directly, was yet indirectly ousted by the force of that spirit which is adverse to Ministers, and which is, at present, widely stalking throughout the country. If the Tories did not prove sufficiently powerful for the defeat of Mr. Lawrence Peel, at least he admits that the Whig interest effected the victory. Only conceive the powerful and wealthy family of the Lonsdales (although not over-warm friends of the administration,) being obliged, *for the sake of peace in Westmoreland*, to succumb so ignominiously to the Broughams and the Whigs? Why, this is worse than our allegation: we *did* give Mr. Lawrence Peel comparatively an *honourable* defeat, for we said it was by the Tories — but our correspondent, the over-officious friend of the Peels, must fain attribute it to the Whigs. — Heaven preserve us from such friends!

As to Mr. Lawrence Peel's resignation of his place at the Board of Control, might not this have been from a feeling of shame, as well as any other motive? The cry about the family of the Peels being stuck into every vacant and influential place, was, at that time, echoed from one end of the country to the other.

It may be possible that Lord Lonsdale "is not opposed to the supporters of Government," but it is equally true that he is by no means a staunch supporter of their cause; and the return of Ajax Flagellifer is no argument for our Correspondent's wily proposition. Lord Lowther, for what reason it is impossible to guess, has been, and continues extremely enamoured of his office at the "*Woods and Forests*." Now, it is reasonable to suppose, that the least he could do in return would be to place one seat at the disposal of Government. Though Mister Billy Holmes has been returned for this one seat, we believe that he is merely a *locum tenens* for some other person. Who this may be, will be seen when a Committee of the House of Commons has decided on the legality of

his return for Queenborough, the Petition from which place will, we understand, expose as neat a piece of ministerial manœuvre as ever came before the consideration of the Right Honourable House. By the way, this is not the only business in which strange mention is made of the Flagellifer's name. *Strong* terms have been used against him, in consequence of his conduct towards his own son, as well as his step-son. What a lover of "brief authority" must that poor man be, who, to gratify his truckling ambition, severs deliberately those bonds which every man ought to be anxious to preserve inviolate!

It is not denied that Mr. Edmund Peel was beaten at Newcastle.

P. 193.—"Brother Eden beaten."

Mr. Eden first came into Parliament for Fowey, on an arrangement with Mr. Lucy, in 1826: found that it did not suit his habits—retired—was succeeded by Lord Brudenell, *a staunch supporter of the administration*, who has now been re-elected.

Fowey has always been, and remains a corrupt borough; but we must have something more than the mere assertion of our correspondent, *even though he be an intimate friend of Sir Robert Peel*, before we can say we have been wrong with regard to "Brother Eden." "His habits," are of no importance to the argument. *He was in Parliament; now he is not.*

P. 198.—"The Duke of Rutland was  
"averse to the Catholic Bill *on the*  
"*pretext of principle*, but his two  
"brothers were directed to support  
"it."

The Duke voted *for it* in the Lords.  
Lord Robert and Lord Charles voted  
in every division AGAINST it in the  
Commons.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

An X-M.P.

X-M.P. is partly right and partly wrong with regard to the conduct of the members of the house of Manners. Lord Robert and Lord Charles *did not in every division* vote against Ministers on the Catholic Bill. The member for Cambridge voted against its introduction, but took care to be absent on its most important divisions. He *did not* vote on the third reading of the bill.

With these remarks we leave X-M.P. to his next cutlet and pint of wine in the club-room: we should like, however, to hear him assign the reasons why he is obliged to sign himself an *Ex-M.P.* Has he not of late had some dealings with Massy Lopez the Jew? *Verbum sat.*

OLIVER YORKE.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Boaden has nearly ready his *Life of Mrs. Jordan*, from her first appearance on the Irish stage until her lamented death at St. Cloud.

The *Romantic Annals of France*, from the times of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis XIV. inclusive, will form the new Series of "The Romance of History;" it is from the pen of Leitch Ritchie, and will be published early in October.

The *Lives of the Italian Poets*, in 3 vols., by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, are just ready for publication.

*Chartley, the Fatalist, a Novel*, from the pen of a regular contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, may be expected in a few days.

The Sixth part of the *Family Cabinet Atlas*, to be published October 1, will complete the first half of the work, and will contain Maps of Holland and the Netherlands, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Norway, and the West Indies.

The First Volume of the *Quadrupeds of the Zoological Gardens*, will be ready in a few days.

The *Lyre and the Laurel*, two volumes of the most beautiful Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, will appear in a fortnight.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo., "Memoirs on Greece," by Dr. Julius Millingen, of the Byron Brigade.

The Rev. Mr. Evans has a volume in the press on the formation and character of a Christian Family, entitled "The Rectory of Valehead."

"The Arrow and the Rose," with other Poems, by William Kennedy, will appear about the end of October.

Robert Dawson, Esq., late chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, has a volume in the press on Australia and Emigration.

Lays from the East, by Captain Calder Campbell, will appear early in November.

Mr. Logan's work on the Celtic Manners of the Highlands and Highlanders, and on the National Peculiarities of Scotland, is nearly ready for publication.

*Friendship's Offering for 1831*, will appear at the usual period of the season.

The proprietors of *Friendship's Offering*, are also preparing a *Comic Offering*, illustrated by a great variety of comic designs; the whole under the superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan, and intended for the Ladies, to whom the work is inscribed.

Mrs. J. S. Prowse has a volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* in the press, to be published early in October.

A *Popular Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Consumption*; by James Kennedy, will appear in November.

VOL. II. NO. IX.

Next season will be published, a work entitled the *Domestic Theological Library*. Dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London. This publication will comprise a Series of original Treatises upon Religious Knowledge and Ecclesiastical History and Biography, by some of the most eminent Divines of the Church of England, under the superintendence the Editor. It will be systematically arranged, and included within a moderate compass. The work will be printed in small octavo, and appear in consecutive volumes. A Prospectus, containing further details, is promised.

A "Treatise on Optics," By the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, Fellow of Trin. Coll., Dublin. The 1st. vol., containing the Theory of Unpolarised Light, 8vo., is nearly ready.

An Edition of Lord Byron's "Cain," with Notes vindictory, explanatory, and illustrative, is announced by W. Harding Grant, author of "Chancery Practice."

Mr. Ackermann has in the press a New Annual for 1831, entitled the *Humourist*, from the pen of W. H. Harrison, author of "Tales of a Physician," illustrated by fifty wood-engravings, from Drawings by the late Mr. Rowlandson, besides numerous Tail-pieces.

M. Niebuhr has published a letter in the "Berlin Gazette," stating that notwithstanding the fire which consumed some of his papers, another volume of his History of Rome will be published next winter, and that the MS. of the sequel has also been preserved.

Messrs. W. and E. Finden are making rapid progress with their *Landscape Illustrations to Lord Byron's Life and Works*.

The following novels are preparing for publication:—The *Heiress of Bruges*; a Tale. By the author of *Highways and Byways*, &c. &c. 4 vols. *Stories of American Life*. By American Writers. Edited by Mary Russell Mitford. 3 vols. *The Suttie, or Hindoo Convert*, by Mrs. General Manwaring, authoress of "Moscow," &c. In 3 vols.; and *St. James's, or a Peep at Delusion*. By Eliza Best. In 2 vols. 8vo.

The following works are also announced for publication:—The *History of the Peloponnesian War*, by Thucydides. The Text according to Bekker's Edition, with some Alterations. Illustrated by Maps taken entirely from actual Surveys. With Notes, chiefly Historical and Geographical, by Thomas Arnold, D.D., Head Master of Rugby School, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. In 3 vols. 8vo.

The *Sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton* are in the press.

In the ensuing spring will be published, the Northern Year-Book, or Annual Register for the Counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland, for the year 1829.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann. 1 vol. 8vo.

The Principles of Surgery. By John Burns, M.D., Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, &c. &c. Vols. I. and II. are nearly ready. As is also a Syllabus of Trigonometry. By H. Pearson, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge.

Preparing for publication: — M. T. Ciceronis Opera Omnia, cum Notis Variorum selectis. Curavit Arthurus Johnson, A.M. Coll. Wadh. Soc.

Geographia Antiqua, a classical Atlas, remodelled from the Ancient Maps of Cellarius. By the Rev. J. P. Bean, M.A., one of the Masters of St. Paul's School. In 4to.

Translations from the German, of "Elements of Greek Prosody," by Dr. Frank Spitzner, and "Elements of Greek Accentuation," by Goettling, are preparing for publication.

"An Authentic and Impartial Narrative of the Events which took place in Paris, on July 27, 28, and 29; with an Account of the Occurrences preceding and following those Memorable Days, by which the Crown of France has been transferred from Charles X. to Louis Philippe; accompanied with State Papers and Documents connected with this extraordinary Revolution," is announced for immediate publication, by Messrs. A. and W. Galignani.

Mr. H. J. Bradfield, author of the "Atheniad," has announced another volume of Poems, to be called "Tales of the Cyclades."

An Exposition of the whole of the First Epistle of John, in a Series of Ninety-three Sermons, replete with Doctrinal, Experimental, and Practical Matter. By the late Sam. Eyles Pierce, of London, author of "Exposition of the Book of Psalms," and various other theological works, in 3 vols. 8vo., is preparing for publication by subscription.

Major Leith Hay is preparing for publication a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly Six Years' Service in Spain and Portugal, from 1808 to 1814, in which the Scenes personally witnessed by the Author will be faithfully delineated, from Journals kept from day to day; to which other events of importance will be added, from information derived at the time. The Narrative will form 2 vols. royal 18mo.

Le Keepsake Français, ou Souvenir de la Littérature Contemporaine. Embellished with Eighteen Engravings on Steel, by the first Artists. In 8vo. Will appear in October.

A View of the Legal Institutions, Honorary Hereditary Offices, and Feudal Baronies, established in Ireland during the Reign of Henry II.; deduced from Court Rolls, Inquisitions, and other Authentic Evidences. By William Lynch, Esq. F.S.A. Is announced.

The Fourth and concluding volume of the Works of Horace, interlinearly translated. By P. A. Nuttall, LL.D. Editor of Juvenal's Satires, Virgil's Bucolics, &c. on the same plan. Nearly ready.

A History of the County Palatine of Lancaster. By Edward Baines, Esq. Author of the "History of George III." and of the "Topography of Lancashire," &c. Preparing for immediate publication in Monthly Parts.

Mr. Swain, Author of "Metrical Essays on subjects of History and Imagination," has announced a new poem, to be called "The Beauties of the Mind; with Jays Historical and Romantic."

The Natural History of Poisons, by John Murray, F.R.S. &c. is announced.

A Popular System of Architecture, to be illustrated with engravings, and exemplified by references to well-known structures. By Wm. Hosking. This work is intended as a class-book in that branch of education, and will contain an explanation of the Scientific Terms which form its Vocabulary, &c. &c.

The Third Volume of the Rev. Dr. Russell's Connexion of Sacred and Profane History, is announced for publication.

Patroni Ecclesiarum; or, a List of the Patrons of all the Dignities, Rectories, Vicarages, Perpetual Curacies, and Chapels of the United Church of England and Ireland. Arranged alphabetically. Printed uniformly with the Clerical Guide.

An Exposition of the System of the World. By the Marquis de la Place. Translated from the French, with illustrative and explanatory Notes, by the Rev. H. H. Harte, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, M.R.I.A. 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Guy, of the University of Oxford, has just ready, Geographia Antiqua, or a School Treatise on Ancient Geography; indispensable, not only to the Classical Student, but to those whose taste leads them to a perusal of the many excellent translations of Greek and Roman writers with which our language abounds; adapted, therefore, to Schools and Private Families, and also to Under-graduates at Colleges.

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FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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VOL. II.

### MR. GODWIN'S NOVELS.\*

IN our remarks on Mr. Bulwer's novels, we stated, that we had no partiality for deteriorating the reputation of good writers; but that, on the contrary, we experienced peculiar pleasure in the contemplation and acknowledgment of excellence. The fact, however, is, that the stage of public competition has been, of late, so overcrowded with the most unworthy candidates who ever juggled away popular opinion, and their base arts have been so obtrusive, impudent, and successful, that it was, for the time, of considerably more importance, to expose their charlatanism and hollow pretensions, than to advert to those meritorious individuals whom they had for a while cast into the shade. Truly, it would have been in vain to attempt procuring notice for the latter, until the noisy brawling of the former had been stilled. The popular ear had become so occupied with their name and fame, that, unless it had been first disabused of the wicked enchantment which held it spell-bound, there was no chance of obtaining a reasonable audience for the claims of more deserving but too dilident writers.—Good books have been puffed too little—bad books too much. The necessity which this has imposed upon us, as judicious critics, has been by us severely felt; and never more so than on account of the delay which it has occasioned in our notice of the works of the present author, whose great merits have been lately brought again into public notice by

a new novel, which is peculiarly distinguished from the common run of such productions now-a-days, by its characteristic excellence.

Mr. Godwin is a veteran author—so much so, indeed, that he is looked upon by general readers rather as one of the by-gone, than as presently existing. This has been owing as much to the infrequency of his appearance, as to the transcending excellence of his productions, which is indeed such as to associate him at once in our minds with the mighty dead. This infrequency of appearance is the cause of the transcending excellence by which he has attained a living immortality. Mr. Godwin seems to have had no ambition of being esteemed a ready writer, capable of sending out his novel and a half a year. His ambition is of a higher mark—like Ben Jonson, while inferior authors thought only of making their works, plays—he has aimed at making his plays, works. Accordingly, we find in his novels, no marks of haste or inattention, though, perhaps, more than enough of elaboration. But the quarry is a rich one, and is calculated to repay the utmost labour—and what person capable of appreciating either the one or the other, would wish it had been less?

Mr. Godwin started, we are told, as a preacher. It was probably his attention to *THE NOOK*, which his office as such required, that primarily excited his mind to vigorous thought. Mr. Godwin was probably

\* *Cloudesley, a Novel*, by the author of *Caleb Williams*. 3 vols. 2nd edition, 1830.

a dull man, with a strong mind, which, however, would undoubtedly have slept in its strong holds, had it not been awakened by the wine of the everlasting Word. Men of might and bulk are characterised by this slumberous habit; and a strong mind is, in like manner, generally a reposing one. It is not easily moved—yields not easily—is not easily persuaded. It is as motionless as that poetical cloud, “which heareth not the wild winds when they call, and moveth altogether, if it move at all.” So it is, indeed, when such a mind is moved; it knows no half-measures, but bends every faculty in the line of active exertion, as every faculty before had been subdued into quiescent repose. And even then, in its activity, there is the same repose. It is with it as with the works of ancient art—that is true of them which Schlegel says of Grecian sculpture, or tragedy; wherein the artist found means, in the most violent bodily or mental anguish, to moderate the expression by manly resistance, calm grandeur, or inherent sweetness. It is the calm grandeur—a gigantic endurance—which is, in such a mind, exemplified, in conjunction with the most violent exertion. However soul-stirring the truth which it sets itself to express, however energetically it may express it, in no wise are the features of its serenity disfigured; but beauty and motion are combined in the highest possible degree. In all this, have we not justly discriminated the genius of Mr. Godwin?

The mind of Mr. Godwin has been progressive. His early studies introduced him to metaphysical topics, and ultimately led him to the composition of his “Enquiry concerning Political Justice,” founded in great part on certain biblical texts; taken in an extreme sense, without their reconciling opposites. “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,” is a divine precept, which directs us to esteem every man our neighbour to whom we can do good. It teaches us to look upon a stranger in distress as our neighbour. But what an extreme abuse of the doctrine to suppose that therefore the stranger is to be preferred before those persons who are more nearly related—that we are to remain uninfluenced by all

extrinsic or collateral considerations, by our obligations to others, or the services they might render to us, by the climate they were born in, by the house they lived in, by rank or religion, or party, or personal ties; and to render assistance according to the abstract merits, the pure and unbiassed justice of the case. This is not the moral of the parable of the Good Samaritan—which certainly includes the stranger as among our neighbours, but not to the exclusion of our neighbours themselves. Friendship and the private affections are not excluded from the rules of Christian morality, as objected by Shaftesbury; and Foster and Leland answered too hastily, when, instead of contradicting the objection, they apologized for it, on the ground that Christianity had a higher object in view, namely, general philanthropy. That higher object it had in view, but not to the exclusion of minor considerations; but rather to the stronger enforcement of the same. For if the stranger may demand from you such neighbourly attentions, much more then your neighbour himself—if he to whom you have no obligation, from whom you expect no service, who was born in another climate, who is of different rank, and religion, and party, and is connected with you by no personal ties, has nevertheless a right to your aid and alms in the hour of distress and danger; much more has he to whom you do owe obligation, from whom you do expect service, who was born in the same climate, who is of the same rank, and religion, and party, and is connected with you by personal ties. This duty to the stranger is indeed grounded upon that to your neighbour, and the whole were a groundless conception, unless first the idea were recognised of the domestic and private affections. For the parable proceeds from this point, and presupposes these affections, and recommends, not the extinction of them in any instance, but the enlargement of them to the utmost possible extent.

But there was, moreover, a fundamental error in the theory; charity was to be guided by the justice of the case. This, we are bound to say, was not the principle recognised in practice by the Good Samaritan.—Mercy, not justice, was the rule of

his conduct; it was an accident merely that the man fell among thieves; had he been wounded in a just quarrel, and left in that condition, it would have been equally his duty to render assistance. According to Mr. Godwin, he should have made an appeal to his reason, and decided on the merits before he proffered help. Now, in all these cases, the heart is the only court of appeal; it is feeling that must direct the measures to be adopted, and it acts immediately, looking neither before nor after; but at the object only for which its efforts are designed. There is a faculty belonging to the human being which lies deeper still than reason, and which will not be controlled by reason; and this faculty is the will, which, according to its direction, will manifest itself in the acts of love or hate. And these acts will have reference to what we must be permitted to hold as the basis of all morals, that is, the idea of *relation*. This is, in fact, the idea presupposed in the parable of the Good Samaritan, and the only moral enforced is to extend this relation. If there were no such thing as relation, if one being alone existed—the solitary occupant of the universe—there would be no moral duties, nor moral rights. A connected series of reciprocal obligations could not possibly exist until other beings were summoned into life. But the moment this should be effected, a system of rights and duties would be established—because relation would be formed; and the moral code would be coincident and co-extensive with the relation, because essentially involved therein. The fountain of all relation, and the first of all, is that between God and his creatures; then follows that between the sexes; and from their union the relation of one creature to another commences, and their reciprocal obligations are defined. Father, wife, child, brother, friend, have their origin in this relation; and in the relation itself their relative obligations are implied. The Creator is to be obeyed from the relation in which he and his creatures reciprocally stand; he is to be obeyed because *he* is God, and *we* are his offspring.

Volney, in his catechism for a French citizen, introduces a query, "Why am I bound to love my fa-

ther?"—or, "why am I obliged to obey him?" After a series of questions and replies, in imitation of the Socratic mode of induction, we arrive at the conclusion, that the relation is as nothing in the account; that it weighs not as a feather in the balance; that I have no other obligation than what arises from the personal superiority, if any, of the individual whom I call my father, and his weight in the scale of general utility. To this inquiry *we* should return a different answer—"Because *he* is my father!" All considerations of the general bearing of the duty apart—all calculations of expediency laid aside—the obligation arises simply out of the relation, and the result proves as beneficial to society as the principle is recognised by the conscience, and cherished in the heart.

There is a duty also which a man owes to himself—how does the law of relation hold here? Mr. Godwin supposes a case, that, if he were the valet of the illustrious Fenelon, in a room on fire, from which it was possible for one only to escape, that it would be his duty to sacrifice his own life for that of his distinguished master; not because he was his master, but for purposes of general utility. He allows that no man, under such circumstances, *would* do it; but, he affirms, that a man, in such a situation, *ought* to do it. Now, we answer, that, though it may sound like a solecism in language, to speak of the relation of a man to himself, yet that every individual has impressed upon him a personal obligation, superior to any supposable one, as arising out of general utility. According to the basis assumed, man can never be said to stand alone. Supposing all other relations to have ceased, and their correspondent duties and obligations to have perished with them, his relation to Deity remains; and, unless you suppose the creature annihilated, that bond can never be broken. In every thing that regards himself and his individual duties, he must be regulated by this absolute and indissoluble relation, and by the will of the Being, from whose claims and rights he can neither separate himself nor be divided. There is a law of nature, recognised by the whole creation, and guarded by the instincts common to man in

every age, country, rank, and circumstance—the law of self-preservation. It is imperative upon him to use all possible means for his own self-preservation. In Godwin's hypothetical case, there would be, in addition to this law, the relation between master and valet, and this relation would call upon the valet to make every exertion to save his master's life, and even to sacrifice his own for ~~the~~ end, *because he was his master*; and, of course, his master's admirable qualities, if he had any, would fortify the man's heroism.—Nature, however, would prompt to all this at once; such acts ask no aid from ratiocination.

The law of relation makes the law of morals and the law of nature coincident; it harmonizes intellect and feeling in every possible combination. The contrary system destroys those relations which the heart spontaneously acknowledges; denies those obligations arising out of them to which the conscience testifies; and proposes an ultimate good to be sought in violation of all natural feeling, as though the Deity had impressed one law upon human nature, and reason prescribed another diametrically opposed for moral action. Such a system requires us to establish a law for ourselves which sets up intellect against feeling, destroys the unity and integrity of our nature, outrages conscience, subverts practical morality, and leaves its professed object, general utility, after all, unaccomplished.

Mr. Godwin's sympathies in this work were all for the distant and future; the *endless* perfectibility of the human species engages more of his affection than the welfare of the present race of mankind, who, for the generations that may exist some centuries hence, are to suffer spoliation of property, and the destruction of established institutions. Not such is the moral code of the Gospel, in which all is practicable, all virtue is founded in mercy, kindness, benevolence, and comfort, alike to him that gives and him that takes. There we find no wild supposition of an interest which cannot be described, as it does not exist; no course of actions is proposed, without a motive direct and reflected. But we have said that Godwin's mind has been progressive

—and he ~~lived~~ <sup>lived</sup> to outgrow much of what was *erroneous* in his opinions.

All progress produces an apparent change, and in the preface to his *St. Leon*, Godwin writes,

"Some readers of my graver productions will, perhaps, in perusing these little volumes, ~~accuse~~ <sup>excuse</sup> me of inconsistency; the affections and charities of private life being every where in this publication a topic of the warmest eulogium, while, in the 'Enquiry concerning Political Justice,' they seemed to be treated with no indulgence and favour. In answer to this objection, all I think it necessary to say on the present occasion, is that, for more than four years, I have been anxious for opportunity to modify some of the earlier chapters of that work, in conformity to the sentiments inculcated in this. Not that I see cause to make any change respecting the principle of justice, or any thing else fundamental to the system there delivered; but that I apprehend domestic and private affections inseparable from the nature of man, and from what may be styled the culture of the heart; and am fully persuaded that they are not incompatible with a profound and active sense of justice in the mind of him that cherishes them. The way in which these seemingly jarring principles may be reconciled, is in part pointed out in a little book which I gave to the public in the year 1798, and which I will here therefore take the liberty to quote:—

"A sound morality requires that nothing human should be regarded by us as indifferent; but it is impossible that we should not feel the strongest interest for those persons whom we know most intimately, and whose welfare and sympathies are united to our own. True wisdom will recommend to us individual attachments; for with them our minds are more thoroughly maintained in activity and life than they can be under the privation of them, and it is better that man should be a living being, than a stock or a stone. True virtue will sanction this recommendation; since it is the object of virtue to produce happiness, and since the man who lives in the midst of domestic relations, will have many opportunities of conferring pleasure, minute in the detail, yet not trivial in the amount, without interfering with the purposes of general benevolence. Nay, by kindling his sensibility, and harmonizing his soul, they may be expected, if he is endowed with a liberal and manly spirit, to render him more prompt in the service of strangers and the public."

It was thus that Mr. Godwin made the *amende honorable* to the genius of religion and government. In his previous novel, however, of *Caleb Williams*, he proceeded on his old

notion, and, fine as that work is, it is accordingly defective in those humanities which characterize a poetical mind. Mr. Godwin's mind is not poetical. In this particular, it is, consists the characteristic difference between him and Sir Walter Scott. By a poetical mind, we mean, in this instance, one that exercises, by turns or together, the faculties both of the fancy and the imagination. Mr. Godwin can only be said to exert one of these. In so far as imagination is poetry, Mr. Godwin's mind is poetical. Mr. Godwin images out an *idea* better than any other man living. But the idea is given too monotonously; it is aggrandized and exaggerated; but never realized. This was the case in his philosophical work on which we have animadverted. It was the working out of one idea—pushing the argument founded on it to extremes; and sticking to an exclusive view of the subject in hand. Now, all this is very well for a trial of skill, but fails to discover truth, which is not confined in holes and corners in any such way, but is as free as the general air, as broad as the whole heavens. His novels, accordingly, want variety, because the fancy is not exercised in aggregating poetical forms in order to the manifold exhibition of the ideal creation. The perfection of art is in the union of the ideal and the real—this is Shakspeare's excellence—it is also Sir Walter Scott's; but it is not Mr. Godwin's. Inasmuch as Mr. Godwin creates, (if he does create,) he is entitled to a high character even as a poet; but it is in the process of his work that he loses that character. He works like a mathematician, not like a poet; he demonstrates his conclusion, not suggests it. There is moreover, no surprise, in any of the incidents, no curiosity excited in the reader's mind. The reader is as much possessed, from the beginning, with the idea as the author himself; he anticipates the course of the work, he has no curiosity respecting the coming incidents, but only desires to discover how, and with what force of style they will be treated. Sometimes, also, as in the third volume of *Caleb Williams*, there is too much made of one section of the argument; but the reader feels, as well as the author, that the fault is committed

to stuff the volume, and pities and forgives.

There is great want of material, such as picturesque scenery, local association, manners, and traditions, in *Caleb Williams*. The hint, as the author states, was suggested by the popular tale of *Blue Beard*. His idea was to exhibit the passion of curiosity. This he does in the person of Caleb Williams, a young man in the service of one Falkland, who feels, from some circumstances, a curiosity to know whether his master was not guilty of a murder for which other persons had been executed. The character of Falkland is constructed in the same way. The love of fame is his one principle of conduct. A brutal insult hurts his chivalrous feelings; in a moment of madness, he takes a fatal revenge, and, to preserve his character, he permits the vengeance of the law to fall upon the innocent. It is ascribing, after all, too much power to Williams's inveterate curiosity, that it should possess the fascination of extracting from such a man so important a secret. Supposing, however, that he should get possession of the secret, all the rest follows as a matter of course; that Falkland should endeavour to prevent Williams from divulging it. The means which he adopts for this purpose are so insufferable; his suspicion is so nice and extreme, that, in self-defence, his confidant is obliged to betray him. Falkland is a noble character; and, at the end, the magnificence of his nature breaks out afresh, and redeems him, through his last act of forgiveness, within the limits of human sympathy.

Throughout this work the novelist delights to shew the imperfections of our social institutions, and indulges in constant satire on the ordinary motives to conduct. All the common notions of society are set at nought, and his minor characters are made the objects of extreme contempt. Only the intellectual are represented as admirable. Now this is not true to nature, as, in the meanest specimens of humanity, some glimpses of the divinity are discernible, and moral worth frequently belongs to those who are most deficient in intellectual acquisitions.

But in the *Travels of St. Leon*, as the author has himself told us, he

shews how good is individual conformity to the customs and usages of society, and how fatal to the possessor is an immunity from the common cares and anxieties of mortality. St. Leon is raised to sudden affluence by the possession of the philosopher's stone. The world is at a loss to account for his wealth, and suspects him of dishonesty, or magical communication with evil powers. His son forsakes a father who is the object of dishonourable suspicion, and his wife pines away, perplexed by her ignorance concerning the sources of her husband's wealth. Wealth thus acquired contracts no sympathies, because it neither connects itself, nor comes in collision, with human feelings and interests. It arises not from landed property, nor proceeds from commercial speculation. It is not identified in its transit with any former possessor, and is a teasing riddle or a terrible mystery. Deprived of his wife and son, and released from the Inquisition, St. Leon restores himself to youth and beauty, and finds himself unknown in the world, unconnected with any family, a stranger as it were from another sphere. He endeavours to pass from this solitude, and win back his way to society, by acts of public beneficence. His facility, however, of producing wealth, renders his authority so great, that his political influence is dangerous to the powers that be, and makes him so regardless as to where he bestows his favours, that he offends his best friends, by assisting their most hated enemies. At the conclusion of the novel he finds again his son, and is enabled to provide a sufficient portion for his marriage, but not before he has almost fatally destroyed his happiness, and found himself so opposed to his interests as to prevent not only any declaration of the relationship between them, but any connexion whatever with his pursuits. Thus he is left at the end of the novel, a solitary being, a disconnected member of society, again to seek communion with his kind, to be again defeated and cast out.

We have no doubt that Mr. Godwin thought that, in this novel, he was enforcing a fine moral, namely, that the possession of unlimited wealth, and the gift of immortality,

were inconsistent with the present condition of the human race, and ineffectual for individual happiness.—This, however, will not be found to hold; the only moral that it inculcates is, that such a privilege bestowed on a single individual, would confer on him an invidious distinction, which would tend to his perpetual discomfort. It leaves the problem unsolved; what would be the effect of such powers, if possessed by every man?

We know not that it is necessary to allude to Mr. Godwin's novel of *Fleetwood*, as we do not recollect it ever having been brought into discussion, in any estimate of his merits, with which we are acquainted. There is in *Fleetwood*, as usual, an attempt at exhibiting the morally marvellous, which excites no illusion, and little sympathy; combined with frequent beauties of detail, striking eloquence of expression, great energy of intellect, and much to arouse and stimulate the better order of novel readers. The story acquires importance in its progress. The jealousy of the married Fleetwood is worked out with elaborate skill. This subject, however, was not sufficient to occupy the three volumes. The author has, therefore, volunteered two episodic stories—of Ruffigny and of Withers. The latter seems to contain the germ of his *Mandeville*. A puppet is so manufactured by some Oxford students, as to pass for the master of a college, which is so supplied with voice by a ventriloquist, as to make the young man believe he is formally rusticated. The trick is detected, but the effect remains with the too sensitive victim. Too mortified by the mimic censure, he drowns himself in the Isis. Into such extravagance may vigorous minds be deluded by the ambition of greatness.

After this period, Mr. Godwin suffered his intellect to lie fallow, fearing, perhaps, that he might exhaust, by immediately successive crops, the value of its produce, if not its productivity. Moreover, Mr. Godwin must have felt that his mind, unlike Sir Walter Scott's, was not of inexhaustible fertility. Original as his works are in construction and execution, the ideas which are the germs of each, were not the sole property of the author, but suggested by his

course of reading, and determined by the degree of progression in which his mind found itself at the time of writing. His has not been the power of producing or creating ideas, but of conceiving them strongly, when presented by accident or study to his understanding. His mind is built up and edified by a certain process of self-instruction; and the force of his intellect drives on the acquired idea through all the forms of the understanding until the applicable categories are exhausted, and then ceases from its labour. This process is slow in its work of education, and its results are dependant upon the diligence of study. Besides this, Mr. Godwin has no facility in varying the form and costume of his intellectualizations. He cannot, like the Scots novelist, present a counterpart of previous characters and incidents in a new production—"another, yet the same." What he has once written, he has written; and another version would not only fail of interest, but be deficient in execution. Mr. Godwin dwells in an intellectual world; "a world of empty forms," as Kant would have said; not in the world of the senses. He can scarcely be said to embody, so much as to impersonate; but his persons, whatever their number, are the same in essence, and in unity of substance are but one; for they are not physical persons, but "beings of the mind."

Something too much of this. Eight years Mr. Godwin's mind lay unexercised in fictitious composition. He had, indeed, adopted as the germ of a novel, a thought, suggested by the story of the *Seven Sleepers* in the records of the first centuries of Christianity, or rather from the *Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*, in Perrault's tales of *Ma Mère L'Orie*. He supposed a hero who should have this faculty, or this infirmity, of falling asleep unexpectedly, and should sleep twenty, thirty, or a hundred years at a time. Such a tale, however, would have been a second sort of *St. Leon*; and we should have advised him to give a sequel to that novel, which it will well bear, rather than adopt a new fiction of far inferior interest. When, however, the publisher of *Mandeville* "found means to put in activity the suspended faculty of fiction within him," he thought of completing

the design of his sleeping hero; but he ultimately chose to adopt the idea of his subject from a story-book, called *Wieland*, by C. B. Brown, of Pennsylvania, which he further improved from some hints in Joanna Baillie's *De Montfort*. We confess, that we are quite satisfied with Joanna Baillie's *De Montfort*, and could have well spared the repetition of the character in *Mandeville*. The work, as it stands, is very repulsive; this, however, might have been remedied by the addition of a fourth volume. From certain passages, it would seem, that the writer (for the hero is his own biographer in all Godwin's novels, except in the last) had been redeemed from that terrible state of mind into which he had fallen. The means by which this recovery was produced, would have furnished incident of an agreeable character, and by reconciling Mandeville to his kind, have reconciled his readers to his narrative.

Between the production of *Mandeville*, and the appearance of his present novel of *Cloudesley*, no less than thirteen or fourteen years have elapsed. We are, perhaps, stating an opinion which will not receive ready admission; but it is our opinion; and, therefore, we have a right to state that it is our opinion, that Godwin's last novel is his best. *Caleb Williams* has the advantage of old associations in its favour; it is the work on which the author's reputation has been established—with which his genius is identified. *Cloudesley*, also, has a strange defect. It is well-conceived—it is admirably executed—it is miserably constructed. But with all the claims of the first work on public regard, and this great drawback from the latter, we repeat, that we are of opinion, the judicious reader will decide in favour of its greater claims on permanent approbation.

The work consists of two autobiographies. The first concerns one Meadows, who becomes Lord Danvers' secretary, and relates the various steps of fortune by which he was brought into contact with his lordship, and introduced into that situation. All this detail is unnecessary, and makes the defect in construction alluded to. To him Lord Danvers relates the circumstances of his particular case, which, forming



as it does, the main argument of the book properly occupies the space of about two out of the three volumes ; but being, as it is, an oral narrative from the mouth of Lord Danvers, is too long for a speech, and demands too much indulgence from the reluctant reader. Beautiful and essential as every part of this narrative is, from this peculiarity of construction, we were tempted to enquire, when will this long speech have end ? and the more so, as we were not and could not be, aware of its importance, until we had completed the perusal of the work. After this long narrative, Meadows again takes up the tale, and conducts it to its *dénouement*.

The gist of the story, the argument and the interest, however, is in the part ascribed to Lord Danvers. This nobleman has concealed the birth of his nephew, in order to remove the only obstacle in his way to the inheritance of the family title. The circumstances under which the young man came into his uncle's power, are interesting. He was a posthumous and only child, by a Greek lady, named Irene, who died three days after her delivery, and a fortnight after her husband's having been killed in a duel. Cloudesley, from whom the novel takes its title, was, with Eudocia, (a native of Greece,) confidential domestic of the deceased Lord Alten. Of the misanthropical temper of this man, whose selfish feelings, however, were of recent growth, the result of unmerited adversity, occasioned by the treachery of a pretended friend, and not of natural disposition, Lord Danvers takes opportune advantage. For a pension, sufficient to enable him to sustain the rank of an English yeoman in Tuscany, he undertakes the protection of the infant peer, whom he brings up, and educates as his own son. Cloudesley performs, indeed, a parent's part to his foster-son ; nor was his care bestowed on an ungrateful or ungenial soil. In the various pursuits of classical studies, and of the English language ; in a word, of every thing adapted to his years, the progress of Julian, (that was the youth's name,) was astonishingly rapid. In the course of the six or seven years succeeding the period of adolescence,

"He shook off every thing that was childish and puerile, without substituting in its stead the slightest tincture of pedantry. The frankness and nobility of his spirit defended him from all danger on that side. The constitution of his nature was incapable of combining itself with any alloy of the sop or the coxcomb. All his motions were free, animated, and elastic. They sprung into being instant, and, as by inspiration, without waiting to demand the sanction of the deliberative faculty. They were born perfect, as Minerva is feigned to have sprung in complete panoply from the head of Jove. The sentiments of his mind unfolded themselves without trench or wrinkle, in his honest countenance and impassioned features. Into that starry region no disguise could ever intrude ; and the clear and melodious tones of his voice were a transparent medium to the thoughts of his heart. Persuasion hung on all he said ; and it was next to impossible that the most rugged nature and the most inexorable spirit should dispute his bidding. And this was the case, because all he did was in love, in warm affection, in a single desire for the happiness of those about him. Every one hastened to perform his behests, because the idea of empire and command never entered into his thoughts. He seemed as if he lived in a world made expressly for him ; so precisely did all with whom he came into contact, appear to form their tone on his.

"And in the midst of all his studies and literary improvement, he in no wise neglected any of that bodily dexterity by which he had been early distinguished. His mastery in swimming, in handling the dart and the bow, in swiftness of foot, and in wrestling, kept pace with his other accomplishments. Nor was his corporal strength any way behind his other endowments. He could throw the discus higher and farther than any of his competitors. But his greatest excellence in this kind was in horsemanship. He sprung from the ground like a bird, as if his natural quality had been to mount into the air. He vaulted into his seat, like an angel that had descended into it from the conveyance of a sunbeam. He had a favourite horse, familiar, as it were, with all the thoughts of his rider, and that showed himself pleased and proud of the notice of the noble youth. He snorted, and bent his neck in the most graceful attitudes, and beat the ground with his hoof, and shewed himself impatient for the signal to leave the goal, and start into his utmost speed. Julian was master of his motions. He would stop, and wind, and exhibit all his perfection of paces, with a whisper, or the lifting of a finger from his hip, whose approbation excited in the animal the supremest delight. In a word, Julian won the favour of his elders by the clearness of his apprehension, and his progress

in every thing that was taught him; and of his equals, by his excelling in all kinds of sport, and feats of dexterity; which could be equalled only by the modesty, the good humour, and accommodating spirit with which he bore his honours, rendering others almost as well satisfied with his superiority, as if the triumph had been their own."

We cannot afford room to set forth at large, the process of education, and its effects, adopted by Cloudesley for his injured ward; but of the tender anxiety with which he cared for his welfare, the reader may judge by the following extract:—

"Cloudesley was specially alive to the question of the persons with whom his youthful favourite should associate; but he knew that he could not be without a companion, and he did not wish him to be without. Many of the most valuable lessons and practices that a young person can acquire are only to be learned in society with those of his own age. It is not good for man to be alone; and that man is substantially alone, though living in the midst of crowds and tumults, who has not a companion circumstanced in various particulars like himself. These are the points in which human creatures touch one another—at which the virtues and sympathies of mortals become interfused. The existence of a man may be continued for seventy years, and he may pass through an incalculable variety of fortunes, while yet there may be many a nerve and vein of character that shall have lain dormant in him from the cradle to the grave, if he have never encountered an equal—one to whom he has stood forth as open and undisguised as to his own soul—between whom and himself every thought had been shaped into words, and they have mutually poured their sensations into each other's bosom, even as a mighty river carries along with it all the spars and corks, and feathers and straws, that float upon its stream. They must have been together in sadness and festivity—alike, when the mind subides into despair, and when it is made frantic with unlooked-for joy—in difficulty and in plenty, in sickness and in health. It is thus that man is made that frank creature, above all disguise, bold, confident, unfearing, and unsuspecting, that beneficent nature intended him to be."

The steps by which this parental care of his foster-son, excited a more fervent sympathy in the bosom of Cloudesley, are very naturally developed in the novel. Cloudesley, in fact, had no other attachment on earth, than to his ward.

"The child," continues the novelist, "was no doubt a beautiful child, with every attribute that should prepossess a well-disposed

mind; but to Cloudesley he was like a god that had descended to dwell under his roof. He always felt that his ward was not in his place, and that much of his original and native brightness was obscured. For this reason he viewed every thing about him with prepossession, and a heart attuned to admire.

"He regarded Julian as a prodigy of intellect. He had observed him from the first dawnings of his infant apprehension. He had remarked his searching and inquisitive mind—the clearness of his views—the decisiveness of his elections—the truth of his movements of the eye, of the hand, and every corresponding gesture and limb. All that Julian learned had seemed to come to him as if by inspiration, and he had an intuitive faculty for mastering languages. His progress in literature was inconceivably rapid—nothing was a toil to him; his memory was accurate, his questions apt, his observations full of acuteness. But he had also, to an extraordinary degree, the creative faculty. His sports, for the most part, had been studies. 'He cut his roots in characters, and sauced' his play as if Mercury, the author of all inventions, had dwelt within him. He savoured every thing with unerring truth; and when he recited the verses of the English or Italian poets, they flowed with an eloquence that no other tongue could have given them, and found their way irresistibly to the heart. When, too, he essayed his own vein, he was, at least in Cloudesley's apprehension, in no way inferior to the master who had pointed out his path to the temple of the muses. He considered him as born for all times, and never to be forgotten as long as the memory of man should endure.

"But what Cloudesley valued most in Julian, what led away his soul in captivity, was his heart. He had never known a father or a mother; yet he had ever been faithful to their counterfeit representatives. He had never failed in any attentions to them. He had never mutinied or murmured against their commands. He had regarded them with the most deferential duty. He had never given them a moment's pain, but had always been to them the source of inestimable gratification. Cloudesley remembered the exemplary behaviour of Julian, when he lay, as he believed, on his own death-bed, and his pious attendance on the illness of Cloudesley himself. He had on all occasions, and towards all with whom he had intercourse, shown himself the soul of generosity. He had never betrayed any mean passions, selfishness, or envy. He gave away all he had, as if he had been the inheritor of exhaustless wealth. He forgave all that had offended, as from a soul incapable of harbouring any of the malignant passions. He was ever ready with heart and hand, to assist such as were in suffering or distress. He cared not for sleep, if

he was aware that any one he knew was unhappy.

Cloudesley remembered the several instances in which Julian had manifested those dispositions. He recollected how he had conducted himself at Verona, when Giuseppe had imputed to him a palpable falsehood, and had treated him harshly in consequence. He called to mind the generous fervour with which, when Cloudesley expressed a fierce indignation at this treatment, Julian had interceded in behalf of his preceptor. It was but a short time ago that Eudocia had died, and the exemplary youth had appeared as drooping, and ready to sink into the grave with sorrow for his supposed mother."

His mourning for the death of Eudocia, the wife of Cloudesley, is thus graphically and felicitously given.

"How many a youth, at the presumptuous and arrogant age of eighteen, looks with disdain upon the care, the advices, the forewarnings, of a being of the frailer sex, and will treat his own mother, however accomplished, however sagacious, however intellectual, with contumely! Proud with opinion of manly and superior wisdom, he thrusts aside the suggestions of female solicitude and tenderness, as unworthy of his notice. He forgets all the maternal yearnings of soul with which that mother watched over his helpless infancy; how she composed his limbs and supplied his wants, and relieved his speechless griefs, and smoothed his pillow, and sat for weary days and nights beside his cradle, and brought him safely through a thousand perils. But Julian forgot nothing. He recollected all the loving-kindness of Eudocia—her innumerable and indescribable exertions for his benefit. It was all to him as if it had been yesterday; so living, so perfect in his soul was the image of those scenes and those actions, over which long years of oblivion might be thought to have rolled.

"Story has recorded a variety of instances in which a friend could not survive the loss of a friend, and a lover has pined himself into mortal sickness and death for the expiring of his mistress. But what occurred in this instance in Julian was more memorable. The most fervent affection of which a human being is susceptible is for his like, his equal, one with whom he has walked in the paths of adolescence, while their youthful hearts have simultaneously poured out their feelings and conceptions into each other's bosoms, and in the course of nature they may expect to sink into old age and the grave together. It is the order of human things that the old should yield to the empire of mortality before the young—the parent before the child. Our minds are constituted accordingly. We

commit the mother that bore us to the silent earth, and return to the functions and duties of a mortal being towards his fellows. But Julian seemed to break through those adamant boundaries. He mourned over the hearse of Eudocia, and refused to be comforted. He withdrew into solitary places and silence, and found his best consolation in his tears. It was only the persevering affection and the unwearied attentions of Francesco that could restore him to himself. He undoubtedly exceeded all discreet and reasonable measure in the excess of his grief. But, if in this he departed from the precepts of sobriety, his weakness was at least amiable, and a generous observer would love him the more for what the philosophy of the Stoics might denominate his vice."

No wonder that for a youth so generous, Cloudesley should be ultimately awakened to the atrocity of the fraud by which he had been instrumental in despoiling him of his inheritance, and should resolve to compel Lord Danvers to concur in an act of solemn and conscientious restitution. For this express purpose, he takes a journey to England, leaving Julian under the care of Borromeo. Borromeo is a man of austere manners, of a drayman's carriage, and not a little tinged, like Cloudesley himself, with misanthropy. The integrity of this man is indeed inflexible, but his notions are so coarse and rude, that the youth, accustomed to more generous treatment, revolts with indignation, and escapes from his well-intended tyranny.—Hereupon ensue adventures and scenery in the style of *Salvator Rosa*—all exceedingly fine. Julian gets implicated with a band of robbers, and is condemned to be executed with them, although innocent of being an accomplice in their acts of violence.

Now let us turn to Lord Danvers. While all this has been going on, this nobleman had endeavoured, but vainly, to assuage his conscience, by such appliances as rank and riches can supply. In the society of a wife he is more successful, and domestic endearments administer a degree of consolation. But the doom of retribution trembles over his head, and soon falls in ruin. One by one, his children die, and Selina, their mother, broken-hearted with defeated hope, escapes from the evils to come to the refuge of an early grave. One son only remained, when Cloudes-

ley made the demand of restitution; for its sake he refused to give back his nephew's usurped rights. But at last the son dies. Then a strong desire comes over him, and impels him to the adoption of Julian, now the only child remaining to his widowed age. He sets out from England, and only arrives in time to save, by the influence of his rank, Julian from an ignominious execution: to make known his innocence, and to restore him to his honours. Such is the manner in which the novelist has improved on the popular tale of the *Children in the Wood*.

The extracts which we have already given relate to Julian's youth and education. The analytical development of his uncle's remorse is equally, or rather more powerful. Would that we could afford space to give it here expression! Would also that we could copy here all that relates to Selina, his wife! She is a fine portrait of patient, affectionate beauty. But the most ideal of the women of this novel is that of Irene. She is a classical study—a perfect being—pure, ethereal—only not passionless. Such dreams are fitter for the sculptor than the poet—fitter for the poet than the novelist. But we are glad to meet such chaste delineations any where.

The language of this novel is written in a less ambitious and inverted, and therefore better, style than most of Godwin's productions. In this respect, it is far superior to his *History of the Commonwealth*, which is composed in the worst species of what is called the historical style. The tone of composition in *Cloudesley* is quiet, calm, and graceful—the course of the narrative is gradual and even, not marked by any starts of passionate energy and expression, but patiently worked out to its conclusion—the doom of restitution and punishment. The penitence of Lord Danvers is preferable to the unavailing remorse of Falkland—it is a more congenial representation of human nature—shews more of the good in the evil—and is solemnly touched with the pencil of a master in his art. How fine is the idea of the retribution for his crime, in the loss, one by one, of his children, and, lastly, of his wife—so that he is left heirless, and without hope of

progeny; and is, at length, fain to restore his brother's son to the heritage of his fathers. How exquisite is the description of the manner in which Cloudesley proceeded in the education of his ward, and the fatherly interest which became gradually generated in his mind towards the boy! Julian himself is a fine adumbration of a generous and ingenious boyhood, too susceptible to temptation, with no more power of resistance than youths in general, without experience, are capable of exerting. This is much better than the subsidiary story of *Caleb Williams*, altogether descriptive as it is of the brutal parts of humanity, whether exhibited in stations of power or servility. There is "a relish of salvation in it," which is highly agreeable to a cultivated taste. To many of the readers of *Cloudesley*, perhaps, the interest of the main story and its adjuncts may be less intense—the passion less harrowing—the excitement less engrossing; but the judicious critic will perceive that the philosophy is more true, and the philanthropy more amiable, if not more profound, than in *Caleb Williams*. The intense energy characteristic of that work is a mark of inexperienced authorship—it is indicative of a state of mind in which the writer is possessed of, instead of being possessed with, an idea. We can see the enthusiast at work, watching and waiting for the inspiration, uncertain whither he shall be carried; but desirous of being rapt away, whatever the end may be. "The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof," stand ready to aid him in his adventurous flight; but the whole is a voyage of discovery, not of knowledge. Such is the state of mind in which we find Schiller during the composition of his *Robbers*—nay, such is the state of mind in which we find even Homer during the composition of his *Iliad*. *Wallenstein* and the *Odyssey* are of a different spirit. The poets have each exercised themselves in their art to the full extent, and attained by that exercise a play of the faculties which they had not before. They proceed now with the full knowledge of what they can do, with a full confidence in their powers, not afraid to relax awhile from continual

effort, being conscious that they can make exertion of high endeavour at the proper season. The territory of which they went in search has been conquered, and now they have nothing to do but to prescribe laws for its proper governance, and attend to its well-ordered administration in all its departments. No longer warriors or adventurers, but kings and legislators, all their acts are royal; and their state, not qualified by that "haste which mars all decency of act," but solemn and sovereign, they have their hests performed by thousands, who, "at their bidding, speed and post o'er land and ocean without rest," while they remain enthroned in intellectual majesty, absolute monarchs, whose will is law.

Now, we are of those who prefer the calm and self-possessed maturity of an accomplished mind to the inevitably imperfect, however eloquent, essays of inexperienced boyhood. We prefer the ripe ear to the green, the consummate to the crude. We like an author to be certified of the process and result of his labours, and who feels his ground every step he takes. We like to see him in his quiet grandeur rather than in his enterprising energy. In the latter there is more turmoil, more interest, if you please; it has its share of perils and surprises, in which we also partake, and in his triumph we are also coparceners. All this keeps attention on the stretch, and thought awake. Still we should prefer the full and experienced retrospect of all these "hair-breadth 'scapes," when, in more advanced age, the eloquent lips of the quondam adventurer should represent them, in whatever guise, to no reluctant audience. More knowledge is gained in such retrospect, in a comparatively brief space of time, than could have been obtained, though we had accompanied him on one of those voyages, the results of which enter into his present discourse.—In fine, more is to be learned from *Cloudestley* than from *Caleb Williams*, *St. Leon*, *Fleetwood*, or *Mandeville*. The extracted essence of each of these is transfused into the last production, cleansed, of course, from every adscititious and unnecessary adjunct, and given in a condition of the utmost possible purity.

Excellent, however, as this pro-

duction is, and superior to every other novel published during the last season, it may, we think, be reasonably questioned, whether with novel readers it has had so much success as some of the more time-serving productions of the same kind. With this result, Mr. Godwin is no doubt well content. He is content that these "novelties of the season" should have their day, well knowing that their existence is but ephemeral, while the date of his is diuturnal. Still it is a great grievance, that inferior, very inferior ability should find immediate reward, while transcendent genius should have to wait. This doom, however, genius knows well how to endure—it is a bitter lesson, but it is taught. All that is great and generous must look far into the future for its guerdon and its recompence. Nay—this is the prime ingredient of its composition, that it overleaps the bars of sense, despises this "ignorant present," and only hath regard to "the life to come." Were its reward *now*, wherein would the great and generous be differenced from those vulgar spirits who dwell and act within the sphere of the sensible only, and find their enjoyments in no other region? The great and the generous must be supersensuous in all their desires, and aspirations, and delights. That which only satisfies the wants of the body is no reward for them—to it they have a right from the civic sympathies of their fellow men—they may justly make a demand of whatever is needful to the sustenance of bodily comfort and the maintenance of social rank. These things, which form the appropriate reward of vulgar natures and pursuits, are only the rightful conditions of superior spirits and lofty purposes. Their reward is of a higher mark, as their endeavours have a sublimer aim. It is to generate in other minds a sympathy with their own—to cause that they who hear shall be born again, of the spirit and not of the flesh—to create an intellectual family and brotherhood, which shall descend from age to age, and find its ultimate issue only in eternity. This is their "recompence of reward"—this is their peculiar privilege, their aim, and their attainment—this it is to be immortal, to live in the minds of men

—to propagate innumerable images, in all times and places, of one's own genius—and thus to leave a mint stamp on the age in which we flou-

rish, never to be effaced until the last syllable of recorded time shall have been pronounced.

"The memory of famous men is rife,  
And redolent through ages late and long—  
The Lord by them hath wrought great glory, through  
His power from the beginning, men among.  
Such as bear rule in realms, and bravely do,  
Are wise in council, sure in prophecy;  
The eloquent, the active, and the true;  
The skilled in music, and the subtlety  
Of numerous verse; rich men and graced with mind,  
Abiding in their dwellings peaceably—  
The glory of their times, they leave behind  
A honourable name; their righteousness  
Shall never be forgotten by their kind.  
Their children shall continue, and possess  
A heritage for aye, and dwell in peace;  
Dying, they live: so Wisdom flourishes."

*Descent into Hell.*

The prime instrument employed by Mr. Godwin in his novels is analysis. In this he is again distinguishable from Sir Walter Scott, who proceeds synthetically; that is, by an accumulation of particulars, in which the character is presented at once in its integrity to the reader. The other *appears* to be the more philosophical process; but Sir Walter Scott's is really the most so. During the French Revolution, all science was conducted by analysis; it was a time of taking to pieces and of unbuilding; but the prime art is to edify and to establish. Mathematical judgments proceed synthetically, and not analytically, and always have recourse to the intuition. The principles of pure geometry are synthetical; all real metaphysical knowledge also must be synthetical, as well as *à priori*; and experience itself is nothing but a continual synthesizing of apprehensions. The synthetical process is, also, not only the more philosophical, but the more popular; another proof how consistent are the truths of philosophy with human feelings, and that our task is to reconcile, (as in the question of political justice, before debated in this paper,) and not to set in opposition, the results of reason and the conclusions of common sense.

Mr. Godwin, however, in his preface to the present work, expresses his opinion, that

"Analysis is a science more commensurate to human faculties than synthesis. When the Creator of the world of imagi-

nation, the poet, or the writer of fiction, introduces his ideal personage to the public, he enters upon the task with a pre-conception of the qualities that belong to this being, the principle of his actions, and its necessary concomitants. He has thus two advantages: in the first place, his express office is to draw just conclusions from assigned premises, a task of no extraordinary difficulty; and, secondly, while he endeavours to aid those conclusions by consulting the oracle in his bosom, the suggestions of his own heart, instructed as he is besides by converse with the world, and a careful survey of the encounters that present themselves to his observation, he is much less liable to be cribbed and confined in by those unlooked-for phenomena, which, in the history of an individual, seem to have a malicious pleasure in thrusting themselves forward to subvert our best digested theories. In this sense then, it is infallibly true, that fictitious history, when it is the work of a competent hand, is more to be depended upon, and comprises more of the science of man, than whatever can be exhibited by the historian—

—— "long and dark,  
Drawn from the musty rolls of Noah's ark."

We readily agree with Mr. Godwin, that to analyze is a far easier task than to synthesize. The novelist, however, would do the latter who consulted the oracle in his bosom, and *added* its responses in aid of those conclusions which he had otherwise obtained. We cannot, however, allow that this oracle is consulted by Mr. Godwin, if he intend by it what is usually meant by *the heart*. The only oracle he consults is his understanding; the process which he exercises

constitutes a series of judgments.—The act of judging consists in an union of sensuous presentations in a consciousness; which union is either *analytical* by identity, or *synthetical* by the addition of such presentations to each other. But inasmuch as Mr. Godwin's personage is ideal, the origin of his judgments is not empirical, (as the Kantists would say,) but, *a priori*, as springing from the pure understanding and reason. And it is upon this account that, while we cannot bestow upon Mr. Godwin the highest philosophical degrees, we are willing to grant him, nevertheless, a very high diploma indeed, from the metaphysical college of which we profess ourselves to be unworthy members. Nevertheless, we cannot help regretting that Mr. Godwin's scheme of philosophy was not of the more elevated kind, because, what have we not reason to expect, in that case, might have been his success, with his philosophical tact, seeing what has already been that of Sir Walter Scott, without it, who, nevertheless, worked in the spirit of the higher philosophy, by force of that natural instinct, as it were, and that genius, which is also nature, and therefore, like nature, transcends all the results of art, with the most exquisite art, though without any appearance of it?

Would also, on another account, that his philosophy had been rather synthetical than analytical! His genius then would have attained a more elevated reach in his productions. It has been said, that Mr. Godwin is a metaphysician grafted on a dissenting preacher. Would that he had grafted again on the metaphysician the divine! The highest range of metaphysical inquiry, which the latter character implies, is only possible by means of synthesis. The understanding may overstep its limits into the mere field of intellectual beings; and Mr. Godwin has so far overstept its limits; but he has not exercised his mind in those high endeavours, in which it is no longer completely satisfied with an empirical use of the rules of understanding, this use being always conditional, but expels even the understanding itself from its sphere, to seek, entirely out of its limits, for those ideal beings, through which, by the aid of a strong ima-

gination, it may, without any empirical conditions, complete its mighty labour. Then it rises, on the wings of the pure reason, to the contemplation of ideas, which are not only subjectively and necessarily real, but also objectively possible.

That Mr. Godwin's mind is capable of this elevated reach is, nevertheless, sufficiently evident. A passage of this kind occurs in *Mandeville*.

"Religion is the most important of all things, the great point of discrimination that divides the man from the brute. It is our special prerogative, that we can converse with that which we cannot see, and believe in that, the existence of which is reported to us by none of our senses. Such is the abstract and exalted nature of man. This it is that constitutes us intellectual, and truly entitles us to the denomination of reasonable beings. All that passes before the senses of the body, is a scenic exhibition: and he that is busied about these fantastic appearances, 'walketh in a vain shew, and disquieteth himself in vain.' Invisible things are the only realities; invisible things alone are the things that shall remain."

We say that this passage indicates power in Mr. Godwin to rise to the desired elevation so characteristic of a pure rationalist. But it is doubtful whether he speaks here in his own character or that of Mandeville. We are in doubt whether he did not intend it as a part of the attributes with which he has invested that fictitious personage, as belonging to that most repulsive form of Calvinism, which he describes as having so deleterious an effect upon his mind and character. At any rate, the principle which we are advocating exerts no practical influence upon Mr. Godwin's writings. This is a subject, with us, of great regret; not only as it has contracted the moral utility of his productions, but as it has confined the flight of his genius to a humbler quarry than that to which it was naturally destined.

The fact is, that all theological ideas are carefully excluded from this writer's compositions. He treats, ever and anon, of the subject of remorse—and he delineates it well. No man can better shew the writhings and contortions of his victims, who, in general, also, either expressly or by implication, are represented as repentant. But as this remorse is without religious consolation—so

their repentance is without religious motive. It is the growth of circumstances—of dire necessity, or miserable expediency—never the result of any higher principles, than the beggarly elements of this world. Of the injury which they have done to others, these criminals are conscious; but of that which they have done to themselves, and the offence which they have committed in relation to their Maker, they are as unconscious as the persons of Ossian's poems are to the existence of a Supreme Being, and a moral governor of the universe.

Let not a man of genius permit his heaven-directed wing to stoop beneath the "religious state" which a thousand powers hold beyond the sway of Destiny. Let him not stop short of those conceptions which are necessary to constitute the completeness of things in general. Let him not stop short of that idea of a highly perfect original Being, which is necessary to determine the possibility and the reality of all other beings. Such conceptions, and such an idea, are absolutely requisite; that the practical principles of morality may have a field for hope and expectation open before them, and human reason may emancipate itself from the tyranny of a blind fatalism, and find refuge in a supreme intelligence.

The field which is thus opened for the imaginative faculties is sufficiently obvious. But it is with respect to their practical influence on moral interests, that we are careful to impress their importance on this gifted author. We recollect somewhere, in his *History of the Commonwealth*, that Mr. Godwin undertakes a defence of Cromwell against those charges of dissimulation and hypocrisy, which stain his character even as a *great* man—how much more so then as a *good* one? He admits the charge, but vindicates Cromwell's adoption of these artifices, on the ground that similar ones were adopted by his opponents; and that when no other way is left, it is justifiable to meet deception with deception, else the cause must be inevitably lost. Who shall say, that the cause would be inevitably lost? Is it a good one? Well, then, all earthly expectations of succour may be cut off; but is it not reasonable to believe that a good

God, will, in his own method, and at his own season, aid his servants? Every one engaged in a good cause, would have a right to look upon himself as God's servant, and might reasonably confide in divine assistance. Is not this better, than spotting the white purity of the conscience by the adoption of evil means, which, after all, may be ineffectual to the end proposed? All that is wanting to the exercise of this confidence, is, that the agent shall have Faith. This is, to come to the fact, the faculty of mind in which Mr. Godwin is deficient. We should be sorry, if any of our above remarks should be construed to amount to a charge either of practical or speculative atheism, whether in Mr. Godwin or in his writings; but, without scruple of any sort, we do accuse him of want of faith. We accuse Cromwell of want of faith. Such deficiency is inseparable from him who either does ill that good may come, or advocates the doing of it. Mr. Godwin has exercised all the lower faculties of his mind too long—let him rise to the exertion of that "which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen;" that, by which "the elders obtained a good report"—that, through which, "we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear."

It is not without propriety that we make this appeal to this illustrious writer, because it is not without hope. His mind, we have proved, has been progressive. From antipathy to social institutions, it has proceeded to sympathy with them; until, at length, as in his last work, his nature overflows with the spirit of charity. The spirit of love is recognised by him in express terms.—"Now abideth these three—Faith, Hope, and Charity—but the greatest of these is Charity." The greatest is inclusive of the least; and in fact, neither of these faculties can long exist in any mind without bringing the others into play likewise. It is, therefore, with peculiar pleasure that we conclude our critical disquisition on Mr. Godwin's novels, with the conclusion of his last and best.

"The true key of the universe is Love. That levels all inequalities; makes low the



mountain exalts the valley; and brings human beings of every age and every station into a state of brotherhood. 'The lion and the lamb lie down together—the leopard dwells with the kid; and a little child shall lead them.' What unprejudiced man can look abroad in the world, and not see this? The splendid sun, the cerulean sky, the majestic trees, the green earth, the thousand colours that ename the mead, the silver stream in beauty composed and serene, living in the endless flow of its waters, all talk of what softens the heart, and inspires affection and kindness to our dispositions and feelings. Has not God made man the crown of his works, and stamped all his limbs with majesty and grace? And shall we treat with harshness and indignity, what God has chosen for his living temple? No—the man that is austere to his brother mortal, is the true, the practical atheist. I have been this. I have spread blight all around me. I have frowned upon all. I have killed Cloudeley. I have almost killed thee, the dearest object of his affection. Yes, the true system for governing the world, for fashioning the tender spirits of youth, for smoothing the pillow of age, is Love. Nothing else

could have made a Cloudeley—nothing else could have made a Julian. I, and Lord Danvers, have been the delinquents. He, for base and selfish ends—I, from an erroneous judgment. The one thing that most exalts and illustrates man, is disinterested affection. We are never so truly, what we are capable of being, as when we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for others, and immolate our self-love on the altar of beneficence. There is no joy like the joy of a generous sentiment, to go about doing good, to make it our meat and our drink, to promote the happiness of others, and diffuse confidence and love to every one within the reach of our influence.'

"Thus, to the astonishment of us all, spoke the sour and stern misanthrope, the rigid Borromeo, converted from all he had been by the spectacle before his eyes, by the ascendancy of virtue, the success of gentleness, and the sight of the youth who bore his honours so meekly, on whose brow majesty sat enshrined, whose eyes swam in affection, whose limbs were fashioned by generosity and liberty, and all whose motions were inspired by the clearness of his understanding and the soundness of his heart."

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Or the charms which young Susan discovers,

Prenez garde, prenez garde, mon ami!

She delights but in teasing her lovers—

Prenez garde, prenez garde, je vous prie!

Though she seems to encourage your wooing,

In the end she will laugh at your suing,

While she sings, as she seals your undoing—

Prenez garde, prenez garde, je vous dis!

O why then pursue her thus blindly?

Prenez garde, I entreat, mon ami!

You but teach her to act more unkindly:

Prenez garde, then, in time, mon ami!

Though to-day you view parting with sorrow,

Love from prudence a hint, sir, should borrow,

For the pang will be keener to-morrow:

Prenez garde, while you can, mon ami!

J. O. C.

## THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

BY D. M. MOIR.

[Concluded from vol. i. p. 672.]

## XI.

"Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,  
They led a kind of — as it were;  
Nor wished, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;  
And so they lived, and so they died."—PRIOR.

BEFORE proceeding with the more immediate narrative of my melancholy life, it may be pardoned me to digress a little into the matters relating to that of poor Matilda; and, in the first place, to the credit of Mr. Frederick Elton, it must be allowed, that it was not without a considerable struggle that his mind was brought to acquiesce in the sordid and selfish views of his parent. Unluckily, however, the family fortune was almost entirely of his father's acquisition, and not being yet entailed, could be disposed according to his wishes. Bred up and educated with a view to this inheritance, Frederick had not been allowed to fit himself for a man of business, and in the hour of the visitation of this heart-felt calamity, he found this to his cost. But there was no remedy. An open rupture with his father left him penniless; and to have married in that state was worse than folly, was crime. A knowledge of these circumstances had no doubt stimulated my noble-minded sister to her heroic self-sacrifice; but it was not for a considerable time after, and until threats of disinheritance were more than threatened, that Frederick felt himself compelled to his father's arbitrary dictation.

As might have been anticipated, the marriage was any thing but a happy one. The person who could love a being of Matilda's high-toned feeling, simple dignity, and proud retirement, was not likely to be devotedly attached to Miss Hargrove, as the very circumstance of that lady's accepting Mr. Frederick Elton's hand with a full knowledge of how affairs stood, augured not very highly for the elevation of her sentiments. Educated in the flutter and fluster of fashionable life, where everything is sacrificed to appearances, she perhaps thought of little else, than being at the head of an establishment of her

own, and of outdazzling her rivals by the splendour of her equipage. This she most effectually tried to do, to the cost of her husband and his creditors. Heedless and heartless, she studied nothing but her paltry self-gratification; and, at length, Frederick, after opposing the feeble barrier of his advice to her headlong indiscretion, gave up the contest in vain, and looked at ruin with his eyes open.

Sir Simon Hargrove, in attempting some wild agricultural speculations for the improvement of his estates, at length found his farms without a tenant, and his pocket without a penny. Trees were cut down and sold, and mortgage succeeded mortgage; so to the dunning and solicitations even of his favourite and spoiled daughter, necessity compelled him to give a flat negative at length, and the consequence was an estrangement on her part, which shewed that past favours could be easily enough forgotten. On the part of old Mr. Elton, who saw his son on the highway to misery, a more decided tone was adopted. He first threatened his old story of disinheritance, and then put it into execution, by making a will in favour of his other children, and cutting off his legal heir with a shilling. Before having proceeded to this extremity, it is, however, but fair to state that he had given the unfortunate Frederick many salutary cautions, and it was not until having been assured that his son had become an inveterate gambler, that he determined on the measures which terminated all communication betwixt them.

While all things were thus rushing from confusion into irretrievable ruin, Frederick was dunned by one of his gambling cronies, a Mr. Stanihurst, for a very considerable stake, which he was unable to pay. This gentleman, from a similar course of life, had

been reduced to similar difficulties, and had paid away Mr. Frederick Elton's bill to one of his dunning tradesmen. The money became due, but the bill was not accepted. The consequence was an impertinent letter on the part of Mr. Stanihurst, to his quondam friend. A duel followed, in which poor Elton was shockingly wounded; and, to add to his misery, in the course of a few days after, while languishing under the torments occasioned by an unextracted ball, his faithless wife eloped with the very scoundrel who had wounded her husband. It was soon discovered that the fugitives had taken up their residence in France; but no one thought it worth while to offer them the smallest molestation, leaving them to the upbraidings of conscience and their guilty pleasures.

The case of the wretched Frederick had been from the moment of his

wound doubtful, but the disgrace and mental anguish which the discovery occasioned, speedily decided the balance, and a few days of high fever were succeeded by a premature death. It is said that in the ravings which preceded that event, he frequently ejaculated the name of my sister.

If man is, as some suppose, the creature of circumstances, it is much to be lamented, both for the sake of Matilda and of Frederick Elton, that fate had not destined them to be united, as her firmness and feminine devotion might have lent a tone to his more vacillating mind. As it was, she passed to heaven, if not without grief, at least without guilt; and was spared the misery of beholding the being, on whom she had bestowed her affections, sinking from affluence into poverty, from respect into dishonour, and from remorse into death.

## XII.

"He came not to her father's halls  
With a hundred squires in train,  
But all he brought was a true heart,  
And a name without a stain."—MARY HOWITT.

After the loss of my beloved sister, I returned once more to my rural retirement, near Dorking, with a silent determination to estrange myself from the bustle of life, and live like a recluse. The deepest formed schemes of man, however, often fail, from circumstances over which he is, apparently, incapable of exerting control. At first I had my hours entirely to myself,—I read, and walked, and meditated; day was the counterpart of day; and month succeeded month in a sort of "similitude in dissimilitude." Thanks, however, to the generosity of human nature, and the kindness of my neighbours, the solitude of the recluse began to be broken in upon by friendly offices, and calls. The only family that succeeded in really forcing me by their kindness to the nourishment of a reciprocal sentiment, was that of the Austens, of Austen Park, a family of the first rank in consideration, both with regard to character and fortune.

In the delightful society of this family, I was again restored to a susceptibility to the pleasures of life. Around it there was the all-soothing calm of affectionate interest, a reci-

procity of feeling among its members which knit them to each other. From this mutuality of feeling I was not excluded, and often did my heart silently overflow with gratitude to those, who seemed to have taken a spontaneous regard for one, whom providence had left out of the pale of domestic endearments.

In this family resided a cousin of the Austens, Mr. Bennet, who was waiting for an Indian cadetship. Having, like myself, but little business on hand, our evenings were almost alternately shared with each other, and a particular intimacy was the consequence. He was a warm-hearted fine fellow, and I never think of him, even yet, although many years have elapsed since I have learned any tidings of his fate, without a glow of affectionate interest. Mr. Curtis, the proprietor of the adjoining estate, was also on terms of most familiar footing at Austen Park. He was a tall, handsome, and good-looking fellow, who had about a year before returned from Oxford to his family possessions. His university education had not spoiled his love of rural sports; and with the polish of

the gentleman was sometimes mingled the roughness of the county squire.

Mr. Curtis's father and old Mr. Austen had been school associates, and, the former dying while his son was yet a boy, his old friend was appointed the family guardian. I had heard it said that Miss Austen was destined for his future wife, but from my own observations I was led to regard this as mere hearsay. Indeed, had my opinion of the matter been asked, I should have at once said, that, did any partiality exist, it was for her cousin Bennet, who was much more mild in his manners, and without being regarded as cynical, I may add much more circumspect in his conversation and conduct. With old Mr. Austen, however, Curtis was an especial favourite. In his youth he had been devotedly fond of the same amusements, and he listened to the exploits of the young follower of Nimrod, with peculiar satisfaction, nor from fears of losing a future son-in-law did he ever enter any caveat against his attempting a five-bar gate. In his eye the bluntness of Curtis was honesty; he regarded him as one who was really better than he cared to be taken for, and, like the almond, as hiding a sweet kernel within a rough shell.

One morning Bennet walked over to inform me that his cadetship had at length arrived; but from the gra-

vity of his manner I saw that he had something more to inform me of than that. I told him to "out with it," and found, as I suspected, that he was passionately attached to his fair cousin. With the openness and honour which characterized all his proceedings, he at the same time confessed to me that he was but a soldier of fortune, and that his future success in life must depend solely on his own exertions. "I have some reason to think," he added, "that I am at least not disagreeable to my cousin, but years must elapse before I can be in a condition in which I might reasonably make proposals to her family, and as to any engagement in my present circumstances, I cannot honourably think of such a thing."

After commending the purity of his intentions, I hinted to him my suspicions of some attachment on the part of Curtis to Miss Austen, a thing which, strange to say, had never once struck him. A new light seemed instantly to dawn in upon him, and while I observed a cloud come over his countenance, I saw and felt from his manner that the happiness of the woman he loved, was the paramount object of importance in his regard. He was to leave Austen Park during the following week, and before we parted, he had taken the resolution of coming to an explanation with Curtis himself on this important and delicate subject.

### XIII.

'The face that in the morning sun  
We thought so wondrous fair,  
Hath faded—ere his course was run  
Beneath its golden hair.'—PROF. WILSON.

For some days after this meeting I was confined to the house by indisposition, and my friend Bennet, for whose presence I was longing, came to pay me a farewell visit. His absence boded ill for the success of his explanation with Curtis; and the moment he entered, I saw, by the pensive cast of his features, ill-disguised by an assumed jocular expression, that the dearest hopes of his bosom were extinguished for ever. Our interview was short and hurried, but as painful as might be, and we parted with mutual good wishes. I could see that he wished me to waive any allusion to Miss Austen; yet he

could not bid me farewell without saying, "You were right, my friend, in your surmises about Curtis. May they be as happy as I could wish them!"

On the day following, Bennet bade adieu to Austen Park, to embark for the east. Of his after-fate, circumstances precluded me from learning any tidings.

When convalescent, I resumed my visits to the Austen family, and did my best in shortening the evenings to the old squire, by supplying my friend Bennet's place at the chess-board. Miss Austen appeared a little more thoughtful than was her

went, and to me somewhat more reserved; the former of which I could readily enough account for in the parting with her cousin, who had so long been one of the family circle; the latter appeared rather unaccountable, but I was conscious of no impropriety, so could patiently afford to wait for the clearing up of the mystery.

It was towards the middle of September that, after a long travel through the fields with my dogs and gun, I was returning home in the evening with my bag decently replenished. The latter part of the day had been sunny and sultry, but as the disk of the sun rested on the western horizon, the evening became chill and dewy.

Below me lay my home about two miles distant, but hidden from view by the fine old woods, with which the country, for a considerable extent to right and left, was luxuriantly covered. There was a quietude in the scene almost unearthly, as I sauntered down the banks of the river. From recent rains the channel was completely covered; and shrubs, which had found footing when the stream was shrunk from summer drought, were half immersed in the waters, on whose surface their upper branches wanted. The shadows of the magnificent old trees were imaged in a mirror, smooth and transparent as crystal, together with the reflected darkness of the rocks, the deep blue sky, and the gathering stars.

Having been a dreamer all my days, I could not proceed forward, without often gazing around me on the woods and waters, reposing in the majesty of nature; but when I came to the cataract, beside which I had often loved to sit with my beloved sister, I rested my gun against a tree, and lingered for a while, musing on the days of the years which were past, and on the friends who were gone for ever. My heart was subdued to the hue of the hour, and the scenery around me blended with remembrances sacred to my heart. I thought of my sister, as I gazed on the favourite beech tree, under which we had so often sat and read; and in the melancholy murmur of the falling waters, I heard the angelic voice of Anna Singleton. There

was not a breath of wind stirring, and in the palpable twilight every leaf was visible between the eye and the clear heavens. The scene looked like enchantment, and save a crow, that passing with a heavy rustling wing over my head, vanished amid the dusky wood, with a plaintive cry, no other token of nature's animation broke the silence of my meditations.

My path not lying by the river's edge, struck at an angle through the forest, with whose recesses I was minutely conversant. How long I remained by the waterfall, "an idle dreamer," I know not, but the space must have been considerable; as when I awoke, the twilight had deepened considerably.

The forest is intersected about its centre by a cross road, upon coming to which my dogs ran before me and barked. The place being almost unfrequented, the idea of robbers or gipsies, for an instant, passed through my mind, and I thrust a ball into the muzzle of my piece, ramming it down over a previous charge; but my fears were instantly dissipated, when, on looking along the way, I saw Curtis, who had just crossed a stile, approaching the spot where I stood, on his way homeward.

Upon recognising each other, "Well, Curtis," said I, "what sport have you had? Your bag seems heavy."

"Not amiss," answered he, "considering that the game is so plundered here. Scarcely half an hour ago I fell in with a gipsy encampment—a regular Bohemian town on the eastern border of the wood; and faggots were crackling under more pots than one. The contents it would require no magician to guess at."

"Phoo, Curtis," said I, jocularly, "you are a complete game-law man, and would screw the business up to the letter. But see, you are bending under your bag. Wink a little hard in charity on the poor creatures, and let them eat their supper, with what appetite they may."

"Well, well, that may be your mind," he continued, in a sneering way, "but it is fortunate that all the world are not of one way of thinking. Had I discovered one of the gang wiring a hare, or bringing

down a pheasant, as sure as my name is Jack, he should have had as much lead as my barrels contained."

"Gramercy on the poor poachers, if you are so bloodily minded, Curtis; but it is as well for both parties that none of them fell in your way. Why, man, you seem to have got quite hipped—quite angry with yourself, and all the world, of late. Surely there is something not going according to your stomach, Curtis?"

That there was something rude and vulgar in this familiarity of address, I mean not to deny; I hope it was somewhat out of my usual mode, and that some apology may be found for it in the general character of the gentleman I was addressing. Piqued to the extreme, he answered—

"Mind your own affairs, sir; I am at least capable of taking care of myself. A man who fancies himself in love, as some one does," added he, in a bitter tone, "will have enough to do in managing his own business to his mind, else I am greatly mistaken."

I could observe that he laboured under extreme mental irritation—his eyes sparkling with a ferocity that pierced through the intumbent twilight; while he stopped short suddenly, and, turning round to me, exclaimed, in a voice half suffocated with anger, "you mean to insult me, do you? It shall not be so with impunity!"

"Insult you!" said I, interrupting him somewhat sharply, "what crotchet is this you have got into your head, Curtis? Come, come—"

"None of your smoothing me down, sir," he interrupted, fiercely; "no, no—that sha'n't serve your turn. You have tried to undermine me. You have tampered with my feelings—you are a base—"

"Hold, sir!" I cried, "on the peril of being called to instant account. You are labouring under some gross misapprehension. I call upon you to explain yourself."

"Explain myself!" he ejaculated, and rushing forward, seized me by the collar. A violent struggle ensued, in which I endeavoured to shake him off, but the opportunity

for explanation had escaped, and it was now too late—for I found him grappling me with a tiger-like ferocity, which left no chance for life, but in my utmost exertions. "No, villain!" he exclaimed, as he best could, while twisting and struggling to throw me over, "this is a tug for life and death—both shall not survive it."

During this scuffle he still continued to hold his fowling piece, and I have little doubt would have shot me, had opportunity allowed—so intensely kindled was the fire of his anger, and so distorted were his features, by the extremity of passion; so I made every effort to trip him over, but this his athletic vigour prevented my accomplishing.

Vainly I endeavoured to call him to reason—to unbesom his suspicions, and to hear my explanation! he struggled with the fury of a maniac; and at length I felt my strength not only failing, but a sense of suffocation came over me, from his having got his fingers knotted into my neck-cloth. Desperation lent me a moment's vigour, and while indignation and abhorrence burned within me, I drove him backwards with such a vehemence that he was tripped over by some brushwood, and the trunk of a tree alone prevented his falling. In turn, he recoiled upon me, and, observing his fingers grappling for the trigger, I drove the muzzle from me with an energy that brought the piece from his hand, and, as we both came to the ground, it exploded. I remember the flash, and a sound thundering in my ears; but, being stunned by the force with which I struck among the branches, I lay for some time insensible.

We were by ourselves—no human being was probably within hearing of the report. How long I may have lain is uncertain, and, on recovering from my stun, I started up on my elbow, quite unconscious not only of what had happened, but of where I was; and, having removed something that lay upon my face, and raised my fingers to my brow, I saw that they were clotted over with blood.

## XIV.

"Since that hour—

But words are breath ;—look on me in my sleep,  
Or watch my watchings : come and sit by me !  
My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the furies."—MANFRED.

The stars were now all bright and sparkling, as the twilight deepened into darkness. The wind came abroad in gusts, and the air was chill even to frost. I attempted to rise, but, staggering, fell over a body, which lay beside me. It was Curtis !

I took hold of his hand, but it was cold. The whole truth flashed upon my mind, and I called aloud ; but no answer was returned. His clothes were literally soaked in blood, and around him for yards the ground was saturated with the crimson flood. I drew my hand over his face, and found his mouth and eyes open, stiffening in the immutability of death. Beside him was coiled a small black pointer bitch, which had accompanied him to the fields. She lay with her nose turned towards him, shivering from the cold.

I had awakened as from a dream : from a state of unconsciousness—to find myself—what ? I shuddered at the supposition ! A cold sweat broke upon my forehead, and my knees knocked against each other, and bent beneath the weight of my body, as, clenching my hands together, in agony of spirit, I stood by the corpse of my unfortunate victim, with my back resting against a tree.

What a scene is here, I thought—Would to heaven I had fallen, rather than this man ! Gracious heaven, but a few days ago, and seemingly the most cordial of friends—and now to have embrewed my hands in his blood ! And for what ?—No—conscience, reprove me as thou wilt, thou canst not tell me that I was the aggressor. But what matters it ? I am to be a mark for the finger of caution—a byword and reproach among men !

What can I do ?—The laws of my country must be satisfied.—I must submit to the ignominy of a gaol—to the chains of a felon ; yea, plead for my life at the bar of justice, under the imputation of murder ! Sooner would I die a thousand deaths.

Here the poor dogs whined, and I

started from my reverie—I started as if an arm had been laid on mine.

"How is it now, when every sound appals me ?"

I was seized with a sudden terror. Night became every minute darker and duskier. All was silent ; I was alone with the dead, with the body of him I had murdered, "under the shade of melancholy boughs." Methought I heard the voice of Anna Singleton quieting the tumult of my soul. I gazed round and round, but no glimmer of a window was perceptible ; and borne to the ear in a heavy, monotonous, and subduing murmur, came the sound of the distant cataract.

The horrors of imagination encompassed me. My nerves, shattered and overcome, and over-exerted with what had occurred, yielded without resistance ; and I was ready to sink into the ground. The countenance of the dead was appalling—the ghastly, cold, unconscious wreck of mortality lay at my feet. Seizing on my fowling-piece with a convulsive effort, I ran on through the "night of woods," followed by my dogs, with a velocity that I did not think any exertion of my muscles capable of. Fear lent me wings. Forward and forward I ran till almost exhausted. Suddenly a sound struck my ear ! I stopped and listened—again it arose. It was the whine of Curtis's dog, the very echo of desolation, a wild and lamentable cry.

The sound made my blood run chill ; but again I rushed forward, metamorphosing every branch and stump into frightful forms and hideous contortions. Eyes seemed to gleam out of every thicket upon me. Every moment I expected some hand to arrest me—some figure to cross my path, and command me to stand still. I rushed straight forward. My dogs galloped before me. I ran blindly on, and dared not look behind. Methought a legion of spirits were in pursuit. I was indeed the man upon

"A lonesome road  
That walks with fear and dread,  
And having once turned round, walks on,  
Nor turns again his head;  
For well he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread!"

At length I felt some relief from my panic, when I saw the shadowy form of my own house rising between me and the dewy skies; and perceived a light glimmering at one of the half-shut windows.

I wiped the flowing perspiration from my brow, and felt my heart knocking with violence against my breast. "What is this I have done! What is this I have done!" muttered I to myself, "murdered my neighbour, my friend! I am lost, dishonoured, ruined, miserable, for ever!" I laid my hand on the wicket of the sidegate, which led through a short avenue of shrubs and flowerbeds to the door of the house, and looking up to the window of my bed-chamber, I thought, "sleep, sweet sleep, a visitant that disdains bribery, will henceforward be a rare inmate there!"

Having calmed myself as much as I could, at length I took resolution—resolution to do what? To knock for admittance at my own house. How guilt doth unnerve the soul, and what "a strong siding champion" is conscience!

"Come away, sir," said old Mary, shutting the door behind me. "We have been long wearying for you; and it is getting very dark. Goodness, sir, I hope you have not hurt yourself in any way? See, the sleeve of your jacket is bloody!"

I shuddered involuntarily as she spake, and the weight of guilt pressed heavy on my heart, for a few seconds impeding my breathing. "No—no," returned I, throwing off my game-bag, "it is only some oozing from this." I saw that the bag was unstained, and consequently her scrutiny, if she chose to exert it, could detect me. But without farther remark she hurried with it into the kitchen, and lighted me up stairs.

Poor Mary! my kind old domestic, that I should have been afraid of thee—of thee, who watched over my sister's infancy, and who, although for many long years seemingly estranged to thy master's family, wert spared to follow me when I had

grown up to man's estate, to the home of which, time and fortune had made me the head, that thou mightest get grey, and waste out the light of life in my service. Betray me! although the world had been arrayed against me—so wouldst not thou! Although I had confessed my guilt to thee, thou wouldst have said that I was speaking in a dream. Thou wouldst have comforted me in the darkness of the dungeon, and shed tears over my head on the scaffold, or wher-ever they might have led me. Thou art a picture of memory—a thing of old. Connected with thee are all the happy days that my boyish years have seen, that my maturer heart have felt. I cannot think ill of human nature, while I remember thee—"Sit illi terra levis!"

Shortly after I went to bed, having left orders with my man Thomas to call me early in the morning. Glancing at my hands, I saw that they were imperfectly washed—some blood-gouts being visible around the wrist; and on looking into the mirror, I discovered the mark of fingers on my forehead. These marks of Cain I cleansed off as carefully as I could, but saw that the water in the basin was tinged by my so doing. Terror made my wits sharp; the fear of discovery lay strong upon my soul. I hesitated a moment what to do. I then thought of emptying it over the window, so cautiously drew up the sash, which emitted a low, creaking noise. On listening a little, I heard tongues speaking without, and drawing back, I obscured the light.—They are in search of me—yes, they have come in pursuit of me; but though they have tracked the fox to his den, they shall not take him alive. Sooner will I dash myself over on the granite flags. In a little while I listened again, and, oh! how relieved was my tortured heart, how glad was I in hearing the voice of Thomas, hearty and fearless; and the half-smothered titters and affectionate rebukes of Sally, a neighbouring farmer's servant, who was his sweet-heart.

I lay down in bed, tossing to and fro, in dark rumination, conjuring up all the hideous phantoms and wretched ideas, that distempered imagination could body forth. Many they were, and terrible. Compared with



what I then suffered, pain, actual corporeal anguish had been a trifle, and death itself a wished-for tranquillity. I thought of my feelings of the yesterday, and then looked forward on my blasted name! I felt the gnawings of a wounded spirit, and anticipated the hatred and aversion of the world. Could money have purchased grace, or effaced the stains of blood, I would have sold all, and given to the poor—yea, wandered about in search of bread, nor envied the peer in his princely demesnes. I tried to sleep, but could not. I turned and turned, restless as a billow on the stormy seas. I had a dread foreboding that mine eyes would shut no more—that I was doomed to an eternity of miserable consciousness—that I had murdered sleep.

I heard the clock chime the hour of midnight; the wind had arisen, and was sighing at the casement. Methought that it syllabled its wild

dreary tones into my name, and imitated the voice of the murdered Curtis. I lay watchful, my heart throbbing at every whisper, and, drawing the curtains aside, methought I beheld a figure standing in the middle of the floor. I started up, and cried, in the name of God, speak to me! My fevered imagination had shaped out a spirit in the grey dawn flickering between the window shutters.

With a sigh I lay down, and turned and turned, but slumber came not to my eyelids; to and fro, to and fro I tossed, till the orient sunshine threw its cheering lustre through the casement. The swallow, at its upper corner, not having yet taken its autumnal departure, twittered in its nest, as completely exhausted, weak as a lamb the moment it is yeaned. I fell, at length, into a sleep, which, in its profoundness, resembled insensibility itself.

## XV.

"He is dead and gone, lady—  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone."—HAMLET.

Ere the morning had far advanced, a loud knocking awoke me, and, starting up in agitation, I heard some one at my parlour door. I called out, "Who is there?" Thomas, entering with sorrow and anxiety in his looks, answered—"Ah, sir, Mr Curtis has shot himself, his body has been found this morning."

"When, where?" I exclaimed with trepidation, "how did it happen? that is a dismal business."

"I don't know, sir," answered Thomas, "he was found by a woodman early this morning, quite dead. His gun was lying beside him; the whole charge of both barrels had gone through his breast. His black bitch, Jess, which you see here, was sitting beside him, and I have got her from the man to take care of. May be we may have her for a kind of keepsake?"

As the dog looked up at me, a thrill passed through every vein. Horrible! thought I to myself. Dogs have detected murders before now. "Thomas," I said aloud, "you had as well walk over with the dog. You ought not to have brought it here.

Haste after the man, and give it him in charge to take home."

Scarcely had I got dressed, which was done in a tardy yet hurried manner, when a vehicle stopped at the gate, and I heard the murmur of many different voices. Thomas came running up the avenue, and seeing me at the window stood still before it. I threw up the sash, and asked him what he wanted. "Here is the body, sir, on a sledge. Such a sight I never saw. It is an awful spectacle. Hadn't we better take it in, master, till word is carried forward to his friends? but to be sure they must have heard of it by this time at any rate. Hadn't we, sir?"

This was another dagger—"No, no, Thomas," answered I, with some irritation. "What makes you so officious? it had much better proceed."

"Shall I not make it halt then, sir, till you come down, and have a look at it?"

"No—no—no," returned I again more bitterly, throwing down the sash as I spoke, "I have nothing to do with it—I don't wish to see it."

A dread foreboding of detection hung over me. I had a dreadful struggle within myself, whether I should deliver myself up to stand trial, or persevere in my endeavours to avoid the scrutiny of the law. By the latter mode of procedure I might escape unhurt, so far as reputation with the world was concerned; by the former, I foresaw that, come what might, my good name was filched away for ever; and that every "puny whipster," all the vile and the vulgar, could throw after me the horrible epithets of murderer or homicide. That I had been at least the latter was undeniable, and the multitude seldom give themselves the trouble of enquiring into the circumstances of a case, satisfying themselves with the bare result.

And Anne Austen—the happy, smiling, beautiful Anne Austen!—now the question was settled and sealed: and I determined to keep the whole matter on my heart. How often, how many thousand times have I wished from my soul that my resolutions had been otherwise! What a load of misery, how many sleepless nights and desponding days should I have spared myself!

Surprise, and panic, and sudden remorse had made my situation much more dark and desperate than it really was;—but time elapsed, and weeks passed over that could not be recalled. I felt that suspicion must have ever attached to one, who had concealed and kept to himself a circumstance, whose elucida- tion, by his own statement, was such as to preclude hazard by legal investigation. The opportunity had escaped, before my conduct appeared to me in its genuine light. The whole country had been agitated about this mysterious circumstance. Most people insisted, that Curtis must have destroyed himself, as his own piece was found by his side, dirty and discharged, with the doghead in the pan: while some few argued against the possibility of the arms being extended so far as to pull the trigger, of a long barrelled musket, with the muzzle pointed against the

breast. Again he was not robbed, his watch, rings, and money, were all untouched, and the idea of his having fallen a victim to robbers seemed utterly improbable. Doubt and mystery consequently hung over the matter; but the coroner, after the examination of some domestics, thought the case so plain, as without much hesitation, to bring in a verdict of—"Died by his own hand in a fit of insanity."

On the day of the burial I feigned sickness, and did not attend. I am certain that, had I done so, my agitation must have detected me; but, on the day following, I ventured on a ride to Austen Park. The whole of my own people imputed my abstraction and melancholy to grief for the fate of Curtis—alas! too justly.

The Austens were invisible, and I left my card. Is it possible, thought I, that they have a suspicion of the truth, yet remain quiet out of respect for our former intimacy? I trembled as the thought passed through my heart, yet determined to put it to the ordeal.

About a month after this period I chanced one day, in visiting at Austen Park, to find Miss Austen alone. I was struck with the sudden alteration in her appearance. The flow of her spirits was gone, and the eye, which so lately floated in the light of joy, was now quenched in its lustre. Some days before I had signified my intention of leaving England for the continent, as my native country had now become to me only a scene of melancholy recollections. I thought of my mother torn from her orphans in their childhood—of Anna Singleton, the morning star of this world's loveliness—of my simple-minded heroic, noble, beautiful sister—of the butchered Curtis—of all the miseries which had befallen all, who moved within the sphere of my existence. Even the lovely being before me seemed to owe her blight to my presence. Bennet's advances I knew she had declined, and if Curtis was her lover, the wretch stood before her, who had embued his hands in his blood.

## XVI.

" Oh! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of him to be our friend!"—WORDSWORTH.

Home being no longer a home for me, I had resolved on travelling. She, whom I loved with an all-engrossing tenderness, was dead in her early youth. I had no kindred to care for me; like the Indian chief, Logan, I could say there runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of a living creature; and I had unintentionally killed my friend. When I looked back to boyhood, it seemed a kind of eternity, and yet I was but twenty-five!

Suspicion as to my being accessory to the death of Curtis might, or might not float on the breath of fame. No one, so far as I had heard insinuated, imputed it either directly or indirectly to me, but how often is the voice of malice heard by all save its victim. It mattered not; I suffered sufficiently without that; I had ceased "to justify my deeds unto myself," and was a conscience-stricken wretch. My buoyant hopes were quenched; and, instead of looking forward, through a bright sunshine of futurity, I must hang over my prospects. I saw nothing in life to covet; nothing to aspire to; and nought that could efface from my memory the defiling stains of the past. I had bought experience early, and at a dear price. I had suddenly become an altered man, and "a sadder one."

What boots it to relate my wanderings? it is only the history of my mind that I mean to record. After sojourning for four years on the continent, during which time I visited France, Germany, and Italy, in the hopes that change of scene and place would dissipate my ills; I began to feel that Time, the grand physician of human miseries, had anointed my heart with a balsam. But, if it did not heal thoroughly, was at least powerful to salve and soothe; still *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*; still did the sorrow rankle; but its presence was more endurable, and a consciousness that my guilt had been at least equalled by my imprudence in concealing it, rested on my mind, with a becalming and pleasant influence. . .

From the occurrence of the fatal

deed until this time, I have borne in silence; my guilt and my grief have found no tongue. But, alas! the world is changed altogether since that period. I am now a sojourner in a part of the country far from the scenes of my paternal inheritance; unknown to those who knew me in youth, and living under a changed name. The metamorphosing hand of time hath changed the black hairs to the grey; and the buried body of Curtis is long since dust. He is almost blotted from the memory of the living, and his story, even in the vicinity of the place where it occurred, is remembered only as a dream of yore. If the world has been ungrateful towards him, regarding his alleged end, it is now far beyond the time for my attempting to do justice to it, by revealing the real facts of the case.

I have suffered much—perhaps, to say more than enough, would be impiety. At all events, I trust, the demands of moral justice are satisfied. I have read of a man, who was tried and condemned for the murder of his own daughter; who, it was afterwards discovered, had destroyed herself; and his body ordered to be hung by the sea-shore in chains, as carrion to the wild fowl. Three years elapsed before the hand-writing developing the truth, was found, and empty, fancifully empty, was that shew of justice, which endeavoured to obliterate the ignominy of such a fate, by commanding the rustling skeleton to be taken down for decent interment, and a stand of white colours to be waved over insensate turf, as symbolical of the innocence of the dust that mouldered beneath.

Next to the death of Curtis, the circumstance which for a long time pressed and preyed most deeply on my regret, was the never having had the fortitude, the justice to reveal the whole facts of the case, at least to Anne Austen. How such a knowledge would have lightened her melancholy—yet I had the heart to withhold it. How such a discovery would have sweetened the bitterness of her

cup—yet I left her to drain it to the dregs. Often and often did I meditate this act of justice; but my soul revolted from the task. I knew myself a fallen being, but I could not abide the idea that others should think me so; far less that *she*, the kindest, gentlest, most affectionate of human creatures, should execrate me.

For a number of years I lived in solitude in a beautiful cottage on the Lake of Geneva, not far from the scenes hallowed in romance by the loves of St. Preux and Julie. Yet there, even there, in that elysium of nature, I was not happy. Melancholy remembrances broke in upon the tranquil enchantment of the most delightful landscapes; and far remote from the faæcs and friendships which had enlivened and delighted the morning of life. I felt the gloom of solitude even in the brightest sunshine; and ennui in all my efforts to be amused. If the heart of man was ever formed by nature for solitude, I had here an opportunity of putting that doctrine abundantly to the test. I did so—and experienced the futility of such an hypothesis. “On some fond breast the parting soul re-

lies;” or else it is wretched. “What is the world,” says Goldsmith, “if it affords but solitude!” Pleasure uncommunicated and unshared, is only a sort of pain. The master of one of the most beautiful villas in the world, surrounded by all that the heart can desire of the soft and the sublime in scenery, without an officious glance to scrutinize the privacy of my life, yet I was unblest. I felt that something was a-wanting. My books sometimes failed to amuse. I became tired of my boat. I had seen Geneva, Vevai, and Chillon castle too often; and pined for an interchange of friendly thought—for a reciprocity and a communication of feelings. Often, seated on the high green banks, on the border of the Leman, with magnificent pine-forests around me, and tranquillized with the view of the wide, smooth expanse of waters, with the wooded islets, and gliding sails—of romantic white-walled towns, and sublime picturesque mountains, I have cast a longing, lingering glance to the friendships and the fields of early years, to the country which gave me birth, to the fields—

“The beautiful fields

Of England, where amid the growing grass,  
The daisy bends, the yellow king-cup shines,  
In the merry month of May.”

But of all my melancholy reflections, none were more melancholy than those which related to Anne Austen. Deep in my heart of hearts lay enshrined the memory of my first, last, only love—the recollections of Anna Singleton; of her angelic loveliness, her retiring affection, her early, and deplored, and heart-crushing death. But that was a woe—an unavertable and irremediable calamity—a dispensation of Providence. To Anne Austen I had poured out the waters of Marah. I had been the cloud which obscured that star in the noon-night of its loveliness. Why, indeed, should I hide it from myself and others? I had been the means of shortening her life, and the work of a frantic minute had been the cause of changing her, as by the wave of a magician’s wand—and she was changed. Her peace was blasted for ever, and the fountain of her affections dried up. The sun never shone for her after that day. From

the beauty-breathing, buoyant girl, playful from lightness of heart and innocence of thought, she sank at once into the clouded serenity of pensiveness and the melancholy of settled grief. The elastic tone of her spirit was destroyed. The noonday of her expectations had prematurely closed, and the aspect of universal nature was for ever darkened before her.

“*Atrâ caligine mersa.*”

It is fortunate that she did not live long, as life when so meted out is but a continuation of suffering, a succession of unpleasant thoughts. A broken heart is an incurable malady, and the sooner such a disease comes to a termination the better, as it is only a life-in-death, a protracted misery. Poor girl! often in solitude hath my heart bled for thee. I deserved thy execration; but thy lips were sealed to all save the words of charity. No reproaches ever passed thy gentle lips, and thy dying hour

was resigned as that of the American poet, who emblemizes departing man, as folding his mantle round

him, and lying down to pleasant dreams.

## XVII.

"When musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone;  
Something, my friend, we yet may gain,  
There is a pleasure in this pain.  
Its still small voice is often heard  
Whispering a mingled sentiment  
'Twixt resignation and content."—MARMION.

Age was now setting his signet upon me; and, although thoroughly severed from all early friendships, so strong in my heart were the associations of the past, that I resolved to return to my native country again, were it for no other purpose but laying my bones there.

I stood upon a hill top, that looks downward on the far-off ocean, and, between me and the sea, beheld the woods that circled round the mansion of my fathers. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, towards the decline of summer. Some silvery clouds slept on the bosom of the sky; the sheep were scattered in repose over the rich, green, hilly pastures; the birds were singing amid the thickets; and, borne from afar, to the pausing ear, came the tranquilly solemn sound of the church bell, "most musical, most melancholy."

I stood and listened. It was too much; my heart could not bear it. I leant over a moss-grown rail, and, holding my handkerchief to my eyes, wept like a child. My mother, my sister, the faithful domestics, "the old familiar faces," departed scenes, vanished friends, all the delights of the past, arose and utterly unmanned me.

Escaping from those reminiscences of early childhood, I wandered down to my old haunts in the neighbourhood of Austen Park; and by a curious coincidence, for the thing was unpremeditated, I arrived there also on a Sunday morning, and the thought suddenly struck me, that I would go into some obscure part of the village church and hear service. I did so.

What a reverential well-known air had the building; every stone in it had a place in my early recollection; The deep niches—the low-arched windows, admitting "a dim, religious light"—the venerable, dusky pews,

edged with the antique carving of acorn and fleur-de-lis—the hollow roof, whose crevices still held "the martin's old hereditary nest." I gazed on them all—I devoured them all with my eyes; but the pulpit had another occupant, and the silver hairs of the pastor, from whose lips I had first heard the words of truth and life from that holy place, with a solemnity of awe bordering on adoration, where was now that venerable saint? I turned to the old pew of my household; it was filled, but I knew not a face there. I looked up to the gallery; whose front was gilded with the arms of the Curtis family, and sighed to think of one "who was not." Next to it was the pew of the Austens. My heart sank when I thought of the time when the peerless Anne Austen sate there, and it was a check to my habitual despondency to survey that delightful family group.

Very few faces in the body of the church could I recognise; and these how altered by the lapse of years; and the corroding touches of care! The boy now stood, in the centre of his own family, a thoughtful man—a business-worn citizen—an attentive, subdued, sober-minded father. The old had passed away "like the clouds of yesterday;" and the youthful had, like myself, far overstepped their meridian, and were declining unto the hour "when daylight doth go down," None recognised me; no one glanced towards me a look of welcome; I was a stranger among strangers.

After service I strayed into the church-yard. I have never thought of death, but its image was associated with the tranquillity of that spot. There is a pastoral quiet around it. It is in the heart of rural scenery, situated on a rising ground, and open to the sun and sky.

The people being all passed away,

I sauntered towards the last narrow habitation of the Austens, that I might gaze on the turf where reposed the ashes of the warm-hearted old squire, and of his daughter, the peerless Anne. I stood for a long time gazing upon it. My heart was at my throat; and some burning tears alleviated the pressure of my afflictions as they fell to the ground. The pressure of twenty-seven years had levelled it by their passage, and the undulation in the turf was scarcely perceptible. The holly and cypress trees planted around were now grown large, dark, and luxuriant; in them the winds of heaven might whistle, and the birds of summer build their nests. The marble slab in the wall, which tells her name and age, is encircled with lichens and moss, wearing an aspect of long-past years. The holly-bush, at present growing beneath the window at which I am writing, is a slip taken from one of those trees. I delight, in my musing hours, to gaze upon it, and think how it derived its original nourishment from the ground wherein the clay of Anne Austen was laid.

'Twas after noon when I closed the church-yard gate behind me, and looked back to the forests, determining to re-pass the spot at which poor Curtis met with his death. I sauntered slowly onwards. Every tree by the wayside seemed to claim old acquaintance, and to say, "You will not surely pass me unnoticed;" every winding of the path on which I trod awakened "thoughts that lay too deep for tears."

At length I came to the cottage, at the turn of the road, which I had bought, and given away as a marriage-gift to my old faithful servant, Thomas. A respectable-looking elderly man was sitting on a stone, quietly smoking his pipe, with a curly-headed urchin on his knee. His little terrier dog, which was lying asleep at his feet, started up with a snarl, and came forward to bark as I approached. The man looked hard at me, and I returned his scrutiny as narrowly. His examination seemed to have proved abortive; for, turning his head the other way, he took his pipe from his cheek, preparatory to another whiff. Not so mine; I knew him—I recognised my old house-mate; whom, it affords a pleasure to my

mind, I saw married to his sweet-heart, Sally, before I went abroad, and trust that, in so doing, I acted for the best, in making two faithful hearts enjoy as much felicity as this poor earth can supply.

I passed on with a deep-drawn sigh; but, shortly after, falling in with a little boy, who was gathering king-cups by the way side, I found, on inquiring his name, that he was a son, as his features had so denoted to me, and gave him what loose money I had about me, to buy a new dress against next Sunday.

The sun had far declined, when, reaching the borders of the fatal forest, I paced on at a slow rate, examining every object around, which, from change, beauty, or old associations, solicited my attention. From a rising bank I caught a glimpse of Austen Park over the trees. It looked dark, solitary, and forsaken; different from what I had once thought it, but the same. Between me and the west some tall ash trees indicated the spot, behind which lay the quondam property of Curtis. Surrounded by corn fields, luxuriant and extensive, I passed on between the bordering trees. The last rays of sunlight gilded their tops, and broke through in long level streams where they were more thinly planted. I heard voices in the woods; and, standing still, discovered some children, who, forgetful of Sabbath decency, had been threading the verdant labyrinth in search of birds' nests, or the honey of the wild bees. Their tongues, full of the joyful buoyancy of childhood, and their light laughter, proclaimed the ease and thoughtlessness of their hearts. I thought of the time when I ought to have been as one of these.

As I sauntered on I heard the joyous sounds far behind me, but they became more and more indistinct, and were soon altogether lost. All was silent as I neared the stile over which Curtis had come on the fatal evening. Nature was still, serene, shadowy, and reposing. A blackbird had built her nest somewhere near the spot; and from the summit of a tall larch, the tallest in the grove, sung out, in clear, thrilling woodnotes, as it were, a hymn to the departing daylight.

Although the scene was so strongly pictured on my recollection, it was not without some difficulty that I

identified the exact spot on which Curtis received his death-wound. At length I exclaimed to myself hurriedly, "Behold the tree!" It was the same against which I had rested my fowling-piece. I examined its bark for traces of blood-gouts, in momentary conviction of the vulgar belief that such marks are uneffaceable; but my eyes could behold none, nor could imagination distort any visible appearance into the least resemblance of such. Beneath my feet, on the spot which had drunk his blood, the weeds and wild-flowers were springing luxuriantly, and sent forth to the air, as my steps pressed them down, an aromatic, pastoral smell.

Rousseau describes the intensity of his emotions, when, after an absence of many, many years, he beheld his favourite periwinkle growing on the spot where he had left it. What thoughts, what feelings must have thrilled through his heart, when he exclaimed, "*Voilà la pervenche!*"

He, perhaps, or only such as he, who have felt the power of similar experiences, can form a notion of what passed through my bosom at

that hour. But at what antipodes were his remembrances and mine! His brought before his soul with all the rapidity and vividness of lighting, the innocence and the Elysium of youth; mine, the darkness of that cloud which had for ever overshadowed such prospects, and transformed the garden of life into a desert!

As I passed down the vale, the blue mantle of twilight hung around the shoulders of the hills, the west was rapidly losing its crimson honours, and Hesperus, "leader of the starry host," shone out brightly from the fine blue sky. Pausing for a moment to gaze on its sparkling beauty, the days of old and the lines of Sappho awoke to mind, and reciting the tender fragment—

"Εσπερα πάντα φέρεις"—

I sauntered leisurely through the quiet of evening. Alas! there was no living being to welcome my return! I had nought on earth to wish for, nothing to expect—there were none to welcome my steps to the evening threshold!

### XVIII.

"So passeth in the passing of a day,  
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flow'ring;  
No more doth flourish after first decay."—SPENSER.

It is time for me to draw these melancholy reminiscences to a close. Perhaps, unconsciously to myself, the spirit of egotism has dictated them; but if so, it is not a selfishness that by communication looks for direct sympathy, for these sheets shall not see the light, until years after I have passed away. In glancing over them, it strikes me as only necessary to add a few particulars.

After my return from the continent, I paid a visit to the grave of her, who had been to me as the light of life, the lovely, the adored, the—alas! epithets are vain—to the grave of Anna Singleton. Standing there my spirit was absorbed in the past, and when I came to a consciousness of my utter isolation, "I dropped a few hot tears, but wiped them soon." My grave will be made beside hers; for I do not think that my spirit could find repose, were my ashes any other where deposited.

Bennet never returned to his native country. He grew very rich, and got high up in the army; but he never married, a circumstance which gladdened the hearts of several cousins and second cousins in the shape of post-obit remembrances.

Shall I divulge it? Why not? The living have passed away, and none remain to whom the disclosure can cost a thoughtful sigh.

On the morning that I left my residence in England for the continent, a packet was delivered me. On breaking the outer seal, I found written inside the envelope. "The enclosed must not be perused for three years. A. A."

It is needless to say, with what care this letter was preserved, and how anxiously I awaited the coming round of the period at which I was at liberty to examine its contents. My anxiety was heightened instead of being diminished by hearing, what

indeed grieved me to the core, but surprised me not much, that during the following winter Anne Austen had been translated to a happier and better world.

When the time did at length come round I was residing in Switzerland. Taking the precious preserved packet with me, I went out on the beautiful morning of the fourteenth of June, an anniversary to me thence and for ever sacred, and in the arbour at the foot of my garden, broke the seal with a trembling hand, and read as follows :—

*"Austen Park, June 14, 17—.*

"Sir;—Were it not from the knowledge, that long ere your eyes peruse this blotted scrawl, the hand that traced it shall have been cold in the tomb, I would have preferred leaving my sorrows without a record, and carrying them to another world within my shut and silent heart. As it is, I fear this proceeding is only to lower me in your estimation, and to exhibit my woman's weakness. Be it so. If to love is to have sinned—oh, let it be, that to have suffered for my frailty, should plead my atonement!

"Startle not at this unfeminine confession. It is such as I know you are unprepared for,—as you imagined my affections were centred in another. No—no—that was not the case. Mr. Curtis, although a favourite with my father, never was so with me; and with the above declaration before you, it is needless that I should be more explicit for my reasons in declining the proposals of my cousin Bennet.

"If I had not accidentally heard of your early bereavement, and of your resolution of shutting up your heart for ever to the smiles of woman, perhaps I should not have had the hardihood to pen this letter; but from that hour a similar vow was mine, and, knowing as I did, that change in a spirit like mine was incompatible with its nature, my determination was taken without much difficulty.

"Pardon my calling down a farewell blessing on your head, and when you read this, may it come to your heart in tranquil pleasure, although the voice that now implores it, shall have been long since quenched and for ever."

"ANNE AUSTEN."

The emotions which the perusal of this epistle created within me are indescribable. A new light dawned over my bewildered path. The pure

spirit that had so confidently reposed in me had long before ascended to a more congenial region; and in the prostration of my faculties, I felt that being had been given me, not only that I might be miserable myself, but that I might blight all within the sphere of my baleful influence.

When I recalled the only days of my heart's true happiness, when, loving and beloved by Anna Singleton, a gleam of sunshine pervaded the world, which it soon lost for ever, I felt as if the romance of life had only been shewn me, that I might more awfully suffer under its cold and dread realities; and that turning from the coffin, which contained her ashes, memory might more bewitchingly restore her to my mind's eye, in the radiance of consummate beauty.

It is vain to pray that the past were restored—that the days were back, when the heart could thrill, and bend, and melt, as it then thrilled, softened, and expanded in its love of the bright and beautiful—that its feelings were re-purified from the world's contamination, and its rebound to the impressions of pleasure as lively. There is no second spring in human life; neither threats nor tears can recall the fleet angel of time. When the autumn of life fades into the sere and yellow leaf, the vista of death is the only one, through which we can look, in the true hope of more brilliant suns and a sereener existence.

What more remains for me on earth, but to prepare for the great change that awaits me, and which, in the usual course of nature, cannot be at a great distance. Fondly would I hope, that tears shed in secret—the privations which I have undergone, and which mock the greatest austerities suffered by the most rigid anchorite—and the contrition of a penitent spirit—have blotted out from the great book the faults and follies of my immature years, and that the Author of all being will not reject utterly the offering of a heart, which, while it bleeds with gratitude and love, relies on a goodness which is at once sublime and boundless.



## "THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

## No. VI.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the opposite page is old Sir Peveril! Many a time has he figured on canvas or paper, in stone, bronze, or plaster, in oil or water-colours, lithographed, copper-plated, mezzotinted, in all the variety of manner that the art of the sculptor, the founder, the modeller, the painter, the etcher, the engraver, the whole tribe of the imitators of the face divine, could display him. He has hung in the chamber of kings, and decorated the door of the ale-house—has graced the boudoir of beauty, and perambulated the streets borne upon the head of a swarthy Italian pedlar. He has been depicted in all moods and all postures; but we venture to say, that the Baronet, as he really looks, was never so exactly put before the public as we now see him.

There he is, sauntering about his grounds, with his Lowland bonnet in his hand, dressed in his old green shooting-jacket, telling old stories of every stone and bush, and tree and stream, in sight—tales of battles and raids—of ghosts and fairies, as the case may be, of the days of yore,

——— "Ere Scotland's grief began,  
When every man you met had killed his man!"

Every thing is correct in the picture, from the peak of his head down to his very cudgel; and if the dogs are not as authentic altogether as their master, they may serve as types to show that he is fond of being so attended.

If we could write in the manner of fine writers—which, thank Heaven! we cannot—we should say much about the aerial attendants who lackey his head, as the dogs do his heels: Stoddart, or, if not, somebody else, has drawn a picture, which has been engraved in some of the Annuals, of the dreams of the infant Shakspeare. High in the clouds we behold, exhibiting themselves in his sleep, to the mental eye of the future poet, the goodly company of *Hamlet* and *Jack Falstaff*, *Richard* and *Ophelia*, *Othello* and *Juliet*, and "many more too long." This glorious gallery is, indeed, unapproachable; but still, from the head depicted upon the opposite leaf, sprung *Rebecca* and *Marmion*, *Die Vernon* and *Dugald Dalgetty*, the *Baron of Bradwardine* and *Flora M' Ivor*, *Nicol Jarvie* and *Claverhouse*, *Meg Merrilies* and *Jennie Deans*, *Caleb Balderstone* and the *Master of Ravenswood*—the list is not half exhausted, but we must stop—visions of pathos and fun, of honour and conviviality, of grace and grotesqueness, of all that is grand or droll, or mad or shrewd, or merry or melancholy, or valiant or prudent, or boisterous or meditative, or pious or profane, in the history of mankind—

"Who can his miracles declare?"

It is, indeed, idle to be wasting one's time in cataloguing the dramatis personæ of the Waverley Novels, or their predecessors in rhyme, which are familiar as household words—

"From sunny India to the Pole."

Long may he continue to "feed us with good things," even though, unlike the days of the Chaldee MS., every body now knoweth whence they come; and having, by the unprecedented sale of his "series," got rid of difficulties, in which it was a thousand pities he should have ever been involved, may he be enabled, for the remainder of his life—a thousand years, as the Spaniards say—to whisk his stick over his shoulder, with untroubled heart, in the manner of Corporal Trim, as follows—



CLIO was figured by the ancients as the eldest daughter of Memory, and chief of the Muses; which dignity, whether we regard the essential qualities of her art, or its practice and acceptance among men, we shall still find to have been fitly bestowed. History, as it lies at the root of all science, is also the first distinct product of man's spiritual nature; his earliest expression of what can be called Thought. It is a looking both before and after; as, indeed, the coming Time already waits, unseen, yet definitely shaped, predetermined, and inevitable, in the Time to come; and only by the combination of both is the meaning of either completed. The Sibylline Books, though old, are not the oldest. Some nations have prophecy, some have not: but, of all mankind, there is no tribe so rude that it has not attempted History, though several have not arithmetic enough to count Five. History has been written with quip-threads, with feather pictures, with wampum-belts; still oftener with earth-mounds and monumental stone-heaps, whether as pyramid or cairn; for the Celt and the Copt, the Red man as well as the White, lives between two eternities, and, warring against Oblivion, he would fain unite himself in clear conscious relation, as in dim unconscious relation he is already united, with the whole Future and the whole Past.

A talent for History may be said to be born with us, as our chief inheritance. In a certain sense all men are historians. Is not every memory written quite full with Annals, wherein joy and mourning, conquest and loss, manifoldly alternate; and, with or without philosophy, the whole fortunes of one little inward Kingdom, and all its politics foreign and domestic, stand ineffaceably recorded? Our very speech is curiously historical. Most men, you may observe, speak only to narrate; not in imparting what they have thought, which indeed were often a very small matter, but in exhibiting what they have undergone or seen, which is a quite unlimited one, do talkers dilate. Cut us off from Narrative, how would the stream of conversation, even among the wisest, languish into detached

handfuls, and among the foolish utterly evaporate! Thus, as we do nothing but enact History, we say little but recite it; nay, rather, in that widest sense, our whole spiritual life is built thereon. For, strictly considered, what is all Knowledge too but recorded Experience, and a product of History; of which, therefore, Reasoning and Belief, no less than Action and Passion, are essential materials?

Under a limited, and the only practicable shape, History proper, that part of History which treats of remarkable action, has, in all modern as well as ancient times, ranked among the highest arts, and perhaps never stood higher than in these times of ours. For whereas, of old, the charm of History lay chiefly in gratifying our common appetite for the wonderful, for the unknown; and her office was but as that of a Minstrel and Story-teller, she has now farther become a Schoolmistress, and professes to instruct in gratifying. Whether, with the stateliness of that venerable character, she may not have taken up something of its austerity and frigidity; whether, in the logical terseness of a Hume or Robertson, the graceful ease and gay pictorial heartiness of a Herodotus or Froissart may not be wanting, is not the question for us here. Enough that all learners, all inquiring minds of every order, are gathered round her footstool, and reverently pondering her lessons, as the true basis of Wisdom. Poetry, Divinity, Politics, Physics, have each their adherents and adversaries; each little guild supporting a defensive and offensive war for its own special domain; while the domain of History is as a Free Emporium, where all these belligerents peaceably meet and furnish themselves; and Sentimentalist and Utilitarian, Sceptic and Theologian, with one voice advise us: Examine History, for it is 'Philosophy teaching by Experience.'

Far be it from us to disparage such teaching, the very attempt at which must be precious. Neither shall we too rigidly inquire, how much it has hitherto profited? Whether most of what little practical wisdom men

have, has come from study of professed History, or from other less boasted sources, whereby, as matters now stand, a Marlborough may become great in the world's business, with no History save what he derives from Shakspeare's Plays? Nay, whether, in that same teaching by Experience, historical Philosophy has yet properly deciphered the first element of all science in this kind? What is the aim and significance of that wondrous changeable life it investigates and paints? Whence the course of man's destinies in this Earth originated, and whither they are tending? Or indeed, if they have any course and tendency, are really guided forward by an unseen mysterious Wisdom, or only circle in blind mazes without recognisable guidance? Which questions, altogether fundamental, one might think, in any Philosophy of History, have, since the era when Monkish Annalists were wont to answer them by the long-ago extinguished light of their Missal and Breviary, been by most philosophical Historians only glanced at dubiously, and from afar; by many, not so much as glanced at. The truth is, two difficulties, never wholly surmountable, lie in the way. Before philosophy can teach by Experience, the Philosophy has to be in readiness, the Experience must be gathered and intelligibly recorded. Now, overlooking the former consideration, and with regard only to the latter, let any one who has examined the current of human affairs, and how intricate, perplexed, unfathomable, even when seen into with our own eyes, are their thousandfold, blending movements, say whether the true representing of it is easy or impossible. Social Life is the aggregate of all the individual men's Lives who constitute society; History is the essence of innumerable Biographies. But if one Biography, nay our own Biography, study and recapitulate it as we may, remains in so many points unintelligible to us, how much more must these million, the very facts of which, to say nothing of the purport of them, we know not, and cannot know!

Neither will it adequately avail us to assert that the general inward condition of Life is the same in all ages; and that only the remarkable deviations from the common endowment, and common lot, and the more im-

portant variations which the outward figure of Life has from time to time undergone, deserve memory and record. The inward condition of Life, it may rather be affirmed, the conscious or half-conscious aim of mankind, so far as men are not mere digesting machines, is the same in no two ages; neither are the more important outward variations easy to fix on, or always well capable of representation. Which was the greater innovator, which was the more important personage in man's history, he who first led armies over the Alps, and gained the victories of Cannæ and Thrasymene; or the nameless boor who first hammered out for himself an iron spade? When the oak tree is felled, the whole forest echoes with it; but a hundred acorns are planted silently by some unnoticed breeze. Battles and war-tumults, which for the time din every ear, and with joy or terror intoxicate every heart, pass away like tavern-brawls; and, except some few Marathons and Morgatens, are remembered by accident, not by desert. Laws themselves, political Constitutions, are not our Life, but only the house wherein our Life is led: nay, they are but the bare walls of the house; all whose essential furniture, the inventions and traditions, and daily habits that regulate and support our existence, are the work not of Dracos and Hampdens, but of Phœnician mariners, of Italian masons and Saxon metallurgists, of philosophers, alchemists, prophets, and all the long forgotten train of artists and artisans; who from the first have been jointly teaching us how to think and how to act, how to rule over spiritual and over physical Nature. Well may we say that of our History the more important part is lost without recovery, and—as thanksgivings were once wont to be offered for unrecognised mercies—look with reverence into the dark, untenanted places of the past, where, in formless oblivion, our chief benefactors, with all their sedulous endeavours, but not with the fruit of these, lie entombed.

So imperfect is that same Experience, by which Philosophy is to teach. Nay, even with regard to those occurrences that do stand recorded, that, at their origin, have seemed worthy of record, and the summary

of which constitutes what we now call History, is not our understanding of them altogether incomplete; is it even possible to represent them as they were? The old story of Sir Walter Raleigh's looking from his prison window, on some street tumult, which afterwards three witnesses reported in three different ways, himself differing from them all, is still a true lesson for us. Consider how it is that historical documents and records originate; even honest records, where the reporters were unbiassed by personal regard; a case which, where nothing more were wanted, must ever be among the rarest. The real leading features of an historical transaction, those movements that essentially characterise it, and alone deserve to be recorded, are nowise the foremost to be noted: At first, among the various witnesses, who are also parties interested, there is only vague wonder, and fear or hope, and the noise of Rumour's thousand tongues; till, after a season, the conflict of testimonies has subsided into some general issue; and then it is settled, by majority of votes, that such and such a "Crossing of the Rubicon," an "Impeachment of Strafford," a "Convocation of the Notables," are epochs in the world's history, cardinal points on which grand world-revolutions have hinged. Suppose, however, that the majority of votes was all wrong; that the real cardinal points lay far deeper, and had been passed over unnoticed because no Seer, but only mere Onlookers, chanced to be there! Our clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour; but no hammer in the Horologe of Time peals through the universe, when there is a change from Era to Era. Men understand not what is among their hands: as calmness is the characteristic of strength, so the weightiest causes may be the most silent. It is, in no case, the real historical Transaction, but only some more or less plausible scheme and theory of the Transaction, or the harmonized result of many such schemes, each varying from the other, and all varying from Truth, that we can ever hope to behold.

Nay, were our faculty of insight into passing things never so complete, there is still a fatal discrepancy between our manner of observing

these, and their manner of occurring. The most gifted man can observe, still more can record, only the *series* of his own impressions: his observation, therefore, to say nothing of its other imperfections, must be *successive*, while the things done were often *simultaneous*; the things done were not a series, but a group. It is not in acted, as it is in written History: actual events are nowise so simply related to each other as parent and offspring are; every single event is the offspring not of one, but of all other events, prior or contemporaneous, and will in its turn combine with all others to give birth to new: it is an ever-living, ever-working Chaos of Being, wherein shape after shape bodies itself forth from innumerable elements. And this Chaos, boundless as the habitation and duration of man, unfathomable as the soul and destiny of man, is what the historian will depict, and scientifically gauge, we may say, by threading it with single lines of a few ells in length! For as all Action is, by its nature, to be figured as extended in breadth, an' in depth, as well as in length; that is to say, is based on Passion and Mystery, if we investigate its origin; and spreads abroad on all hands, modifying and modified; as well as advances towards completion, so—all Narrative is, by its nature, of only one dimension; only travels forward towards one, or towards successive points: Narrative is *linear*, Action is *solid*. Alas, for our "chains," or chainlets, of "causes and effects," which we so assiduously track through certain hand-breadths of years and square miles, when the whole is a broad, deep Immensity, and each atom is "chained" and completed with all! Truly, if History is Philosophy teaching by Experience, the writer fitted to compose history is hitherto an unknown man. The Experience itself would require All-knowledge to record it, were the All-wisdom needful for such Philosophy as would interpret it, to be had for asking. Better were it that mere earthly Historians should lower such pretensions, more suitable for Omniscience than for human science; and aiming only at some picture of the things acted, which picture itself will at best be a poor approximation, leave the inscrutable purport of them

an acknowledged secret ; or, at most, in reverent Faith, far different from that teaching of Philosophy, pause over the mysterious vestiges of Him, whose path is in the great deep of Time, whom History indeed reveals, but only all History, and in Eternity, will clearly reveal.

Such considerations truly were of small profit, did they, instead of teaching us vigilance and reverent humility in our inquiries into History, abate our esteem for them, or discourage us from unweariedly prosecuting them. Let us search more and more into the Past ; let all men explore it, as the true fountain of knowledge ; by whose light alone, consciously or unconsciously employed, can the Present and the Future be interpreted or guessed at. For though the whole meaning lies far beyond our ken ; yet in that complex Manuscript, covered over with formless, inextricably entangled, unknown characters,—nay, which is a *Palimpsest*, and had once prophetic writing, still dimly legible there,—some letters, some words, may be deciphered ; and if no complete Philosophy, here and there an intelligible precept, available in practice, be gathered, well understanding, in the mean while, that it is only a little portion we have deciphered, that much still remains to be interpreted ; that history is a real prophetic Manuscript, and can be fully interpreted by no man.

But the Artist in History may be distinguished from the Artisan in History ; for here, as in all other provinces, there are Artists and Artisans ; men who labour mechanically in a department, without eye for the Whole, not feeling that there is a Whole ; and men who inform and ennoble the humblest department with an Idea of the Whole, and habitually know that only in the Whole is the Partial to be truly discerned. The proceedings, and the duties of these two, in regard to History, must be altogether different. Not, indeed, that each has not a real worth, in his several degree. The simple Husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him : his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, be-

tween Aries and Libra ; nevertheless, it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a Husbandman he is blameless in disregarding those higher wonders ; but as a Thinker, and faithful inquirer into nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian, who examines some special aspect of History, and from this or that combination of circumstances, political, moral, economical, and the issues it has led to, infers that such and such properties belong to human society, and that the like circumstances will produce the like issue ; which inference, if other trials confirm it, must be held true and practically valuable. He is wrong only, and an Artisan, when he fancies that these properties, discovered or discoverable, exhaust the matter, and sees not at every step that it is inexhaustible.

However, that class of cause-and-effect speculators, with whom no wonder would remain wonderful, but all things in Heaven and Earth must be “ computed and accounted for ; ” and even the Unknown, the Infinite, in man’s life, had, under the words Enthusiasm, Superstition, Spirit of the age, and so forth, obtained, as it were, an algebraical symbol and given value,—have now well-nigh played their part in European culture ; and may be considered, as in most countries, even in England itself, where they linger the latest, verging towards extinction. He who reads the inscrutable Book of Nature, as if it were a Merchant’s Ledger, is justly suspected of having never seen that Book, but only some school Synopsis thereof ; from which, if taken for the real Book, more error than insight is to be derived.

Doubtless, also, it is with a growing feeling of the infinite nature of history, that in these times, the old principle, Division of Labour, has been so widely applied to it. The political Historian, once almost the sole cultivator of History, has now found various associates, who strive to elucidate other phases of human Life ; of which, as hinted above, the political conditions it is passed under, are but one ; and though the primary, perhaps not the most important, of the many outward arrangements. Of this historian himself, moreover, in his own special department, new and higher things

are now beginning to be expected. From of old, it was too often to be reproachfully observed of him, that he dwelt with disproportionate fondness in Senate-houses, in Battle-fields, nay, even in Kings' Antechambers; forgetting, that far away from such scenes, the mighty tide of Thought and Action was still rolling on its wondrous course, in gloom and brightness; and in its thousand remote valleys, a whole world of Existence, with or without an earthly sun of Happiness to warm it, with or without a heavenly sun of Holiness to purify and sanctify it, was blossoming and fading, whether the "famous victory" were won or lost. The time seems coming when much of this must be amended; and he who sees no world but that of courts and camps; and writes only how soldiers were drilled and shot, and how this ministerial conjuror out-conjured that other, and then guided, or at least held, something which he called the rudder of government, but which was rather the spigot of Taxation, wherewith, in place of steering, he could tap, and the more cunningly the nearer the lees—will pass for a more or less instructive Gazetteer, but will no longer be called a Historian.

However, the Political Historian, were his work performed with all conceivable perfection, can accomplish but a part, and still leaves room for numerous fellow-labourers. Foremost among these comes the Ecclesiastical Historian; endeavouring, with catholic or sectarian view, to trace the progress of the Church, of that portion of the social establishments, which respects our religious condition, as the other portion does our civil, or rather, in the long run, our economical condition. Rightly conducted, this department were undoubtedly the more important of the two; inasmuch as it concerns us more to understand how man's moral well-being had been and might be promoted, than to understand in the like sort his physical well-being; which latter is ultimately the aim of all political arrangements. For the physically happiest is simply the safest, the strongest; and, in all conditions of Government, Power (whether of wealth as in these days, or of arms and adherents as in old days,) is the only outward emblem and pur-

chase-money of Good. True Good, however, unless we reckon Pleasure synonymous with it, is said to be rarely, or rather never, offered for sale in the market where that even passes current. So that, for man's true advantage, not the outward condition of his life, but the inward and spiritual, is of prime influence; not the form of Government he lives under, and the power he can accumulate there, but the Church he is a member of, and the degree of moral Elevation he can acquire by means of its instruction. Church History, then, did it speak wisely, would have momentous secrets to teach us: nay, in its highest degree, it were a sort of continued Holy Writ; our sacred books, being, indeed, only a History of the primeval Church, as it first arose in man's soul, and symbolically embodied itself in his external life. How far our actual Church Historians fall below such unattainable standards, nay, below quite attainable approximations thereto, we need not point out. Of the Ecclesiastical Historian we have to complain, as we did of his Political fellow-craftsman, that his inquiries turn rather on the outward mechanism, the mere hulls and superficial accidents of the object, than on the object itself; as if the church lay in Bishops' Chapter-houses, and Ecumenic Council Halls, and Cardinals' Conclaves, and not far more in the hearts of Believing Men, in whose walk and conversation as influenced thereby, its chief manifestations were to be looked for, and its progress or decline ascertained. The History of the Church is a History of the Invisible as well as of the Visible Church; which latter, if disjoined from the former, is but a vacant edifice; gilded, it may be, and overhung with old votive gifts, yet useless, nay, pestilentially unclean; to write whose history is less important than to forward its downfall.

Of a less ambitious character are the Histories that relate to special separate provinces of human Action; to Sciences, Practical Arts, Institutions, and the like; matters which do not imply an epitome of man's whole interest and form of life; but wherein, though each is still connected with all, the spirit of each, at least its material results, may be in some degree evolved without so strict refer-

ence to that of the others. Highest in dignity and difficulty, under this head, would be our histories of Philosophy, of man's opinions and theories respecting the nature of his Being, and relations to the Universe Visible and Invisible; which History, indeed, were it fitly treated, or fit for right treatment, would be a province of Church History; the logical or dogmatical province of it; for Philosophy, in its true sense, is or should be the soul, of which Religion, Worship, is the body; in the healthy state of things the Philosopher and Priest were one and the same. But Philosophy itself is far enough from wearing this character; neither have its Historians been men, generally speaking, that could in the smallest degree approximate it thereto. Scarcely since the rude era of the Magi and Druids has that same healthy identification of Priest and Philosopher had place in any country: but rather the worship of divine things and the scientific investigation of divine things have been in quite different hands, their relations not friendly but hostile. Neither have the Brückers and Böhles, to say nothing of the many unhappy Enfields who have treated of that latter department, been more than barren reporters, often unintelligent and unintelligible reporters, of the doctrine uttered, without force to discover how the doctrine originated, or what reference it bore to its time and country, to the spiritual position of mankind there and then. Nay, such a task did not perhaps lie before them, as a thing to be attempted.

Art, also, and Literature are intimately blended with Religion; as it were outworks and abutments, by which that highest pinnacle in our inward world gradually connects itself with the general level, and becomes accessible therefrom. He who should write a proper History of Poetry, would depict for us the successive Revelations which man had obtained of the Spirit of Nature; under what aspects he had caught and endeavoured to body forth some glimpse of that unspeakable Beauty, which in its highest clearness is Religion, is the inspiration of a Prophet, yet in one of the other degree must inspire

every true Singer, were his theme never so humble. We should see by what steps men had ascended to the Temple; how near they had approached; by what ill hap they had, for long periods, turned away from it, and grovelled on the plain with no music in the air, or blindly struggled towards other heights. That among all our Eichhorns and Wartons there is no such Historian, must be too clear to every one. Nevertheless let us not despair of far nearer approaches to that excellence. Above all let us keep the Ideal of it ever in our eye; for thereby alone have we even a chance to reach it.

Our histories of Laws and Constitutions, wherein many a Montesquieu and Hallam has laboured with acceptance, are of a much simpler nature, yet deep enough if thoroughly investigated; and useful, when authentic, even with little depth. Then we have Histories of Medicine, of Mathematics, of Astronomy, Commerce, Chivalry, Monks; and Goguetts and Beckmanns have come forward with what might be the most bountiful contribution of all, a History of Inventions. Of all which sorts, and many more not here enumerated, not yet devised and put in practice, the merit and the proper scheme may require no exposition.

In this manner, though, as above remarked, all Action is extended three ways, and the general sum of human Action is a whole Universe, with all limits of it unknown, does History strive by running path after path, through the Impassable, in manifold directions and intersections, to secure for us some oversight of the Whole; in which endeavour, if each Historian look well around him from his path, tracking it out with the *eye*, not, as is more common, with the *nose*, he may at last prove not altogether unsuccessful. Praying only that increased division of labour do not here as elsewhere, aggravate our already strong Mechanical tendencies, so that in the manual dexterity for parts we lose all command over the whole; and the hope of any Philosophy of History be farther off than ever, let us all wish her great, and greater success.

## MACHINERY AND THE MANUFACTURING SYSTEM.

At the present moment, when many of those fostering and protective laws, under which the manufactures of this country have reached their present eminence, are gradually disappearing from the statute books, it may not be uninteresting to enquire how far this new policy is founded in wisdom, or whether it have not a tendency to sacrifice one interest to another, destroy those sources of wealth which it is its professed object to render more prolific, and ultimately not only accelerate the ruin of the manufacturing interest, but undermine the independence of the country. In looking at this subject in all its bearings, it is our duty to recollect *en passant*, that the political barometer does not indicate that fair weather and calm sunshine in which the ingenious artisan is enabled to pursue his labours uninterruptedly; nor does it indicate that perennial tranquillity in which there is no foreign enemy to intercept the adventure of his employer, nor domestic incendiary to destroy the implements of his handicraft. Far different is the prospect before us. A new revolution has burst forth upon Europe. Dynasties are swept away in a night; foreign treaties, and foreign guarantees\* are disregarded; and from the Dnieper to the Zuyder-Zee we perceive all the gathering elements of a terrible convulsion.

From the reign of his Highness the Lord Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell, to a very recent period, it had been the policy of this country to legislate upon the soundest principles of security; to place the commerce and trade of England upon bases which assured the utmost possible independence; which identified the manufacturer and the artisan with the general welfare, and made them look to home alone for encouragement and sustenance. They were instructed by experience and by the laws, to place no dependence on foreign markets—to eschew the folly of relying upon the fortuitous profits of a Leipsic fair, or running the hazard of the workhouse in case the

citizens of Hamburgh should shut their ports. It was not during that period a question of prosperity or ruin with the manufacturer, whether the demand for opium in China was on the increase or decrease, or whether a foreign state raised its tariff ten, or lowered it five per cent. He enjoyed the monopoly of the home market. Every branch of trade was equally encouraged and protected. Nothing was imported that could be produced by native skill or industry; and, in addition to this, many foreign articles were prohibited, on the ground that substitutes could be found at home. The Englishman was merry over his brown ale, and sighed not like a modern cockney for chablis or chambertin. New sources of wealth were discovered, and new occupations devised. The Dutch had for a long period been eminently successful in their fisheries, and had laid, as they say themselves, the foundations of Amsterdam on the bones of herrings caught on the shores of Scotland. The statesmen of England, and the skill of our native seamen, soon destroyed that monopoly. Encouragement was held out, bounties were granted, nets were made, and in many instances distributed gratuitously, and, thus tempted, our fishermen learnt to skim the ocean, and carry its riches into our own markets, till at length they rivalled their competitors, who had acquired wealth while they slumbered in ignorance.

This was the act of the government, not the native and innate enterprize of the people. The source of wealth was pointed out by the same hand which held the bounty and the reward. In a similar way the silk manufacture was introduced, encouraged, and brought to perfection. The art of dying was improved by the same means. The woollen trade was brought to its present palmy state under an exclusive policy. To encourage it, the mortal remains of our ancestors were not allowed to be interred till they were enshrouded in woollens by a penal act of parliament. The time was

\* England guaranteed that fundamental law of the Netherlands, against which the Belgians have revolted.



when we sent our lead ore to be smelted by our Dutch neighbours. This was put an end to by a prohibitory law, and at a later period the import of Swedish iron was taxed in order to encourage that which lay unstanned and unwarmed in the bowels of Warwickshire and Staffordshire. Is there any man so dull as to believe, that the stone and tea ware that now so deservedly bears the name of Wedgwood, could have been brought to so high a state of perfection, if Dutch delf had not been enormously taxed, and afterwards virtually excluded. The cotton manufactures, fostered by the ingenuity of the silk weavers, the same Protestant race whom proscription drove into England, soon started into existence under the same protective, and as it is now insolently called "barbarous" policy. In short, we should never have been a manufacturing nation—nor have reached our present enviable elevation—nor have been more than mere cartwrights, corn-growers, salmon fishers, sheep-feeders, and goatherds, but for that exclusive system that is now the jest and the reproach of a set of shallow pretenders and rush-light philosophers, who luxuriate upon the muddy economy of the quack schools of Edinburgh.

Such was the policy of our ancestors before William Huskisson sat at the feet of Ramsay M'Culloch, and before Lord Goderich, illumined in a conventicle, reduced the duty on cards and dice in order to encourage gambling, and who, at the same time, from evangelical motives, hurled dampation against state lotteries. Statesmen, in former times, legislated for difficulties which they had the sagacity to foresee, in the same way that a mariner rigs his vessel for the storm, not for the calm—for the hurricane and the surge, not merely for the gentle ripple, and the sweet zephyr of the south blowing in the orange grove. Statesmen, in former times, considered how far they could render England equally prosperous and independent—how far they could maintain her independence with the greatest possible share of foreign trade, and the taste for luxuries, which it creates and pampers, but who at the same time were prepared to interdict the enjoyment of these

luxuries, and the profits of such a trade, whenever they threatened to interfere with, or in any degree shackle, the national independence.

It is remarkable, how closely the revolutionary fathers of the North American republic have adhered to this wise policy, even while our modern statesmen have gradually been departing from it, and countenancing a system of the very opposite nature, merely because the ruling charlatans of the day have honoured it with the name of political science. The government of the United States, to their eternal credit, have never allowed themselves to be diverted from their real interests by any abstract rules of commerce. They knew that the farmers of Maryland and Virginia could grow tobacco, and that the Carolinas could grow cotton better and cheaper than could be raised in any of our colonies, or in any other part of the world. They knew also, that the worthy people of Yorkshire and Birmingham could manufacture blankets and edge tools, broad cloth, and tin saucepans, better and cheaper than they, or any other of their allies could manufacture them; but they were not content with merely exchanging one article for another. Cheapness did not enter into their policy. Independence, in their estimation was more valuable than a mutually-beneficial trade; and notwithstanding our superiority, they resolved to manufacture for themselves. They have succeeded. They make broad cloth and blankets, smelt iron, and manufacture knives and forks, fire-irons, cork screws, and metal buttons, not perhaps with so much art or elegance as these things are done here, but sufficiently so for their taste and the *recherche* notions of the aristocracy of Kentucky. And who dare deny that they are rapidly improving? They have emigrant mechanics in abundance—weavers from all the seats of learning in England—razor-grinders and japaners from the colleges of Sheffield—artists from Wolverhampton and Kidderminster—fashionable mathematicians of both sexes from Regent-street—professors from Dunstable and Coventry, and gentlemen of the press from Kilmainham and Vinegar-hill—in short, they are becoming a manufacturing nation, with all the

staple articles at hand, and a rapidly increasing population of consumers on all sides.

But how different has been the policy of our modern Solons of England; different not only from that pursued by the Americans, but different also from that which has raised England to the celebrity she enjoys, and the boasted riches she possesses! The present, and some of the former ministries of this country, have introduced measures, calculated for a people never again to be afflicted by the scourge, or the pestilence of war; a people resolved at all hazards, and despite every mortification and insult, to maintain an ever enduring and interminable place. Mr. Canning and Lord Goderich, the Duke of Wellington, and the subservient parliaments and parasites of their several administrations, have legislated as if they were a society of millenarians; as if they saw his highness, the devil, actually in chains; the tiger of the prophets caressing the kid, and the boors of Russia sitting at a love feast, with the gentle janizaries of the Sublime Porte. The great mass of the King's subjects, to their shame and their misfortune be it spoken, have also, it would appear, been martyrs of the same endemic. The nostrums of what is called free trade, have been invariably based upon a free trade in corn. The manufacturing system has been carried so far, that the people do not seem to care under what king or constitution they live, or what portion of freedom is meted out to them, provided they be allowed to become the artificers of the corn growers of Poland and Pomerania. Give them but cheap corn, and nothing else they seem to desire under Heaven. The independence of the country is never once permitted to disturb the beatitude of their fertile imaginations; namely, a quarter loaf at sixpence, instead of tenpence. For a saving of ninepence or a shilling per week, in the price of bread, we solemnly believe, the majority of the *enlightened* operatives of this country, would sell themselves as slaves to Don Miguel, or the Emperor of all the Russias. Human abasement could be carried no farther than this. Distress, we admit, has done much; but spurious philosophy and whig-

ish empiricism has done more towards producing this state of mental slavery and degraded ignorance. These men never considered that they were more dependent upon England in the ratio of seven to one, for the consumption of manufactures, than upon the whole of their foreign consumers put together. The foreign trade is a mere fraction, when compared with our internal and colonial consumption. The land is, despite all that quackery can advance to the contrary, still the chief source of wealth. The mine belongs to the owner of the soil; the fishery to the lord of the manor, whose property bounds the estuary or banks the river, and both are dependent upon the cultivator for that interchange of commodities, which enables the miner and fisher to earn the means of sustenance. But all these, according to the ideas of the mechanical publicist, ought to be sacrificed to his desire to import foreign corn. With characteristic modesty, he wishes to avail himself of the demand of the home customer, while at the same time he prefers the produce of the foreigner, under circumstances which would militate to the ruin of the landowner and the domestic cultivator. Every interest is to be sacrificed to the weaver, the nailer, the brass-founder, the carpet and blanket manufacturer, the spinner of twist, and the maker of cotton-hose and bandanas.

Such has been the senseless and disgusting clamour, such the unconservative policy, which the manufacturing interests have long defended, and to which certain weak and superficial ministers have too readily listened. It was this clamour on the one hand, and ignorance on the other, which made Mr. Huskisson the advocate of that policy, the fatal and pernicious effects of which Mr. Canning never dreamt of; but which the former, premature as was his fate, and awful the judgment, yet lived to see. It was this clamour, superinducing this policy, which led to the alterations in the navigation laws; to the disastrous orders in council, relative to the West Indies, which Mr. Canning, himself, was compelled to repeal; to the delusions and connived-at frauds of the corn averages; to the tax upon corn, which the

Duke of Wellington *out of office*, opposed, and adopted *in office*, but which yields a revenue without affording the slightest protection; to the silk duties which had to be modified as soon as passed; to the invidious acts of reciprocity with France, which France took advantage of, to our material injury; to the impositions which the Prussians have successfully practised in the salt trade, and to the grosser impositions practised by certain *patriotic* ship owners in the timber trade of the Baltic.

These are transactions which we are too sick to comment upon further at present; but which we predict, will form memorable texts in the commercial history of England, and ultimately lead to results, as affecting our marine, and our independence as a nation, which it would be indecorous, according to our notions of loyalty, to advert to more plainly. Their injurious operation is already felt. It is visible in our declining commerce—in our rotting ships—in our unprofitable speculations—in our ruined exporters—in the embarrassment of the middle class of manufacturers, and the universal pauperism of the artisan and the labourer.

But let us view the manufacturing system more narrowly on its own merits. The manufacturers affirm, that agriculture in this country is *super-adequately*, and therefore unfairly protected. As a corollary to this, they assert that manufactures are inadequately protected. The last corn bill enacts, that when wheat is at 67*s.* a quarter, it shall pay a duty of 18*s.* 8*d.*; and at 73*s.*, of only 1*s.* This, be it observed, is imperial measure, which being assumed as the scale of duty, interferes in a most perplexing manner with all our former settled ideas of the price of corn according to the Winchester measure. For the sake of comparison, let us take the latter scale. When, by the Winchester measure, wheat reaches the price of 67*s.*; it pays a duty of 16*s.* 6*d.*; and at 73*s.*, a duty of 1*s.* Let this be borne in mind.

Now, it is a great delusion, to think that wheat at 67*s.* or 73*s.* average price, is protected by any such duties. The importer is not restricted as to the time when he

shall import or sell this wheat. He is allowed to bond it at all times; and as the trade is in the hands of large speculators, they are enabled to raise or depress the average price at pleasure—to depress it when they wish to damp speculation, and to raise it during the frosts when they wish to sell it, at which juncture they release it from bond at a low duty. If any one member of parliament would take the trouble to move for returns, he would find, that little or no corn has been released from bond since the passing of the late act, which has paid a higher duty than from two to eight shillings a quarter. This we know will astonish some of our unsophisticated readers, but what we state is the fact.

Supposing then the agriculturists were to consent to a free and untaxed trade in corn—supposing they were inclined to dispense with this trifling and altogether inadequate protection, which we should conditionally advise them to do—no manufacturer we apprehend would demur to their demand of an equally free and untaxed importation of manufactures. We submit this as a proposition, based upon his own doctrines of political economy. If corn is to be imported free of duty, manufactures must submit to foreign competition on the same terms.

Let us, therefore, enquire how the case stands with these clamorous and deeply injured and much neglected manufacturers. We take for our authority the *British Tariff* for 1830 and 1831, published by an officer of the Custom House of London. Let it, as we said before, be remembered, that little or no corn is imported into this country which pays a higher duty than five per cent. *ad valorem*. But in order to remove all grounds of cavil, let it be conceded that corn actually, and, in the aggregate, pays ten per cent. duty, which is considerably above the mark, and which we yield as a bounty in favour of fiction, and consequently against the truth.

In comparison even with this high and fictitious ratio, the British tariff informs us, that the undermentioned manufactures are protected against foreign competition, as follows:—Arms, and all the implements of war or sport, are entirely *prohibited*. Mark this,

gentlemen of Birmingham. Barilla, which is a manufactured article, the staple of which in this country is seaweed, is protected by a duty, in proportion to its strength, of from 5*l.* to 13*l.* per ton. Barrels are *prohibited*. Baskets pay twenty per cent. Blacking pays 3*l.* 12*s.* per cwt.; this evidently being in favour of Hunt and the quacks of his order, all of whom are incessant declaimers in favour of a free trade in corn. Boots, shoes, and calashes, are protected by a duty of from 18*s.* to 2*l.* 14*s.* per dozen pairs. Bottles, independent of the duty on them here, are protected in favour of the home manufacturer by a tax of 3*s.* 2*d.* to 5*s.* per dozen. Brass manufactures pay thirty per cent. Bricks pay 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* per thousand, and buttons twenty per cent. Cables pay 10*s.* 9*d.* the cwt. Carriages pay thirty per cent. Casks (we know not the difference between a cask and a barrel, but the Custom House people do,) are admitted on paying fifty per cent. Manufactured chalk pays forty per cent. Clocks pay twenty-five per cent. Copper wire pays 2*l.* 10*s.* per cwt., and copper manufactures thirty per cent. Manufactured corks pay 7*s.* the lb., which is tantamount to prohibition. Cotton manufactures pay, if printed, 3½*d.* the square yard, and an additional ten per cent. *ad valorem*. Dice pay 1*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.* the pair! Earthenware pays fifteen per cent. Embroidery and needle-work pay thirty per cent. Dressed feathers pay twenty per cent. Thread gauze thirty per cent. Plate glass is virtually prohibited. Gloves pay from 4*s.* to 7*s.* the dozen pairs. Gunpowder is prohibited. Manufactures of hair and goat's wool pay thirty per cent. Bonnets, made of chip or straw, pay from 20*s.* to 3*l.* 8*s.* the dozen. Dressed hides are virtually prohibited. Manufactured iron pays twenty per cent. Thread lace, thirty per cent. Pig lead, 2*l.* a ton. Manufactured leather, thirty per cent. French lawns, or cambrics composed of linen and cotton, pay from 5*s.* to 6*s.* for every eight yards. Damasks pay 2*s.* 6*d.*, and drillings 9½*d.* the square yard. In fact, linens of all kinds are virtually prohibited. Foreign train oil pays 26*l.* 12*s.* per ton—prohibition of course. Printed, painted, or stained paper, pays 1*s.* the square

yard. Gold plate 3*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* the oz., and silver plate 4*s.* 6*d.*—prohibition of course. Manufactures of silk, namely, satins, sarcenets, velvets, &c., pay nominally twenty-five per cent., but at the *option* of the Custom House they must pay from 11*s.* to 1*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* the lb. Manufactured skins are heavily taxed, but it would take a volume to tell the proportion, so various are the kinds. Snuff pays *only* 6*s.* per lb. Soap is virtually prohibited. Starch pays 9*l.* 10*s.* the cwt. Millstones (manufactures of course,) pay the modest sum of 11*l.* 8*s.* per pair. Unmanufactured tobacco only pays 2*s.* 9*d.* the lb.; but *manufactured* ditto pays 9*s.* per lb. Articles of turnery pay thirty, and woollen manufactures twenty per cent.

These are the *direct* taxes upon the importation of the above manufactures, but they are further protected by taxes upon the exportation of articles used in manufacturing at home. For instance, coals exported to foreign countries pay a duty of 17*s.* per chaldron if exported in a British ship, and 1*l.* 10*s.* 3*d.* per chaldron if in a foreign ship. It perhaps will be said, that this tax operates beneficially for the consumer of coals at home. This may be true; but it is nevertheless a tax upon the coal proprietor, of a very invidious kind. A tax upon the exportation of woollens or cottons would prove equally beneficial to the domestic consumer, for it would lower their price here; but if such a tax were proposed, would it not, by every cotton spinner and manufacturer in the kingdom, be stigmatised as oppressive and unjust, and resisted by all the clamour of the mobs of Manchester, Leeds, Halifax, and other places? And yet, in what respect would such a tax be more oppressive and unjust than the tax upon the exportation of coals? We might as reasonably tax the exportation of fresh water.

Having glanced at the protective policy pursued towards the manufactures of the United Kingdom, let us return to the question between the cultivator and the artisan. We have already shown that foreign corn rarely pays a higher duty than ten per cent.—or in other words, that the English corn grower is seldom protected beyond this rate upon the market

price of his heavily taxed and tithed, and otherwise enormously burthened productions. We have also shewn, that almost every article of manufacture is protected by duties ranging from twenty to fifty per cent. and upwards, and many of them under restrictions which virtually amount to the total exclusion of the foreign article. Having thus exhibited the relative position of the two parties in the scale of protection, let us now consider upon what equitable terms their discordant claims might be adjusted.

The manufacturers have for a long period loudly demanded a free trade in corn. The advocates of this *swelling* interest (we use the elegant epithet of the *Times* newspaper, when speaking of Bishop Blomfield,) have laboured diligently to convince the public, that such a trade would not operate more advantageously in favour of the consumer of bread generally than the corn grower himself. They have denounced the corn bill as a monstrous monopoly in favour of the landowner, and a grinding tax upon the poor. That most obtuse, and, now, as it would appear, versatile\* gentleman, Mr. M'Culloch, has laboured hard to prove (Mr. M'Culloch never *proved* any thing but his own miserable incapacity,) that these corn laws impose a tax upon England of not less than ten millions of pounds sterling per annum. To reply to such an astounding absurdity, or notice such extravagant nonsense would be a waste of time, and an indirect and unmerited compliment upon the London University. We have a much shorter way of settling the question.

Our opponents will concede to us, that when two parties complain of each other's monopoly, the best mode of neutralizing their contentions, and tranquillizing their jealousies, is to reduce them to a parity of privileges. It is but just to observe, however, that the agricultural interest have never, in any case, complained of the monopoly or the unequal protection enjoyed by the manufacturers. They have asked protection for themselves, but have never indicated any desire to divest the manufacturer of the protection he receives. But as the ma-

nufacturer imperiously, and, on the score of policy and justice too, demands the abrogation of the trifling, and, in every respect, delusive protection which the agriculturists have wrung from a reluctant parliament, we are bound to consider them as contending parties, and moreover bound, although but for the sake of the experiment, to remove the cause of mutual irritation, and place them in the fair and open field of equality, alike unarmed and unprivileged.

Away then at once with the corn bill. Let it be repealed by all means; let us have an unrestricted trade in this staple necessary of life; let us become at once the artisans, the spinners, the weavers, and the tinkers of the world. Let us convert England into a vast workshop, having our ports open at all times, and under all circumstances, to all nations. Let us be dependent for our bread upon Poland, for our tallow upon Russia, for our timber upon Prussia and Norway, for our cotton upon America, for our fine wool upon Saxony, and for our hopes of national independence upon his Majesty's ministers, and the tender mercies of our affectionate allies. In order to conciliate the manufacturing interest, let the fundholder, the pensioner, and the fixed annuitant eat untaxed corn—let Pomerania be our garden and our granary, under the blessing of heaven and at the hazard of famine.

But what then? If the corn grower is to be exposed to the competition of the foreigner, the manufacturer must be equally exposed. There must be no protection for the linen, or cotton, or silk weaver. The manufacturers of plate glass, of leather, of stockings, of clocks and watches, of gold and silver plate, of lead, tin, copper, and iron, of barrels and straw hats, of lace and embroidery, of boots and shoes, of flannels and cashmere shawls, of gloves and nightcaps, and of a thousand other things, must prepare themselves to encounter the competition of the untaxed artists and mechanics of foreign countries. If we have a free trade in corn there must be a free trade in every thing else, from the maker of toys to the builder of ships—from the manufacturer of fringes to

the weaver of sail cloth and damask curtains.

On these terms we have no doubt the agriculturists would have the least reason for murmuring. The ruin that would ensue; the embarrassment and pauperism that would be produced; the thousands of mechanical labourers that would be let loose to beg, or pillage, or starve; the establishments that would be rendered useless, and the fortunes that would be sacrificed, would soon restore the members of our modern institutes to their senses. The anarchy and convulsion that would follow this sweeping and terrible experiment, would speedily dissipate the dreams of the liberals, and induce even the wildest of them to sigh for that confidence and security which in an evil hour they sacrificed at the shrine of false principles and mercantile ambition. They would discover when it is too late, that in straining at too much, they had lost every thing that they esteemed most valuable—the profits of capital, the rewards of ingenuity, and the means of subsistence. They would find the landowner strong in his retreat, and though poor as his deserted soil, yet endurable and powerful as the oaks planted by his ancestors; while they, cheerless amongst their useless machinery, their burnt-out furnaces, their rusted jennies, and the ashes of the stately factory and steam loom, would be mere mendicants despised by the caste whence they sprung, and over which they tyrannized in their day of smoke and glory.

But the abolition of protective duties in favour of the manufacturing interest, would not be the only remission which they would be compelled to yield to the repeal of the corn laws, and the disallowance of a fair protection to the agriculturist. The bankruptcy of the nation, from the utter inability of the people to pay the taxes, and the consequent breach of faith in the dishonoured dividends of the public creditor, would be only one of the items in the great account. The manufacturer would have a much more serious reckoning to adjust with the labourer. It must not be overlooked that, in this country, machinery is untaxed. The steam-loom and the steam-engine, although they supersede manual la-

bour, and displace human hands, and turn the miserable mechanic, who is in derision still called a "free-born Englishman," into the streets or the workhouse, are subject to no domiciliary visits from the exciseman. These substitutes for manual labour pay no taxes. Even the export of coals is taxed, that they may work more profitably. A man who has acquired wealth, no matter how—a retailer of stolen goods for instance—a member of parliament who has bought his seat with money derived from cheating his customers, by selling twenty-six yards of tape for thirty, the usual measure—such a man may invest 50,000*l.* in a steam factory, and consequently deprive a hundred families of the means of subsistence. He is enabled to sell for sixpence that which by manual labour he could not afford to sell for less than 8*d.* And why? Because his machinery is *not* taxed. His living labourers were taxed tooth and nail, back and front, blood and sinews, bones and marrow. Every thing they ate, drank, or slept upon—their cradle and their coffin—the frock they were christened in, the shroud they were buried in—the food that nourished them, the poison they swallowed as medicine—the indenture that bound them as apprentices, the bill they granted to the friend who swindled them—the shoes they walked in to the hustings, to give their vote to a scoundrel who rattled; and the white hood they wore at the gallows, being driven to crime from want—all, all, all is taxed! But on the machine which superseded their labour, and converted them into paupers, there is no tax. A cheap shirt, and a cheap stocking, say the economists, are public benefits; the nation is the consumer, and the cheaper the article so much the better for the public—that is for the rich, the fundholder, the pensioner, and the fixed annuitant. But what becomes of the dismissed manual labourer? Where is the refuge for him, who, if he eat at all, must eat taxed bread, and wear taxed clothes, and who, while he darns his stockings, must pay a tax upon the glass through which the light of heaven penetrates, and that but niggardly, scarce pointing out the refractory stitches? He is considered as nothing. He, according to the

principles of liberalism, ought to throw himself into some adjacent canal from pure patriotism. Let him starve and die—he is but a human being!

It is a singular circumstance, that the immediate evils affecting the labourer and resulting from the use of machinery in a highly taxed country are warmly animadverted upon, and form the subject of almost the only speech delivered by the late Lord Byron in parliament. In a letter which he wrote to Lord Holland previous to his appearance in the House, we find the opinions he intended to express much more vigorously enforced than in the oration itself, the style of which it must be confessed savours more of the poet than the statesman. The occasion which suggested these sentiments was that, when a bill, in the year 1812, was in progress in the House of Lords for the suppression of Ludditism in Nottinghamshire, and which added a new capital offence to our criminal code, then, as it still is, the most sanguinary code in Europe. We quote them more for the purpose of showing the opinions of this highly-gifted man, than on the merit of any reasoning they contain, or any knowledge of the subject they evince, which, by the way, it would be unreasonable to expect, from one whose course of life did not lead him into the mazes of political economy, or of systems of policy:—

“ 8, St. James's-street, Feb. 25, 1812.

“ My Lord,

“ With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Notts. letter to your lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the question differs in some measure from Mr. Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but *his* objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the ‘*original advisers*’ (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much injured body of men, *sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment.* For instance—By the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven—six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed, that the work thus done is *far inferior in quality,*

hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. *The maintenance and well doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workmen of his bread, and renders the labourer ‘unworthy of his hire.’* My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilized country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder.”

These principles have been acted upon, and this cruelty has been practised too long. The affluent among our countrymen, eager in the accumulation of additional wealth, have utterly disregarded the feelings, the rights, and the comforts of the labourer. He has been treated like a beast of burden; and in the paroxysms of trade, caused by war or the glut of foreign markets, after wasting the best portion of his life in a manufacturing town, is in his old age too frequently cast upon the mercy of the overseers of the agricultural parish where he was born. The machine has been every thing—the man nothing. The very circumstances which rendered his manual labour unavailable or unremunerative, namely, the pressure of the taxes, and the consequent cost of his support, have tended to encourage and increase machinery, and raise the stupendous steam factory in the midst of a starving population. The taxes which have crushed him to the earth, and exposed his family to want, and often to prostitution and crime, have operated as a bounty in favour of that machinery which deprived him of employment. The higher the taxes the greater must be the bounty in favour of this substitute for human labour. Every penny added to the price of a quarter loaf, or of the pound of sugar, soap, candles, or the quart of beer, has been so much given as a direct bounty in favour of machinery. If out of twelve shillings a week, the labourer pays five to the government, which is not over the mark, this five shillings yields a positive encouragement to the

•machinery of the capitalist. The heavier the pressure upon the living operative, the more gain and the higher profit to the owner of the untaxed substitute. He realizes a greater return upon his capital from the comparative expense of manual labour, and this less or more, if not solely from the peculiar grievance that the inanimate machine consumes fewer exciseable commodities than the living one.

But although we assume it to be just that both parties, agriculturists as well as manufacturers, should be placed on that footing of equality of protection, which we ardently desire to see them placed on, still we must protest against any inference being drawn from these premises that we are hostile to the use of machinery. On the contrary, we consider it to be a powerful auxiliary of, and sometimes a fortunate substitute for, human labour. But this admission we submit, does by no means invalidate the argument that capital should be equally protected and equally taxed, whether it be found in the ten fingers of the husbandman or artisan, or in the blast furnace, the high pressure engine, the revolving shafts, the distending rollers, or the steam loom of the large capitalist. The employment of the labourer is the first duty of the statesman; for although the security of capital is a vital object, equal to that of the preservation of the public peace, still the small capital of the helpless, and the sole capital of the poor, namely, their ingenuity and industry, ought to be the object of as much if not more solicitude than the protection of the valuable and hazardous investments of the rich. This consideration, however, has been entirely lost sight of by the manufacturing aristocracy of England. They have, for the last thirty years, evinced the most callous indifference with regard to the wants and comforts of the humble labourers. They have amassed large fortunes by means of that grinding system which has rendered the terms labourer and pauper synonymes in our language.—They have increased their wealth by availing themselves of those oppressive imposts which bear most heavily upon the industrious and productive classes. They have turned the power of their accumulated riches against

those sources whence they originally derived them, and have cruelly trampled on the humble order of men with whom their fathers associated in virtuous obscurity.

Viewing, therefore, the critical position in which the various interests of the country are placed, by means of restrictions which it is almost hopeless to contend against, and of taxes and local burthens which it is impossible the people can much longer pay, and apart from all prejudice or party feelings, we think the time is arrived when equal encouragement and protection must be given to all classes, and a fair adjustment be made between the public debtor and creditor, and between the government and the people. If the credit of the nation is to be maintained we must instantly set about improving the condition of the labourer; and by a severer and more general system of prohibition, we must give greater encouragement to native industry. It is a sure symptom of decay when we see the minister of a great commercial empire aspiring to no higher merit than that of being successful in extricating himself from immediate difficulties: not removing the cause of alarm—not extinguishing the flame—but merely retreating from it in order to witness its ravages in the distance. Fatal must be that policy which is based upon expedients—which cuts down one man's tree to build another man's fence—which sacrifices the weaker party to the stronger—which robs one class to benefit or preserve another—which dooms the city to destruction in order to retain possession of a useless fortress. This may avail in military tactics; but in civil policy it indicates ignorance, and must inevitably lead to ruin and revolution.

Situated as this country is, it is not a saving of one or two, or even five millions a year that can add, either by a reduction of taxes or an increase of wages, even a single shilling to the daily earnings of ten millions of labourers. The taxes are oppressive enough, Heaven knows, and most fervently do we pray to be relieved from them; but the taxes, abstractly, are not the cause of that melancholy depression which affects every branch of our national industry, or of that pauperism, the parent of crime, which



is now the reproach of England. The unequal pressure of these taxes, the expulsion of trade from its natural channels, the subversion of credit by positive acts of the legislature, and the consequent monopoly given to the capitalist and the foreigner—these are the prime causes. We are not as we once were, a nation dependent upon ourselves—the people bound together by mutual confidence, relying upon their own resources, and reciprocally exchanging the staple productions of the soil with the commodities of the mechanic. The manufacturer is taught to look for profits abroad, by importations that take away the bread from the home labourer. The fundholder is made dependent upon a revenue derived from corn, every penny of which is taken from the pockets of the cultivator. The soldier, who is paid out of the labour of the country, eats foreign bread, brought hither in foreign ships, which pays a tax at the farmer's expense, and which tax is paid over to a minister who misrules us, to a pensioner whose father robbed us, and to a judge who sends us to prison for a jest. In a country highly taxed, the higher is the rate of wages, prices, and profits, the less onerous is the pressure of these taxes; but the government, totally ignorant of the consequences of their own measures, doubled this pressure, in the patriotic desire to reduce prices. They imagined that a man having two hundred pounds to pay in shape of rent, out of an income of three hundred, would be enabled to pay this rent more easily out of one hundred and fifty pounds. They conceived that the condition of a labourer earning fifteen shillings a week, and having six shillings to pay to the government in direct and indirect taxes, would have his situation ameliorated by only earning nine shillings a week. They never considered that while wages fell, taxes remained stationary in their nominal, and were increased in their actual amount. They supposed that it was easier to pay threepence on the pound of sugar, out of ninepence, than fourteen pence a day. They calculated that the country would be more benefitted by the foreign ship-owner bringing timber to England at a freight of twenty shillings a ton, than the British ship-owner at twenty-five shillings; and that gold, to

represent value, which costs five per cent. interest, and a half per cent. wear annually, was a cheaper, a safer, and a more convenient medium of exchange than a banker's note which cost nothing, and the value of which could not be called in question.

These are a few of the blunders and remarkable instances of ignorance and folly which have marked the measures of British ministers and British parliaments during the last ten eventful years; which have dried up the sources of our national industry—which have shattered public credit—deranged all contracts—inverted the nature of all engagements—overturned all calculations—paralysed enterprise—doubled the weight of the taxes—reduced more than a moiety of all the merchants and traders of Great Britain to a state of bankruptcy—extinguished all hopes of a surplus revenue—made the government needy, and converted the collector of taxes into a sharp pettifogger, a distrainer upon bottles of soda water and boxes of patent pills—which have reduced the agricultural labourer to pauperism, and driven his son into the preserve, to the highway, and to the gallops—and have involved the people of England in embarrassments, if not inextricable, at least unexampled in history.

To correct these errors, reform these abuses, repeal these absurdities, and give vigour to our industry, and protection to our trade and commerce, by adjusting the balance which has too long inclined towards one party to the injury of another, is not only the duty of the King's minister, whoever he may be, but it is a duty which justice demands, and which must be performed *instantly*, if the country is to be saved from the consequences of a popular convulsion. The landowner, the capitalist, the mortgagee, and the annuitant, are all equally interested in this necessary and salutary adjustment of differences. If the corn laws be an evil, imposing a considerable tax on the bread of the poor, it is plain that they must be repealed. It is not, however, by any means so easy to prove, that, under all the circumstances of the country, they inflict more injury on the manufacturer than on the cultivator him-

self. Their object was to protect the latter, but this they have failed to do; partly owing to the mode of ascertaining the averages, the collusive sales of the speculators, and the other nefarious practices daily and hourly resorted to in the vicinity of Mark Lane. Since the introduction of the Wellington bill, they have merely operated as a tax in favour of the government. A fixed duty upon corn, as Mr. Huskisson once proposed, of 12s. upon the quarter of wheat, or of 15s., as was contended for by others, would not only yield a fairer protection, but would also give a larger revenue. It would, besides, put an end at once to the frauds of the speculators, and of the corn exchange. Supposing the average price of corn to be only 60s., this would be nothing more than a protection of 25 per cent.—a lower rate of protection than is given to manufactures generally. And this protection the home-grower is unquestionably entitled to, so long as the taxes remain at their present amount, and the poor-rates and local burthens continue as oppressive as they are.

But should there be any doubt as to the policy of protecting the home-grower against foreign competition, which we fear there is, considering the doctrines which have lately been promulgated, and the vitiated state into which society has been plunged by ill-digested experiments and pernicious innovations, then there is but one resource—*repeal the law*. But what follows? What must, as a measure of justice and necessity, inevitably follow? Why, *the repeal of every protective law in favour of manufacturers*. The one measure must succeed the other, as certainly as the light succeeds the darkness. The argument is unanswerable—the alternative unavoidable.

We stop not here to inquire, what are likely to be the consequences of so sweeping a change? We leave that to those who are more deeply interested. We have held by the main-sheet sufficiently long, and in too many storms, to allow any suspicion to be thrown upon our motives, as if we desired to relinquish the grasp, under the cover of fictitious danger to ourselves personally. When de-

serted by the whole crew, he is a "mad" seaman who clings to a sinking wreck, when he finds a favourable moment of extrication and escape.

But whatever may be the resolution or the policy of the new Parliament, now about to assemble, and in whose hands are the destinies of England, there is one point so indisputably clear, that we do not hesitate to anticipate their decision. We allude to the equalization of taxation as regards machinery and the capitalist on the one hand, and manual labour and the industrious mechanic on the other. Whatever alterations may be found necessary in the scale of the operation of protective duties, this modification and adaptation of our system to the exigencies of the country are indispensably requisite. It is a revolting fiction to be told, that the capitalist of fifty thousand pounds shall be less taxed, and less restrained in his operations, than the owner of a single loom, or the mechanic of a hundred pounds fortune, and fifty pounds borrowed capital, who employs one journeyman and two apprentices. We do not propose that machinery should be taxed so highly as to render it an inefficient auxiliary of human labour. If this were done, there would be no inducement to embark capital in machinery. It is but just, that the inventor of a cheaper substitute for manual labour should be rewarded. If he were taxed in the proportion of the taxed industry of the living operative with whose labour he dispenses, he would never be so insane as to build a factory or erect a steam-engine. All that we contend for is, that he should be taxed to a certain extent—that his capital should contribute something to the state, something to the interest of the national debt, and something to the support of our national establishments. And be it remembered, that this class of capitalists was formerly and properly taxed in England. During the income-tax, the safest and the most unexceptionable of all the taxes that were imposed during the late war, capital and machinery bore their fair proportion of the burthen. Then machinery was taxed. The labourer was

\* No allusion to the Prime Minister.—Ed.

placed in a better position, for he was more equitably protected. Profits, whether they arose from the skill and industry of the artisan, or the more powerful efforts of steam and complicated machinery, were assessed justly, and yielded a proportional revenue to the exchequer. The invidious nature of the tax was a mere pretext for its abrogation. The respectable capitalist had nothing to fear from it. The fair dealer had nothing to dread from the allegation which the law extorted as the basis of his liability. It was only the adventurer, the fraudulent, and the desperate, who, in order to veil a hazardous enterprize, or a ruinous traffic, returned themselves as prosperous when they were sinking, and assented to profits, always exorbitant, for the purpose of establishing a fictitious confidence, and upholding a credit which invariably proved, the longer it was thus upheld, the more disastrous to the parties involved.

A modified income-tax, therefore, would answer all the purposes of protection which we have in view, provided that a remission of duties on the necessaries of life equal to the product of this tax were made at the same time. By a modified income-tax, we mean that it should press lightest on the lowest income, and heaviest on the highest. For instance, an income from 100*l.* to 250*l.* a year, should pay 5 per cent.—from 250*l.* to 1,000*l.*, 6 per cent.—from 1,000*l.* to 3,000*l.*, 7½ per cent., and all above this 10 per cent. This, at the very lowest calculation, and provided it were collected with half the industry and vigilance which the agents of the government now exert in trifling matters, would realize

about TWELVE MILLIONS PER ANNUM. This would enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to relinquish a moiety of the sugar duties; the whole of the malt duty; part of the duties upon coffee, tea, soap, candles, and coals; some of the vexatious stamp duties, and the whole of the assessed taxes. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the benefits that would flow from a reduction of the price of the above articles of universal consumption. Tea and sugar, coals and candles, are as much necessaries of life in this country, as bread and water. These commodities being brought more within their reach, would augment the comforts of the labourer and his family. But it is not merely as a boon that we ask this remission in favour of the poor man. We demand it in the name of justice, in favour of those who are dragging on a miserable and almost insufferable existence, partly at the expense of individuals who are living in splendour and luxury, and daily increasing their wealth by means of those untaxed establishments and factories, which, whatever advantages they may possess otherwise, have incontestably contributed to reduce the wages of the artisan, and monopolize the profits of human industry. We hold out this alternative to the government as the only available remedy for existing embarrassments—as an alternative calculated to restore confidence and in some degree adjust conflicting claims, and which, if it only save the country from those calamities which it is too obvious are impending, it will thus pave the way for other and more salutary changes.

## BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

BY THE MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN.

"Jeering, laughing, beer and cordials quaffing,  
 Better souls by half in  
 Glee, since they came there:—  
 By the mass! how merrily around goes the chaffing  
 At, good Saint Bartlemy, thy own Old Fair!"

"AHA! the top of a beautiful evening to you, my boy!" was the loudly-given salutation of a huge, broad-shouldered fellow, as he suddenly halted another, who was making the best of his way up Holborn—"And is the labour of the day over already, dear? for, soul of me, if I didn't think you were after working the blessed daylight into darkness at your present employment.—Och, could comrade of mine, if you haven't been racing yourself like a courier, sure!—I hope all's well at home?"

"Why, for the matter of that there, my noble," answered his friend, a little, ruddy-cheeked, lively, middle-aged man, "we're all alive and merry, thank you. But you see as how, Ned, I promised to meet my Misses at home a little earlier than usual this evening, in order to make one of a party as goes along with her to The Fair, and so I told our governor, who, my eye! laughed as heartily as you never saw before he'd allow me to quit. Oh, we shall have such rare fun, you can't think!—Wilt make one with us, my old chap? you're an unmarried man, you know, and hast no one to care for. If dost, I can promise you a glorious tuck-out; for my Fanny, dear girl! promised me as how she'd take a roast to the oven, by way of having a snack of summat to eat when we get home again. Come, Ned, say the word and it's done, for I must be going. Indeed, I'm already fully late to my time, and Fan will be so very impatient you've no idear."

"My dear boy," cried the smiling Ned, shaking his friendly inviter cordially by the hand, "I wouldn't be after halting your own mother's son, no, not for a moment, sure, were it not that I've more than half a mind to turn and go wid you. Och, faith, and I shalk, that's an end on't.—Now, serously spaking, Prid, how many is of your party, my dear? I hope there is no childer; for, devil burn me! if their bawling and squalling minds me

of any thing else in this beautiful world but the wild-screaming bagpipes, with which that spalpeen of a Scotchman used to drive away our blessed slape of a morning, when we were in Spain."

"Oh, never fear, Ned, there's no children, nor ere a one you needs to care for, that I knows on," returned Prid, laughing. "Lord love thee, lad, it's all a story made up, you must know, between my Misses and our two lodgers; at least so she told me last night, as we walked comfortably down from the top of Primrose Hill. They be fine, hearty, hard-working fellows our lodgers, both of 'em—lads as pays their way genteelly, and owes me never a farthing. I'm certain you'll not be five minutes in their company before you'll love one another dearly; nay, I could swear to it, Ned, though one of 'em be Scotch, and t'other Yorkshire."

"Well, Prid, my darling! if you really think, now, that myself won't be a bother to your wife—Missess Frisbee, I suppose, I must call her—there's my hand, and I'll make one wid you wid all my heart together, dear—ay, by the powers, will I—and stick by you, honey, so I will, to the spending of the last skirrach and after.—But, come, let us into this grog-shop, and cheer up our hearts with a naggin. I was ever the boy for a drop of the potheen, dear, before going on duty. It puts life and liveliness into a fellow. Besides, am not I quite fagged and kilt with the murdering brick-bats I've been shouldering all day, and is yourself not swating now, jewel, as gin you'd been two hours at the double-quick, wid some score of howling Frenchmen at your blessed heels, and bad luck to them? Och, come and be after twisting up your comely little finger, honey; it will not halt you another single minute. We can soon be after joining your pretty Missess Frisbee and her party, never fear."

Thus importuned, Mister Prideaux Frisbee, carpenter and joiner of Far-ridingon Street, London, followed his tall, gaunt friend, and fellow campaigner, into the domicile of compounds and confounds, where they were welcomed by a gracious smile from the gentleman of the cocks, accompanied with a simpering, "Fine day, gentlemen." To this loving morsel of sweetness little reply was necessary. Our heroes speedily deposited their half quartern a-piece under their aprons; and, tabling their *browns*, they as speedily again took to the road, and in no long time were first in the lane of old Drury, then in the street called Wild, and at last stood bolt upright in the clean, little parlour of the smiling Mrs. Frisbee, already arrayed in all her canonicals in honour of the occasion.

"My dear Frisbee, you sadly lag in keeping your appointments," the pretty, laughing-eyed dame began, "and surely, surely, must be very unwilling to leave that beloved workshop of your'n. It's too bad, my dear; for here have we all been awaiting you nearly an hour now.—Oh, Mister M'Arthy, my good sir, how do you do? I'm so happy to see you. La! what hast made of yourself this long time—I declare, it is nearly an age since I've seed you before? Art courting, or hast got married, that you never give us a call?"

"Troth, neither the one nor the other, dear," answered Mister M'Arthy, the hodman; "seeing as how, my beauty, that merry day's gone by wid me long ago."

"I can't say I quite understand you, my good friend."

"Och, by the powers of Moll Kelly, jewel, that's nothing new to Paddy M'Arthy, who often spakes so knowingly that he cannot understand his own sweet self, sure. Howsomdever, I only meant to say, Mistress Frisbee, that when old Douro placed the army on the peace-establishment, and discharged myself, I thought it was time for my ould mother's darling son to reduce also, and so I immediately discharged all my wives—faith did I, jewel."

"La, Mack," cried the astounded lady, "I always thought you'd been, like my own dear Frisbee there, a single man. It never entered my silly head you ever were married.—You

never told me, Frisbee, that Mister M'Arthy here was a married man."

"How could I, my dear," returned the smiling Prid, "when I never knew it myself."

"Well, my love," continued the curious dame, "you're all the more obliged to me—for you hear what the gentleman has said."

"Och, murder, and it's all out and exploded to be sure!" roared the Irishman, bursting into an ungovernable fit of laughter, in which his friend Prid heartily joined. Recovering himself, however, in a twinkling, he planted his brawny arms akimbo, and placing himself right in front of the astonished dame, he continued—"Ay, married I am, to be sure and for certain, dear. Soul of me, what could timpt you, jewel, ever to be after thinking otherwise, when you knew better than the mother that bore me, that for fifteen long years I wore the lovely red jacket the women and dogs go so mad for—that all that time, sure, myself belonged to the Connaught—the darling 88th—which was loved and adored as dearly by the French women, as it was hated and dreaded by their men.—Am I telling a lie, Prid? by the powers, I should be after thinking not. And then, dear, when you remember, that I am a real true-blooded Irishman, born, and bred, and nursed on potatoes—and be after allowing your pretty little head to be thinking how bravely the dear, lovely creatures in petticoats, all over the world, set their caps to witch sweet Paddy into their beautiful arms—och, botheration, but the very thought on't is too much for me yet, dear!—you must never be asking me if I am married again. Mind that, my lovely."

"Well, well, let that pass, if you please—but where is your wife now?" inquired the inquisitive lady.

"Which of them, dear?" answered the laughing Irishman; "for by the blessed Saint Patrick, if I'm not after thinking yourself might find them in England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, and Portugal. Och, by the piper of Leinster, dear, were all the Lady M'Arthys assembled at your own lovely door here, if they wouldn't be bothering and murdering your pretty little knowledge-box into pieces, with a gabble of gibberish that would remind you of nothing at all, at all, but the story in the holy book

about ould Father Babel, and the confusion of tongues."

"Oh you very, very naughty man!" cried the blushing Mistress Frisbee; "but I'll have nothing more to say to you.—Well, Frisbee, art ready?"—ay. Now go up stairs, my dear, and tell the young men we are waiting them, whilst I whip on my bonnet, and arrange the fire."

"You'll need to be smart then, my love," said the obedient Prid, "for it's long gone seven o'clock, mind me."

"Hoity, toity! what a hurry we're in now to be sure!" cried Dame Frisbee, as she bustled and dragged her fire together; "there was never a word of all this whilst you were a washing and cleaning of yourself though. Oh, you men, men, men," repeated the guileless woman with a sigh, as she drew together the ties of her bonnet, "you are sad, sad dogs, were the truth only but half known!"

The entrance of her husband, accompanied by her two well-dressed lodgers, prevented further cogitation, and at once put to flight the gloom that was gathering on Mistress Frisbee's brow. She was flattered to see that her young men had been at some pains in adorning their exteriors, and immediately opening the door, and patting each of them playfully on the back, she ordered them to move on, leaving her beloved helpmate to make all fast, and follow with his friend.

We do not think it necessary to prose over the progress of our party down Holborn, on their way to the scene of festivity in Smithfield; suffice it to say, that they were all in high spirits, and that they moved on, with light hearts and a strongly excited curiosity, as smartly as the usually crowded state of a London pavement, on such a night, would admit of; and that, moreover, after encountering, with the most fearless good-humour, divers hair-breadth escapes of being *rôde* down, by the careless rapidity with which the various flying cabs and carriages, and vans and horsemen, dash on the unwary pedestrian from the numerous crossings, in which the powerful assistance of her two lodgers were of no trifling service in aiding Dame Frisbee, they at length found themselves, all safe and sound, in Cow Lane, within a stone's-throw of the entrance to the

Fair. Here a halt was immediately called; and after the two seniors, with the sagacious tact of old *tirailleurs*, had appointed the King's Head, kept by the laughter-loving Edwards, as a rallying point in the event of their almost unavoidable separation, and the sober hour of ten o'clock as the time for their return homewards, the whole party again moved confidently forward, Dame Frisbee protected on each arm by a stout young fellow, whilst her husband and his brawny companion followed closely in her rear as before.

On approaching the top of the lane, their curiosity was first attracted by the noisy vociferations of a fellow, who bellowed through the lungs of a stentor—"Valk in, ladies and gemmen, vil you be pleased to valk in, and see the most surprisingest of all beastesses as ever vas seed in all this here vassel world!—Only threepence a-piece—threepence a-piece—to see the royal, Bedfordshire, monstrous, fat Hox, rising three hears old, and vaying the enormous vight of nearly five thousand pounds—a most prodigious, large, slapping hannible to be sure!—You vill also see, ladies and gemmen, the most surprisingest vonder in nature, an immensely overgrown Porker, truly born with six legs! The ravenous, untameably-vild Ban-dog, from the other side of the North Pole, brought over by that enterprising halligator Captain Perry—he runs on the hyce-bergs with the speed of a racer on five legs! And, last of all, ladies and gemmen, you vill behold the most vonderful of all vonders as vas ever exhibited in this here city—it is the grand, imperial, double-headed Orse, ladies and gemmen, as has got four hears, four hyes, four nostrils, and two mouths, all in the highest perfection of nature. He is considered, by them as hare good judges, to be the greatest curiosity alive has travels the kingdom.—Valk in, valk in!—now is your time or never!—all to be seen halive, halive oh! for the small charge of only threepence a-piece!—Get out of the way, my young coveys, vil you, and hallow the gemmen to pass."

This orator's powers, however, thundering as they were, seemed completely thrown away on our party, who appeared to have no curiosity for the monstrosities of nature. They,

therefore, continued their slowly-paced way, implicitly following a current it was impossible to oppose, and were speedily commingled in a living mass of inquisitive and admiring bipeds, all full of wonder, laughter, and good humour. The immense density of the assembled multitude, indeed, was of itself truly astonishing; the entire spacious area of Smithfield, together with all the neighbouring thoroughfares leading into it, from every point of the compass, being compactly crowded with merry-faced individuals, of both sexes and all ages, composing, in thousands and tens of thousands, the scum and the *élite* of the tag-rag-and-bobtail of this unwieldy and overgrown metropolis, all moving round, in slow and regular procession, in front of the various temporary stages erected before a long line of caravans and loosely constructed booths, which all were loudly invited to enter on payment of an admission-fee, extending from a penny to a shilling, and which surrounded three sides of the capacious square. Nor was light wanting to render a view of this animated and spirit-stirring scene at once vivid and attractive; for the gas, and innumerable tallow-pans, blazed in all directions; whilst thousands of voices, in all the various notes of the gamut, loudly announced the sale of some one nice morsel or other with a persevering obstinacy at once astonishing and confounding to the ears of the listeners. There was fruit of all kinds to be had for "a penny a lot," and a prodigal and luxurious supply of savillöys, plum-pudding, and pork and jelly pies, which, of course, were "all hot, all hot!"—Colossal gingerbread-figures, profusely bedizened with gold-leaf, were to be seen in all directions glittering from the summits of pyramidal heaps of the same popular article, in all the various shapes and sizes the head or hands of the toying manufacturer could invent or squeeze it into. Then there was store of oysters, warranted "genuine natives," with pepper and vinegar to pleasure, ready for bolting, in any quantity, or to any amount; with a long etcetera of other articles of stall and basket merchandize, manufactured, in the true spirit of fairings, more for ornament than use.

Overlooking, however, all these matters of every-day occurrence, the

correct tastes of Dame Frisbee and her body-guard directed their eyes and attention principally to what was going forward on the various stages they passed. In the corner stood the booth of Clarke, from Astley's, whose stage was adorned with a motley band of blackguard-looking tumbling men, attended by a stale-witted clown, and a few brazen-faced toe-whirling, slack wire, and rope-dancing women, tawdrily arrayed in spangled dresses of whitey-brown. Notwithstanding all this, however, the *materiel* attached to this minor exhibition of the popular science of gymnastics exhibited such undeniable marks of excellence, as to have readily induced far less curious personages than our party to have become willing spectators. But, unfortunately for the treasury of Mr. Clarke, his gymnasium was, at the present time, as completely inaccessible to our party as Dover cliffs—the crowd before it being so dense, and so firmly dove-tailed into each other, as to render any attempt to procure admission impracticable, and finally compelled our party to move onwards with the crowd. Continuing their lingering way, they halted a few minutes to hear a whey-faced little man in black gravely descant on the innumerable and invaluable virtues of a nostrum of his invention, which he exhibited to the crowd in the shape of a small phial, and which he would fain have persuaded his on-lookers to believe cured and repaired every thing, from leaky shoes to the abhorrent writhings of hydrophobia. This assertion, however, was thought too much of a good thing—so our party moved on. As if it had been decreed that the medical quack should not want a partner, the very next booth they approached bearing none of the usual outward marks of what might be expected within, farther than sufficient light to guide the stranger into its interior, which was blazingly illuminated, curiosity urged our party to advance, when a meagre, sour-visaged fellow received them in silence, and, with a strength of nerve that would not have dishonoured any one of our first-rate athlete, immediately clutching hold of our smiling simpletons as they approached him, hurried them holus-bolus into "the presence"—like Hamlet's papa—"unappointed, unannealed."

"Halloo!" loudly whispered the irreverent Tom Cately from Yorkshire, a clever, young needle-driver, thoroughly inoculated in the devil-may-care principles of modern liberalism, "dash my buttons, shopmates, if we han't got rolled into the preaching-shop of that roaring, boring, heterogeneous animal, Parson Smith!—Now for a real lark! for, I'll bet any of you a quartern of gin, he'll be sending us all to hell with as little ceremony as his gallows scarecrow outside used in bundling us into his crib. D—n me, Buchanan, but the parson delights so in brimstone, as makes most people suppose, for sure and sartain, he's a towney of your'n."

"Whisht, ye reprobate!" was the Scotsman's reply; "let's hear what the poor creature has got to say, for it maun either be demented, or donnered wi' drink, to think o' preaching in sic a place and sic a night as this is. Forge us, it's downright blasphemy!"

Think, gentle reader—one moment think, we beseech thee—on the inconceivable glory of these later times—on the astonishing celerity, and rifle-trot rapidity, the "march of intellect" must acquire, in its gallant extermination of ignorance, and all the base, old-fashioned prejudices and antipathies "flesh is heir to," now that the Schoolmaster and the invincible Boatswain Smith are fairly abroad!—Just bethink thee of the elegance of modern taste, and the admirable patness which is now displayed in suiting every subject to its proper occasion, whilst you listen to that ear-stunning bellow, either most bountifully dealing damnation on all around him, or, with all the hardihood of the most impious audacity, snivelling out a mockery of praise to his Maker from the very focus of ribaldry, nonsense, and the

most jaw-breaking jocularity!—Certaines, we have often heard of the age of cant, and the innumerable Protean shapes it now dexterously assumes to attract the notice and the sympathy of a generous and applauding public, but never before did we see it shine out so openly, so avowedly, and so impudently, as it now does before our wondering eyes in this sanctified booth!—Dost really believe, even for a single moment, most courteous reader, that this noisy mass of flesh and blood means any thing more, by all his bawling and humming, than the making a thundering assault on the well-lined pockets of your nether garments for the means of procuring his fairing—for the necessary wherewithal, in short, that will enable him to precede the hour of his repose with a jolly full pipe, and a flowing can? If thou dost, we pity thy credulity, whilst we cannot help admiring thy extreme goodnature, thinking thee a passing good Christian, and sincerely wishing thee to live and enjoy many returns of "The Fair." But however the current of your thoughts may run of such doings, we can only say, that the scene before them affected our humble and unassuming party in various ways; for the two old soldiers silently looked on, alike grim and grave—the merry Yorkshireman and his landlady tittered in high glee, and seemed to view the entire preachment in no better light than a capital go—whilst the serious and now gloomy Scotchman—a "Presbyterian sou'ner" of course—actually groaned aloud, whilst he mentally consigned the impudent and shameless orator most energetically to the devil! repeating, with all the caustic severity so peculiar to his country, the following very charitable lines as he retired:

'Oh tush, prating fool! with your noisy assault,  
Your uplifted eyes, and your out-arm'd stretches,  
To be decently merry can ne'er be a fault,  
Though your loud-sounding babble the contrary teaches.  
But 'twas ever a mark of a vicious age,  
When your knave donn'd religion, seemed pious and sage.'

The gloom of this unfortunate rencontre, so unfair-like, was however speedily dispelled by the innumerable oddities and clever eccentricities of a merry rogue of the name of Brown—a slip of Tom's, not a doubt on't—who, powerfully aided by his alike amusing and dexterous salt-box ac-

companiment, not only speedily succeeded in filling his booth, but kept a numerous body outside in a continued roar of the most obstreperous laughter—none chuckling heartier than our prim, pretty-faced landlady, though, to be sure, she laid claim to all the usual indulgence generally granted



married ladies when in company with their dear lords. We had not been a spectator many minutes of this fellow's ludicrous feats, however, when we felt a powerful inclination to chalk down the aforesaid Master Brown somewhat more of a shrewd than a wicked wag. The rascal had evidently read the autobiography of Marmontel with the most edifying avidity—at least he played the Frenchman's game with similar success; for his whole battery of laughables was levelled at the womenkind, who returned his compliment by curling up their pretty cheeks, and twinkling their roguish eyes, and displaying their boxes of ivory in a manner very pleasing to behold. Well did Mister Brown, as well as that heaven-taught doctor, the notorious, "killing Paddy" John St. John Long, seem to know, that once succeed in gaining the favour and applause of the women, they will not be long in persuading the men, the dear decoys! to hand them into the toils which have been previously prepared for them!

Leaving, with some regret, this merry disciple of Momus, our party once more mixed in the living stream, and a short time brought them in front of the highly classical and richly ornamented theatre of the renowned Richardson, who modestly announced the company's intention of performing *instantly* the "delightfully interesting Highland tragedy, commonly called *Douglas*!"

"Ay," cried the Scotchman, for the first time breaking a silence which had lasted since his fearful denunciation of the roaring preacher,—“there now, God be thankit, we've fallen in wi' something that looks like common sense at last. I say, Tam, 'od we maun certainly tak the Luckie in to see this. It's a real nice natural sort o' a tragedy—hæ ye ever read it?”

"Have I ever read *Douglas*, say you, Nick?" cried a lively little operator on broad cloth, "Why I believe I had it all by rote before I was a yard in height. How I've see me make the pld folks stare, when I used to stamp on the kitchen floor with the poker in my hand, and cry, 'Draw, villain, draw!'"

"Crinky, Tammas, haud your tongue," cried honest Nick, "else the folk will be jalousing ye're a bit o'

a sticket showman yoursell. Come awa, gudewife; ye'se see something that will please ye, lass, if they do ony thing like justice till't ava."

Such were the hopes expressed by this humble conjoiner of leather, as he gallantly handed the smiling, Mistress Frisbee into the interior of the little theatre, and seated her on a bench fronting the stage, where he contrived to humour her pallet most delectably with divers condiments with which his coat-pockets were well stored, whilst her ears were no less gratified by the sweet sounds a bevy of ancient minstrels extracted from that most common of all instruments cyleped a Cremona. As soon as a sufficient number of spectators had been wheedled inside, as covered the benches and standing room, the curtain was drawn up, and the play commenced by the appearance of Lady Randolph "in weeds of woe" that had more the appearance of a barrister's than a lady's upper garment. Poor Anne's habiliments, too, were rather dilapidated, and attendant Anne, moreover, was no chicken—her tell-tale features, despite the ochre with which they were most lavishly bedaubed, plainly and honestly avowing, that they had kissed the wrong side of the last century, and that, therefore, she had every title to the venerable cognomen of "mine ancient Anne." Having thus briefly disposed of the ladies, we shall only say of the *gemmen*, that the whole of their dresses bore strong marks of the truth of that homely adage, "that necessity is the mother of invention," whilst it also strongly portrayed the individual ideas each possessed of the costume of the period he was now employed in personating. Lord Randolph's entire outward man exhibited a profoundly scientific model of the days of the merry Charles the Second,—when overshadowing wigs, full bottomed waistcoats, gun-mouthed inexpressibles, rolled-headed stockings, and be-buckled shoes, with beruffled breasts and wrists were the order of the day in the House of Peers. As for Glenalvon, poor fellow, his brilliant half coat of tin-mail, seemed to have been made on the heroic principle of his never turning his back to the enemy (the audience,) and mighty was the pains and cunning he displayed to

avoid the awkward predicament of being compelled to retreat to the side-wings crab-fashion backwards in his various exits. The two Norvals, senior and junior, again, wore dresses at once approximating to the humble costume of the south country Scottish herdsman, and the more picturesque and effective appearance of a descendant of Ossian.

But how insignificant did the dresses and decorations appear in the eyes of the thinly sown "judicious," when their ears were blessed with the silver-toned opening of the meditative recitation of Lady Randolph, thickly studded, as it was, with *hidears* quite her own, and terminations which smelt strongly of being lugged in from the back settlements of Bishopsgate Without and Old-street.—Spirit of John Home, thou meek and accommodating Scotchman, "List, oh list," whilst we give thee her brilliant opening of thy first-born and only surviving pet-child—"The Douglas!"

"Ye voods and vilds, woos melancholic gloom  
Accowds with my 'art's grief, and dredges forth

The wice of sorrow from a broken 'art!—  
Oh, Duglass, Duglass, ven departed ghosts  
Are once permitted to revue this vold  
Vithin the hollar of that vood thou'lt 'ear  
Thy sad Matildar weep her long-lost son!"

After this brief and pithy exordium, which was delivered with the querulous harshness of a voice recently cracked, after the manner of an earthen bason, the veteran—we beg the lady's pardon—the youthful Anne immediately chimed in to her mourning lady's aid, and got the whole story out of her—her accouchement of a son, and all the rest of it—as the lively little knight of the shagble phrased it, "in a brace of shakes." But far be it from us, as impartial critics, tamely to yield the laurel wreath solely to the ladies on account of their sterling originality. We love strict justice, and, in its fair and honest award, are steel to the backbone. We cannot, therefore, silently overlook the transcendent merits of the gallant Lord Randolph, who for genius in mangling and travestying sober common-place English, beat the *Rehearsal*, the *Critic*, and even the redoubted *Bombastes Furioso*, all to pieces. Only hear with what attic

terseness and pure originality he introduced his youthful deliverer—a foolish-looking Irish lad, as we afterwards discovered—to his curiously listening lady-mother:—

"Come forward, young man—hold up thy modest *id*;  
And drive all shame away!—Be bold and resolute!—

Firmly declare thy birth and parentage  
Unto this gentle lady—your name, and whence you come from."

This set off, in the soaring spirit of a genuinely "native" improvisatore, was received, as it deserved, with a round of applause and laughter, which appeared to gratify his lordship "very much indeed," and took up some few odd minutes before the good-natured, generous, looking-on public could once more compose their merry muscles to order. Indeed, we have seldom seen so very jocose an auditory; and can only account for this general expression of pleasure in the faces of all present, by its being a *fair* play, enacted in the only speaking theatre—always excepting the bawling Boat-swain—at The Fair. When, therefore, "the youthful Norval," thus kindly importuned, had modestly donned his Celtic bonnet, elevated his right arm "according to order," and cleared his throat with a strength of lungs that strongly denoted uncommon potency in the vital parts, and essayed to tell his simple tale in the strongest brogue, a fresh import from lovely Mullingar, ever exhibited, beginning his oration quite confidently by informing his audience—

"Me name is Nurvil on the Grampian hills"—

you will not hinder a merry wag, although half choked with laughter, from loudly demanding

"And what is at Bartholomew Fair, my noble?"

A question which, while it convulsed the audience in reiterated peals of the loudest laughter, so completely overwhelmed the youthful uninitiated Master Potato, that, losing sight completely of all proper sense of decorum and propriety, after wildly staring at his roaring and applauding auditors as if he would have fain made an inquiry after the cause of their jovial merriment, his courage at last completely forsook him—he felt fairly cowed, and, donning his bonnet, ac-

tually fled—leaving his grateful host and gentle hostess to learn his story at some future period. Nor did the fun end here;—for his lordship, after he had most ingeniously filled up the lapsus occasioned by the sudden departure of his modest “help at need”—a speech which, we are sorry to say, our prescribed limits will not permit the insertion—he successfully closed the act, with the following injunction to his lady fair, which encloses an *hidear* not only of genuine Smithfield manufacture, but one, we will boldly venture to say, which never entered the brain of honest Johnny Home, the original author:—

“Lady, prepare the feast. Let it be good,  
and plenty of it,—  
For those that fight, must eat!”

And having thus issued his final command, away strutted his lordship out of one side, whilst her ladyship left at the other, amid peals of applause and roaring laughter, which shook the theatre to the very causeway. In the same happy spirit was Glensalvon killed; whilst the newly-discovered slip of the heroic Douglass had the honour to die amid shouts of laughter no way unworthy an assembled divan of that singularly polite nation the Ashantees. Thus was finished a tragedy, to the infinite pleasure of the audience, who, along with our own beloved party, departed in the highest good humour, the very Scotchman himself confessing—that he had never, in all his life, laughed so hearty at a tragedy before; “but it’s nae wonder after a’, sirs,” he sagaciously concluded, “it’s The Fair night, ye ken, and the folks hae a richt to be a’ as daft as either cap or stoup can mak them, in spite o’ a’ the preaching boatswains in Christendom.”

Having thus been the successful means of catering an abundant fund of pleasure to his well-pleased party, the Scotchman was now looked on as no petty judge of what was the best commodity to purchase in this extensive market. When, therefore, he proposed a visit to the rival menageries of the notorious Wombwell and his opponent Atkins, which we firmly believe was principally undertaken in order to give Dame Frisbee a more general notion of the principal objects

of natural history than she formerly possessed, it was immediately agreed to, *nem. con.*—thus accomplishing, at last, the Herculean task of a round of the Fair.

Honest Dame Frisbee’s curiosity, insatiable as it commonly was, began by this time to feel completely glutted; and having been jostled and squeezed to her very heart’s content, she soon prevailed on her whole party unanimously to set about making the best of their way to the King’s Head, to water and refresh, previous to returning to “sweet home.” This they found to be a task that was easier said than done, however; for though the pavement was by no means so completely blocked up as the area they had left, it was still sufficiently crowded as to retard any very rapid progress. They were, therefore, once more obliged to content themselves with following the living stream, which moved lazily along before them, whiling away the time, as they moved slowly onwards, with a full view of the endless varieties of sweet morsels with which the whole of the stalls were stocked to profusion.—“Perseverance finally overcometh,” saith the adage; and the exemplary assiduity of honest Dame Frisbee was at length rewarded by her finding herself comfortably seated in the warm, crowded parlour of the King’s Head.

Here they were agreeably surprised to find, that there was as little lack of amusement within doors as there had been without; for there were several dancing parties on the floor in full operation, and vocal and instrumental music to the very attic story. Having been prevailed on, after much coaxing, to discuss a glass of genuine Old Tom, and washed it down with dainty pulls of Whitbread’s far-famed stout, Dame Frisbee confessed she felt herself so considerably renovated, that she was quite like a new creature;—and almost swore, like a thorough-bred Yankee, how much her obligations were due to the excellent tiffin she had taken of the “astonishingly, mighty, fine, old, ancient Tom!” Her tongue thus fairly set a-going, she got gradually into the joyous spirit so prevalent in every corner of the room; and though she knew but little of your high-flying fashionable morsels of melody, which

were merrily quavering all around her, she yet contrived to chime slily into the chorus of such of the more popular ones as were known at her end of the town;—amongst which were—*Alice Gray*, *My own Blue Bell*, and *Away ran the King of the Frenchmen!*—which she warbled with considerable effect, greatly to the edification and satisfaction of her loving and wondering husband, who vehemently swore, in the joy of his heart, that he had never heard her tune her “vocal shell” so melodiously since the important and happy day of their marriage! Thus happy and contented with each other, whilst the oft-replenished pewter-pot went circling round the little coterie, the time put on his seven-leagued boots, and went spankingly away so rapidly, that, had it not been for the kind consideration of those invaluable guardians of the public morals, the city marshals'-men, who now entered the parlour, and reminded the joyous company that it was ample time to be moving, we verily believe that our light-hearted Dame Frisbee would have been found seated there to this very moment.

As it was, she took to the road homewards, sulkily enough; and to shew that she was a true British subject, and was fairly domiciled in the land of genuine liberty, since they would not allow her to finish her musical

budget within doors, she vowed by Saint Bride of Fleet Street!—her usual pretty little oath—she was determined it should be drained to the last drop without. Casting over in her mind's eye, therefore, what of her favourites had been left untouched, she luckily stumbled on the butt-end of an old drinking song she had learned from her dear Prid in their courting days, and, *sans cérémonie*, immediately struck up the air, as she ascended Holborn Hill, warbling sweetly forth the following beautiful and energetic lines,—during the performance of which—our own curiosity being now completely jaded—we honestly confess we were so uncourteous as to take our final leave of the neat little lively woman, heartily wishing, however, that she might get safely home in company of her own dear Prid and his merry companions, partake of a comfortable supper, go to bed, and dream sweetly of The Fair.

“Oh, here's a health to our noble King,  
And to the Queen of his heart;  
May years them health and happiness  
bring,  
Long, long before they part!  
And here's a health to our brave General!  
And to those that fought with him in  
Spain!  
And here's to the Colonel of the Eighty-  
eighth!—  
For we're ne'er to be drunk again.”  
S.

#### THE TAGUS.

Oh where is there the river, beneath the sun's bright beam,  
That can compare in majesty with the Tagus' golden stream!—  
Far up the hills it takes its rise, 'midst leafy coverts hid,  
Then reaches, in its laughing course, the spires of old Madrid.

Through solemn woods it rolls its floods, and spicy orange bowers,  
And washes the foundations of Toledo's ancient towers;  
Unceasingly and tranquilly it flows into the main,  
The proudest river in the lands of Portugal and Spain.

Upon its tide, in stately joy, a thousand vessels sweep,  
With burthens of high purchase, to the hollow-sounding deep.  
And in its wave, their forms to lave, troop Portugal's fair daughters,  
And lend, proud stream! a radiant gleam of beauty to thy waters!

Oh, where is there a stream so famed in legend or romance!  
Where peasants met to revel, and knights to break a lance!  
In Burgundy or Portugal, in France or in Almayne,  
From the azure-tinted Rhone to the wood-embowered Seine.

In majesty with Tagus stream none can compare, I trow,  
For its waters shower blessings as tranquilly they flow.—  
And, oh! that, like such gentle stream, without or toil or strife,  
In happiness might glide away the changeful course of life!

## LETTERS ON WEST INDIAN SLAVERY.—BY J. GALT, ESQ.

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

## LETTER I.

SIR,

BEFORE another publication, Parliament will have again met, and perhaps some more definite explanation will have been given by Government, of the policy hereafter to be pursued with respect to that important subject, SLAVERY, involved in the West Indian question. It is not for a moment to be supposed that there is a British subject, far less a British minister, that will, or would, defend the preservation of slavery for its mere commercial advantages. The planters, who alone are interested in its continuation at all, are much misrepresented when it is supposed, that they desire the continuance of slavery for its own sake. There may have been a time when it was supposed, that slave-labour was the only labour adapted to the climate and work of the West Indies; and when the necessity of slavery was defended on that plea; but such is no longer the case—juster notions now prevail, and the question, instead of being discussed with respect either to climate or labour is considered upon a more benevolent principle. We are no longer afflicted with defences of slavery for its own sake, and the commercial benefits arising from it. The principle and right of all mankind to universal freedom is frankly admitted. The only cause of withholding emancipation from the slaves now rests entirely upon the means for supporting them and preventing them from falling into those evils which visit with so many severities the lot of the labourer in Europe. The point to be determined is no longer the right of the slave to be equal in privileges with his master—for that is admitted; but to ascertain that while we dissolve the existing ties between them, we do not place the master or the slave in a worse situation than that in which he stands at present.

One of the misfortunes of this great question arises from its being too much considered with reference to the slave himself, and too little with reference to his proprietor.—There may have been a time when it was wise and just to enlist the

feelings in the slave's cause, and when the tales of his miseries and sufferings were fit topics for popular excitement, to bring over the sense and sympathies of the common world to the right interests of humanity. But that stern and sterile time has gone by, and we are not required to consider whether the black-skinned man is best adapted to the broiling sun; but only how are we to raise him in the moral scale of being, without sinking him in that of suffering; or take away the claim of his master to the value of his labour, without making him endure the consequences attendant on loss and poverty.

The right of the slave to liberty, is so universally admitted, that the question is so far set at rest; but it does not follow, while we grant this right to be indisputable, that we are to shut our eyes to the circumstances which have arisen from the error in which it has been for ages viewed. In a practical form we have only to look at the existing state of things, and to take care that, in reducing the evil of them, we do not trench too deeply on what has become necessary to the system—that, is, simply to say, in removing what is bad, we do not also injure what is good.

In making this remark, I intend to do so cautiously, and trust that my motive will be justly appreciated. I wish to exhibit the claims of the planters, nay their rights, in a correct and fair point of view; and in doing so, I desire, with every intent of justice, to respect those of their slaves, and even do so, when I least seem to consider them. Some measure of equity is evidently due to the planters, who have strangely been negligent of their own interests, and who, in not forming themselves into a more simultaneous body, have acted without a due consideration of the danger into which they are every day faster and deeper falling.

In saying then that there is no longer any need of pathetic declamations about slavery, nor the animal bondage in which the slaves are held, is saying the truth with respect to

both, and is perfectly well understood. Neither Mr. Brougham nor any one of his party, can therefore charge their opponents with a want of sympathy for the negroes. We, as much as he or they, admit the negro's claim to an equality of rights with his fellow white man; we only desire, in removing the evils which have grown out of the existing system by our toleration of that system, to consider, that, in asking for an abatement of what we as strongly as themselves admit to be a nuisance, another and a greater evil may not ensue.

The question has been discussed on so many points, that lengthened declamations on the evils of the state we would improve, should now be sedulously avoided. The whole attention of the orator and the statesman should be directed to the means of preventing the slaves from falling into greater actual distress than they are now exposed to, and to avoid extending to the present race of slave-owners the punishment which was due only to those who originally invented the slavery.

We ought to think that the existing race of West Indian proprietors are, in all respects, innocent of the crime. We should recall to mind, that from whatever direct cause arising (their own expanded humanity, or the coercion of enlightened men,) they have never ceased, by all expedient means, to soften the condition of slavery; and that we do them great wrong and injustice, when we suppose that, in the protection of their property, they are actuated by sentiments different from those of other men. There may be among them occasional exceptions, but I speak of the general race.

The case of the man who has inherited a West Indian property and negroes, is different, I allow, from that of the purchaser who has recently embarked in West Indian speculations; but still there is not so wide a difference between them as some people affect to draw—for the purchaser has paid for what he bought. He may have acted to a certain degree unwisely in giving property here for an interest there, which cannot be deemed otherwise than precarious *now*; but still he has the same guarantee in the justice of the state, which the other parts of the empire

enjoy. And if he has given more for his property than it is really worth, he must bear the consequences as well as he can, for we are not justified in depriving him of all, merely because he was so imprudent as to give too much.

But what shall we give is now the question? for Sir Robert Peel, in the last debate on this subject, admitted that compensation to the planters is the greatest difficulty which Government sees in the slave question. It is clear that compensation can not be granted upon the slave proprietors' estimate. His stake in the property must be valued—first, with reference to the deductions to which it is liable as a mere commodity; secondly, with reference to the deductions to which it is liable by the progress of knowledge; and thirdly, with reference to the deductions which must be allowed, in consequence of the very stir which has been made in the question, by which the value of the property has been really impaired.

The amount at which the West Indian interest may value their compensation, is very different from what the country will be willing to allow; for the very outcry which they have themselves raised as to the deterioration of their property by taxation and new markets, furnishes an argument in diminution of their claim to compensation, and which is every day becoming stronger, nor will any change in their condition mend the matter. Every year they admit, that, from different causes, their property is falling in value; of course, the fair induction is, that every cause that tends to diminish the worth of their interest, tends also, in an equal degree, to diminish the amount of their compensation. Upon the actual value of their property compensation may be allowed, but the value is not to be estimated by what it has cost them, nor by what it would bring, if the present system were continued: for the question now hinges upon the continuance of that system; and the question is, as far as the planters are concerned, one that simply turns upon the pivot of expediency. If they allow the property to remain long as it is, it will itself fall from them, and instead of compensation and a quiet transit from a state of slavery to one of servitude,—ruin, and desolation,

and anarchy must ensue upon their estates.

But besides the adjustment required between Government and the West India interest, there is another important point to which due consideration ought to be paid. I do not say it has been neglected, but only that attention enough has not been paid to it; indeed, I ought perhaps to add, that I have some knowledge that it has been, in various instances, anxiously considered, and the Duke of Wellington's remark in Parliament with respect to the maintenance of the children of slaves, showed that his Grace was not insensible to the importance of the subject to which I allude. It is, however, not by the Ministers that I would wish to see this affair more earnestly regarded; it is among the orators and advocates of emancipation with whom—and the remark is made with deference and humility—I wish for the sake of humanity, their great plea, that this division of the subject were more definitely considered.

Their main object at present, indeed their declared object, is solely to procure freedom for the slaves. Now before that can be granted either in justice, or in wisdom, or in policy, a few questions should be answered.

*First*, when you have granted the slave liberty, what is next to be done. Can you bind him to the estate? perhaps it will not then answer the proprietors purpose to keep him; we are certain it will not do to keep the infirm, the juvenile, or the aged. You dissolve the ties which bind them at present to the proprietor; you, by procuring them freedom, furnish a just ground for the proprietor to say, it is not I, but the public who must now provide for the incapable slaves? I will employ only those who are able to do my work; those who are not, must trust to the charitable feelings of mankind. They must seek in the form of alms, that support which I am at present obliged by the nature of slavery to raise for them.—Verily, if this division of the question be well weighed, it will be seen that, instead of making all the slaves free, we should prevent the planters from granting to any of them their freedom after a certain age, and hold them bound to maintain the children to a certain age. The excellence of philanthropy is a beautiful theme to

enlarge on; but, in the name of common sense, has not every man a right to demand, that you shall show adequate means have been prepared for the support of the aged and weakly, the young, and infirm, before you venture to make their condition worse? For it is a moral certainty, that by giving merely freedom, you will make their condition worse.

*Second*, If the slaves, on receiving their freedom, do not choose to remain with their present master, but leave his estates to desolation, in what way is he to be indemnified? You cannot deny, that the soil of his estate is as much his own, as the land is yours which you inhabit. Nor can you deny, that if those fly from it whose labour alone gives it value, it will become of none, and that he will of necessity be ruined. Now, why should you do this? Why should you give the slave leave to quit his master's property—for in giving him freedom, that is all you in fact give—without providing for the indemnification of the master? Why should you, in fact, punish the master?—for such will, in effect, be the result of your measure. Is there any reason why the proprietor should be so treated? Is there any correct policy in permitting the slave to turn vagabond, and in depopulating and rendering valueless the property of his master? It may be said, perhaps, that the instinctive predilections of man will prompt the negro to consider his own wants and necessities, and that he will in consequence not be so ready to leave his home as we suppose. How know you that? By what rule do you presume to suppose, that the slaves are wiser and more prudent than freemen; or that their first step, after the restoration of their freedom, will not be marked by the same carelessness of permanent interests that have brought so much misery to the hearths of the European labourers?

*Third*, have you sufficiently considered, that, under the existing system, the slaves are carefully tended by their proprietors; that their sickness, their wants, and their accidents, are all under his superintendence; and that he is bound to be watchful of them by the strongest tie that can bind mankind—his own interest? Do you not intend, that, for this almost parental solicitude, you should sub-

stitute something equivalent to the cold care of parish officers? Have you sufficiently considered by whom these officers are to be appointed? If by the election of the slaves themselves, are the slaves, I would ask, in a condition to exercise this elective function? I think not. But, without reference to any individual's opinion, I would say—then, if you intend to name the officers, you but change the slave of the private man, who is responsible to the opinion of the world for his conduct, into the slave of the public. And when, I would inquire, has it been found, that the public ever did its duty so well to itself, as the private man to his own interest? Besides, what right have you to make this change? What business have you to meddle with the slave's affairs at all? When you have given him freedom, you have no right to move farther—all beyond is impertinence and obtrusion! You make him, from a slave, a labourer; and the difference between the two conditions consists in his being, as a slave, already under a master, who has the strongest ties to protect him, and becoming a common daily labourer, whose only protectors are parish officers. Has all this been duly considered? Has it been considered, that at present there is neither poor-rates nor poor in the West Indies, of the kind we understand by the terms in this country? Have you reflected that, with the emancipation of the negroes, you propose to introduce both, and instantaneously? Has it been duly considered what must of necessity be the consequence of this state of things? Is there any such difference in the constitution of the negro's state of mind, that he will bear hardship and privation better than the white man? Is there any reason to expect, when you have taken away his means of subsistence—for you propose to do even that, and to subvert him to starvation—that he will be more docile under affliction than his white brother? It implies but the shallowest pity to argue for emancipation, when you are exposing him in fact to the greatest of evils—friendless poverty! The question you propose in giving freedom, is to substitute *that* for regulated servitude. Deny it if you will, no more than regulated servitude can be made of the West India slavery;

and for it you propose to substitute the horrors of unregarded and untended poverty.

*Fourth.* But there is another question of many bearings more important than all these. If the negroes, with a juster apprehension of their circumstances than may be judiciously allowed to them, consent to remain on the estates of their masters, as nearly as possible, after they shall have received their freedom, as they are at present, by whom are the helpless among them to be supported? If you expect, by the other negroes, then it must be by taxing them. Now, can the mere labourer pay any taxes? It is true, that between the price of his labour and the value of what he produces, there is a vast difference, and that this difference constitutes the fund from which his employer's capital and income is derived; but it is not by taxing the labourer that you are to reach it. You must go to the employer; you must just do for the negroes in the West Indies what you do in England for the common poor man. Now what right or claim is there on you to do this? Do you sufficiently consider the consequences—the thorough black-guard course of the proceedings you propose to yourselves? Surely not. Think on them—*FIRST*, you propose to deprive the master of his slaves, after having for ages sanctioned his property in them. *SECONDLY*, you propose to reduce the value of his property in the estates where he employs them; and *THIRDLY*, you propose that what remains shall be still farther reduced by taxing him with the maintenance of those very slaves whom you have taken from him? Is this consistent with law, with good government, or with humanity?—Unless you can keep the estates up at their present maximum of produce, do you not commit a grievous injustice in meddling with them at all? We demand to know wherefore it is that you dare to meddle with them? It may be quite competent for the West Indian interest to be amenable to good advice, but surely under no plea of right can you have any authority, as society is constituted, to take the management of his property into your hands.

Granting that slavery is in itself a deplorable thing—will you tell us by



what right you venture to touch it. It lies many thousand miles from your gates, it affects not you—it even ministers to your comforts. Tell us then why it is that you presume to think of changing it. You have no more to do with West Indian property, than the negroes have to do with the farms and granges of Yorkshire. Look how you would ponder, were a gang of black fellows to come from Jamaica, and require to see by what tenures and charters the lands in Yorkshire are held. You may smile at the hypothesis—you may even call it absurd—but neither your smiles nor your accusations can change the nature of the truth. The negroes have just as much right to question you about the charters of your estates, as you have to question their masters about their right to them.

Perhaps you will unblushingly avow, sympathy for your impudence. I dare say you will, you are capable enough of that, but I deny the existence of any natural right that one man has to affect the condition of another; moreover, did the negroes of the West Indies come to you with any complaint of their condition? No; you in no shape or form can assert they ever did. Then what sent you, in the garb of theoretical argumentators, trooping across the Atlantic, to aggravate the hardships of their condition; hardships to which all flesh is heir, but which the negroes are more exempt from than any other body of the labouring class? I deny your right to interfere with the condition of the negroes, or any number of mankind; and I claim from your justice, that, before you think of emancipation, you think *first* of indemnification to their masters, and *second* of providing for themselves, that they shall not suffer greater hardships than those from which you would remove them. Are you aware of what you are doing? What is the liberty you propose to give? Describe it, that we may know something of its nature, for you cannot but know, that if you injure the interests of the planters, and deteriorate the condition of the negroes, you will be guilty of a great crime. You must learn that the liberty you speak of giving, will not open the door to greater evils; and you must not, in fancying that from that liberty there may not arise

a demon to haunt and upbraid yourselves. Every instance of poverty and distress which may spring from your emancipation, will be evidence of your own guilt; every instance of bloodshed which may spring from your thoughtless philanthropy, will be laid at your threshold. Disguise your crime as you may, you must, in your own hearts, stand convicted of being the authors of the murders, that, in your idly good nature, you are hatching for the desolation of the West Indies? But, while I say this strongly, I say it without sorrow. I am as anxious to see the negroes raised to freedom as you are; but I do not think it is so easy a labour as many among you seem to imagine. It is not doing a little wrong for a great good, because the good to the race you propose to benefit is not obvious, while the wrong is very certain.

It may be said, however, that the scope of this argument would prevent the negroes from ever being free. I reject the caveat—I only say that a state of freedom MAY be much worse to them than their present servitude. It is for you to prove that it SHALL not. And my anxieties go to the extent, and no farther—that you, before risking your experiment—make only such provisions against inevitable evils as will serve to justify you for what you hazard. To do this, in common honesty, surely, you can have no objection. If you refuse it, then you must consider yourselves as deficient in common honesty, for the precautions I require are necessary, and the refusal to provide for them can only be ascribed to some deleterious principle which should never be allowed to have any place in human affairs, and which it is the business of law and education to lessen among the human race.

It is not sufficiently considered by the advocates of emancipation, that the change they propose is nothing less than to revolutionize the total condition of the negroes. Among the leaders, I do not say that they neglect this entirely, I only venture to think that it is not regarded with that solicitude and prospective anxiety which it ought to be. You may give them liberty, but what will you give them more; for all the freedom you propose to give, will do nothing towards their support, and for their

support you ought to provide. It has sometimes been said, nor is the argument untenable, that you should pass them first from the state of slavery to the condition of serfs. And perhaps the course of nature points to this as your only means of properly ameliorating their state, if that can be called amelioration which removes them from the condition of servants, constantly employed by one master, to that of precarious labourers, who have no regular master, nor any abiding place. But it is one of the arts to which the friends of emancipation have recourse, not to offer any plan for the future regulation of the negro. They seek only to obtain the Parliamentary declaration of their freedom, and leave to chance the amelioration, as they call it, which will arise thereafter. This, though it involves a great offence against society, I do not call altogether fraud—because it is founded on an opinion that Government is so strong that the necessary remedies will easily be supplied; but this is the very point at issue—Government may be strong enough, and all that you present to the advocate, and the country is willing to go so far with you, is to recommend to Government to proceed in a gradual course to the emancipation—and does either the people or the Government now reject this? It is, on the contrary, their desire and endeavour to accomplish it, with a right regard to the interests of the slave and his owner. The question is no longer whether the slave shall be free, but when you have resolved to give him freedom, in what way shall he enter upon the boon? Yes, boon, you call it, even while every thing shows that it is a risk.

Something may, in the mean time, be gained towards your object, by converting the slave to the serf. By taking him from under that masterdom under which he groans, to use the injudicious language of those who would amend his state, and placing him a fixture on the soil—creating him a portion of the estate, which is already the scene of his toil and the locality of his home. By this step, certainly, some of the many difficulties which environ the desire to give him liberty, are got over; for, supposing him raised to the condition of the serf, you are not bound to provide

for a total revolution in his condition: You are not obliged to look to his companions who are disabled by accident or age from continuing to work, or to those who, on account of their youth are unfit. The estate on which they live, must, in that case, maintain them, and it does that at present. You have only to have respect to two things. By uniting the slaves to the estate, you diminish the value of the property to a certain extent; and to that extent you are bound by all law and equity to make compensation to the proprietors. You cannot in propriety refuse it—you cannot deny it without shaking even the foundations of your own property.

The first thing, therefore, that you have to consider is this compensation.

Now, in what way is it to be raised. Is it by the United Kingdom alone?—Will that be just? Does not the question affect the whole empire as much as the United Kingdom? If it does so, should not the whole empire contribute accordingly? But in what way, otherwise than by a tax, can the contribution be raised—and how can you tax the whole empire by Parliament, since you have given to so many provinces Legislatures of their own, and have renounced, and by statute too, the right which you once conceived yourselves to possess, of taxing the Colonies?

These are some of the obstacles you have to encounter, before you can provide that contribution for the indemnification that must, in raising the slave to the serf, be provided.—Have you duly reflected on all these? They may, in a general form, have risen to your imagination; but the vast details which they involve, you cannot have weighed with that anxious regard which they so justly merit.

No doubt some of these difficulties may be obviated, by the United Kingdom undertaking of herself and from her own means, to indemnify the Planters for the deterioration you propose to inflict on their estates. But, has the notion ever been openly, frankly, and fairly brought before the public—Were it so, would it be at once acceded to? Would not rather the question then be—In what shall the measure improve the actual condition of the slave?—What answer

can you give? Will it not be "in nothing?" and if you will still be fairer, will it not rather be, "we are sure it will be in nothing in improvement, and we fear it may be something of a different kind?" You must provide officers equivalent to those of parishes, to see that the serfs are properly regarded, and that the estates are equitably taxed for the support of the incapable. These officers must be paid for their time—a larger fund than what is absolutely requisite for the incapable, must be raised—and labour must be heavier taxed. In those countries where serfship exists, —in Russia, for instance—this has grown in many places to so great a burden, that the proprietors, to be rid of it, have given their serfs freedom. But still the existence of it is not so afflicting as our slavery to humanity! This is not easily conceivable; for it does not very essentially differ from slavery, to live always on the same "paternal spot of ground," without the power of moving from it, and of being removed from it at the pleasure of another. We mistake the feelings of mankind, when we suppose that those of the laborious class have any very elevated notions on this subject. Their toil, their drudgery, their ever grovelling in the earth, has a moral effect upon their degradation; and they have no ideas of a condition beyond the difference between labour and rest. Their faculties are absorbed with present cares; and if he finishes his task without oppression, it is all the poor man thinks of. But I abstain from appealing to the feelings; I shall only refer to the fact that, in innumerable instances, there are many tillers of the ground in England who have for ages, for centuries, remained without obligation on the lands where their fathers successively drew breath; and yet these constitute the foundations of the glory of their country. There are no slaves among them. There are none so humble as serfs; and yet such is the force of habit, and such the nature of man, that they voluntarily remain in that state of homely vilenage! But to return—

Supposing the slave raised to the condition of the serf, and the estate he lives upon made liable for his poverty; and on account of the difficul-

ties of providing otherwise, the United Kingdom has consented to indemnify the planters, and that taxes are to be raised—contrary to all justice—to pay this indemnification—Will the evil end there; for I am here considering the very smallest step that can be taken towards emancipation?

In what will that step alter the condition of the slave? Will the slave be better as a serf than as he was—will he eat and drink better—will he be a higher moral being—will he execute any one function of his nature better? Who is that will answer that question in the affirmative? Who is it that will not rather say, that, being removed from under the superintendence of a master, who is interested in his good behaviour, the chance is, he will—when left to himself—sink lower in the scale of being and the circumstances of condition. Were this probability considered, as it ought to be, would there be so much clamour about giving freedom to the slaves? and would there not be some doubt that it is not with his relative condition with his master that we have to do, but to turn our attention to his moral condition? Has this ever been properly done? Has the moral condition of the negro ever been properly considered apart from his physical and political condition? It is for those who so strenuously cry for his freedom, to answer the question; but there is one point in which the discrimination applies to my present purpose, and which I do not think has ever been thoroughly viewed as it ought to be.

Suppose we disregard altogether the physical circumstances of the slave, and attend only to his political situation, I would ask, in what respect is he different from millions of other human beings who live in England—the freest land of all the world—without political privilege or franchise? I will, however, go farther, and grant that slavery only tolerates animal existence, and that policy regards the slave only as an animal capable of a certain quantity of work. That it holds him to be void of all intellect—to be even in his affections and appetites subject to his master. To be the merest thing of animal being that can exist. I will even go farther, and grant that there was a time when he was

not only so; but even his very life at the pleasure of his owner. Now, if we take his life from his owner, and place it under the general protection of the law, we improve his condition—do we not? and that has been done. We have even gone farther, and restricted the power of his proprietor to a certain number of lashes for domestic offences, and in this respect his condition is improved, and he is thus nearer the natural state. But why should this power, even in its remnant, be allowed to remain? Why should we not take the power of punishment away entirely, and say to the owner, you shall not inflict any punishment at all; but if you have matter of offence to complain of, you shall go before the proper tribunal, who shall investigate the charge, and order punishment accordingly. Would not this make an important change in the political condition of the slave, and why should it not be done? But there are many situations in life to which the slave ought to be admitted; and that of being a witness in every case is one. This, you will say, is granted; but he has not intelligence enough—then give him that intelligence by instruction to qualify him, and the objection perishes. Well, suppose him to have received that instruction, he is still a slave; but, without entrenching on his slavery, if you raise him into the dignity of evidence—in what will he be deficient, more than most men? Having raised him so far, is there any objection, in reason, to his exercising the power of voting on any occasion? Yes, you will say, because that power is regulated by the possession of property. But not uniformly, I would answer; and yet so far it is the easier regulated, for you have only to declare the slaves capable of holding property independently of their owners, and you remove this objection. In a word, what is there in the eye of the law which should prevent the slave from enjoying all the political privileges of Englishmen, and yet still be a slave—still be responsible to his proprietor for so much of his time as is due to him? But, say you, he is responsible to him for all his time? It is, I acknowledge, theoretically so—but it is not so practically—nor can it in nature be, in as much as the strength of one

man differs from that of another, and in as much as there would be an injustice in making one man work more than another. In the very nature of things the slave-owner must so apportion his work amongst his slaves that they shall all work alike—not according to their respective strength, but simply all alike. If doubt exist as to this, let the truth be established by law, and what then becomes of slavery—nothing more than with what we see in all our servants every day—the obligation of humanity—“In labour shalt thou toil all the days of thy life”—with an obligation to remain on the estate of his owner; an obligation which slavery has entailed for a season. We cannot undo what is done—we have tolerated slavery till it has actually become a part of the human system, and we would ask, if the process suggested here is not a humaner and an easier work than what is proposed by emancipation.

I would raise the slave to an equality in all moral and political rights with his fellow subjects; but, at least, till we saw a clearer prospect before us, I would not touch that condition which is essential to his physical well-being. He should still remain bound to do a certain labour for his owner, and bound to remain on his estate till he received his owner's assent to quit it. The hardship of these conditions must be supposed no more than equivalent for the support and tendance in the meantime received. By an arrangement of this sort we would leave the condition of the slave and his owner in a great measure to themselves, and we would grant to the slave all that political justice can demand of us—which is, to give the slave every privilege of man consistent with safety to himself, and the vested interests and comforts of the world, and especially of his owner.

I would not push this great question, however, to its elements; I would only argue for it as the world is at present constituted. We cannot go back, we must take the existing state of things; and, without changing them by any immediate proceeding, our attention should be directed to prevent an increase of evil from them. This we can do—but we are not so sure that we may increase the good; for we see that, in effecting a

change, we must provide for many casualties that were not obvious when our attention was led to the evils.—Perhaps this should be more plainly stated. Thus—

We find slavery existing in the West Indies. We may or may not know how it has happened to come there; but we acknowledge that slavery is contrary to the rights of man, and to the privileges of all who live under the British laws, and, therefore, it should be put an end to. But when we come to examine the state of society which, by once having been inattentive to the baleful effects of slavery, has grown up with it and out of it, we dare not attempt that restoration of rights to the slave, which had at the first glance appeared so undoubted, and which in every case we cannot but admit to be his inherent property; because we see that we are as strictly obliged to reflect on the consequences that may ensue to others, as well as to the slave. We have to reflect on the consequences that may ensue to his owner, and on them also which may probably ensue to ourselves; and this consideration it is which obliges us to regard the question of emancipation as one that must be treated of gradually, and regarded less with respect to the principles on which it is founded, than on the expediency of improving the intelligence of the slave before we raise him to greater independence. The right of the slave to be raised to that independence cannot be a subject of discussion, at least it should not; but the elevation of his moral state is an open field, and the mode of best cultivating it is a fair and legitimate topic of controversy. It ought not, however, to be left entirely in the hands of one party. The slaves themselves have the deepest interest in the question; and yet, in our philanthropy, we do not much reflect on this. We never fairly place before them their present condition, nor direct their affections to the course which existing circumstances kindly bear towards them. We cry out, "Slavery!" and, in the reiteration of that detested word, we think enough has been said to convey a just notion to them of their estate. But this is not a fair course. Slavery has many shades of difference; and there is no juster similarity between the

present state of the West Indies and what it was forty years ago, than there is between that of Rome under the Popes and under the Consuls; and thus it is that the question itself has been changed. It is no longer fair to consider it as it was considered when it first became a topic of Parliamentary discussion. The condition of the slave has since that period been so altered—been so improved—that the question now at issue may be said to bear the impression of a new character. The slave proprietors have felt the humaner influence of more liberal times, and they no longer exact that submission from their slaves which was once allowed to them—once yielded by the slaves themselves, and accorded to them by the general world. I say by the slaves themselves emphatically, because the change which has taken place on the slaves has not been at all sufficiently regarded. Intelligence, and juster ideas of things, has spread even to them; and we have no longer to deal with the same animals that, a few years ago, filled the West India islands. Still, they are very low as compared with Europeans, and we admit as much; but they are not so low as they were. They have risen in the scale of intelligent beings; and if this be not duly estimated as respects the degree, we shall most egregiously err.

It may be true, that the negroes are not all alike in all the islands. That in some they are a more tractable race than in others; but still that does not affect the question, for it never could be said that they were ever all alike. In some islands a better policy prevails than in others, and that makes the difference contended for; yet in what does it affect the question farther, than that there is more still to be done, which it must be allowed only serves to multiply the difficulties of the question, and to increase the objects of our solicitude; for it manifestly shows that the same rule is not applicable to the condition of all.

Among other popular errors involved in this question is a general belief, especially in the country portions of the kingdom, that the West Indian proprietors are somewhat of a different kind from the rest of mankind. This, of course, is not the opinion of the enlightened part of the

community, but still it belongs to a numerous body of the people whom it would not be fair to leave in their darkness. It is supposed by them, that the planters are more ruthless than other Christians; that they regard with harsher eyes and more inclement spirits the conduct of their slaves, than can be much beyond the present time endured, and that all their arguments have double and sinister objects.

This prejudice would be deserving of little consideration, but it has the effect of begetting an ill-will and jealousy against the planters, even while their anxieties and actual distresses render them more and more objects of public commiseration. A great deal would be gained by the removal of this most unjust prejudice, and it seems not difficult, for it is only necessary that the advocates of emancipation should allow that it is unworthy, and to point out to those who are so credulous as to think otherwise, that in no respect of feeling or of judgment, are the West Indians a biassed race; but on the contrary, that, in point of intelligence, they are

on a fair par with their fellow-subjects, and that it is only because of the dangers they behold closing closer around their property, that they evince so much more anxiety for its ultimate fate. You would deprive them of their property for what they designate as the shadowy schemes of philanthropy, or they think the measures you propose are calculated to do so, and this has the effect—for their all is at hazard—to make them more impatient upon the question, than those who think they will not suffer from it are disposed to allow to be judicious. Beyond some consideration of this sort, the West Indian proprietors are just as good subjects, neighbours, and relations as other men, and no stress whatever should be placed upon a supposed malevolence, when the instigations by which they are peculiarly affected, are so plain and obvious.

JOHN GALT.

*To Oliver Yorke, Esq.*

*&c. &c. &c.*

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\* \* The details of carrying a plan of compensation into effect, will be given in a subsequent paper. The amount, it is true, will be a large sum, but much less than some of the West Indians suppose; and the plan is far easier of execution than those imagine, who see, in the amount of compensation, the greatest difficulty to granting liberty to the slaves.

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## A DOZEN NUISANCES OF LONDON.

BY A PEDESTRIAN.

## I.

## BELLS OF ALL KINDS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

I do not object to the sound of the church-going bell of Cowper, (though, to tell the truth, I always considered the phrase to be a bull, for I never yet knew of a bell that went to church); but I do object to the street-walking bells with the utmost vehemence. The postman—the dustman—the muffinman—all and sundry, are objects of my detestation. Have you ever had the misfortune of walking in the same line with one of these worthies along a street of any length? If you have, you will perfectly agree with me, particularly if you happened to have had a deaf man for your companion.

The pretence for giving the privilege of splitting our ears to these peculiar persons, I never could comprehend. If the getting rid of your dust be a matter to be proclaimed by sound of bell, why not the getting in of your daily provender; and yet nobody arms the hand of the car-borne butcher's boy with a jingling instrument to announce his approach. If the thin small voice of the muffineer's ring be justifiable, why is not the baker let loose upon us, to sound his quaterns into our ears? We should have all in the ring, or nothing.

But the postman, you will say, is requisite, to remind the people of the necessity of having their letters ready. What is this but a bounty upon idle-

ness, which should be contended against by the Malthusian philosophers, on the same principle that actuates them in their tender hearted opposition to the poor laws. We need no such flappers for the two-penny post—nothing to suggest to us, that if we do not put our *billet-doux* to the fair Flora of the romantic region of Hampstead into the gaping letter-box of our neighbour, the cheesemonger, before four o'clock, she will be destined to retire to rest uncheered by our tender sentences, and deprived perhaps of sleep for the night—or, what is worse, haunted by hideous dreams of wandering lonely by herself upon the solitary shore. Nobody fancies that a general bell-ringing is requisite or necessary for this; how then can it be maintained that an army of red-coated tintinnabulists are called for to remind the greasy citizens of the time when their letters about calico, or cheese, or consols, or smoothing irons, or the other plebeian concerns, that can afford any pretext for writing to the provinces on a given day, has arrived. Depend upon it if the bell was suppressed, these rogues would not miss a post in the year for the want of it. The consideration of this matter is humbly suggested to my friend Sir Francis Freeling.

## II.

## MACADAM.

Lord Redesdale said in Ireland, some thirty years ago, that in that country there was one law for the rich and another for the poor; and, on a moderate calculation, this dictum of his lordship has been repeated thirty thousand times in various notes of indignation by patriots of the Emerald island ever since. But although an Irishman myself, I cannot claim so important a monopoly as this would be, for my own beautiful country—I happen never to have heard of any country in which the same might not be with most emi-

nent justice asserted. A friend of mine, indeed, has suggested that England is an exception, because with us, instead of there being one law for poor, and another for the rich—there is no law for the poor at all—the whole code being directed against them.

Macadam is a case in point. This gentleman has torn the pavement out of the town with such complete success, that we are smothered by clouds of dust in summer, and obliged in winter to wade mid-leg through oceans of mud. To compensate for these

inconveniences, the cab, we are assured, is more smoothly driven, and the carriage moves on its noiseless way with less detriment to its chances of duration. All very well for those who have cabs and carriages! but their convenience is secured by the stifling or staining of us who have neither.

Again, the very silence of the motion is a source of misfortune to the walkers on foot. I remember in the days of my youth being much puzzled by a conundrum, "What is that which a carriage cannot go without, and yet is no use to it?" After considerable expense of CEdipodean labour, I excogitated the answer, which is, "Noise." An answer no

longer applicable. A carriage now comes upon us with the silence and speed of lightning, and you may know nothing about it until you find it thundering over you, and you are Juggernauted like my friend Huskisson. Mr. O'Connell moved last session for a return of all persons killed and wounded by the Irish police. I wish Mr. Goulburn would move for a return of the killed and wounded by Macadamization: it would be a subject worthy of his great mind.

Here also are the poor sacrificed to the rich. I submit that there is nothing in Magna Charta that gives free-born Englishmen the right of being rode over.

### III.

#### SOANE.

See the Bank of England—his own house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields—the Treasury—the whole of the Bæotian order of architecture.

### IV.

#### NASH.

See church in Langham-place—the Regent Mountain—the, &c. &c. &c.—or rather avoid seeing them, on the same principle that deters squeamish

people from visiting the Siamese boys, the armless girl, the Hottentot Venus, &c. If you have a taste for monstrosities, the case is otherwise.

### V.

#### THE NEW WIDE STREETS.

Tacitus says that the people of Rome charged the Emperor Nero with having widened the streets after the fire, of which they accuse him, out of a malicious design, of exposing

them to the sun, and thereby breeding disorders in the city. Nobody can accuse Lord Lowther of being Nero, and yet I object vigorously to the universal pulling down of London.\*

\* On the subject of tearing down London, I quote, with mournful pleasure, the following

#### "LAMENT OVER LONDON."

"Let others prate, in phrases grand,  
Of Places and of Squares,  
Extolling all Great George has planned,  
And all that Nash prepares.  
I join not in this praise at all,  
But shall deplore my loss,  
When looking up from fair Whitehall,  
I miss the Golden Cross.

"I miss already, with a tear,  
The Mews-gate public-house,  
Where many a gallant grenadier  
Did lustily carouse.  
Alas! Macadam's drouthy dust,  
That honoured spot doth fill;  
Where they were wont the ale robust,  
In the king's name to swill.

"I sorrow when I see the sight,  
That Hackney-coaches stand,  
Where once I saw the bayonet bright,  
Brought down with steady hand,  
That their plebeian noise should now  
Invade our listening ears,  
Where once we heard the tow-~~low~~ ~~low~~,  
Of the British grenadiers.

"As for Tom Bish, my agony  
Of woe, for him is past;  
So great this year he will not be,  
As he was in the last.  
For humbug now has won the day,  
And Lotteries are done,  
And why should Thomas longer stay—  
His occupation gone.



What an unsightly hole they have made at Charing-cross for example. I can understand why a great *Place*, as the French call it, should be made, for the purpose of ornamenting a large city; but why a row of shops should be pulled down with the view of doing nothing more than replacing them with another row of shops a few feet further back, is more than I can conjecture. What does it signify whether Howel and James's is thirty feet or three hundred feet apart from Colnaghi's.

The consequence is, that there is a cursed wind continually circumgyrating in these places with equal fury, no matter from which quarter it may be blowing elsewhere, which, when we couple it with the second nuisance, above enumerated, that of Macadamization, must be allowed to be intolerable. You have no shade to keep off the sun in summer, no screen

to protect you from the rain in winter; and the difficulties of the crossing is much augmented, a matter of no trivial import.

On the subject of large areas, let me remark that, I wish Russell-square was really (as certain wits wish it to be) an unknown land. But it is not. To gratify the acre-spreading taste of the Duke of Bedford, whose heavy countenance illustrates the square, we have a gaping void, in which the wind and the sun play all manner of gambols. In the days of Sir Thomas Lawrence, going to sit for your picture, was like visiting Sierra Leone at one period of the year, and Nova Zembla or Edinburgh, or some of these Hyperborean regions at another. Going to dine now with Sir Charles Flower, you experience the same inconvenience, but you brave it with more fortitude.

But not the Mews-gate house of call,  
Nor yet the Barrack-yard,  
Nor Bish pre-doomed to hasty fall  
By House of Commons hard;  
Afflict my soul with so much woe,  
Such sorrow manifold,  
As the approaching overthrow  
Of Charing's Cross of Gold.

"It stood, last relic, many a year,  
Conspicuous to be seen,  
Of Longshanks' sorrow o'er the bier  
Of Eleanor, his queen.  
Fanatic hands tore down the Cross,  
Carved out of goodly stone,  
And when we've mourn'd the coming  
loss,  
All trace of Nell is gone.

"Here once in days of ancient date,  
The Judges used to call,  
On palfreys from the Temple-gate,  
Bound for Westminster Hall.  
Here venison pasties, savory fare,  
Consoled the learned maw  
And made it valiant to declare  
The oracles of law.

"But now its ancient fame forgot,  
And other whimsies come,  
For plans I value not a jot,  
Prestidestined is its doom.  
No more I'll eat the juicy steak,  
Within its boxes pent,  
When in the mail my place I take,  
For Bath or Brighton bent.

"No more the coaches shall I see  
Come trundling from the yard,  
Nor hear the horn wound cheerily,  
By brandy-bibbing guard.  
King Charles, I think, must sorrow sore,  
Even were he made of stone,  
When left by all his friends of yore,  
(Like Tom Moore's rose) alone.

"No wonder the victorious Turk  
O'er Missolonghi treads,  
Roasts Bishops, and in bloody work  
Snips off some thousand heads.  
No wonder that the Crescent gains,  
When we the fact can't gloss,  
That we ourselves are at such pains  
To trample down the Cross.

✠ O London won't be London long,  
For 'tis almost pulled down;  
And I shall sing the funeral song  
O'er that time-honoured town.  
And while in notes of heartfelt woe,  
I tune my mournful quill,  
Will many a hearty curse bestow,  
On Nash and Wyatville."

It will be seen, by the allusion to Tom Bish, the Lottery, the taking of Missolonghi, &c. that this poem was written in 1826. Alas! what then was prediction is now history. The Golden Cross is demolished.

## VI.

## STREET MUSIC.

This is an absolute calamity. There is one comfort, that the rogues do not attempt any real music, and therefore you escape comparatively unwounded. You feel no qualm of conscience at the performance, perhaps adequate, of the compositions of Bishop, or Smart, or Blewitt, or Stevenson, or other illustrious authors of that class; but you feel a qualm of stomach. The majority of the Irish melodies played at their best, affect you with no slight degree of nausea—repeated in the street by the hurdy-gurdy grinders, and other itinerant dispensers of sour sounds, they make the hair stand on end. In the case when any thing that is music, such as the hunting chorus in Frieschutz, gets into their hands, we are so tortured by the damnable iteration, that we at last begin to think

it something with "beautiful words written for it expressly by T. Moore, Esq."

Then the songs—"Home, sweet home," stunned us for one year; "Cherry ripe," for another. "I'd be a butterfly," sung by a drunken thief in rags, much resembling a scare-crow, for a third; and so on.—It is odd that the wandering minstrels never catch a song with any thing manly or hearty in it. The curse of gentility descends to all caterers for public applause. "We never dances our bears but to genteel tunes." The best song of the street I have heard for some years, was, "Jarvy, Jarvy!—Here am I, your honour." I always admired the felicity with which the interjectional "Tamaroo" was introduced. Haynes Bayley never wrote any thing like it.

## VII.

## THE WATER CARTS.

Who manages these *aquarii* I know not. Their chief occupation appears to me to be the making of puddles in the street. On a dusty day you never see them; but when there is an opportunity of a concoction of mud,

their activity is irreproachable. That the drivers of the carts are public functionaries is evident, by the independence with which they splash all persons within their reach.

## VIII.

## HACKNEY COACHES.

On this subject I need not say much; a whole nest of nuisances is suggested by the mere mention of the name to the afflicted reader!—So insufferable a pest they had become, that it was presumptuously thought no-

thing could render it more intolerable. In order to shew to mortals how shortsighted they are in all such imaginations, Old Nick ordained that they should be regulated by Act of Parliament!

## IX.

## GAS IN ALL SHAPES.

A man of the name of Winsor has died lately, and a great splutter was set up in the newspapers, about the hard measure dealt to him in not having his claims to be the inventor of gas-lights duly acknowledged. I hope the poor man has not gone to a region illuminated according to his patent; but, if he has, it is a well-merited fate. They tell me, that the streets are better lighted. They may be so; I never felt any inconvenience from their former comparative obscu-

rity. But that is the sole advantage of the gaseous system, if it be one; in every other point of view gas-lighting is a nuisance. Go where you will, you are poisoned by the smell. An odour bursts forth every now and then—at the theatre, for example—which would knock down a horse. In the streets, you are oppressed by a miasma, that invades you down to the bottom of your fauces, exciting a preternatural thirst. In a house, where the inhabitants are so ill-ad-

vised as to use gas-lights, you are in a complication of horrors. The machinery is never in order. Out go all the lights of the house at a whiff, leaving you, from attic to cellar, in Cimmerian darkness—some cockney wag having turned off the gas; or the lights keep dancing and winking, with a sort of hiccupy motion, owing to some derangement in the valves; or an awkward servant, with too liberal a finger, lets loose a volume of flame that puts you in mind of Vesuvius, and extorts a panic-cry for

fire-engines! or a tube bursts, or leaks, or fizzes, and you are poisoned with a smell, to which that of the Augean stable must have been perfume!

In clubs, hotels, taverns, and other places where people feed, there ought to be a special act of Parliament to forbid them. They actually destroy the taste of the dishes. It is said, that the gas poisons the fish in the river; of that I cannot speak; but I know, that it destroys its flavour on the table.

## X.

## ELECTIONS, AND PUBLIC MEETINGS.

These things—farces, as his Highness calls them—happily occur in places where civilization or comfort is not expected to exist—Covent Garden, Smithfield, Spasfields formerly, Kennington Common, Clerkenwell Green, &c. &c. But to the passers-by, in those places, what can be more odious? Here two fellows bawl against one another to be ale-conner, or coroner, or churchwarden, or some other trash, and “Vote for Fig-gins!” or, “Vote for Wiggins!” is thrust down your throat at every corner.—“Make way for an elector!” is cried by a hundred officious partisans. “How do you vote, sir?—the independent candidate, sir!—Magna charta!—Bill of rights!—Freedom of the press!—Liberty of fiddle-dee!”—or, “The staunch old interest, sir!—The honour of the county!—No radicals!” &c. &c. stun you on all sides. If you declare, you have no interest on either side, you run a chance of being beaten by both.

Public meetings are, perhaps, a greater nuisance. If you be jammed in the crowd, there you stand until Heaven touches the heart of the orator to conclude, imbibing nonsense the most abominable, conveyed to you through an atmosphere of the vilest odours. Your pocket is picked—your coat unskirted—your hat beaten in—and if you do not shout in applause of all that it pleases your neighbours to approve, you are cuffed in all directions by the friends of freedom of opinion. A sore throat or sore head is your only alternative.

Thank God! these things—public meetings, I mean—are gradually be-

ing given up, (to write in the manner of the fine grammarians of the press). Have we any chance of seeing an end of elections, too? It is to be hoped. The Reformers, now-a-days, have got a new plaything, with which they are most busily diverting themselves—the Ballot. What will make worthy members of Parliament?—The Ballot. What pay the national debt?—The Ballot. What put all the best public instructors into place?—The Ballot. What make beef threepence a pound, and beer a penny the pot?—The Ballot. What make men bold and courageous in declaring their political feelings, and independent in proclaiming the man of their choice?—The Ballot. *What keep ginger from being hot in the mouth?*—The Ballot. So on. It may be so, and I dispute it not, as I know nothing of politics; but being in favour of Reform in Parliament, I may as well say that I am like the illustrious grandfather of my friend, Mrs. Norton, viz. Red-nosed Dick Sheridan, an Oftener-if-need-be. I think EVERY BODY ought to vote, and have a right of being chosen for parliament; and instead of ballot, give me Bridlegoose’s plan of lot. Hustle the names of all the inhabitants of a district, men, women, and children, both sexes, all ages, all degrees of understandings, all shades of characters, babes, sucklings, thieves, whigs, old women, political economists, idiots, religious poets, &c. &c., and let the first two names that come up, be the members. Such, or very near it, is the way in which they choose their mayors in Cork, a well-governed city. Read Bridlegoose’s defence of the practice,

and answer it if you can. There will be an end of all envying and quarrelling, all malice and ill-will. An election will be pure fun—nothing more—and such is my veneration for age, and my devotion for the sex, that I am firmly persuaded, if the

result should be that the lot fell universally upon the old women of the country, its intellect would be as adequately represented, and its interests as wisely and carefully watched as it is by the Houses of Lords and Commons at present.

## XI.

## THE STATIONARY ADVERTISERS.

Why do those fellows thrust their papers into one's hand. Is there any reason for supposing I have such pressing need of the information they

convey?—If it must be done, why are they so parsimonious of their paper?

## XII.

## THE DRAYS, WAGGONS, AND OTHER LEVIATHANS.

Have you ever noticed that these machines

"Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,"

come in your way most perversely, when you are most in a hurry? If you have an assignation to keep, or a dun to avoid—a girl before or a tailor after you—chuck comes a six-horsed caravan of coal, emerging from some corner, and laying an embargo on the rapidity of your motions, until the lady is out of your sight, or the fraction of humanity upon your shoulder. On other occasions, when the velocity of movement is of no consequence, when you are neither the hunter nor his prey, you are unmolested.

In like manner, what the citizens call "a lock," never occurs but when you are bent on speed. A bill lies due in Lombard Street. The too punctual clerk has called in the morning, leaving his ominous bit of paper, concluding with "*Please* call," [how civil that insidious word *please*] "between *three* and *five*,"—having the fear of the notary before your eyes, and the bill, unfortunately, amounting to a sum of 20*l.* 1*s.*—which the drawer positively protests he cannot renew for the fifth time, you raise, with inconceivable difficulty, the proceeds at four, in Piccadilly; and hastening, on the wings of the wind, towards Temple Bar, take a coach to put you faster towards your destination. Fatal measure! A

check of carriages from the various confluences of Fleet Market—Farringdon Street, I mean—Ludgate Hill—Bridge Street—Fleet Street itself meeting at the Waithmanian corner, keeps you tight as in a vice; and maugre all the efforts of your jarvey, and all his speed in getting forward, after being disentangled, you perceive, on casting your anxious eye upon the clock of the quondam post-office in Lombard Street, within four steps of the Bank, that it is three minutes past five, and sigh somewhat for your loss of credit in the bill-market; and still more, for the farce of the hackney-coach, and the three and sixpence to be paid for the tiny quadrangle of paper at the corner of your bill in the morning.

Or—but this is still more awful—running with a check upon a bank in dubious circumstances—caught in a storm of coaches—delayed—entangled—kept back—and at last, by super-human exertions, able to reach the door just in time to be told that it had stopped payment—and the rascal of a clerk, with a hypocritical scrape, condoling with you, by saying, "it was a pity you had not contrived to call a quarter of an hour before, when the sum being so small," &c. Jupiter confound him!

This happened to myself—*Poz!*

M. O'D.

*Junior United Service Club.*

## GUELPH IN UPPER CANADA.

[See Frontispiece.]

WHILE the kingdom, with the Isle of Man and its dependencies, are ringing with the faults and fine things in "Galt's Life of Byron," we have the pleasure to present the advocates of emigration, with a View of Guelph, another sort of work of which he was the author and editor, in the province of Upper Canada. The renowned Doctor Dunlop has promised to write a history of this capital of the Western World—to be; in the meantime, we have accidentally obtained, with leave to make use of it, a private letter from Mr. Galt to one of his friends, describing the founding of this second Rome or Babylon, which, until the doctor's work, in three volumes quarto, appear, must be interesting to the whole civilized world, and Mr. Wilmot Horton.

*Guelph, 2 June, 1827.*

\*\*\*\*\* "The site chosen was on 'a nameless stream's untrodden banks,' about eighteen miles, in the forest, from GALT—a great future city, founded by a friend of mine, with a handsome bridge over the *Grand river*, and of which I had never heard, until it had a post-office. Early on the morning of St. George's day, I proceeded on foot towards the spot, having sent forward a band of woodmen, with axes on their shoulders to prepare a shanty for the night—a shed made of boughs and bark, with a great fire at the door. I was accompanied by my friend Dunlop, a large fat, facetious fellow, of infinite jest and eccentricity, but he forgot his compass, and we lost our way in the forest. After 'wandering up and down,' like the babes in the wood, without even a blackberry to console us—the rain raining in jubilee—we came to the hut of a Dutch settler, in which no English was to be obtained. However, after much jabber, loud speaking, and looking at one another, with mouth, eyes, and nostrils, in addition to

ears—Mynheer gave tongue that he could speak French—which he did, no doubt, perfectly; as in telling us that he had cleared a farm in the STATES which he had exchanged for his present habitation, he expressively said, '*Je swapé.*' We hired him for our guide.

"It was almost sunset when we arrived at the rendezvous; my companion, being wet to the skin, unclothed and dressed himself in two blankets, one in the Celtic and the other in the Roman fashion—the kilt and the toga; the latter was fastened on the breast with a spar of timber that might have served for the mainmast to 'some great admiral.' I 'kept my state,' (as Macbeth says of his wife, at the banquet,) of dripping drapery. We then, with surveyors and woodmen (*Yankicé* chop-pers) proceeded to a superb maple-tree,\* and I had the honour and glory of laying the axe to the root thereof, and soon it fell 'beneath our sturdy strokes,' with the noise of an avalanche. It was the genius of the forest unfurling his wings and departing for ever. Being the king's name-day, I called the town Guelph—the smaller fry of office having monopolized every other I could think of; and my friend drawing a bottle of whiskey from his bosom, we drank prosperity to the unbuilt metropolis of the new world. The place thrives wonderfully—almost already like a village in the Genesee country, where steeples grow like Jack's bean-stalk. Pedlars, with waggons, visit us. I have had ladies, too; and my friend, the bishop, has also been here. In this business, I am attempting to carry my colonial system into effect; corrected by the experience of the great land associations in the state of New York; but I fear the gentry in St. Helen's Place are too impatient for returns. They expect the ship to be earning a freight before she is launched. They have their own business to attend to, and they have not time to learn mine. It is upwards of twenty years since I first paid attention to it, and can safely say, it is not to be learned by only reading a prospectus calculated for the ca-

\* The inclosed *stump* near the end of the bridge, in the picture, represents the relic of this maple.

1. The view is from a rising ground, called Brunswick Hill.
2. The river, in the fore-ground, has been named by the founder, *THE SPEED*; a fine clear stream. It has been already celebrated in poetry, by the schoolmaster, Domine Keogh, who has styled it, "The ague-less Speed."
3. The house and offices in front, overlooking the river, was the residence of Mr. Galt. It is very neatly built of logs.
4. The building, with the flag, is the market-house—a rude copy of a Greek temple. The ingenious may see that, in a certain sense, it resembles the *Bourse* of Paris.
5. The inclosed building, facing the bridge, is of stone, and one of the Canada Company's offices; and the building, also of stone, in a line with it, belongs to the community. It is a school which, on Sunday, serves for a place of worship.

capacity of the Stock-'change. If care be not taken, considering how much joint stock companies have become tainted in public opinion, the shares in the Canada Company—if we make difficulties from our own fears and ignorance—will soon be low enough; although it is no subterranean concern, but all above ground, and property obtained for every shilling that is laid out.

"For my next town, Captain M\*\*\* is to stand godfather. You know who he is—a nephew of the Earl of D——, and the eldest son of Mr. R\*\*\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*, of P., whom, perhaps, you know; he being a Whig, like your Lordship; but he is in the Lower House. I do not allude to that appointed for *all* Whigs. He sent me a bottle of Highland whiskey to christen the town. What will you send for the baptism of yours? Hitherto we have had no adventures in Guelph, not even one Sabine scene; but an incident in the clearing was magnificent. Desirous of seeing the effect of a rising ground, at the end of a street where a popish church, about twice the size of St. Peter's at Rome, is one day to be built—[The site was chosen by the Bishop, and we have some expectation that his coadjutor, Mr.

Weld, of Lulworth Castle, is coming here]—I collected all the choppers in the settlement to open a vista, and exactly in two hours and ten minutes, 'by Shrewsbury clock,' or my own watch, an avenue was unfolded as large as the Long Walk in Windsor Park, and of trees that, by their stature, reduce to pigmies all the greatest barons of the English groves."

N. B.—We are promised a view of Goderich, another town, founded by Mr. Galt, on the shores of Lake Huron, nearly a hundred miles to the westward of Guelph, and more than seventy miles in the woods, remote from any other settlement. Guelph is between thirty and forty miles from Lake Ontario and Lake Erie; is considerably more in a straight line from Lake Huron; and perhaps about fifty from Lake Simcoe. It is more than six hundred miles above Quebec, and is reported to be situated in one of the finest tracts of land probably in the whole American continent.

#### CALM AND STORM.

THE little bark goes gaily on,  
 Careering o'er the deep;  
 The breeze so gently swells her sail,  
 The winds seem chained in sleep.  
 The playful billows lave her sides—  
 Then burst—to rise no more:  
 The sailor now in slumber lies,  
 Or rests upon his oar!

But see! the clouds begin to lower:  
 List to the thunder's crash!  
 'Tis darkness all, save when bursts forth  
 The lightning's vivid flash!  
 The piercing shrieks of that lost crew  
 Fell faintly on the land;  
 Ere morn their lifeless trunks were stretched  
 Upon the rugged strand!

## THE SOCK AND THE BUSKIN.

## No. I.

THERE was a time when theatrical affairs were principal topics in periodical works of all sorts and sizes. The place of the sparkish Templar, the wit about town, was then in the pit of a theatre. The chief theme of conversation at Will's or Button's, was the last new play or new actor. The first night of a piece drew the whole London world to the house, and its merits or demerits were the subject of many a long and bitter controversy. The discussion of the respective abilities of Quin and Garrick for example, called forth as much critical judgment, and as much angry disquisition, as in another age was employed in comparisons between Homer and Virgil, or Cicero and Demosthenes. The quarrels of the green-room occupied all the vehicles of public intelligence; the jests there committed fled over the kingdom, and filled the pages of all the Joe Millers. Long poems—the Rosciad, for instance—were continually written on dramatic affairs; and to be ignorant of what was going on in the theatre, was a degree of darkness that no one, who had any pretensions to civilization, would dare confess. To be master of a green-room secret, made a man a personage of no small importance. In fact, the word “town,” signified the people who went to theatres. They were the *δῶρυ*. “The town was pleased;” “it did not hit the taste of the town;” “the town expressed its opinion;” “the town did not attend;” “Tweedledum and tweedledee divided the town,” &c. Those whom their ill taste and ill fortune kept away from the theatres were not recognized as inhabitants of a civilized district. They were barbarians not yet emerged from some of the primitive stages of human society.

What a change has come over us! We are now actually obliged to apologise for intruding into a Magazine, having any literary pretensions, even the casual notice of the existence of any such things as theatres. [The Opera is another affair.] The newspapers themselves, which are their last hold, huddle them into a corner, and consign them to the same hands which report a Kennington Common meet-

ing, or a lecture by Mr. Cobbett. Those who are now “the town”—the exquisites, the dandies, the exclusives, the ladies who are at home, and the gentlemen who are in the clubs, know nothing about them. *Frequenting* a theatre would be ruin to any man of the slightest pretensions. You might as well have, under the dynasty of Brummell, asked twice for soup. Literary men, with scarcely an exception of any pretensions, avoid writing for the stage; if Byron or Scott wrote a play, they took care to prefix the rather superfluous notice in their cases, that it is not intended to be acted. Our modern dramas are avowedly taken from the French, and adapted by a process, which, as far as intellect is concerned, is not above the craft of a tinker, to English manners. The actors, though in general respectable men, are no longer companions of the upper classes either of rank, fashion, or literature; it is acknowledged that their characters are irreproachable, and their talent considerable, but they are no more than tradesmen. We feel the same curiosity about them or their affairs, as we do about the sayings or doings of our tailors. Even the *éclat* of an adventure with a lady of the theatre, which was once a matter that filled the hearts of rival beaux with envy, has lost its glories; but this is too delicate a subject for further comment. As for our taking any interest in the wars or peaces of the green-room, or our discussing which is the better or worse actor, there is just as much chance of our troubling ourselves with the business of the prize ring, and contrasting the merits of Jem Ward with those of Simon Byrne. We see the name of the people in the newspapers, but care no more about them than we do about Charles Kemble or Mr. Vandenhoff.

Many reasons have been assigned for this undoubted carelessness as to dramatic affairs among us. The spread of methodism is alleged as one cause, but *by itself* that could not do much more than the hostility of the severer orders in the Roman Catholic church might effect abroad. The travelling preachers have less influence

upon English society than the Capuchins and other monastic mountebanks had upon that of France and Italy. The late dinners of fashionable life are mentioned as a second obstacle; but this is only saying in another way that it is not the fashion to go to the theatre. It merely puts us back a single step. If people of fashion were as fond of the drama as their grandfathers and grandmothers, they would very soon make their dinners fit theatrical hours. The size of the great houses—a third cause, according to some—may mainly contribute to the necessity of sacrificing the ear to the eye, and therefore make the poet and wit give way to the machinist and scene-painter. But in other countries the same causes are in operation; and, let us add, that the scene-painters and machinists of Drury-lane and Covent-garden produce what we may justly call triumphs of art; things in themselves well worthy to be visited. The smaller theatres do not afford any thing superior in point of talent or attraction to the larger. Their pieces are not better—they are indeed rather worse, difficult as the production of worse pieces than those which “the Lane” and “the Garden” now-a-days produce, may appear to be. The decline of the drama, as it is called, cannot therefore be attributed in any striking degree to the size of the houses; which, after all, must in any case be a secondary matter; because, if public taste rendered smaller houses a more profitable speculation, the large ones would have been unquestionably reduced.

Let us attempt in some sort a solution of the difficulty, if there be one. We think it will be found chiefly in two causes—the *march of Intellect* and the *march of London*. Of the latter, first—

1. It is evident that the increased size of London has rendered a desire for public amusements less vivid. The fashionable people fancy themselves compelled to live apart, and to include, for the purposes of visiting, &c. their dominion within comparatively small limits. The increasing wealth (or its greater condensation, for as we are not writing politics in this article, we shall avoid all debatable topics.) has given the means of appearing fashionable to many—say thousands;

whom those who are already in possession do not wish to acknowledge. This draws the line still closer. Contact, in all cases, with these people, must be sedulously avoided—and how could it be avoided if frequenting public places of amusement were permissible. The narrow circle must, therefore, amuse itself; and, owing to the size of London, it can do so. The nightly parties and daily visitings can very well supply the place of theatres to those classes who went formerly to the play only to see and be seen. The mob of the boxes do not contain their friends—for what is going on upon the stage they never pretended to care. The late dinner, which, now that hospitality is voted coarse, is no *event* of the day, assembles those whom a box world would formerly have assembled; and the miscellaneous rabble of the fashionable party supplies whatever might have been expected to be found in the company of a “theatre sixty years ago.”

2. *The March of Intellect*. When playhouses, in England, absorbed all public attention, or divided it only with politics and the pulpit, the reading classes were far less numerously supplied than at present.—Those who—because they had no light intellectual fare spread before them—went to the play, now find their wants, in some degree at least, supplied by the improved newspaper, the superior magazine, the new creation of novel, &c. &c. It is less and less necessary every day to go to the theatre *pour se delasser*; the private party is more entertaining. The accomplishments of society have spread over a wider class—the means of gratifying the minor intellectual tastes more easily accessible—and the play is but one of the attractions which educated life affords. We gradually have become more fastidious in critical matters. Shakspeare is, after all, our drama; and who now can look upon his plays, with few exceptions, without a sigh at the manner in which they *must* be marred. What is Falstaff on the stage, to what he is in the closet?—Is not Macbeth murdered?—and Hamlet, where is *he*?

Here, then, we look upon the theatre as neither a resort of fashion, a school of taste, nor an arena for literary talents. Writing for the theatre,



at all times hazardous—[*valeat res ludicra, si me palma negata macrum, &c.*—] is only ventured upon by men of character when the reward is great, either in honour or money. What honour could by possibility await the success of any piece before the audiences that fill our theatres? The real dramatic writer of the present day appeals to the closet, and generally chooses the novel as the shape in which he appears. The reward of Drury Lane or Covent Garden is small when compared with what literature supplies in other directions; and, therefore, with scarcely an exception, nobody tries dramatic writing as a business, but those who have no chance of succeeding in any other department. As the author sinks, so sinks the actor. The one, poorly remunerated, is careless of his composition; the other, having lost the main link which bound him to the living intellect of the country, becomes a mere mechanic. Buffoons, and the broader they are the better—simple tune-turners, and the less of scientific music they know the better—these are the really successful performers at present. The jack-pudding and the ballad-singer must ever be the favourites at Bartholomew fair.

They manage these matters otherwise in France. In France, the stage is yet connected with the literature of the country, and from the mouths of the French players you are still sure to hear the language spoken in its purity. In France, the poet, the scholar, the man of fashion, and the gentleman, do still write plays, and the honour derived from success in their authorship is even greater than it was with us in the days of Sir Charles Sedley. A single comedy has secured the writer's election in the academy—has procured him the ribbon of honour—and gained him the *entrée* to the most aristocratic salons; while he, at the same time, is not deprived of a more substantial reward, in the shape of a regular per centage upon the receipts arising from the performance of his work in every theatre of the French dominions. There, too, the actor must be of a superior order; a single fault in pronunciation would be sufficient to occasion his everlasting expulsion. His appearance and manners are expect-

ed to be those of a gentleman; and if he possess not these, and the education necessary to prevent his committing any error in delivery, or misrepresentation of the meaning of his author, no interest, no respect for a name rendered famous by the genius of those who formerly bore it, would enable him to keep his place upon the lowest theatre in Paris. Thus it happens, that no Frenchman ever dreams of rushing to the stage from the desk or the counter, which his idleness or dishonesty has compelled him to abandon. He knows, that, even to be tolerated, he must possess that perfect purity of pronunciation, and grace of delivery, which belong not to the ignorant and the vulgar; and consequently, even in the lowest characters of the drama, we never see in France any of those wretched animals, who offend our eyes and hurt our ears in Horatio, and all the other parts which, in the language of our green-rooms, are described as second-rate. In France no person is considered to have a prescriptive right to the first line of characters. The actors there form a society, in which all are equal, and in which no man can rise to eminence, except by the gradual exhibition of power in the various parts which are successively committed to his charge. The actresses, too,—[we will not dwell upon their character, for in all countries that must naturally be the same.]—are, for the like reasons, elegant and fascinating creatures. A clumsy Celimene would be hooted from the stage; an ill-made Suzon, and an ugly Hortense, would share the same fate; and an Elmiere that spoiled the verses of Molière by a provincial vulgarity of pronunciation, would be sacrificed forthwith to the offended dignity of Thalia. From the intimate connexion which always exists between effect and cause, the actresses there live in the most learned and polished society of the literary capital of Europe. The *soirées* of Mademoiselle Mars are the most *recherchées* things in the world. There is more genius in her assemblies, than in half the kingdoms of Europe. All persons of rank and name in the world of letters must find themselves in her *salon*; and any drama, in which she is to perform, excites, long before its production, the most intense interest.

The simple fact of its acceptance, by judges so competent as are the *sociétaires* of the *Theatre Français*, proves to a certain extent its merit; and, for a long period before and after its production, it is the subject of universal conversation, and an object of excitement in all classes of the community.

In Italy also, how enthusiastic is the population of every town, from the Aristocrats to the lowest plebeians, respecting the production of a new opera. The Abderite mania is every day rehearsed there in favour of some successful composer. The glories of diplomatists and conquerors sink in their estimation far below that of a Rossini or Bellini, and therefore it would be idle to dwell upon the important influence which all things relating to the theatre exercise over the life of the Italian. Indeed, if we were allowed to choose a pleasurable existence, we should prefer that of a *prima donna* at La Scala or San Carlos, to any other, saving that of the ancient Jupiter—the gentleman who possessed all those attributes of power and means of pleasure so copiously detailed by Lucian.

\* \* \* \* \*

This is, we fear, too long a preface, to what must be a short notice of the present dramatic campaign, so far as it has gone. Let us, therefore, without further delay, enter *in medias res*. It may be asked why, after having declared that nobody goes to the theatre, and given our reasons for that desertion so much at length, we should trouble ourselves with writing critiques on histrionic matters. To which we answer, that after all we have said, a great number of actual people still *do* go to the play, and that (after having duly apologized for introducing such considerations into our pages,) we may divert ourselves with the two houses in the hundreds of Drury Lane, and the parish of St. Paul's, while the other houses of farcical entertainment in the vicinity of Palace-yard under the patronage of St. Stephen continue closed.

First then in point of chronology and merit we begin with Old Drury.

The newspapers have told us of decorations in blue and silver taken from the Opera Comique, at Paris. There are triangles and quadrangles, hearts

and darts, true love knots and flower-pots, and other splendid affairs of the same kind. Over this house is a brilliant ceiling—fronting the house a grand drop of gold and red—all that the fine hand of the gilder and varnisher can make. But the soul within—

Why, the soul within is, in comedy—Liston, Farren, Downton, Harley, Vining.—Why should we catalogue? In tragedy there is at least one star—Macready.

We shall let the comedians pass without a remark; but as Macready has seldom had justice done to him, we must say that he is a scholar and a gentleman, and, if we except Kean, the only man at present upon the stage who has *inspirations*. He has only appeared in the character of Virginius. This is one of those characters—half-melodramatic, half-tragic—which owes its popularity altogether to the actor, the claim of the author being as small as may be. In them Macready is admirable. His taste and talent shed a lustre upon the romance which he has to declaim. Besides, in Virginius, there are many touches of true feeling which he renders admirably, and without conferring upon it the praise which belongs to the personation of the great moments of dramatic genius, it is in truth a splendid performance. A crowded audience received the personation with great applause, and, in the absence of Kean, Macready will, doubtless, be the greatest attraction of the season.

In opera, the company is strong, and might be rendered highly effective by a line of management to which we shall allude hereafter.

Braham, it is true, and Miss Stephens, are no longer numbered in its ranks; but we can well dispense with them. Braham was, at all times, chiefly remarkable for the perverse ingenuity with which he made himself one of the worst *scenic* vocalists in Europe, although he possessed an organ that, in power and sweetness, has scarcely ever been surpassed; and as to Miss Stephens—Time—envious Time!—has, in her person, long since destroyed the sweetest ballad-singer we ever heard, excepting only Madame Malibran. The manager, too, has discharged that sallow grenadier, Miss Betts, and a grateful

public cannot fail to applaud the meritorious act. Miss Byfield is now the *prima donna*: she is a young person of much promise, and great purity of style; and there is little doubt, that if she continue to despise the applauses of the galleries—to be a *contemptor Divin*—she will yet be an accomplished singer. Sinclair is engaged as the first tenor: he is as good as any other we know on the English stage at present; but he is, notwithstanding, a special bad article.

In addition to these, there are many others who can sing respectably in chorusses and concerted pieces; and as Mr. Lee commands at the moment one of the finest orchestras in the world, it is therefore fully in his power to produce some of the operas of the German and French schools, wherein the harmonies are, for the most part, instrumental—in a style of excellence which has heretofore been unknown to our lyric-stage. It is really idle to bring forward operas which derive all their enchantment from the melodies allotted to the *prima donna*—or the first tenor—we have nobody capable of giving us even a faint idea of the beauties which naturally belong to them; the *Barber of Seville*, therefore, and the *Don Juan*, are things unbearable to those who have ever seen *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Il Don Giovanni*. This said *Barber of Seville* served as a medium of introduction of two vocalists from Dublin to our boards. Miss S. Phillips appeared before us in *Rosina*: she is a young lady who is, in all respects, to be spoken of in tolerables—she is tolerably well-formed—tolerably well-looking—is a tolerable actress—and a tolerable singer, with a tolerably sweet and clear mezzo-soprano voice—and this is all that can be said. The other importation, Mr. Latham, swaggered through *Figaro*, after the traditional fashion. He seems to have some skill, as a musician, and he has quite voice enough for a second-rate English singer; but the music of the *Barber* is altogether beyond his reach. *Figaro* is a great creation: it is one of *Rossini's* triumphs: all the other personations, excepting Basilio, with his magnificent aria, *La Colomina*, are failures. *Rosina* and *Almaviva* are as frigid lovers as if the sun never

shone in Seville; *Bartolo* and the rest are mere lumber. But *Figaro* is really a glorious fellow, and his celebrated air (which *Rossini* himself sings better than any mortal breathing) would be sufficient to immortalize the composer.

Enough of this, however; what we would say to Lee is: your good taste and liberal feeling have induced you to assemble an admirable band—one on which you may place implicit dependence. You have also assembled the best opera company you could, but the country does not afford singers; and you cannot, consequently, depend on them for any thing but spoiling the music committed to their charge. In a multitude of singers, however, as in a multitude of councillors, there is safety. Their defects will escape detection in chorusses, and so forth. Select, therefore, those operas in which there are few, if any, solos, and which have been written for the orchestra; that is to say, as we before observed, choose from the German and modern French schools, the masters of which had and have indifferent companies to deal with, and consequently, with a due regard for their own good name, decline trusting their reputation to any, saving their dearly beloved, the musicians, on whose talents they can rely.

Old comedies, well cast, and admirably performed, have hitherto filled Drury Lane. The managers have not, therefore, found it necessary to bring forward any novelties. Many, however, are said to be in preparation; and we have been informed, that a liberal and gentlemanly spirit has been introduced into the management, which promises to procure a degree of respectability for this department of the institution which it certainly never enjoyed before.

At Covent Garden they seem to depend upon the talents of the two Kembles, and we are much mistaken if the cry of *toujours perdrix* has not been already raised against the constant repetition. Abbott is a performer who has not received the credit which he deserves; he is, in fact, an extremely desirable and useful actor; but the necessities of the house, or the jealousies of the manager, put him into parts for which

he was never calculated. The sepulchral tones and iron visage of Warde render the number of characters in which he can be employed very small, and he never will be an attractive actor. Yet these are the only persons Charles Kemble has to assist him in tragedy. Miss Ellen Tree, a fine showy girl, is the only tragic lady besides Miss Fanny Kemble; and Miss E. Tree's talents and appearance fit her more for melodrama. In some melodramatic parts, such as that of Christina in the young Queen she acts superbly, but her tragedy is mediocre. Conscious it would seem of being ill provided, the manager has called in T. P. Cooke from the minor theatres, to display his talents in various "tales of the sea." In nautical characters Cooke is excellent; but is not *Black Eyed Susan* a most nauseating piece? Is the blubbering sentiment with which it is filled the language habitually used by British tars?—is the offence of William such as would consign a British sailor to an ignominious death?—is the conduct of the captain that of a British officer?—or the proceedings of the court martial such as could take place in the British navy? So far from its being a national drama, it ought to be considered as a decided libel upon that service which we most especially respect, and ought to be hooted off the stage. The composition, plot, arrangement, are all as contemptible as can be conceived, and the event by which the *dénouement* is brought about is absurd to the last degree. As, however, it is popular, we cannot censure the people at Covent Garden for bringing it forward; but we submit that its popularity is a strong proof of the decided cockneyism of the London audiences; every where else it has been unsuccessful. Cooke's acting floats the lumber; but we should wish that so excellent a sailor was embarked in a more seaworthy craft. We are mistaken, moreover, if its popularity be not on the wane. The ill success of another sea-piece at this house some nights ago, which was just as well written, and as true to life as *Black Eyed Susan*, is ominous of a growing disgust. We think such things had better be left to the Adelphi.

The Kembles are the main pillars of their house, and both father and

daughter bring no small degree of talent to support the splendour of their theatrical name. In the upper walks of tragedy, Charles Kemble does not deserve a high place; but in all secondary characters he was, and perhaps still is, commendable. In comedy his merit is universally acknowledged in those characters which he has made his own, Charles Surface, &c. His Falstaff was a decided failure; but, to speak fairly, we do not see how Falstaff can be so acted as to escape critical censure. The ideal which we all form of that wonderful creation, can hardly be embodied. The outward bulk may be given; but who can fitly represent the wit within? In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Falstaff is more a butt than a wit, he has been admirably portrayed—he is so at this moment by Dowton; but in *Henry the Fourth*, where he is the actual hero of the play, casting even Hotspur and the Prince themselves into the shade, we doubt if any one has ever been completely successful. Tradition represents Quin as having been the best—the general testimony of the players of the present day sets down Charles Kemble as the worst.

His Douglas, his Romeo, his Benedick—many more—are or were excellent; but the rude hand of Chronos, we are afraid, has interfered to take away the bloom of his acting in such characters.

"Out upon time! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to  
grieve  
O'er that which hath been."——

We have sometimes thought, when seeing him doing the gay lover of fate, that somebody might whisper to him that in such parts

"Lusisti satis——  
Tempus abire tibi est; ne——  
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas."

And yet some portion of the spirit remains. His Mercutio, as he played it last year, was exquisite and original: We are sorry to learn (we have not seen him in it this season,) that he is now overdoing it. The deuce is in these players, they cannot get a good thing but they spoil it. On the whole, admitting, as we cheerfully do, the merits of Charles Kemble, he was never able of himself to support a theatre in his best days, and time

does not improve actors as it does Madeira.

Miss Fanny Kemble. Criticism, by a competent authority, was described as an ungentle art—if harshly applied to a lady, and especially a very young lady, it might with no unfairness be described by a longer word—as ungentlemanly. Yet of a verity we are forced to confess that we do not think Miss Fanny Kemble a very great actress; and the general voice is, we fear, beginning to coincide with this our opinion. She came forward under singular advantages—her youth, her family, the cause for which she appeared, her devotion to her father's fortunes—we must add, her considerable talents—all were in her favour. The great dispensers of fame, therefore, the daily and weekly critics, were all prepossessed in her behalf, and came prepared to see her beauties, and to trumpet them forth to the world. Their praises, in general injudicious enough, which were of no small service in swelling her popularity at first, have done her mischief in more ways than one. They have reacted. People who have been taught to expect a goddess, are disappointed when they find that they meet only a woman, even though she be endowed with all the graces. In the provinces this was especially felt. The over-puffing of London had prepared them for an excellence far above what it is the lot of any actress, except some half dozen in the whole history of our drama, to have claimed. From the extravagance of praise to the extravagance of censure is little more than a step, and that step was made by Miss Fanny Kemble in her provincial tour.

But the overstrained praise of her friends hurt her in a more serious particular. It has persuaded her that she stepped *at once* into the very highest honours of the drama; and that being laurelled with the applauses of the London newspaper critics, she was already at the top of her art. She, who was assured by all the critics of the morning and evening—of the Saturday and the Sunday—that, like Lord Peter's brown loaf in the *Tale of the Tub*, she was the concentration of all that was goodly in all the actresses that ever appeared—might well dispense with study. She was armed *cap-à-pie*, and proceeded

from the head of Jove perfect at once. Accordingly, her original defects, which were part and parcel of the praise of the sagacious article-mongers—have been exaggerated. Her odd and affected pronunciation has daily become more odd and more affected:—"whole" was originally "hull"—now "soul" is "sull"—"roll"—"rull," &c.; *vice versa*, "moan" was "munnn," now "stone" is "stun"—"bone"—"bunn," and so on. Farm—starm—marn—barn—usurp the places of form, storm, morn, born. The capricious up and down intonations of her voice have become more capricious. Now this is trifling with her greatest perfection, for her voice is her highest recommendation. Her face (in spite of the misrepresentation of Sir Thomas Lawrence,) or her figure, are not striking. She has no new conceptions of any importance, and her general style is manneristical.

As she is decidedly a clever girl, she may get rid of most of her defects; but there is only the one way, attentive study and diligent practice. (As to her figure she will of course become more formed and womanly, and, at all events, excellence in what mind can effect, compensates for any personal deficiencies. When talent is shown—

"Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick six feet high.")

A few years will prove whether the diurnal critics mistook blossom for fruit or not—we think they have. In the mean time she may believe, when we tell her, that she is not a first rate actress; but we must console her (if her *amour propre* be wounded by any thing we can say,) that no lady or gentleman ever obtained perfection in a difficult art without labour and practice. Even in poetry, the very department where it is said—*Poeta nascitur, non fit*—we have never heard of an uneducated person, who ever wrote any thing worth a second reading. Let her work.

We must wind up—there are many persons—Wallack, Miss Philips the tragic actress, Miss Mordaunt, Mrs. Waylett, Keely, Keely's wife, &c. &c. &c.—and many arrangements and speculations—and all the minor theatres, (Reeve, Mrs. Yates, Elliston, Vestris, Mathews, Yates, play at the

minors)—and all the writing for the theatres, which we leave untouched. We can only say that the *Jew of Aragon* was most deservedly damned—if it be published, we may perhaps review it, but in its present condition it would be to

“Muddle acknowledged mud, paint negroes black,  
Or put fresh pairs of ears upon the ass.”  
to say any thing of the unanimously smothered rubbish of Mr. Wade.

We shall put in a note some observations upon a theatrical fracas.\*

\* On Saturday the 10th of October, Mr. Westmacott, who is said to be the Editor of the *Age*, was called from a box, and on his coming out was immediately struck from behind with a bludgeon upon the temple by Mr. Charles Kemble. Westmacott fell, and Mr. Kemble repeated his blows, principally about the head, exclaiming that he would not permit any man to call his daughter a ———. Some persons connected with the theatre, box-keepers, and others, came up and insulted the fallen Editor, who was without any means of defence. A constable at last attended, but took scarcely any part in protecting Westmacott, contenting himself with recommending Mr. Kemble to discontinue striking a man down. When Westmacott escaped, this constable took no trouble to secure the assailant, until compelled by distinct charge to do so. He then brought Mr. Kemble to Bow-street, with so little the appearance of having a charge against him, that the magistrate thought Mr. K. came there as a chance spectator, and invited him to a seat on the bench. Westmacott was unable to attend, and although the constable had seen a man beaten and lying bleeding on the ground, he did not think it any part of his duty to offer any evidence on the subject, and Mr. K. was dismissed after a burlesque proceeding.

On this, that very well-managed paper, the *Spectator*, remarks:—

#### “THE THEATRICAL AFFRAY.

“We know nothing of the quarrel between Mr. Charles Kemble and the reputed editor of the *Age*; and we do not intend to enter into the inquiry whether wounds to the feelings are more or less cruel outrages than blows on the back, or whether bamboos or pens are the severer instruments of malignity. These investigations we at present decline; nor will we stop to raise the question, whether the proprietor of a theatre is taking the best course to procure the habit of order, when he himself sets the example of selecting it as a place for a breach of the laws of the coarsest kind. Whatever Mr. Westmacott may have been with his pen, he has been suitably matched by Mr. Charles Kemble with his cudgel. Besides these persons, there is, however, a third party whose conduct more immediately interests the public; we mean Mr. Thomas, the police-officer; whose account of his proceedings on witnessing the assault was as follows. In answer to Mr. Hall’s question, why he had not interposed, and taken Mr. Kemble at once into custody—

“Mr. Thomas replied (we quote the *Chronicle’s* report) that he knew such was the practice in general; and explained the cause of his not having acted in that way, by stating, that on part of the audience becoming acquainted with the persons of Mr. Westmacott and Mr. Kemble, a general hooting took place, and a disposition was evinced by many gentlemen present to follow up the assault upon Mr. Westmacott, who had fallen on the floor. After having prevented Mr. Kemble from assaulting him further, he was engaged in begging those present to keep the peace, and see that no further injury was done to Mr. Westmacott. Whilst so engaged, (and the whole affair was the work of a moment,) Mr. Kemble, without saying anything, walked away to the green-room. Mr. Westmacott asked him then to take his arm; but this he refused to do, noticing that the audience manifested strong feelings of dislike to Mr. Westmacott. The latter then, charged him with having acted unfairly, and told him at his peril to go and take Mr. Kemble into custody, and convey him to Bow Street. He accordingly went to Mr. Kemble, in the green-room, and told him what had been said. Mr. Kemble said he would go cheerfully to Bow Street, and accordingly walked with him to the office.”

“We recommend to the attention of the superintending authorities, the courageous and humane bearing of the officer, who refused aid to a severely-beaten person, because he appeared to be disliked by the spectators of the fray. Considering his office, Mr. Thomas would seem wondrously nice in respect of services of assistance. He eschews giving support to an unpopular man beaten to the ground with a cudgel. Perhaps he thought, to protect him from the assault equally unbecoming his character, and an officious interference with the pleasure of the master of the house.”

If justice were done, whatever may be the merits of the case, so far as Westmacott and Kemble are concerned—Thomas should certainly be dismissed. It is clear that in any outrage which the manager of the house in which he is employed may patronise, this constable will take his part. We do not think the magistrates undeserving of blame; but the skill and honour of Bow-street functionaries are too well appreciated to render any proceedings there objects of wonder.

Westmacott wrote to the papers, (which, not much to their credit, almost unanimously defended this assault of a man of Kemble’s size upon a very little person, under circum-

stances of extraordinary surprise, being induced to do so by the paltry tribute of the free admissions to the theatre, or some equally paltry motive of jealous spleen of a brother journalist, attacked in a manner which might be to-morrow the lot of any one connected with them,) a letter denying that he ever applied so coarse a word as that which her father used, in reference to Miss Fanny Kemble; or that he ever insinuated, directly or indirectly, any thing derogatory to the universally acknowledged excellence of her character. On examining a file of the *Age*, we can only find two articles of adverse criticism, which we here subjoin. The first is in verse:—

“AN ODE TO COVENT GARDEN.

“O’ut, alas! the times are hard in  
Thy great playhouse, Covent Garden!  
If they mend not, I assure ye,  
You’ll be dish’d clean by Old Drury:  
See, to carry on the war,  
They’ve recruited, near and far;  
And have levied such a power,  
As never London saw before,  
Young and old, and short, and tall,  
Soldiers, ‘pioneers and all,’  
Tragic, comic, operatic,  
In short, a perfect corps dramatique.

“While these cohorts fill THEIR trenches,  
YOUR defence lies on two wenchies,  
Black ey’d Susan—black ey’d Fanny—  
What can they against so many?  
If of two the Town must choose one,  
Who d’ye think will care for Susan?  
And, tho’ I love her, never can I  
Dote alone on Tragic Fanny.  
Pr’ythee change, then, Charley Kemble:  
If you don’t, you well may tremble.  
Soon you’ll find your two pet doxies  
Will leave you nought but ‘empty boxes,’  
And your prizes turn to blanks—  
The public owe you but small thanks.

There is nothing in this that the most fastidious hypercritic could torture into an imputation on Miss Kemble’s chastity. The other is in prose:—

“Miss Fanny Kemble is unquestionably a child of genius, but nature has been very sparing of those essential requisites which ought, in our estimation, to grace the tragic muse. Her figure, from the waist downwards, is decidedly bad. We shall not descend to minute particulars; but we may ask, why her draperies are always so disposed as entirely to obscure her feet and ankles. Her bust is, perhaps, not yet sufficiently formed to criticise; but the face has probably quite as much expression in it as it will ever possess, and that is as deficient in dignity, as it is unconscious of the highest and sweetest expression of sentiment. There is none of that soft, feminine, and fascinating beauty about her which distinguished Miss O’Neill, whose figure was formed in the most enchanting symmetry. Her eye is large, dark, and bold, but not brilliant; her arms are unusually red and coarse; her pronunciation distinguished by a monotonous utterance, a guttural thickness, tainted with very strong provincialisms, such as *murn* for *morn*, *starm*, for *storm*, &c. Some of these defects may be removed, particularly the latter; but her squat figure, we suspect, judging from her mamma’s, will rather grow worse with her years.”

Harsh enough, we admit, and not as flattering to a young lady as it might have been; but it contains nothing that can taint her character.

The affair is to come into Court, and therefore we add nothing more about it, except that there appears to be something extremely reprehensible, to say the least, in any player striking or insulting any of the audience. The audience go to be entertained—to applaud, if they please—to censure, if they please. What can be more impertinent than insolence or outrage offered in the house (elsewhere it is a different thing,) to any of the spectators? Above all, the *Manager* should not interrupt the peace and order of the theatre.

“He’s here in double trust—

And should against the murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife himself.”

The proprietors of Covent Garden, who were so lately throwing themselves upon public charity, ought to look to this. It will not bear repeating.

“Be advised then;—haste and get a  
Change for that long-shore burletta.  
A place for SUSAN straight engage,  
Book her by the Deptford stage.  
And tho’ Fanny some admire,  
Of Fanny, always, folks will tire.  
Mutton’s good, no doubt, for dinner;  
But who was yet so great a sinner  
As to be condemn’d to munch  
For supper, dinner, breakfast, lunch.  
Nought but mutton?—Oh, the Dickens!  
At the thought, one’s stomach sickens.  
‘Toujours perdrix’ who can pardon,  
Or thy play-bills, Covent-Garden?  
Which, when reading, each one cries  
‘Nought but black eyes!—D—n their  
eyes!’  
Happy should we be to lose one,——  
Black ey’d Fanny, or Black ey’d Susan,  
Nay, without deep sorrow can I  
Spare Miss Susan and Miss Fanny.  
Out, alas! the times are hard in  
Thy great playhouse, Covent Garden!”

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW *versus* GALT'S LIFE OF BYRON.

THE last *Edinburgh Review* is by no means a bad one; but as it would be too much to expect that a Whig review should be altogether fair, it contains a petty bit of tradesmanlike spite and critical snivelling. The completeness of its character would have been destroyed, had not at least one article so graced it.

This article purports to be a review of the first volume of the *National Library*—the *Life of Lord Byron*, by Galt. But Galt's *Lord Byron* is the last consideration in the mind of the writer. He explains what his pique is in the first paragraph.

"This is one of the many works which have been lately published in imitation, or apparent imitation, of the plan adopted by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Of these, Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia* is by much the most valuable, and the most recommended by distinguished assistance, scientific and literary. Considered as bookselling speculations, they may all be allowed to be moderately priced; but in this most essential recommendation they are still greatly excelled by the *Libraries of the Society*."

Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*, in which Sir James Mackintosh and Mr. Thomas Moore, and others of the blue and yellow contributors write, is of course an admirable composition; but even that magnificent work cannot compete with Useful Knowledge libraries, in which Mr. Brougham has a share.

The next paragraph is a puff directed on the Society of Useful Knowledge, which we give unmutated.

"This quality is really so material a requisite in such publications, that nothing can supply its place. The Society originally bent itself almost exclusively to the important task of bringing down the enormous price of books, which was by degrees confining the use of them more and more to those classes of the community who are in easy circumstances. Writings of an original cast, and of extraordinary genius, it was impossible, at least until most extensive circulation could be obtained, to publish at such very small cost as those of the Society are sold at. Sixpence only for as much matter as would fill a hundred pages of a common volume, with a number of excellent engravings, was plainly out of the question, if high prices were to be paid for

original genius, or learning of the first order. It is of the essence of such books to be extremely cheap; but, or rather we should say, therefore, of a kind which many men may be able to write, as well as all to read. The immense circulation of twenty-five or thirty thousand, may now have enabled the Society to extend its remuneration greatly to authors. Its maps, too, are extensively circulated, and certainly of a very rare excellence, as well in the composition as in the execution. But it is manifest that such books as many of the volumes forming the Libraries, both of *Entertaining Knowledge*, and the *Family Library*, might be composed by a variety of literary men; and that, consequently, competition must be fatal to any one of this sort not sold at the lowest price possible. This applies in an especial manner to works published by individuals. Those of the Society must always have a material advantage, from being revised by many eminent men of science and letters, which gives a security against errors, and even against omissions, not attainable by the works of unaided individuals. Hence, the authority of the Society's Treatises will always be higher, and therefore competition will be less hurtful to them. Yet, the fact is undeniable, that, notwithstanding this very material advantage; they are incomparably cheaper than any brought out by the common publishers. They are much cheaper than Mr. Murray's—in other respects a very excellent and always entertaining, if not always instructive miscellany. They bear an equal preference, in point of price, over the new publication of Mr. Colburn, of which the volume before us is the commencement.

"These remarks are FORCED from us by the great importance of the subject."

Forced, indeed!—The immense circulation—the marvellously small price—the rare excellence—the eminent scientific and literary writers—the freedom from error—the, &c. &c. &c. of every thing connected with the Society—all these acknowledgments are of course *forced* from the disinterested writer—and forced by the same process that forces the panegyrics upon Warren's matchless blacking, or upon Colburn and Bentley's novels.

Another style of puff follows:

"Another remark we must be allowed to add, because it is of essential importance. The Society intended its books for the benefit—the solid use—the substantial profit—of the community; in a word, for their instruction, and their improvement.



To communicate knowledge, and knowledge of real value, was their primary design; to this entertainment was subsidiary—accordingly, the *Entertaining Library* conveys as much entertainment only as is consistent with the plan of instruction, by conveying useful knowledge too. The imitative works to which the Society's have furnished the example, *excepting Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia*, [oh! oh!] all depart widely in this great particular from their original. The Society never omits a single occasion to give the practical improvement, the useful reflections, suggested by, or which can, by some stretch, be connected with, the more amusing parts of its treatises. All tends to instruction in its treatises. It is REALLY! our purpose to further that object, by improving both the execution and the plan."

Essential importance!—solid, use!—substantial profit!—useful instruction!—real value!—practical improvement!—all alive, ho! Rich and rare ones come and buy. Charles Wright and Robert Warren drown yourselves in your champagne or your blacking—you never will beat that.

Having thus done the real business of the article, the critic bestows a few sentences on Galt, prefacing them with a compliment to Mr. Colburn, "an able and enterprizing man"—and to Mr. Gleig, "a respectable writer!" The Reviewer is moved "wholly by considerations of kindness to these gentlemen," just as the great Warren's are, solely anxious to prevent fraud. Heaven forefend that either critic or manufacturer should be suspected of any design of vending their wares!

"We must, therefore, be allowed, on behalf of all the most approved principles of good taste, all the soundest canons of criticism, nay, the rules of the English language, and even of ordinary grammar, to enter our protest against the manner of writing which Mr. Galt has thought fit to adopt. He is favourably known as a novelist of a certain class; but he is strangely mistaken if he thinks himself of such consideration in the republic of letters, as to entitle him to make himself a dictator over language, or rather sultan of the Dictionary. His composition is often a wild mixture of absurd and incongruous images—his language a preposterous medley of

old words used in new senses, and new words coined without either the warrant of necessity, etymology, analogy, or harmony. His book is in other respects liable to censure; but it is not of sufficient importance to call for detailed criticism; and we should not have noticed it at all, except as forming the initial part of a publication calling itself *National*. This requires of us that we should guard the public taste from any chance of contamination that might arise from the circulation of such a production; and the more so, that it has been lauded by some as a rare specimen of biographical skill and masterly composition. These praises are not more ludicrous than its own pretensions. We leave it and its eulogists to the ridicule that must ever attach to the signal failure of overweening claims, and to literary encomiums bestowed on the palpable transgressors of literary rules."

Now this will never do. Tom Moore has put it in rhyme already with no very great effect—in prose it will have none at all. If the only objection to Mr. Galt's *Byron* was its diction, neither the little poet nor the smaller critic would have let off their crackers against it. The peculiarities of a striking style are indeed poor matter of controversy, and especially with so leather-eared a writer as the author of the inharmonious and bungling sentences above quoted—*Valeant quantum*. Galt's *Life of Byron* might have been as *jejune* as an article of Mr. Jeffery's own special writing—and as false in taste and in fact as a biography by Mr. Moore—if he had not offended the original insulter of Lord Byron's genius, by asking what he, Mr. Jeffery, had done in literature worthy of the slightest attention or remembrance—if the series which Mr. Gleig is editing did not cross the path of a rival production, managed by an Edinburgh reviewer—if the writing of any life of Byron were not considered as a species of poaching upon the manor so honestly occupied by Mr. Thomas Moore. The article of the Review, and the stanzas of the squibmonger, are both matters of trade; and we wish those engaged in such concerns, all the honour that can result from their dignified occupation.

## FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE parasites of Charles the Tenth have alleged that this God of their idolatry has always been firm and decided in action, since reason first began to hold empire in his breast; but that with all his wisdom-working policy and resolution he was unable to repair the injuries inflicted upon France by the weakness and indecision of Louis the Eighteenth. Than this, no assertion has ever been uttered of a more marvellously impudent and barefaced character.—The tables as to moral excellence have been entirely reversed, the well intentioned and defunct brother is loaded with reproaches and accusations, which are in no wise deserved, purposely that the present hoary-headed refugee from the throne of the Bourbons may be exculpated from the commission of those tyrannical and fatal measures, by which he has justly forfeited his proud dignity, and been compelled to hide his shame in the gloomy recesses of Lulworth and Holyrood.

Louis the Eighteenth was an amiable man, and entertained, if we consider the period of his birth, and the school in which he was reared and educated, liberal notions and views in ill accordance with the despotic rules of the monarchy of France. In the celebrated assembly of the Notables, whose measures led to the formation of the national chamber, and ultimately to the revolution, he advocated the cause of the people, in opposition to his brother Louis, to his brother, the Comte D'Artois, to the Queen, her obdurate, and the abandoned bevy of titled slaves constituting the court and cabinet of Versailles. During the period of his misfortunes, his bearing, conduct, and actions were uniform, uncompro-mising, and steadfast; his reputation for abilities and wisdom gained credit among men, who witnessed with pleasure and pride the spectacle of an individual of royal descent, lofty pretensions, and highly cultivated understanding contending with such coolness and intrepidity against the calamities of life. In his correspondence with the great usurper of his throne he is worthy of all praise, and two simple

letters from his hand, not only established the justice of his claims and the high character of the man, but the arrogant pretensions of his arch enemy sunk into utter insignificance when confronted with the poverty-stricken exile, who, notwithstanding his abject circumstances, was yet unbroken in spirit, and had the manliness to claim, in terms of moderation and firmness, that throne which was his by inheritance from a line of the most magnificent monarchs of Europe.

Superstition and despotism had had a long and undisturbed dominion in France. In 1814, however, the period of their abhorred existence had terminated, never more to return. In England, had Cromwell lived sufficiently long, he would have fallen a victim to internal faction—Napoleon did live long enough to be hunted down by a combination of the great Powers of Europe. And we are daily in the receipt of intelligence from all parts of the civilized world, that the reign of prejudice, of error, of force, of enslaving tyranny, is arriving at its termination; that in the due order of things, the intellectual masses of the people having obtained an independence by their frugal industry, are rising up to vindicate that political condition to which they are entitled by their wealth and their knowledge, but which their privileged superiors would fain deny them, could they do so with impunity. Every institution now, which is not established on constitutional liberty, must have a speedy close put to its existence. In 1814, the empire which Buonaparte had vainly attempted to uphold was destroyed, and the ancient royal family was recalled, by the decree of the senate. Louis XVIII. was sensible of the impossibility of a continuation of the *ancien régime*. The shackles of feudal slavery had been burst asunder by the physical energies of an exasperated—a maddened nation. A new order of things was necessary for the regenerated people of France, to whom nothing, save a constitution, would prove acceptable. Louis, therefore, made a virtue of necessity; for there is a just

reason for supposing that, although not perhaps conscious of the fact, there really was a wish in his breast to enclose himself with absolute authority. This, however, he found to be impracticable. The provisional government, at the head of which was Talleyrand, and which had been directed by the Emperor Alexander to be appointed by the senate, that a suitable constitution for the French people might be duly prepared, made a tender of the crown to Louis, and invited him over from the Court of St. James, where he was sojourning, in order to accept the regal dignity, and sanction the liberties of the people, by his recognition of the new Constitution. The senate committed a capital mistake in allowing Louis to approach the territories of France, until the object of the national wishes had been attained. The King, however, landed at Calais, and on the 24th of April, made his solemn entry into Paris. On the day previous he had promulgated the declaration of St. Ouen, which consecrated the principles of popular representation; and on the 2nd of June, the King subscribed and promulgated the famous Charter.

In the measure of their invitation to Louis the senate had committed an egregious error. They should have obtained from him, while yet in a foreign land, all their guarantees against the attempts of despotism. When, however, by stepping on his native soil, the inchoate right was lapsing into actual possession, then that love of power which had so long slumbered in the bosom of the monarch began its operations on his better judgment, and the appeals of justice were unheeded. An unsatisfactory charter was framed, and, instead of receiving it at the hands of the people, he, "in free exercise of his royal authority," bestowed it as a boon upon his subjects.

Thus stands the naked truth with respect to Louis XVIII. Notwithstanding this, whatever may have been the promises of that monarch, and however unsatisfactory may have been their fulfilment, and although he may have granted (*octroya*) the charter to the people of France, still the exculpatory arguments adduced by the friends of despotism, in favour of Louis, cannot, but by their shal-

low sophistry, have an application to Charles X. The Comte D'Artois was, at the period of the framing of the charter, as much a subject of the realm as the meanest peasant of the provinces—as much amenable to the laws of the country as the humblest of the citizens of Paris. If the other subjects of France received the charter as a boon, the Comte D'Artois was in a like predicament, and he acted in a similar manner, and being, when a subject, the recipient, by what jugglery could he, when mounted on the throne of his brother, divest himself of the effect of past actions, and arrogate to himself the pretensions and attributes of a donor? The thing carries absurdity on its very front. Even if Louis had lived, and been desirous of changing the form, character, or spirit of the charter, he could not have been in a condition to do so after once the instrument had been made public; and much less could Charles be in a situation to intermeddle with the immunities and privileges which he, as a subject of France, had received in common with the other subjects of the kingdom. We hope we have fully exposed the absurdity of this most silly argument.

Loud acclamations were heard in France on the accession of Charles the Tenth. *Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi*, was the antithetic cry of Chateaubriand, and it was re-echoed from one extremity of the capital to the other. But a little examination into the matter, was sufficient to convince any enquirer that these acclamations, however loud, were not universal—were not genuine—had not their origin in the impulse of grateful bosoms and expanding hearts,—were principally raised by the Court intriguers and parasites, and the dames of the *ruelles*, who, time out of mind, have thronged like a swarm of locusts around the persons of the kings of France. The priests, too, and the Jesuits—the Propagandists and the ultra-montane faction shouted forth congratulatory *vivas* on the auspicious occasion. There is always something very attractive in the appearance of a new monarch. Hope animates the universal breast: self-interest and unbounded expectation promote general activity. Such was the case in France. Charles was,

greeted with triumphant *peans*. The actions of his youth were forgotten. His advocacy of prerogative—his tendency towards despotism—the evil counsels given by him to his unhappy brother—the conspiracy which he formed with the courtiers round the queen, to place the yoke of servitude irretrievably on the people of France—the busy spirit which actuated him in forming the famous coterie round the person of the Countess Polignac, the object of which was to blind the moderate and thinking portion of the aristocracy—those individuals who saw the nature of the times, the active opposition which was about to work the tiers état into rebellion—and who, like the noble Duke of Liancourt, vainly remonstrated with the unhappy Louis, in order, if possible, to open his eyes to the dangers which were about to surround him—all were forgotten at the moment of his ascending the throne of his ancestors. It was further known that he was a slave to some of the most ungovernable passions which can tyrannize over the heart of man—egregious pride, malice, and revenge. His youth had been one of such licentiousness, as even to have become proverbial in his own country. His obstinacy was equal to his ignorance and bigotry—a bigotry superinduced by an imbecility consequent on unrestrained indulgence. Such was Charles the Tenth at the period of his accession to the regal crown; and if reasonable men had allowed themselves one moment for reflection, they would have seen the utter incapacity of such a man for the emergencies in which France necessarily found herself by her recent acquisition of a constitutional charter. But all was forgotten in the customary joy occasioned by a change in the person of the sovereign. A few voices, however, did recommend precaution on the part of the people, and they judged of the King's incompetency to sway the sceptre of France with credit to himself, or advantage to the people, by the notorious misdeeds of his youth. They spoke of his mental inefficiencies—they quoted the opinions which he had uttered in 1791, when he repulsed every project for the amelioration of the people. They represented the manner of his flight from

France, when he left his brother and the beautiful Marie Antoinette, who is said to have been an object of his passion, to struggle as they best could against the mob of *poissardes* and revolutionary blood-hounds, who invaded his palatial sanctuary at Versailles, and murdering his body-guard, committed outrages unheard of in the annals even of France, and carried their sovereign in brutal triumph to the capital. They also spoke, in terms that should have carried conviction, of his shuffling and silly conduct during his long exile—of his ineffectual visit to La Vendée—of his momentary appearance at Lyons, only to fly before Buonaparte—of his early enslavement to court favourites and courtizans—of his late abandonment to the dangerous policy of the Jesuits. But the nation in its momentary joy would not listen to these representations. And yet the following epigram painted in true colours what was to be expected from the reign of Charles:—

“Eh bien ! l'abbé, que savez-vous de neuf,  
Sur ce règne qui vient finir notre souffrance ?  
Que Charles-Dix doit promettre à la France,  
Un digne successeur, un pieux Charles-neuf.”

On the accession of Charles, the ministry was guided by the Count de Villele. He was, however, a new man; and although during his administration the royalists had the ascendancy, still he was hateful to the ancient aristocracy, which had been once more brought into action round the person of their sovereign. Their wish was to dismiss him from his employ after they had turned his abilities to account. He was hostile to all wars; that of Spain was undertaken contrary to his advice; the clergy complained of his want of patronage; and the fanatic Jesuits hated him for temporising with their order. This was an auspicious moment for forming a faction against the ministry, which was headed by the impetuous De la Bourdonnaye. Monsieur de Villele had been obliged to dissolve the Chambers because the septennial act having come into operation, those members constituting the independent minority refused to sit longer than the period fixed by the quintennial; alleging the necessity of a

fresh appeal to their constituents. When the new Chambers met, the ministerial candidates had been everywhere beaten, and M. Villele, finding himself in a fearful minority, determined on the creation of seventy-six peers—a measure which affected the existing nobility, and cheapened the honours of the aristocracy. Previously to the death of Louis, Villele had already created twenty-seven peers, having herein followed the example of Decazes, who had elevated no fewer than sixty-seven. So far, therefore, from forming in the upper house a counterpoise against his want of influence in the lower, he, after exasperating the leading members of the house of peers, was fain to escape from the unpleasing dilemma by a resignation. Continual changes were taking place in the administration after the secession of Villele, but all to no purpose, for his successors either ill understood the true condition and policy of the country, or else, knowing them, they were unable to carry their schemes of national amelioration against the obstinate prejudices and gross ignorance of the fanatic Charles. Last of all, came the administration of Polignac—an administration after the king's own heart, as the prince was known to be as thorough a bigot as himself, and his colleagues men of a tyrannizing spirit, eager to bring into operation the effete principles of the *ancien régime*—to place despotism, in imitation of Metternich, upon a solid basis, by blinding the eyes of the people and practising on their credulity, and throwing out the shadow for the substance of constitutional immunity. This administration received from M. Royer Collard the pleasant sobriquet of *le ministère impossible*—but they were not long in giving conclusive proof, that they imagined themselves competent to set all restraints at defiance, and thought all things possible for their intelligence.

Monsieur Cottu, the advocate for despotism, and counsellor to the royal court at Paris, in a pamphlet which deserves to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, after the accession of Charles—after the failure of his previous administration—after the appointment of Polignac to the helm of government—after the liberty of the press had been tam-

pered with, and its destruction attempted—after the evils which began to bear evidence of the new advent of the Jesuits, notwithstanding that he heard the words of execration pronounced by the popular voice, against that pernicious order, against priestly influence, against the insolence of men in office, and the daily increasing pretensions of an impoverished nobility; and notwithstanding that he must have been aware of the existence of a spirit inimical to the reigning branch of the Bourbons—had the impudence to pronounce the following words, in favour of a family, in whose service he was engaged as an abject hireling. "*Jamais il n'existera de vraie liberté en France que par les Bourbons et avec les Bourbons. Tout autre gouvernement doit aboutir au despotisme.*" On whom did he fancy he was able to impose by such language? Was it on the people? Impossible. The merest stranger in the capital could not have been there four and twenty hours, without being convinced of the intelligence, the activity, the canvassing spirit of the people of France. Was it upon the king? If so, then the king was utterly unfit longer to govern his subjects; for he must, in that case, have lived wholly ignorant of their moral and intellectual condition; of the earnestness of their endeavours to uphold their constitutional privileges, by that emulation by which they were instigated to compete with happier England, in the race of liberty. The intelligence of a monarch, or of his ministers, should at all times progress with that of the people whom they are called on to govern. If the former outrun the latter in intelligence, a despotism will follow; if the latter outstrip the former, a revolution is inevitable: and such a revolution will, notwithstanding all efforts on the part of governors, find an outlet, for it is in the nature of wealth and intelligence, to purchase, cost it never so much, its redemption from slavery.

The venal scribe who, in the pamphlet which we have just mentioned, has prostituted his pen by the utterance of monstrous sophisms in support of the ex-monarch of France, advocated the necessity of an immediate dictatorship, on the plea that although the English government is

to all appearance established on the basis of freedom, still, as it enjoys a vast portion of electoral patronage, it holds a majority of the House of Commons in servility to its wishes, and thus virtually counteracts the principles of our constitution. This mode of reasoning is most insidious: it converts the point of exception in our system of representation into the general rule. "The system," (meaning that of rotten boroughs) said Mr. Canning, "works well." How far the words of that shuffling statesman are prophetic for time, let the present outcry against parliamentary corruption and for borough reform speak in contradiction. On the borough system in England, however, the counsellor of the royal courts founded his argument for the destruction of the charter and the subversion of the liberties of the people. We cannot help extracting the conclusion of this notable literary performance which has unfortunately met with hardy support from *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Quarterly Review*. Each paragraph will be seen to contradict the other, and assumptions on which the arguments are founded, are notoriously known to have no foundation in truth; and yet the supple, fawning, judicial parasite finishes his work with a flourish of his pen, and, to all appearance, a consciousness that he had deserved well of his country.

"Frenchmen! let us be just towards our King, as he has been generous towards us. All that we wished for in 1789 has been obtained.

"We wished for an equal distribution of imposts; there is no longer, at the present day, any person exempt from the public charges.

"We wished that personal service, provincial privileges, the sale of offices, distrainers, appeals, seigniorial laws, and feudal rights should be suppressed. These abuses have disappeared for ever.

"We wished that all citizens should be equally admissible to all offices, and the courts, the tribunals, the administrations, the higher ranks in the army are filled by citizens taken, indiscriminately, from all classes of society. Our dukes, our peers, our blue ribbons, reckon in their ranks a great number of men who were formerly called *roturiers*. Royalty could not have executed its promises with more exactitude.

"We wished that no citizen should be arrested, but by the ordinance of a compe-

tent judge; that the judges should be unremoveable; that the jurisdiction of the supreme court should be restrained; that the hearings should be public; that the accused should have counsel; that the laws, civil and criminal, should be revised.—These just claims have been answered.

"We wished, in fine, that the government should be organised so that the different orders of the State should co-operate to the formation of the law, and to the fixing of the impost. And the legislative power has been declared to reside collectively in the king, the Chamber of Peers, and the Chamber of Deputies of the departments.

"But we did not wish that royalty should be destroyed; that the nobility should be abolished; that the Catholic religion should cease to be the religion of the state. Shall we now be insensate enough to have such culpable designs? And, in the case of this momentary delirium, shall we be so unjust as to refuse to the throne and to religion the right of defending themselves.

"The Charter is the last benefit due from royalty to the wants of the people. It was a necessary guarantee of farther concessions which the prince had made. It is of a nature to satisfy all wise and lawful wishes. Royalty cannot go further without compromising its existence.

"Let then royalty be penetrated by the unerring results of the mode of government which the Charter has established: let it adopt them freely; for such is the condition which it has imposed on itself. Let it cease to exclaim against directoral committees, meetings of electors, lists of candidates; against the pledges required of the Deputies; against the hostile addresses of the Chambers; against the possible refusal of the budget. All this is the Charter in operation; the natural and legitimate consequence of the constitutional rights of the electors and of the new Chambers. It is vain to futter for a moment the exercise of these rights. Time, stronger than all sophisms, will soon re-establish them in all their power. But what conclusion shall we draw from this state of things? Will it be the overthrowing of the Charter? God forbid! What is to replace it? For we must have something different from the old *régime*—from absolute power—we must have liberty. Let us then conclude that the Charter is good in itself, and that it has resolved all the difficulties of our time: but let us also conclude that there is no possible government with the Charter, but by the Chamber of Deputies harmonizing with the other two branches of the legislative power: that is, but by the abolition of the actual law of elections, and replacing it by a monarchical and aristocratic law."

M. Cottu's pamphlet, strange to

say, was not only the theme of fervent eulogy in this country, but among our neighbours it seems to have so confirmed the king and his ministers in obstinacy, from a supposititious self-security, that they proceeded without compunction to carry their dark designs into execution. It has been said by the false-hearted, servile, and ignominious advocates for despotism, that the necessity of resorting to harsh measures, was forced upon Charles X. Than this, nothing is more untrue. For it is to allege that every political institution must give way to the will of the tyrant; that nations are to place, in passive obedience, their necks under the foot of their stern masters, and be thankful for the clemency which suffers them to drag on life after their ordeal of degradation. It is to say that no counteracting force is to be exercised by a people against the encroachments of their monarch, who is to play as it were the part of the Homeric Jove,\* and after an ineffectual display of strength by his adversaries, is to drag them in whatever direction he pleases, and so, convincing them of their inferiority, is to make them supple instruments for his tyrannical purposes. Kings, however, by the recent transactions, are now convinced that they must yield and make some abatement of their lofty prerogatives in favour of their suffering people.

It has been erroneously stated that a revolution was inevitable in France. The Bourbons were despised, yet civil commotion might have been averted, if proper remedies had been applied to the necessities of the times. We boldly assert that even the first great and bloody revolution might have been obviated, had not the king been surrounded by knavish counselors, and a demented ministry. Slight concessions on the part of the sovereign, would have satisfied the wishes of the Notables. Even after the oath of the *Jeu de Paume* and the capture of the Bastille; after the fangs of the populace had been whetted in the blood of Flesselles and De Launay, the governor of the prison, when the monarch repaired to the Chamber of the Constituent Assembly, and exclaimed that "he en-

trusted his safety in their hands," he was received with open arms by his enraptured commons, who would have defended his life, and perpetuated his kingdom, had Louis, in accordance with his words, continued to repose full confidence in his subjects, and made concessions towards the political amelioration of the people, had he conceded equality of taxation, repealed feudal prerogatives, abolished all onerous exactions levied by extorting landlords, and rendered military distinction available to the commoners—if, in short, Louis had corresponded to the improving political condition of the tiers état, or even abetted the plans of Necker, Mounier and Lally-Tolendal, for assimilating the government of France to our British system; for, although success in this design would have been impossible, yet certain sufficient modifications might have been effected, to have consummated, in some way, the eager desires of the people. But the unhappy and weak-minded Louis was deceived—was persuaded to adopt an obstinate line of conduct, and he expiated his errors by the guillotine.

In the same manner, and with like facility, might the recent revolution have been prevented. The Charter was self-destructive, say the partisans of despotism. We say, could it not have been modified? A few strokes of the pen would have wiped away every difficulty. The Charter was certainly inefficient. It remained for Charles so to modify it as to meet the enlarged political views, the increased riches, the increased intelligence of his commons. One of two courses remained open for his adoption—a voluntary abdication of power, or a reasonable concession to the wishes of his people. By the first, he might have fully gained the approbation of his own conscience, though little or none of the sympathy of the world—as the world would have been convinced that such a measure could only have resulted from one of two causes—inordinate pride, which disdained every approximation; or the contaminating approach of his subjects; or utter imbecility of mind, and a total ob-

\* Εἰδ' ἄγε, πειρασθὲς θεῖν, καὶ εἰδότε πάντες, σπέρην χυρσέσιν ἐξ' οὐρανὸν κρημασάντες, &c.  
—Homer, Lib. viii. 15.

livion of all the duties of life. By the second he might have effectually succeeded; and, although Charles the Tenth was a dotard in religion, and always anxious for the restoration of the *ancien régime*, still, had he possessed friends like the generous Liancourt, ministers like the amiable Necker, sense like his own late defunct brother, he certainly would have become sensible of the danger impending over his head, and at length have consented to change his fatal line of policy. The vulpine and false-dealing Cottu asks, in the paragraph which we have extracted from his pernicious pamphlet, what could the French people possibly want, since they had won for themselves every privilege which they demanded during the disastrous times of the Revolution of eighty-nine? We will answer the question. They required the abolition of the Censorship—they wanted an alteration in the law of Elections, but not such as Cottu suggests—they wanted the banishment of the Jesuits—they wanted a king who, so far from endeavouring constantly to revive the times of favouritism, bigotry, and Jesuitical usurpation, so far from endeavouring to retard the quick revolving wheels of universal knowledge, and so far from being in the wake of the nation in mental cultivation and intelligence, should occupy a foremost place in the race of intellectual attainments—they wanted a king who, so far from seeking foreign assistance from the Russian or Austrian, should repose in confidence on the affections of his people—they wanted a set of ministers who should, in the fullest sense, enjoy the good opinion of the country; who, so far from being of a mixed character, and remarkable for continual wrangles and jealousies, should be well amalgamated, and strive, with one heart and one soul, for the regeneration of France, the increase of her wealth and her commerce, her happiness at home, her honour abroad; and by constant and paternal care, draw forth all her manifold and astounding energies, into full and effective operation. Such a course would have, indeed, been a blessing—but the king and his cabinet, as then constituted, were, on the contrary, a curse to the country.

In no one of the above requisites had Charles met the emergency of the times. Indeed, so incompetent was he for meeting them, that he endeavoured to act so as to render them more dangerous. The spirit of hostility, therefore, against the king and his ministry, gained so powerful an ascendancy, that on the meeting of the Chambers a vote of censure was passed against the servants of the crown, and Charles was entreated to discharge them from office. The only reply which he condescended, was an instant dissolution of the estates. New elections were ordered to be made, and the ministers hoped, for three reasons, to gain more favourable returns. The first was the efficient state of the army, which would awe the refractory into subjection; the second was the fear which all moderate men would entertain of again lapsing into a state of revolution and anarchy; the third was the recent glory acquired in the expedition to Algiers, and which it was supposed would operate generally on all classes of his subjects. Never did ministerial calculation receive so sad a shipwreck: the army, as it happened in the earlier revolution, fraternized with the citizens; revolution was an abstract term, capable of a darker or brighter significance; for there had been examples of revolutions of reason, which had effected changes of dynasty without any shedding of blood; and as for the glory of Algiers, the people of France had grown wise enough to know that that achievement could signify little or nothing to them, especially when put into the balance with the necessity of winning their own freedom by striking a tyrant from his throne.

As the period of the election approached, the ministers, fearful of their danger, established a system of espionage throughout the kingdom, and prepared lists of proscription, in which their enemies were duly noted, with the nature of their respective punishments. The following is extracted from a French work, detailing, under the title of *Une Semaine de l'histoire de Paris*, the development of the three days' revolution, though we will not take upon ourselves to vouch for the authenticity of the publication.



"They (the lists) were made out at Pögnac's after they had been submitted to Chanteluz and Peyronnet; they contained not only sixty-eight peers of France; a hundred and thirty-seven deputies; but also the principal chiefs of the opposition. In each department the procureurs du Roi generally performed this function. It appears to be proved that, on the refusal of the Procureur General of the royal Court of Toulouse to thus designate his fellow citizens for ministerial fury—Mr. P—— 'procureur general' of the court of M—— took upon himself to make known those of the Toulousians who were to be proscribed.

"Of the unhappy persons who were to have been the victims of court vengeance and Jesuitism, five categories had been prepared. The first consisting of those who were to perish on the scaffold; the second of those destined to hard labour; the third, more numerous, were to be dispatched to Algiers, and shut up in the prisons of the Casaubas; the fourth were to remain imprisoned in France; and the fifth to be banished to Spain.

"At the prefecture of police, in the cabinet of Monsieur Mangin, was a table of the names of five hundred and forty-nine individuals, commercial, military,

literary, professional, accountants, private gentlemen, bankers, clerks, &c.; on whom, during this year, the fury of Government was to fall.

"Each department transmitted a similar table, drawn up generally in the council of the prefecture, when the equicillors thought fit, and addressed to the inmates of the Interior. The keeper of the Seal also received notes of proscription from his *procureurs-general*, his *procureurs du Roi*, and, especially from his *juges auditeurs*, clearly all congregationists, and devoted to the clergy. They were arranged in alphabetical order, to be used at need.

"An extract from this work was prepared for the private library of the Dauphineness. It has been seen there recently: it formed five volumes in quarto, of an extraordinary thickness, bound in black morocco, and closed by a vermilion clasp. Thus, on any given occasion, the opinions of every personage were known, and all those who had figured in these tables would afterwards have found themselves the butt of persecution."

On the 25th of July appeared the celebrated report of the ministers to the King,\* and on the day follow-

\* This Report was levelled against the liberty of the press: as some of our readers may not have seen it, we give the following extracts, from which the tenour of the remainder may be easily inferred:—

"Its art consists not in substituting for a too easy submission of mind a prudent liberty of examination, but in reducing to a problem the most positive truths; not in exciting upon political questions frank and useful controversy, but in placing them in a false light, and solving them by sophisms.

"The press has thus excited confusion in the most upright minds—has shaken the most firm convictions, and produced, in the midst of society, a confusion of principles which lends itself to the most fatal attempts. It is by anarchy in doctrines that it paves the way for anarchy in the state. It is worthy of remark, Sire, that the periodical press has not even fulfilled its most essential condition—that of publicity. What is strange, but what may be said with truth, is, that there is no publicity in France, taking this word in its just and strict sense. In this state of things, facts, when they are not entirely fictitious, do not come to the knowledge of several millions of readers, except mutilated and disfigured in the most odious manner. A thick cloud raised by the journals conceals the truth, and in some manner intercepts the light between the government and the people. The kings your predecessors, Sire, always loved to communicate with their subjects; this is a satisfaction which the press has not thought fit that your Majesty should enjoy. \* \* \*

"This is not all. The press tends to no less than to subjugate the sovereignty, and to invade the powers of the state. The pretended organ of public opinion, it aspires to direct the debates of the two Chambers; it is incontestable that it brings into them the weight of an influence no less fatal than decisive. The domination has assumed, especially within these two or three years, in the Chamber of Deputies, a manifest character of oppression and tyranny. We have seen in this interval of time the journals pursue with their insults and their outrages the members whose votes appeared to them uncertainly suspected. Too often, Sire, the freedom of debate in that Chamber has sunk under the reiterated blows of the press.

"The conduct of the opposition journals in the most recent circumstances cannot be characterised in terms less severe. After having themselves called forth an address derogatory to the prerogatives of the Throne, they have not feared to re-establish as a principle the election of the 221 Deputies whose work it is: and yet your Majesty repulsed the address as offensive; you had publicly planned the refusal of concurrence which was expressed in it; you had announced your immutable resolution to defend the rights of your crown, which were so openly compromised. The periodical journals

ing the three ordinances, against the press, annulling the recent returns, and abridging the elective franchise. France was in amazement at the hardihood of such proceedings. But it lost little time in useless repining or inaction. On the day subsequent to the promulgation of those extraordinary instruments, Paris was in insurrection, and in one short week the work of liberty had been accomplished. We have little inclination to dwell on the horrors of that scene of destruction. The inhabitants of Paris abandoned themselves to the call of duty; the National Guard sprung into existence like a Cadmean harvest; the women, the children, all classes and orders were all ready at the general interests, and lavished their best blood in the cause which they had taken in hand. The stream of gore and the lives that were lost ought to be placed to the account of the King and his ministers; for on the 28th a deputation, consisting of Gerard, Lobau, Lafitte, Perrier, and Manguin waited upon Marmont, and promised to insure peace and tranquillity provided he effected the revocation of the illegal ordinances, the dismissal of the ministers, and the convocation of the chambers on the 3d of August. The Marshal left them to consult Polignac, and returned with the answer, that the ministers refused to listen to any conditions.

The slaughter was thus continued until at length the King was forced to abdicate, and the Duke D'Orleans raised to the throne of the Bourbons. The ministers, however, had fled like panic-stricken deer, or rather like a set of cowardly miscreants, who seemed frightened at the sight of the

very blood which, in their lust for power, they had thought proper to pour forth as a propitiatory sacrifice to the demon of despotism. These men had been so lauded for their consistency, coolness, and intrepidity, that the least they could have done was to have taken an active part, like the Grecian chiefs of old, in the ranks of their own mercenaries and cut-throats, in order to shew an example by way of exception to the rule—that boasting and cowardice go hand in hand. These men were also lauded for their consummate statesmanship, and for ensuring to themselves success in the deep game which they were enacting. They should have remained then upon the spot, in order to make good the promises of their hirelings, and to convince the world at large that the spirit of Richelieu was again active amongst the ministers of France. But the men who spoke of the wisdom and political experience of Polignac and his associates, were consummate liars; while the objects of their praise were remarkable for nothing save for being merciless traitors. So far indeed from showing themselves on the field of action, they ran away at the first onset of the struggle, and issuing under various disguises from the capital, they hid themselves for a while in remote and dark corners; and when the fury of their pursuers was, as they imagined, a little appeased, they endeavoured to make their escape from the soil which was yet reeking with the blood of victims butchered in consequence of their blindness and mad ambition. In their efforts, however, they were unsuccessful—they were discovered, and taken; and being led captives into

have paid no regard to this; on the contrary, they have taken it upon them to renew, to perpetuate, and to aggravate the offence. Your Majesty will decide whether this presumptuous attack shall remain longer unpunished.

"But, of all the excesses of the press, the most serious perhaps remains to be pointed out. From the very beginning of that expedition, the glory of which throws so pure and so durable a splendor on the noble crown of France, the press has criticised with unheard-of violence the causes, the means, the preparations, the chances of success. Insensible to the national honour, it was not its fault if our flag did not remain degraded by the insults of a barbarian. Indifferent to the great interests of humanity, it has not been its fault if Europe has not remained subject to a cruel slavery and a shameful tribute. \* \* \*

"The periodical press has not displayed less ardor in pursuing with its poisoned darts, religion and its priests. Its object is, and always will be, to root out of the heart of the people even the last germ of religious sentiments. Sire, do not doubt that it will succeed in this, by attacking the foundations of the press, by poisoning the sources of public morals, and by covering the ministers of the altars with derision and contempt." &c. &c. \*

the tower of Vincennes, the people of France are at this moment clamouring for their extermination—which God avert!—from that earth which has been wantonly profaned by such dreadful sacrifice of human life.

An effort has been made to save the lives of these unhappy individuals. The Chamber of Deputies has voted an address to the King for his consent, not only to a remission of their capital punishment, but to its abolition in all cases of political crime. Louis Philippe agreed to the wishes of his ministers and of his legislative assembly: but the concession was not in accordance with the minds of the people—the Journalists raised up their voices in loud exclamation against such clemency; a partial insurrection has been the consequence, and final decision on the matter is postponed until the Chambers shall have re-assembled after the recess, and taken it into consideration. There is little doubt, much as we regret it, but the King of the French will be compelled to appease the exasperation of the people, by executing in their presence some one of the culprits. Masses of men, when once their passion has been aroused, are not easily brought into subjection to the voice of reason. Perhaps ten men out of the whole multitude, now so loud in the cry of vengeance on the ministers, could not be found, who, in their individual character, and in their secret chamber, would devote the wretched Polignac to death—much less be enabled to exercise sufficient firmness of nerve and cruelty of purpose to deal on the culprit the fatal blow. But men as tame as lambs, assume, in their aggregate capacity, the ferocity of tigers; and thus circumstanced and actuated they will always drive matters to extremes. The only canon which they then recognise is the *lex talionis*—blow for blow, and blood for blood. In such a situation is the populace of Paris with regard to the ex-ministers of France: and if the present ~~assembly~~ can manage to save these, ~~last~~ from the fangs of their enemies, his name ought to be placed by the side of the emperor Titus.

For the proposition of the deputies to pass a law which shall abolish capital punishment for political crime, in every case of high trea-

son, they may rest assured that such measures will prove nugatory. It is in vain for a man who is a self-agent, and whose self-agency is based on independence, to lay down rules for his universal conduct. While he enjoys soundness of body and mind, and if he be gifted with firmness, he may continue in an uniform course of action—but let his health be impaired, or his mind enfeebled, and he may perhaps become a slave to angry passions, and be impelled by motives, to which in his state of sanity he was a complete stranger. Thus is it with bodies politic. In their moments of cool reason they lay down a rule for the future exercise of clemency—in their moments of exasperation or madness will they not gainsay their past proceedings, and recur again to punishment by decapitation? The same power that can make, can also unmake—the legislative bodies are above all control—are, in every sense of the word, independent self-agents, and, by the same rule that they banished one king and raised another to the throne—by the same impulse which drove them to pronounce and execute the final and odious sentence on the unfortunate Louis of France, may they, and will they, in all probability, be guided on future occasions. Men are optimists very frequently in theory—pessimists very often in conduct—and, in the case of punishment of state criminals, the legislative bearing will never be squared by rule and compass, but guided according to the agitating and modified passions of the moment.

The object of punishment is the prevention of crime. In the case of the present ministers of France, the abominable crime has been already perpetrated: its concomitant horrors have been by this time carried to the remotest extremities of the globe, have appalled and had a salutary tendency upon the hearts of men. The *ex post facto* enactment of punishment, therefore, will be, in no one jot, serviceable to the great cause of humanity. Will the blood of Polignac or his fellow culprits revivify the cold remains of the butchered citizens of Paris? Will their blood be any expiation either to God or to man for that hellish cruelty of purpose and obduracy which deafened their ears to the indignant expostulations of France, and impelled them to

strike one last and savage blow for the cause of despotism? If not, then to what good will be the sacrificial hatchet and the guillotine? Better to judge them by a fitting tribunal—bereave them of every title—every distinction—every particle of possession—and send them forth into the world, where all men will fly their presence as though it harboured deadly contamination, and where they will not fail to be duly visited with the stings of conscience—more envenomed and agonizing than a nest of adders.

For the illustrious individual who now occupies the throne of Charles, we profess great admiration. He may, in time past, have been either intrinsically good or bad, that is little to the purpose. His later conduct we believe to be unexceptionable. He was always hated by the Bourbons, for they stood in great awe of him, for his superiority of talent. Doubtless it is, that Louis Philippe calculated on the expulsion of Charles and his imbecile family from the kingdom; and it is equally well known that he never lost an opportunity of gaining, by every means in his power, the good will of the Parisians. But the exercise of direct influence has never been traced to his hands; he neither hired robbers nor incendiaries, to spread a panic through the city—neither paid democrats, nor promoted clubs for the dissemination of sedition. These indeed, were matters in which, during the old revolution, the infamous l'Egalitéis, on pretty strong evidence, supposed to have been involved. But nothing of the kind can be carried home to the King of the French. Neither was he singular in his anticipations respecting the expulsion of the Bourbons. It was a matter fully believed by every individual in France, who paid vigilant attention to the progress of affairs. It was, a twelvemonth since, when we were in the French capital, generally canvassed, and every man of reason came to the same conclusion about the issue. We ourselves mentioned it to some individuals who were in daily attendance upon Charles, and they were the only persons who, in our hearing, dissented from our prophecy. They said that the thing was impossible—that the utmost reli-

ance could be placed upon the army—that the Bourbons were a wise and a provident race. We laughed at them for their ignorance, and they laughed at us for our stupidity. Thus the conversation terminated. They, however, as well as the court and the sovereign, continued blind to the progress of affairs. The insurrection came upon them when they least expected it. Charles was forced to give way to the Schoolmaster of the Grisons. If the ex-monarch, on the first day of commotion had, in the words of his unhappy brother, Louis the Sixteenth, exclaimed "*C'est une Révolte*," the simplest of the Bourgeois of Paris could have returned him the answer of the Duc De Liancourt—"Non, Sire;—*c'est une Révolution*!"

The conduct of Louis Philippe is worthy of all commendation. He was made by the people—he has contrived to acquire a mastery over them, and been bold enough with impunity, to run counter to their wishes, by upholding his present ministers, in spite of the popular disfavour excited against them. For the purposes of municipal peace, nothing can be more efficient than the National Guard, which is, in fact, a city militia. Sixty thousand of them were lately reviewed by the King, and a million have been organized and armed throughout the country.

None but regular soldiers, however, can be the effectual conservators of national glory. The city militia may do well for home purposes, but will be altogether inefficient for external warfare. An independent army, therefore, became necessary, but in its creation the greatest caution was requisite, for the National Guard and the populace had consummated the revolution—were for the moment masters of the field—the dominating power in France, and, jealous of their newly acquired ascendancy, might take umbrage at the slightest show of inclination on the part of the citizen king to curtail aught from their full measure of importance. Louis Philippe then first created a corps which was called the moveable National Guard, and the object of whose organization was the protection of the boundaries of the kingdom; and after thus conciliating the city militia, he ordered a levy of 107,000 regular troops.

Having, in this manner, made the first advances towards an independent army, he will continue to proceed until he has gained an available force, when we ought not to be surprised at his uttering the note of defiance against some European potentate, and re-commencing, if, which is very probable, it be not otherwise commenced, a general continental war, and thus turn the attention of the people from the reconstruction of his home policy, until he shall have acquired sufficient strength to defeat the machinations of pretenders from without, and enemies from within.

That the family of the exiled Bourbon will, for many years, continue their course of intrigues to harass and defeat the purposes of Louis Philippe, and recover their lost domination, is certain, and cannot be better known to any individual than to the king of the French himself, for no one is better acquainted with the incidents of history—or better aware that his title, according to the opinion of the great Herald's College of European Princes is not without taint and blemish. He has managed most admirably with Lafayette. No man, in our humble opinion, has ever arrived at such amazing celebrity with so little pretension as this Lafayette. An accident has been the source of his renown. When he went over to the American war, he became acquainted with Washington; and because it was his luck to form this acquaintance, men inferred that his mind was infused with the same vigour and prudence—his head replete with the grave wisdom that characterised the hero of the North American revolution. Than this nothing can be more erroneous. As a member of the Constituent Assembly he was not a leader of any party, but simply a follower, and, in consequence of the narrowness of his views and his negative conduct, he was surpassed by Barnave and the Lameths. His command of the National Guard was also the effect of chance. When that body had been first formed, after the ransack of the Bastille, and the mob were clamorous without the Hotel de Ville; to know who should have the generalship, a member of the central committee seized his bust, which happened to be in the hall, and which had been transmitted as an offering

from America to the citizens of Paris, and holding it forth from the window, Lafayette was hailed as the leader of the guards. His military incapacity was notorious; for had he pursued more vigorous measures at the early period of the revolution, very many of the disturbances might have been prevented. He seems to have no mental pliability; no capacity for adapting himself to the progressive opinions of not only the people of France, but of mankind in general. He seems to be ignorant of the fact, that, at various stages of society, various forms of government become necessary, just as in the different stages of life, men are remarkable for difference of manners, tastes, and employments. He has been from his youth upward labouring with the gestation of one wish, which has never been fated to see the light—that is, permanent republicanism. This in his estimate is to perform more miracles than the philosopher's stone; it is to induce a political millenium. It has never, indeed, entered his head, that France is too far advanced in civilization for that form of government, that republicanism can only hold durability in poor states, for wealth in countries is sure to divide people into conventional divisions; and these divisions are sure to engender an aristocracy, and aristocracy is sure to have a tendency to oligarchy, and oligarchy is sure to give place to monarchy. Such is the political history of every state in the universe; yet so little is Lafayette aware of these facts, that he was constantly uttering the word Republic to the King of the French; and with a view of keeping the son of l'Egalité in subjection to himself, he was perpetually intimating to him that the wishes of the people tended to the republican form of government. "Then," said the King of the French, "be it so. If the people wish for a republic their desire shall be gratified, for I am as ready to be a President as a Monarch." The answer was worthy of Talleyrand, and convinced Lafayette of the King's capacity for governing. This intimation of Louis Philippe's intention to compete with the old general for the presidential chair so took him by surprise, that he now suffers the King to follow what course he pleases, while he has himself be-

come so contemptible, that when even the National Guard speak of their former idol, the words of endearment, *vieille femme*, are generally superadded to his name.

From what we have heard of the King's character, we are led to suppose that he will very speedily re-establish a national church within his dominions. Of course when all religions were made common and of equal weight within the kingdom, a capital mistake was committed. A state without religion is like the human body without a soul, or rather like an unnatural body of the species of the Frankenstein monster, without a pure vivifying principle; for the limbs are of different natures, and form a horrible heterogencous compound, full of corruption and exciting our disgust. Men cannot exist in national compact without the assistance of a common mode of belief; and the Northern states of America bear testimony to the tendency of mankind to support a religion for the state; for, although there is in the United provinces the utmost latitude of toleration, still, strange to say, and we have the testimony of the present reigning Duke of Weimar in corroboration of our statement, all the people in those parts are coming round to the Protestant persuasion; and there is little doubt but they will ultimately acknowledge their conversion to Protestantism. Every state, in modern as in ancient times, has had its state religion, and this has had a useful tendency, were it only, to use even the infidel argument, to impose upon the credulity of men and make them more rigid and better members of society. Even the Barbarian, Chaldee, and Egyptian,—the more refined Greek and Roman—recognised the necessity of such an establishment. The time will speedily arrive when the people of France will become sensible to the want of an institution so efficacious and salutary. At the present moment, and for the last few years; there has been little or no religion in France. Extremes meet. With no religion there is infidelity, which leads to political anarchy; and with bigotry, as in the time of Charles the Tenth, there ensues an opakeness of vision from fanaticism. Men then become dissatisfied with one ano-

ther, and a fierce political struggle and revolution are the consequence.

The want of a proper institute like a national aristocracy must be severely felt. Such an order, in its true perfection, we are blessed with in England. In its political advancement Great Britain has, indeed, by several centuries, outstripped the world; and for this simple reason, that our ranks have emanated from the order of circumstances, and are therefore of natural and healthy growth. Such circumstances attended their first formation; and have operated on their progress to maturity. Our aristocracy is composed of so happy a combination. The ancient British leadership was modified by the Saxon chieftainship; and this again by the Norman vavassour, whose conduct was guided by the ordinances of the Grand Coutumier. This was altered by the spirit of feudalism, as it prevailed in the South of France, imbibed by our countrymen during the wars in those parts by our Edwards and Henries. From its aptitude for commerce, moreover, the commonalty of England ever found a sufficiency of employment, and never meddling in faction or insurrection, all our political commotions and civil wars have been confined to hostile parties in the aristocracy. These struggles, lamentable as they were in regard to blood-shed, had, however, a happy tendency towards consolidating the power of the nobility, as they operated in evolving and exposing for the general understanding, the different degrees of power attributable to each member of the high order. The station, therefore, of our English nobility, whether by class or by individual, came early to be known, and consequently all that jealousy, malice, and strife were avoided, of which there are unhappily so many deplorable instances in the annals of France. And further, when the commonalty adduced their pretensions to a greater consideration, and maintained them, the general body of the English aristocracy was acted upon, and not solitary individuals or separate classes, as we also see in France, where the nobility in one province enjoyed more absolute power over their vassals than in another; and they of Dauphiny or Provence, for instance,

were more independant of the crown than they of Normandy or Maine.

Two other reasons apply forcibly in this consideration of the difference between the aristocracies of England and France. The first is, our insular situation—from which, however our armies might have been engaged in wars, our ranks and classes of citizens were left uninjured and in peace. The second is, our true and independent religion, which admits not of the interference of any of her power, or ultramontane priesthood, and of which the nobility have been, and ought to remain the true guardians—a religion, indeed, which has, and must continue to excite the deepest veneration in every true lover of his country, as its ministers have, until the last most unfortunate Emancipation Bill, been the firmest advocates for our constitutional rights and liberties.

The creation of such an aristocracy is, for some centuries, utterly impossible for France, or any other of the continental powers. The only method which Louis Philippe can adopt, is to ennoble the most distinguished among the monied citizens and country proprietors.\* But even this must not be done too precipitately, lest the prejudices of men should be excited. Thus then, three things are absolutely necessary for the happiness and tranquillity of France—an independent army—an independent church—an independent aristocracy :—the first to maintain order and defend her citizens from internal commotion, or external foes ; the second, to spread the blessings of brotherly love among the people, operating to the eradication of baleful passions—to the effectually checking of ardent and base appetites ; the third, to be an intermediate and sufficient safeguard, between the despotism of the sovereign on the one hand, and on the other, of the insurrectionary and savage spirit of the commons.

It is now time for us to conclude ; yet, ere we do so, we cannot but cry out shame on those writers in England, who have been basely endeavouring to pander to the appetites of despots, and plead with impotent sophistry, the ~~cause~~ <sup>case</sup> of the tyrannical and justly dethroned Charles. What are we to think of men, who impudently sit down to give utterance to such expressions as the following :

“ We certainly wished that in the struggle, which we had long foreseen, the immediate result might be the establishment of something like despotic power in the throne of France ; and we did so because we considered a despotism, in the present condition of the world, as likely to turn out a lesser evil in that mighty country than the other alternative. The past had satisfied us, that if Charles X. desired the influence of a dictator, he was incapable of using that influence for any unpatriotic purpose ; that no fretfulness of idle vanity, no fervour of selfish ambition had tormented his ‘ chair days ;’ and that whatever extraordinary power he might obtain, would be held conscientiously, as his only, for an extraordinary and temporary purpose—that of endeavouring to lay the foundation of a national aristocracy.”

“ They saw,” (that is the Bourbons,) “ that the faction (by faction is meant the whole body of the people—saving only the small number of the king’s partisans,) which had never ceased to labour for the ruin of the monarchy, were rapidly attaining the utmost height of rebellious audacity, and that the only question was, who should strike the first blow. They saw, that to go on with the charter of Louis XVIII., as it stood, was inevitably to shipwreck the vessel of the state, and they thought to give it a chance by cutting away the masts!”—*Quarterly Review*. No. 86.

The King, in whose favour, as the *Standard* very justly observed, this despotism would have been raised by the kind-hearted Quarterly Reviewer, is *seventy-five years of age*. As to the qualities of mind which would have warranted the right use of inordinate power, we have already given them at the commencement of this article, and they are such as any man who is conversant with the incidents of the family history of Louis XVI., will never presume to deny. If “that fine country,” to use the reviewer’s own words, “ presented (between the restoration and the late expulsion,) on the whole a picture of prosperity, which fixed the admiration of Europe”—surely, as the “prosperity” spoken of must have been consequent on the industry of the people generally, is there not some inconsistency between this representation and that other, where he describes that very people as rapidly attaining to the utmost height of rebellious audacity ? If the latter assertion be true, as we believe it to be, the prospect had cer-

tainly been attained without the co-operation of the Bourbons, and the line of audacity was the true one for Frenchmen to pursue, who were governed by a monarch having no sympathy with the full body of the people. If again the spirit of audacity were operating for destruction, could not some modified remedy have been applied without recurring to the tyrannical necessity of destroying the charter, and converting a nation of freemen into one of slaves?

We come now to another of the noisy advocates of the deposed Charles.

"Charles X. was well pleased with the constitution; resisted and sought to preserve it; whilst others, above all the legislative body and the public press, were confederated for its destruction. These enemies of the Charter had already made it impossible for the King's government to proceed. No ministry that the King could appoint—NO MATTER WHO THEY WERE—so long as they would not abet the plan of reducing their master into unre-sisting vassalage to the will of the Jacobin faction, would have commanded the votes of the house."

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"There might be a long series of acts which expressed evil intentions to the constitution; ON THAT WE GIVE NO OPINION—BUT IT IS NOT ALLEGED THAT MORE THAN ONE CARRIED THESE INTENTIONS INTO EXECUTION SO AS SIGNALLY TO VIOLATE THE CHARTER!!!" — *Blackwood's Magazine* for October.

What must our readers think of such lamentable sophistry—of such contemptible efforts, on the part of any publication, to uphold a dangerous and a bad argument. Out upon Christopher North! that he should lend himself to such mean truckling servility, or suffer the respectability of his journal to be polluted by the pen of a low sycophant and an infamous hireling. The old man, however, is in his dotage, and the frightened publisher is obliged to run hither and thither in search of assistance; and being gifted with no discretion, and less ability, he invites every idle pretender to literature, every prattling and conceited Jack in office, into his service, and gives him journeyman's wages for the concoction of such extravagant trash as we have quoted, and which for the fumes of prostitution of purpose, in which

it is enveloped, absolutely stinks in the nostrils of men.

The writer talks of Jacobin faction: we ask, what Jacobin faction? How could Charles preserve the Charter by destroying it? Had not the King's ministers been worse and worse, as far as the advocacy of despotism is concerned? Were the legislative body and the public press *alone* confederated against the measures of Charles? Did not *all* FRANCE, with one loud shout of gladness, greet the accession to power of the Duke of Orleans; and was not that shout echoed throughout the kingdoms of Europe?—We lose all patience in entering into any argument with such drivelling and miserable casuists.

The *Quarterly Review* would re-establish despotism in France; and, if in France, perhaps in England: and *Blackwood's Magazine*, by its outcry against *journalism*, would argue for a general censorship of the press: and both would maintain, that however a whole nation may, with one accord, exclaim against the further existence of an arrogant and an ignorant administration, nevertheless it *must*, in every case, be good, because it receives the countenance of the monarch. We have seen, however, that the people of France have judged otherwise, and a very short interval will demonstrate whether the present administration of England are to continue in power in spite of the loud remonstrances of the people. One thing is certain, that however hirelings and drivellers may argue and write, the people of England "KNOW THEIR RIGHTS, AND, KNOWING, WILL MAINTAIN THEM." There is now a loud outcry for some modification of the House of Commons—some measure for parliamentary reform, that the full body of the people, the industrious labouring classes of the community, may be duly represented in Parliament. It remains to be seen whether the ministry will dare to stifle these outcries, or turn a deaf ear to such just and reasonable demands. For ourselves, we sincerely hope they will not be so hot-headed and rash; and this is an aspiration in which every true lover of his country, every advocate for internal peace and tranquillity, will, we are confident, most readily join with ourselves.



## THE GREEK QUESTION AND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

RECENT events in the west of Europe, have withdrawn public attention from the affairs of Greece, and reduced them to comparative insignificance; but the part which the British Government assumed to itself in them, is deeply interesting, both to its own subjects and to the world, and has, therefore, very properly we think, been made the topic of an able article in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*. There are, however, several points in that article which require explanation, and some of its statements do not possess the force attached to them.

In what is said of the real state of the case, that it was not a quarrel "between two states, but between a sovereign and his revolted subjects," is a perfect acknowledgment that there was no ground in the quarrel itself to justify the interference. The interference, therefore, was not undertaken "to enforce any claims of justice between the parties—to strengthen an injured sovereign, or to succour an oppressed people;" but rested altogether on particular grounds which affected the allies. The alleged cause of interference was that the quarrel between the Turks and Greeks produced evils by its continuance to other states—that is to the great allies; and that it was necessary to put an end to them. Now against the justice of this ground, if founded on fact, nothing can be objected; and the allies not only disclaimed any other, but lamented the necessity imposed upon them for interfering. It was a severe public duty required of them by the hardships which the rebellion of the Greeks occasioned to their own subjects. The justification, therefore, lies in the proof of these hardships—all this, according to the *Quarterly Review*, is clearly made out, and we bow to the ingenuity displayed by the reviewer. But what will our readers say when we tell them, that this seeming justice, policy, and expediency of the three allies, have no foundation in truth.

Without saying a word of classical predilections, or college associations having had any influence in the interference, we assert that it is not true that any such inconvenience was

sustained by the allies, from the quarrel between the Greeks and the Turks, as to justify the interference; and this we undertake presently to show, and also that the grounds for it, stated by the *Quarterly Review*, are assumed, are artificial, and are rejected by the truth of geography, and the state of politics, and of commerce. In stating this we do not mean to say that the allies were not justified in what they did—we only mean to demonstrate that the reasons assigned by the *Quarterly Review*, namely, "to rescue the peace of Europe, from the dangers to which it is exposed by a continuance of the struggle, and to relieve the commerce of nations from the interruptions it was actually experiencing from piracy, and the other collateral mischiefs attendant on that struggle," are not the true ones; and to make this clear, we shall state the refutation of the pretext in as few words as possible.

*First.* What territory of either of the allies, or any part of Christian Europe, was violated by the Greeks and Turks in their quarrel?—Did any part of Russia approach the rebellious provinces?—Were there not kingdoms and seas between every part of the French dominions and the Ottoman empire—and which of the British dependencies in the Mediterranean could complain of a single aggression?—Now, unless it can be proved by either one or all of the allies,—granting that they had a right to take upon themselves to speak the opinion of all Europe, which they had not,—that their territories were violated by the Greeks, or by the Turks, or by both, it is impossible, that, geographically, they could have been required to interfere. The theatre of the quarrel lay apart from the other states of Europe, separated by the Adriatic and the Ionian seas from them all; and it is therefore neither just nor true, to say that geographically that quarrel endangered the peace of Europe.

Again, says the *Quarterly Review*—"But what was it which made the security of commerce and the peace of Europe to be endangered by the long-continued struggle of the Turks

—which gave, therefore, to other nations the right of interfering to put an end to it? Evidently, not the extent of their country, nor the amount of its population; for larger and more populous provinces might have continued longer in a state of insurrection against their government without exciting any solicitude in the other cabinets of Europe." This admits that 'it is not the injury which provinces in rebellion do to themselves,' that justifies such an interference as that of the allies, but that harm must really have been done, and is continually arising to foreign nations, from a state of rebellion, to justify such nations for interfering. This is the fair induction from the statement, and indeed the *Quarterly Review* goes on to say—"It was simply and merely because of the local, above all, the maritime situation of the Greeks.—Their country lay in the high road of nations trading to the Levant and the Black Sea."—Now,

*Secondly*, we are grieved that such a statement should have been made, because it is untrue. The whole of the Levant is within the Turkish dominions as much as any of its particular harbours, rivers, or lakes, and it is no part of the high road of nations; it is as much all Ottoman as the golden horn of Constantinople itself. You cannot pass beyond the meridian of Cape Otranto without entering the waters of the Turkish empire, and, therefore, to say that "the maritime situation of the Greeks interfered with the commerce of other nations," is neither geographically nor politically just. It is only nations trading with the Ottoman dominions that could be affected in their ships by any thing that was done upon the Ottoman waters, and it will not be denied, that the Porte had the right and the power, at any time, to shut out all foreign nations from access to its ports and its seas. It had also a just and valid reason to assign for the measure. It had only to say to those nations that claimed by treaty any right to come, there is a rebellion in our provinces which obliges us for a time to forego the advantages of your commerce. We are obliged to interdict all foreign ships from our seas until this rebellion is quelled, for the interests of humanity require that we should protect

you from the piratical cruisers which the present unfortunate circumstances between us and our Greek rayahs have emboldened to come forth. To such an appeal as this, what could the allies say? We defy both France and Great Britain to have used one word of remonstrance to this. They could only have said—"We admit the justice, the wisdom, and the humanity of your policy, in interdicting us from trading with you during the rebellion, but our mariners are adventurous, and we will run the risk." "Well," replies the Turk, "if you do so, the consequences be upon yourselves, blame not us nor the Greeks for the misfortunes you may incur." Had they said this, how could France or England have resorted to the reason used by the *Quarterly Review*, as far as the trading to the Levant was concerned? or how could Russia, in any trade she may have by the Straits of Gibraltar? and, therefore, we assert that the statement on this point in the Review is hollow, and but that it is one of weakness, it would be deservedly stigmatised as fraud.

It is unnecessary to point out that the argument applies also to the trade by the Bosphorus, from the Russian dominions to the shores of the Archipelago; for the Turks have the power and right to shut the navigation, on the blockade principle, in times of political danger to itself, quite as much as a belligerent has the right to declare a fortress or harbour blockaded; for towers and forts from themselves have an equal right with a besieger, to interdict the approach of a neutral. The rights of blockade have never been questioned, and the rights of exclusion are equally valid; were it not so, why do we submit to take only such commercial privileges as the Chinese are pleased to give us? Why do all nations submit, without question, to the exclusive policy of Japan? or, to take an example nearer home, why do France and England, two of the allies, submit only to exchange such articles of commerce as they think fit? Why, in short, is there such a question as free trade? But we do not justice to the intelligence of our readers, in arguing so plain a point: that the Turks have the right to shut the navigation of their own rivers and waters is indisputable.

*Thirdly*—It may be said, however,

that in respect to Russia navigating the Black Sea, there is a difference, in as much as she has dominions on its shores. Very true! we grant her full power to navigate the Black Sea; but the Turks, in the situation of having Greece in rebellion, may say, there is war in the Archipelago, and we have placed all the countries of Europe in a state of exclusion, and our rebellious provinces must not be approached by the Bosphorus—our waters.

Can this be denied?—Why then is such a shallow pretext resorted to, and so geographically absurd as to say that the allies interfered with the Greek affair, “simply and merely because of the local, above all, the *maritime*, situation of the Greeks!” when the fact is, that neither in geography nor in politics, was there any thing to justify interference. The ships of “nations trading to the Levant and the Black Sea,” went to the nuisance—went to the seas where the “spawn of buccaneers and pirates were engendered;” and for the consequences of their hardihood or temerity, the Turks were not to blame. Humanity may lament that the Turks did not interdict the approach of these nations to their waters, but in not doing so, surely the ships of the nations which went of their own accord thither, cannot call the omission of the Turks a grievance.

Thus the struggle of the Greeks did not in any way necessarily or politically endanger the *peace of Europe*, nor did it affect the *commerce of nations*, for it interfered with no other commerce but that with the Ottoman dominions, which it was only in condescension that the Turks ever tolerated.

But although the diplomatic pretexts which the allies alleged for interfering in the affairs of Greece, are equally shallow and untrue, it is not for a moment to be imagined that there were not valid grounds for that

interference. On the contrary, from the dogmas of the Mahomedan religion, there is always a just cause of interfering between the Turks and their Christian subjects, and it is part of the alloy in the liberality of the present age, that this point is not considered with that gravity and reverence which properly belongs to it. To establish the ascendancy of Mahomedanism, is not only a command of the Prophet, but the declared end and object of Ottoman policy. A cessation in the warfare against Christianity, is only a *truce* or a *capitulation*; there exists not in Turkish diplomacy such a term as treaty, in the sense in which we understand it; and it is but a modern invention to style a Rayah a subject; it implies something baser, and indicates an inferiority connected with religion. Thus, whenever the Greek rises in arms against the Turk, it is not a rebellion, but a violation of a truce, or equivalent to an attempt to recover, and moreover he is at all times and in all circumstances, distinct and separate, and under no obligation to obey the Sultan, farther than suits his own convenience. It therefore would have been much more to the purpose, if the allies, instead of alleging such plausibilities as the peace of Europe, and the interruption of commerce, had honestly stated the fact, that the Greeks having risen in arms against the Turks, they had interfered to mitigate the horrors of the war; for it must always be borne in mind, that the difference between Christianity and Mahomedanism, makes them two separate “*peoples*,” and that the Turks only possess a military rule over them: when this important fact is not duly attended to, and when the Christian nations regard the Turks as one of their community, immediate confusion ensues, and will ever ensue in all matters, in which any thing like negotiation is entered into with the Sultan.

[The remainder of the article in the *Quarterly Review* is clear and perspicuous. The honour of the country has been rigidly and highly maintained in the whole of the Greek negotiations. We only regret that a pretext should have been made by the allies for the Treaty of London, which facts, geographical and political, do not uphold.]

## Symposiac the First.

ON the finest day of the last month, about nine in the evening, there was a gathering of as many good fellows as chose to go, with a sufficient sprinkling of foolish frivolos to afford sport for the chosen few. The said gathering was held in the back room of the establishment of Mr. James Fraser, at No. 215, Regent-street, the *birth-place of Regina*, and temple of true fun. No care had been lost to make the room worthy of the company, and of the occasion—which last was nothing less than the commencement of a series of plenary indulgences independent of old Square Toes at Rome. The decorations of the apartment were most appropriate. On every side glasses and bottles met the eye: the glasses of various colours and dimensions, and all of delightfully thin consistency—the bottles bright with glowing tints, our own favourites

“Blushing celestial rosy-red, love’s proper hue:”

and the swan-like necks of others seeming made for that sweet grasp which gives more joy than aught in life, save the touch of your soft fingers, beautiful Miss Snooks! Cuff, the Purveyor for princes and prosperous writers supplied the wines and all other needfuls connected with corporeal enjoyment. We must except the anchovy toast, which was manufactured by the fair hands of Miss Mitford, and she was splendidly toasted in return—long life and merry tragedies to her! Talking and singing of all kinds was kept up in rare style, and faithfully reported by a gentleman, who never takes down a speech accurately, unless he be just in that state in which Lords wish to be who do not love their ladies. On the memorable evening in question, every thing conspired to put him in high feather, and the following is his minute and mellifluous account of what took place.

*O’Doherty.*

But if you’ve a song, give us a bar of it—

Keep it up for an hour or two—

And though the toddy they make here, may not be the best,

Yet nevertheless we’ll have more of it.

Sing—Foll-de-rol, foll-de-rol, foll-de rol, loo.

Admirably chorussed. Here, slavey—another batch of bowls. [*They are produced on the instant.*] Poor Paddy Clarke, of the Spenser he was, when he wrote that truly splendid song. I wonder where is he now, and Echo says, “where is he now?” Tender sentiment occasionally comes over the soul of me! Are you all filled—

*Omnes.*—All.

*O’Doherty.*—No skylights?

*Omnes.*—None.

*O’Doherty.*—Gentlemen. [*Loud cheers.*] Gentlemen, I rise to propose in this august assembly, a toast, which I am sure will be responded to with a heartfelt emotion, by all who have a heart to feel: [*hear, hear!*] those who have none, may divide off to the left, for they have no right to be here. I am not about to give the valiant Parisians, the heroes of the three days of the great week, as our neighbours call it; or to trumpet forth the renown of the tailors, weavers, dyers, breeches-makers, tinkers, cads, players, tumblers, pick-pockets, newspaper editors, gaming-house keepers, waiters, bellows-menders, green-grocers, sweeps, rag-pickers, shoe-blacks, house-painters, surgeons, men-milliners, poets, beggarmen, thieves, journalists, dog-dancers, knife-grinders, sonnetteers, farriers, swindlers, stock-brokers, ladies of easy virtue, and gentlemen of none, who beat and overthrew the French soldiery, commanded by a Marshal of France, so highly to the honour of the military *côte* of the great nation.—Nor do I intend to expatiate on the glories of the *braves Belges*, in the war against the cabbage-tailed Dutchmen; a war in which the valour of both parties was balanced with an extremity of exactitude, that it would puzzle the most lynx-eyed observer to decide which, the

advancing or the retreating, the beaten or the victorious, was the most poltroon of mankind—a war greatly in its general features, resembling the duel in *Miss in her Teens*, between Mr. Fribble and Captain Flash; in which, and many other duels, the only question to be decided, was, which party would first run away.—Nor shall I speak of Spain—

*The Whipper-in.*—Why thin, Insinc, I'd thrubble ye to know of what it is ye do mane to spake? Here you've been telling us this quarter of an hour, what you don't think of saying, and the punch growing could all the time. So now, as the house is full, and every thing riddy for a division, would it not be bitter for you to come to a payriod, and not keep the mimbers waiting? In another House, that shall be nameless, for the laste said the soonest minded, that's the way I drop the hint to Peel—"Peel," says I, in an under tone, "you've spoke enough, the devil a one minds a word you're saying, and the boys are whipped-in; so hould your tongue, and niver mind the mateness of the inding, for sure enough it will be as good as the rest, stop when you will by the way of a purryration."

*O'Doherty.*—The words of wisdom and experience will, I trust, never be listened to by me without their due attention. I bow, therefore, to thee, Greek as thou art, of the island of Sligo. Without further preface then, I give that toast which, when unadorned is adorned the most—"The Ladies of England!" Three times three.

*The Whipper-in.*—Take the fire from me.

Hip—hip—hip—hurra!

Hip—hip—hip—hurra!

Hip—hip—hip—hurra!

Hurra!—hurra!—hurra!

Hurra!—hurra!—hurra!

Hurra!—hurra!—hurra!

Hurra!—oh—oh—oh!

*The Chancellor.*—And one cheer more.

*The Whipper-in.*—Faith, then, that's asier said than done in such a case—but, no matter, here goes.

Hip—hip—hip—hurra! &c.

*O'Doherty.*

Oh! we drain off our glasses, and drink the dear lasses,  
They are dull-headed asses who fancy it wrong;  
When bright eyes inspire us, and sweet glances fire us,  
It never can tire us to praise them in song.

*The Whipper-in.*

In the land of ould Arin, I'm tould they are swarin  
That no Union therein shall longer prevail;  
But the union of Hymen—you all know what I mean—  
Neither knowing nor sly men they'll niver repale.

*O'Doherty.*

'Tis Wordsworth will praise ye, the cowslip and daisy,  
And bother his jazy for beautiful veise,  
But a fig for his posties, give me the 'live roses,  
For all others, by Moses! I care not a curse.

*The Whipper-in.*

Who values ould doters or clàssical quoters,  
I'll whip in the voters—to cry, yea or nay;  
And, without a division, I'm sure your decision  
Will be to the darlins due homage to pay.

*O'Doherty.*—Broke down for a rhyme in the last verse.

*The Whipper-in.*—How devilish particular you are—you hav'n't a rhyme yourself always riddy to pull out of your breeches pocket.

*O'Doherty.*—But we interrupt business. The Chairman is about to speak.

[*Aside.*] Secure a glass in advance as many of ye as can, for I foresee that the Governor is going to spin a yarn.

*Oliver Yorke.*—My Lords and Gentlemen, I have done myself the special honour of calling you here together, in order to do business. How strange and critical is the position of human affairs at present! Wherever we turn our eyes there is revolution. The race of Charles the Tenth is banished from the throne—William of Holland is pilfered of half a crown—Anthony of Saxony is displaced—Charles of Brunswick has been obliged to fly—Prussia, Austria, Russia, are—

*O'Doherty.*—Bothered.

*Yorke.*—I thank my friend for the word, though it was not that which I had intended to use. In short, the alteration of the face of affairs on the Continent cannot be more aptly compared to anything that I know of, than to the revolutionary appearance imposed upon the whole periodical world of England by Fraser's Magazine. [*Loud cheers.*] There is what the French would have called a *bouleversement*. The old and worn-out despots are chased away, or their domination totters. A new order of things is prevailing, and the effete editors and curmudgeon contributors are gone to their native abode of darkness, thence never to emerge. That this should have been effected without bloodshed is a wish that humanity may utter, but which experience in the affairs of the world must prevent us from expecting. We might have desired that those who fancied themselves our rivals might have sunk unmo-  
lestled,

“As sleep the dull who sink to rest,  
Beneath congenial mud oppressed.”

[*Hear, hear!*]

*O'Doherty.*—Neat—

*Whipper-in.*—Mighty nate.

*Oliver Yorke.*—But I fear it is not so destined to be; and though I deprecate the punishment of death as heartily as Polignac himself, it is to be dreaded that I must inflict it with an unsparing hand. I shall, however, still afford a breathing time, a moment for repentance, which I think they to whom I allude, cannot better employ, than in hanging themselves peaceably without staining my fingers with their gore.

My Lords and Gentlemen.—The great and increasing popularity of this our Magazine, has not a parallel in the history of the periodical world. [*Applause.*] I shall not dwell any further on this pleasing fact than to announce that our sale is rapidly rising to 20,000! [*applause*] and the calculations of ordinary experience warrant me in saying that when a magazine has reached that number, the chances are that, in due course of time, and that not a very long course, it ordinarily reaches the number of 100,000! To that number it is my present intention to limit the sale; but, like Sir Robert Peel, I shall always be found open to conviction, and on a proper case being made out, shall have no objection in retracting what may seem to be the firmest purpose of my life. As for opposition, I fear none. We soar like eagles, opening our eyes steadily upon the glorious orb that irradiates, cheers, and inspires us with life and vigour and genius; and let the flocks of owls and other obscene birds of the night, as they fly before his beams, hoot and chatter in self-important stupidity without disturbing us. [*Loud cheers.*]

My Lords and Gentlemen—I have the honour of proposing Fraser's Magazine. [*Twelve times twelve.*]

“Rogers, I begin to doubt your immortality—your wit is now but a remembrance—you are not the man you were.” So said Montgomery, with a *tone and manner*, which would have pleased my Lord Ellenborough. But Rogers soon gave him his change by the following volley of conundrums:—

*Rogers.*—Pray, my fine fellow, can you tell me, why a devilled chop is like a revolutionary movement? D'ye give it up?—Because it is an *intestine broil*.

“Why is a man, who won't come out when you call him, like a false inference? D'ye give it up?—Because he is a *non sequitur*.”

“Why is the author of the *Jew of Arragon*, the personification of a proverbial phrase? D'ye give it up?—Because he's *Wade in the balance*, and found wanting.

"When does an old aunt *bridle* most? D'ye give it up?—When she's *saddled* with her sister's family.

"Why is a poetaster like a cigar lighted at the wrong end? D'ye give it up?—Because, with all the puffing in the world, you can't give him even the semblance of a flame."

"Mr. Rogers," said Omnipresence Satan, "you are personal."

"Well, by Jove," retorted Sam, "I now believe what Miss Landon said of you—that you're the omnipresence of yourself. Can't a man mention poetaster without your bristles rising?"

"Sir, your age protects you," said Satan.

"Then it is of more use than yours," cried old Perpetuity, and pulled Omnipresence by the nose; who roared out—"Oh, my eye!" to the seeming horror and real delight of every one present.

The Chairman, however, was obliged to assume displeasure, though he felt it not. "Mr. Rogers!" quoth he, "Remember you are not in your own shew-room, and at liberty to do as you like. Fill up your glass, you old sinner, and give us a song."

"That I will," said Sam, jovially; "and, owing to the great celebrity I achieved by my last Latin song, which I wrote for the occasion of the dinner, and sung, as you all know, I will now sing another, written by me to diffuse a spirit of cheerful piety among people who are growing old."

"Order for a song, by Sam. Rogers," cried the Chairman; "and, if any gentleman wishes to blow his nose, let him do so at once, and not interrupt the harmony by a trumpet accompaniment." [*Many sounds—and then a dead silence.*]

#### *The Song of SAM ROGERS.*

Mihi est propositum in taberna mori;  
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,  
Ut dicant, cum venerint, angelorum chori,  
"Deus sit propitius huic potatori!"

Poculis accenditur animi lucerna,  
Cor, imbutum nectare, volat ad superna.  
Mihi sapit dulcius vinum in taberna,  
Quam quod aqua miscuit præsulis pincerna.

Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo,  
Neque possum scribere, nisi sumto cibo.  
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunos scribo,  
Nasonem post calices carmine præibo.

Mihi nunquam spiritus prophetiæ datur,  
Non nisi cum fuerit venter benè satur:  
Cum in arce cerebri Bacchus dominatur,  
In me Phœbus irruit, ac miranda fatur.

Fertur in gymnasiis *vinus, vine, vinum*,  
Masculinum displicet, nec placet femininum  
At in neutro genere vinum est divinum  
Loqui facit monachos optimum Latinum.

Roariferous acclamations; which having subsided, the Chairman rose, and inquired—"Did you really write that song, Rogers?"

"Upon my honour, as a poet and a sanker, I did," replied Sam.

"Then, gentlemen, I think we ought to drink Mr. Rogers's good health, and song," quoth Oliver.

*The company caring little whose health they drank—so they but drank—filled up in gallant style, and Galt was going to give the "hips," when in stalked a contradiction of Sir Walter's creed, about the non-existence of strange visitors from the world of shadowy forms. The vision was dressed in a gown and girdle, a hood, and all other attributes of monkery. Having walked slowly to the upper end of the room, the figure, in a hollow tone, growled forth—"I object to that toast being drunk." "The devil, you do!" cried Oliver; "and why, my*

good sir?" "Because," rejoined the Monk, "the song is not by that commercial Bard, there: it is one of my pleasures of memory to know, that it was written by me, long before that person was born, or begotten." Rogers now rose to refute this singular charge of larceny; and began by inquiring the name of his rival. "My name," answered the stranger, "is Walter de Mapes." "Then, Walter de Mapes, were it not for the gown you wear, I'd give you the lie; and, as it is, must say you have not spoken truth. The song was written by me—and as for your presuming to speak of a period prior to my being born or begotten—I, with confidence, appeal to the company as to which looks the older, you or I. [*Hear, hear!*] You'll say you are a ghost; but who'll undertake to prove that I am not as much a ghost as yourself? [*Loud cheers from all parts of the room.*] You see, my good friend, that the sense of the company is against you; so pray vanish, with as much expedition, and as little smell as possible." *The speaker now sat down, and the cry of "turn him out," was very general, with reference to Walter the ghost, who took the hint and hid himself in the key-hole, whence he silently escaped soon after.*

"Pray, Rogers, where do you buy your wine?" asked O'Doherty.

"In Liquorpond Street; but may I ask the cause of your question?"

"Why," said the Standard-bearer, "in the song you have sung, you say,  
'Tales versus facio, quale vinum bibo.'

from which I should infer, that your wine is villainously bad."

"The wit of that remark is no excuse for its impertinence," observed Sam, sulkily.

Oliver feared a storm, and called for a song. "Sing yourself," said a gentleman. "With all my heart!" cried Oliver, and immediately struck up.

#### OLIVER YORKE'S Song.

Oh, he that will not merry, merry be,  
With a bowl and jovial toast,  
May he be into Bridewell put,  
And fast bound to a post.  
And while he's merry, merry there, my boys,  
Will we be merry here,  
For it's who can tell  
Where we may dwell,  
To be merry another year. (bis.)

"There, my lads, you have it short and sweet, like my wife's epitaph."—"Pray," said Galt, "can't we talk a little conversation? I don't like so much singing." "By all means," cried O'Doherty; "and the argument shall be, Moore's power as a satirist." "Now," quoth Galt, "my excellent devil of wit! I love thee infinitely; for thy alluding to the subject gives me an opportunity of craving permission to read a poem, which is short and original. It is by myself; so I say nothing of its merits; concerning which you'll give me your opinion, as its appearance in print depends on its receiving here the impress of your approval. You know that Moore thought fit to sneer at *Regina*, and to allude to me as her Editor. It is with reference to him that I wrote the stanzas, which now I beg to read to you." "By all means do so," said the Chairman; "for you are a kind-hearted fellow, and incapable of inflicting bad verse on your friends. I only hope you have twitched that little viper who so meanly attacked you. I think his attack was a judgment on you for praising him. A fellow of his kidney never thinks the praise sufficient, unless you lay it on thick and smooth as Montgomery's verse.—Go it, Galt, we're all attention." Mr. Galt then rose, and read from a paper the following stanzas:

#### Who is the Editor of Fraser's Magazine?

Why, who should the Editor be but NOLL YORKE?—

Yet since this plain fact by wee Tom is forgot,

The bottle of wisdom I now shall uncork,

And shew who the Editor surely is *not*.



He is not the man who once spread through the land  
 The poisonous slime of a prostitute muse,  
 Till the pest raged around us on every hand—  
 The breath of the brothel, the stench of the stews!

He never has labour'd a lay of vile lust,  
 To curse the chaste heart with unquenchable fire;  
 Nor tinsel hath spun to veil Vice from disgust,  
 Or hide the dark hues of degrading desire!

He never has sate at the board of a Prince,  
 And stol'n from his privacy food for small quizzdom;  
 Nor, sland'ring a King, wasted life to convince  
 That fearing a Lord's the beginning of wisdom.

He never has crouch'd to the dust for a hug  
 By the gentle Lord George, or the sweet Lady Betty;  
 And all who behold his magnanimous *mug*,  
 May be sure that he cannot be *Little* or *Petty*.\*

Nor will he e'er know that old age of the worst—  
 Ay, worse than the end of the frog's futile strain;  
 It swell'd its small bulk till, swelling, it burst—  
 Better so, than live on to grow little again!

One of the things we never intend to attempt is, a description of the applause which rewarded this display of Galt's powers, literary and declamatory. "Print it! print it! by all means print it!" was shouted forth by every one present, except Montgomery, whose objection was grounded on the manifest vigour and beauty of the stanzas. Jesse, who is a good-natured lad, and has as little jealousy as any literary man—which leaves him quite enough—Jesse was for the printing; and expressed himself so energetically to that effect, that Mr. Alaric Attila Watts, who had sneaked into the room unperceived, exclaimed, "Ah, Jesse, 'tis easy enough to see you're a contributor to Fraser's Magazine, as, indeed, we know from the printed evidence in that publication. But you might have a little decent reserve, and not be so vastly particular about having those stanzas placed in an immortal form." "What's that you say, Watts!" cried Jesse. "Listen, my lad and gentlemen all, and I'll read you something about this interloper, written by Mr. Morgan, author 'of the *Reproof of Brutus*, a gentleman whose style of singing 'Charming Judy Callaghan' has often delighted us all." Down went the Chairman's hammer; and Jesse placing, as he's wont, the extreme point of his principal digit to the point, equally extreme, of his nasal promontory,—[See No. VIII.]—recited this

*Poke at Alaric.*

I don't like that Alaric Attila Watts!  
 Whose verses are just like the pans and pots,  
 Shining on shelves in a cottager's kitchen,  
 Polish'd and prim. Now a greyhound bitch in  
 The corner, a cat, and some empty bottles,  
 A chubby-faced boy, and the Lord knows *what* else;  
 All taken together 's a picture, which in  
 My humble opinion is just as rich in  
 Domestic detail, without the "what nots"  
 That smooth down the verses of Alaric Watts.

Outroarious laughter followed this; and Jesse, like a rogue as he is, kept it up by saying—"Pray, Alaric Attila, where do you find those fine names—your own and Zilla Madonna? I'm told you hope to supply posterity with sugar-plums, and that they'll say the sweet, sweet Watts was the very one worth all the rest. Tush, man, never frown—your verses in the *Souvenir* say all this, only in much more mystificatory language." "Mr. Jesse,"

\* No allusion to my Lord Marquis.

said Alaric Attila, "the *Tales of the Dead*"—" *Dé mortuts nil nisi bonum*," cried O'Doherty, looking fiercely at the *Souvenir*, who suddenly lost his recollection and asked for a coach. This was brought and he departed, as he always does, and dying will do, to the great joy of every one near him. Mr. Ball then rose, and begged to say a word about the effects of

#### *The Deluge.*

The world before the flood  
Was a monstrous mass of mud,  
And the cows all chewed the cud  
Of nothing but reflection;  
But, when that naval officer,  
Noah, planted coffee, sir,  
And laid out lots of rhino  
In brewing blessed wine—oh,  
Then, then, our mother earth  
Began a teeming birth,  
In consequence of which  
The farmers all grew rich;—  
And, now, their sons love go-itry,  
Their daughters purchase poetry,  
And I've a good fat ration  
For writing *The Creation*.

"And that's all botheration,"

said O'Doherty. "He! he! he!" grinned Montgomery. "Come, come," quoth Ball, "since you're so facetious, Mister Omnipresence, pray listen to this anecdote. In the room of the barber who superintends the division of your black bristles above your tawny forehead, there is a copy of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, which you employ yourself in reading—as you well may, for who'd read it save he who had written it? Well, one day a friend of mine was sitting under the barber's dominion, and observed, what he thought a very silly looking lad, contemplating the picture forming the frontispiece of that queer book. The picture in question reminds many malicious wags of a rusty conductor waiting for a flash of lightning. But to return, the contemplating youth suddenly rose and went his way; when the barber addressing my friend, said, 'Do you know, sir, that young gentleman who has just left the room?' 'Not at all,' was the reply. 'That, sir, is Mr. Robert Montgomery, author of that wonderful book on the table.' 'Bless my stars,' cried the gentleman, 'why, he's no more like the picture, than his work is like poetry.' 'I can assure you, sir,' continued the destroyer of hairs, 'that Mr. Montgomery often spends hours in looking on that picture, at intervals assuring me, with a sigh, that it has not half enough expression to be a good likeness of him.'" "Mr. Chairman," quoth Omnipresence, "is this not personal?" "Very," replied Yorke; "but you should remember that your satirical failures, the *Age Reviewed* and the *Puffiad*, were distinguished by a strong disposition and weak endeavour to be unpleasant. When you were counting the syllables of those two affairs, you should have thought of your omnipresent blunders, and of the laborious life imposed thereby on the editor of the *Inspector*. As to your *Satan*, 'tis the devil; and of your *Omnipresence of the Deity*, this is my

#### *Opinion.*

God's omnipresence I believed,  
And yet was wondrously deceived.  
For, not long since, I chanced to look  
In young Montgom'ry's maudlin book;  
And can with confidence declare,  
That not a trace of God is *there*."

Bob immediately made himself scarce. "Gillies, why so glum?" said O'Doherty, to that great author.

"From the dark dungeons of dejection freed,  
Rise, Gillies, rise!

Never mind the *Foreign Quarterly*—'tis a green-hued monster, and Caliban is king thereof. Come, my worthy Ex-editor, sing us your song about 'an old woman lame and blind.'" "Later in the evening, if you please," said Mr. T. B. Macauley. "Now or then, 'tis all one to me," quoth Gillies. "However, as I am avowedly the greatest German scholar this country has ever produced, barring Coleridge perhaps, I'll sing you a song written by Schiller, to the honour and glory of punch. Perhaps the Standard-bearer will oblige me by singing the second part." "Not a doubt of it, Gillies; so just take your two fingers from before your mouth-piece, and give the mighty movement way." "Order, for a duet by two gentlemen," cried Jesse.—"Order, order!" responded Oliver; and all was mute as a snoreless sleep.

Mr. PIERCE GILLIES'S Song.

Vier Elemente	Giesset des Wassers
Innig gesellt	Sprudelnden Schwall!
Bilden das Leben	Wasser umfanget
Bauen die Welt.	Ruhig das All.
Presst der Citrone	Tropfen des Geistes
Saftigen Stern	Giesset hinein!
Herb ist des Lebens	Leben dem Leben
Innerster Kern.	Giebt er allein.
Jetzt mit des Zuckers	Eh! es verdüftet
Linderndem saft	Schöpft es schnell!
Zähmet die herbe	Nur wenn er glüheth
Brennende Kraft.	Labet der Quell!

"Bravo! bravo! Schiller for ever!" was the cry of jubilation from all parts of the room.

*O'Doherty*.—Pray, Mr. Duncombe, did you ever hear of Mr. Wells of Norwich?

*Tom*.—What Mr. Wells, pray?

*O'Doherty*.—What Mr. Wells!—why, the son of old Mr. Wells.

*Tom*.—Never, on my honour; but may I ask why you make the inquiry?

*O'Doherty*.—Ah! my dear sir, that was a man; yet he had one fault—a very great fault.

*Tom*.—Well, sir, and what was that?

*O'Doherty*.—He was a notorious bottle-stopper.—Do you take?

*Tom*.—Ha! ha! I do, I do, and give also—here's the bottle. Let's have a toast.

*O'Doherty*.—The health of Jack Philipson?

*Tom*.—Oh, no; a d—d low fellow—no sort of style about him.

*O'Doherty*.—Well, I'll give you Eliza—you've no objection to that, I suppose?

*Tom*.—By all means—and we'll drink it standing, in compliment to her legs.

*O'Doherty*.—Well, now, that is kind of you to remember her pretty under-standing—for all the world knows of her running away.

*Tom*.—Sir, we'll change the subject, if you please.

*O'Doherty*.—Right—yet the lady has been before hand with you there.

*Tom*.—Mr. Chairman, I beg to drink the independent electors of Hertford. (Applause.)

Here the Chairman interposed, and begged that the company would give their attention to the Silent Gentleman, who, for the first time since the accession of his present Most Gracious Majesty, felt most irresistibly impelled to speak. This announcement tickled all ears, and you might have heard the decapitation of a pin, or any other scarcely audible sound, when the Silent Gentleman rose, and thus began:—

"That was a sneaking trick of a contemporary to steal an idea of mine,

about the *Brides of the Year*. However, the execution, thank Heaven! cannot be charged on me. I'll now read my vaticination about the year to come—that is to say, if you'll allow me." Omnes—"Read! read!" The Silent Gentleman accordingly read—

*The Brides of the Ensuing Year.*

There is a power, which Poets have, and no one hath beside,  
By which their peepers spy whate'er the future fain would hide;  
And thus it is, that I'm empower'd to shew what is to be a  
Twelvemonth hence, and—mark me well—this is my own idea.

'Tis all along of matches—of the first of which I heard an  
Age ago—'twixt Omnipresence Bob and Agnes Jerdan.  
Concerning this I've many thoughts, but now shall only say  
'Tis sin to throw so sweet a pearl so recklessly away!

Next, there's our own friend Jesse—a tender-hearted trump—  
Whom Heaven intends to bless with magnifique Miss Crumpe.  
Oh, Jesse, thou art a lucky dog! for that most glorious bust  
Is rarest of the raree-shows that shall return to dust!

And T. K. Hervey, too, will take out leave to lay a hand on  
The yet unfettered finger-tips of lovely Letty Landon:  
Of this I disapprove, for Mistress H. will lose the spell  
That dwelt in that triumvirate of letters—L. E. L.

'Tis also said that tragedy is like to lose her paragon,  
That one of London's Jews will wed the dark-eyed maid of Arragon:  
But this shall never be, for, oh! that brow's transcendent light  
Must still irradiate a sphere, where nought beside is bright!

Now Ellenborough's Lord, I see, no longer cares a fig, by  
Whom he's quizzed, and means to wed again the matchless Digby.  
If so, my Lord, remember even trampled reptiles turn—  
And shall not noble woman, wronged, the spurner proudly spurn?

Fitzgerald, a fine butterfly, who's buzzing 'bout the town  
Has hon'rab! intentions tow'rd's pathetic M. A. Browne.  
And further, I foresee—though they themselves don't know it—  
That J. Augustine Wade will marry Mary Howitt.

So here's good luck to poaching! for I do think it fair!  
Good luck to ev'ry gentleman, who wants to get an heir!  
Bad luck to every gamekeeper, that doesn't love his dear!  
For it's my delight in a shiny night, in the season of the year!

"Now, by the spotless honour of *Regina*!" cried Oliver Yorke, "it's a pity, my dear Taciturnity, that you don't speak oftener—you do it so eloquently and poetically." The Silent Gentleman bowed, and resumed his seat.

The glasses being filled, the Chairman spoke as follows:—"Now, gentlemen, let each man fill a bumper to the toast which I am about to propose. The prefatory part in its recommendation shall be short; for we must really leave off that habit of speechifying into which we have fallen, and stick to the main business in hand—that is, in toasting all our good friends, whether present or absent, and emptying sundry bottles of wine, to the edification of ourselves and the world at large. We are of the old Anacreontic breed; our brains are as dull, stale, and unprofitable as ditch water, until we have been revived with sundry bottles of madeira, the most gentlemanly wine in existence, and old port, which, spite of what White's club-men say, is very consolatory to the stomach, very gracious to the digestive powers, and very strengthening to the mind. Here, bless the powers above! we can drink as much as we please; thanks to the well-replenished cellars and capital wines of *Regina's* publisher!—and in this we differ very materially from your fashionable parties, where the cloth is whipped off the table before you have gargled your throat with a

few initiatory glasses of the vinous juice. However, in order that you may not, for the future, be outwitted when in fashionable parties, take this as a rule—Always ask every man at the table to take wine with you; and afterwards, if he is a man of breeding, like my friend O'Doherty, he will ask you to take a glass in return. Thus, should there be twelve men at table, you contrive at once to get twenty-four good glasses of wine before the cloth is removed, and this is a matter worthy of remembrance.—O'Doherty, put it among the next batch of your maxims. Another of your maxims should be—

' Si bona vina cupis, hæc quinque probantur in illis,  
Fortia, formosa, fragrantia, frigida, frigida!'

No more Latin, however, but steadily to business. When I took up my glass, it was to propose a health; but the Standard-bearer fixed his left eye upon me, and, when he does so, he charms me into talking of wine.—Come, gentlemen, no daylight in your glasses, and no heel-taps when once they are to your lips. I give you THE KING! Long may he live to fill the throne which he adorns!"

[Every glass is emptied—Twelve-times-twelve.—Song, "He stemm'd the waves, a valiant tar."

Yorke.—Fill up again, gentlemen; for this toast cannot follow the last in too speedy measure. It, properly speaking, ought to have accompanied it; but then we should have been cheated out of a glass of wine, and, therefore, I hope Her Gracious Majesty Queen Adelaide, will forgive us for keeping her for a second bumper. Now, my lads, up with it—Long life to King William's CONSORT, our beloved Adelaide, Queen of England!"

[Immense cheering—Twelve-times-twelve—The glasses dance Irish jigs upon the table, and the heavy decanters have a set-to at a cotillon.—Song, "With heart as pure as angels bear."

Yorke.—Ha, ha, ha!—Egad, the very glasses and decanters have caught up the spirit of fun!—Come, Rogers, my raw-head-and-bloody-bones—my prince of bugaboos—open your peepers, my old boy! It's an insult to the company to be shutting your blinkers thus early. Come, fill up your glass, man!

Rogers.—I was just then beginning to dream of Italy.—

"I thought I was mounting the Alps!—  
Who first beholds those everlasting clouds—  
Seed-time and harvest, morning, noon, and night,  
Still where they were—steadfast, immovable;  
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,  
As rather to belong to heaven than earth!—  
But instantly receives into his soul  
A sense, a feeling, that he loses not."

Yorke.—Hollo!—stop!—don't give us the whole poem. You are not now at Holland House, or in your own drawing-room. I wish you would

"Instantly receive into your mouth  
A glass of wine, whose taste you shall not lose."

After all, your poetry, Rogers, is beautiful—say what they will against your face. That, however, is not of your manufacture; whereas your poetry is. Your volume of "Italy" is one of the most splendid that ever graced the literature of England.—So don't look downcast, man, but throw a smile into your ugly mug, and fill your glass.

Rogers.—Really, Captain Yorke, you have no bowels of compassion. You think every body can drink like yourself and the Cornet. I am obliged to be cautious—if I were not, I should get up as sick as a dog in the morning.

O'Doherty.—

"Si tibi serotina noceat potatio vini:  
Horâ matutinâ rehibas, et erit medicina."

There's comfort for you, Sam.

*Rogers.*—Mercy on us, Signifer; would you have me get drunk in the morning too?

*O'Doherty.*—It's only curing yourself with a tooth of the dog that bit you overnight. Gentlemen, replenish, for I have a toast which will make your blood thrill in ecstasy through your veins.

*Enter TOM CAMPBELL.*

*Yorke.*—Hollo! who have we here?—Tom Campbell, by all that is holy! Hang the fellow—I wish he was at the bottom of the Red Sea. Why does he come here to bother us with his shrivelled up and obstetrical face. One would think that after the drubbings he has got at our hands, he would have kept his precious carcass far as the blessed antipodes from our merciless fangs [*aside to Jesse*]. Well, Tom, here you are—I am glad to see you; although they told me you were offended at our sweet mention of your name.

*Campbell.*—I really thought it very unkind of you, Yorke, to treat me in the cruel manner you have done. What injury have I ever been guilty of towards you?

*Yorke.*—Why, Tom, to me, personally, you have ever been the gentlest of God's animals; but whenever I write in *Regina*, I forget all private friendships and partialities, all prejudices and antipathies; my bosom is steeled against all the undue and fatal influences of every passion under Heaven, being big with the lofty idea, that I am working for the improvement of the world at large, and of that countless posterity, yet in the womb of time. Sir, as Editor of *Regina*, I am the conservator of English literary taste, and English literary taste is scandalized at your proceedings. The high-mettled racer of Parnassus is dwindled down into the tip-toe-sliding hack dandy of the drawing-room; he, who by a proper cultivation of his genius, had been a person above all the titled and wealthy jackasses of the metropolis, is turned into a slave of fashion, a sorry, mouthing, poor time-server to men, who, though they possess titles and have ducal coronets, are but the mere spawn of accident. The glorifier of the muses—he, who once in soft and beautifully modulated poems, sung of the beatific and blessed affections of the heart—of woman's angelic chastity and excellence, as typified in the character of a Gertrude—and whose blood once boiled in tides of passion, as he recounted the glories of England, and the martial achievements of the world—is dwindled into a tapster of a low club-house, a companion of mawkish fashionables, and loves to spend his time in carousing over the bottle, and uttering jokes, and indulging in table talk, which shall not be mentioned by me on this occasion, but which grieves me to the very heart, when I think that all, all of which I have accused you, Tom Campbell, has been done and uttered—is daily done and uttered by a man in whose power it once was to have bequeathed to future times as pure and immaculate a name as any in the whole range of our British literature.

*Campbell.*—(*Rising in a violent passion.*) Sir, you are offensive—I will no longer remain here to listen to such insulting language. I am as potent in intellect now as I ever was in the course of my life—as every body knows—that is, Henry Colburn, and Patmore, and Lady Charlotte Bury, and Edward Lytton Bulwer, because they respectively, and often and often have told me, that I was and am the first of the poets of England; and that my name will be remembered when those of Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, are forgotten.

[*A vociferous ha! ha! ha! from the whole company. Campbell bounces about the room for some time like a parched pea upon a drum-head—then takes up his hat, and is about to make a precipitate retreat, when Sir Morgan pulls him back by the tails of his coat.*]

*Sir Morgan.*—Stop! stop! my prince of white-headed boys. By holy Jove—aye, by the brow of cloud-compelling Jove himself—you shall stop and hear your praises repeated in verse and song. Pungent, my fine fellow, give us a taste of your quality.

*Pungent cantitates.*

Regina's great king is Noll Yorke, the sworn foe  
Of Irishman Moore and Tom Cawmell the Scot;  
And the threat he held out was not swagger and show,  
For the lacing he's giv'n us shall ne'er be forgot.

Such fortune awaits each contemptible wight,  
Each pert poetaster, each sycophant vile;  
Each grey-headed dandy, whose genius once bright,  
Is burnt down to the dregs—black as Jem Scarlett's bile.

Then why should we fail to apply our mastix  
To the shoulders of Cawmell, of Cockneys the prince,  
Who apes from superiors small drawing-room tricks?—  
Then lay on, Drum-Major, till Tommy shall wince.

Out with him—who his lofty Parnassian glory  
Hath barter'd for friendship of dandy and frump;  
And (eager to emulate Hellenic story)  
Is grey-headed Adonis to Aphrodite C—.

The harp that of yore sung the song of the bold,  
Of the seamen of England, and of warlike Lochiel,  
Is unstrung, and the breast of the poet is cold  
To the language of passion—to proud glory's tale.

Inspiration is passed, and you see in its place,  
Of vinous potations, the marks deep and strong;  
While in form, dress, and gestures, the dandy you trace.—  
Then quick, our Drum-Major, and spare not the thong.

[*Drum-Major, obedient to orders—Tom is tied up, his clothes are striped off—and after receiving five-hundred lashes, his body is borne off to the hospital.*]

*Yorke.*—That imperative duty to the public having been thus notably performed, let us again to our merriment. Come, Culpepper, give us a song; let it be an appendant to the last.

*Culpepper.*—There is only one appendant to Tom Campbell, and that is Cyrus Reading. So here goes—

Long Cyrus, when last he was named in our page,  
Mutter'd loudly his wrath, and bounc'd up in big rage;  
And stalking like ranter upon a play stage,  
Says he, "to chastise that Noll Yorke I engage."  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

For he, the vile dog, would fain have me his butt,  
Yet I'll make him for ever his bread-basket shut—  
Then, in fury, he struck with his fist his caput,  
Which was hard as a thick-rinded tough cocoa-nut.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

And the head gave a hollow and low moaning sound,  
Like an echo in vaults that are deep under ground;  
And a twitch at his heart which in quick-time rebound,  
Was thumping, reminded the May-pole of his wound:—  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

This wound, sirs, was hidden and secret and sore,  
And inflicted by Colburn the puffer and bore,  
Who turn'd off lank Cyrus *sans* notice before,  
For the *New Monthly's* credit got lower and lower.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Then Cyrus resolved to turn newspaper man,  
And penny-a-liner, as first he began  
His famous career ; and, says he, if I can,  
From the King's faithful lieges I'll a few pence trepan.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

But this new scheme was bubblish, and quickly blew up,  
And now Cyrus' sole joy, for his head of a tup,  
Is to dine in his club-room, and breakfast and sup,  
And to wine-bib and comfort himself with his cup.  
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Still, however, ranting, swearing, and vowing vengeance against Noll Yorke and the peerless *Regina*, Queen of all the Magazines in the Universe.

A great hubbub was now heard in the outer room.—*Thomas Wood* entered and all his retinue, in evident confusion ; and after a few necessary seconds for taking his breath, Wood announced, " THE EX-KING OF FRANCE !" who entered with bowing and mincing capers, and proceeded towards Oliver. Oliver rose with dignity, and met him, stepping out with his right-leg foremost, " Charles Capet, I am happy to see you," said the Editor of *Regina*, " you gave me a kind reception at your Court of the Tuilleries, and I am proud of this occasion to testify to you my grateful recollection of times past. This, my friend, is as it should be, and is no more than is due to the parties. I visited you at your capital, and now you come to return us the compliment in our own den. Thus two such celebrated characters, as we are, should ever behave one to the other. Take a seat, my old crony, at our right hand. Here, Wood, clean glasses—which wine will you take, *mon ancien ami*—Port or Sherry ?"

*Charles*.—*Bien obligé, mon très cher Olivier ; mais je ne voudrais ni l'un ni l'autre.*

The " Man wot drives the Constitution Wan" here entered the room, and said, " that, if the Chairman would allow him to share in the festivities of the evening, he'd sing a song to earn his grog." " Sit down, my old hero," was the reply ; " this is Liberty Hall on the present occasion." Coachee immediately brought himself to an anchor, and without any coughing, humming, or any of the humbug generally introductory to a song, struck up the following stave :—

*Song by the Man wot drives the Wan.*

" Though first I was a sorry hack  
In office, now I lead the pack ;  
Am foremost whip, can cut a flash,  
Can guide the ribbon, tip the lash  
So well, the Master of the Crown,  
Made me head coachman here in town ;  
And so with lots of quid a year,  
I'm glad of this my sarvice here ;  
Since most confess that Coachee can  
Tool with the Constitution van.  
So—ya—hip—hearties—ya—hip—hie—  
Coachee 'll make the old wan fly.

The tits are thorough bred, and pull  
The rumbling wan in speed so full ;  
They never back, nor bolt, nor kick—  
If so, I'd send them to old Nick ;  
They're real good uns—thorough British ;  
Quiet as lambs, and never skittish ;  
The nicest creatures ever born ;  
Their stomachs strong—they eat their corn ;  
Thanks to the care of Tamworth cad,  
And Billy Holmes, that Irish lad.

So—ya—hip—hearties—ya—hip—hie—  
Coachee 'll make the old wan fly.



Oliver.—Well done, Coachee, sit down and take a glass of something—Punch or Port?

Coachee.—Port.

Oliver.—Short enough; well, we must not quarrel with your brevity of speech now, since you are our guest. Here's your health. [Coachee nods and drinks.]

Coachee.—Whom have we here? Hello! dash my lamplights. Is it? Can it be? Yes, it is! Old Charles Ex-Tuilleries.

Charles.—*Ne me parlez pas—Monsieur Arthur—vous ver bad man, good for noting. Ne me regardez pas—turn your eyes away,*

Coachee.—Hollo neighbour, gently, and not so fast—not look at you. Dash my buttons now—a cat may look at a king. Why, hang me, if crazy Gillies here—Basil Barrington, as he has styled himself, sha'n't look at you. Come, Basil, leave off cramming your fingers down your throat, and look at old Ex-Tuilleries. (*He places Gillies' face between his knees, and turps it towards Charles.*) Now, you may go, Basil—Basil takes the hint.

Charles.—L'Impertinent.

Coachee.—Come, don't call names. Who gives you a lodging at Holyrood, now that the Cardinal is tired of you? By the way, my covey, you must have read history in particularly small quantities, for, I myself, know enough to be aware of the proper time for quartering myself on a churchman—when there's something to be gained by the fellow. Look at the Dean—beg his pardon, the Bishop.

Charles.—Apropos de Holyrood House: on vit bien dans ce palais là, je croi—I believe.

Coachee.—Not a place for a worn out dynasty. By the way, Charley, they'll make Jules a trifle shorter, I've a notion.

Charles.—Miserable! him has be kill next month.

Coachee.—The better—dead men tell no tales. I don't know what stupidity he might be guilty of under the influence of hope, or fear. He who lived like an ass, will die like a fool.

Charles.—*Requiescat in pace!*—ah, monsieur, il n'y a point de cabaret dans l'autre monde. Fuss about de boutielle. I shall sing de song.

#### Song by CHARLEY EX.

Ah! Monsieur Yorke, pardonnez moi, je vous, I come in cog o,  
For to demander votre conseil, and eat some of your prog o;  
On m'a beaucoup dit, vraiment quoique you love not frog o,  
I wish ye tell me how to kill mon cousin, that vile dog o.

Ah! Monsieur Yorke, ce cousin vil a gagné ma couronne o,  
Et vat you calls a foolscap he ma tête a mis upon o;  
Et quand ce meschant frère of mind was presque mort et gone o,  
He also say, I from sottises should never once be won o.\*

Dieu me pardonne, and à Paris on me portrait dessine o,  
(Et ma famille) en von grand bête with long oreilles and lean o;†  
Un âne, ass, les vilains coquins had never been so green o,  
I would have trounc'd them vell for dis if I in France had been o.

But now a miserable homme, I wander far from home o,  
Once proud and haughty Comte D'Artois, now Bourbon old and lame o;  
Thanks to Polignac and Cottu, and J'suits hot from Rome o,  
I shot my subjects à Paris—at Lulworth I shot game o.

\* We suppose the Ex-King alludes to what his brother Louis XVIII. said of him, when on his death-bed—"Hélas," exclaimed one of the courtiers, "*que fera le Comte d'Artois?*"—"Des Sottises," was the pithy reply of the expiring monarch.

† This must be a complaint against one of the hundred caricatures of the King. His family and himself are drawn as asses, and the party is described as the *famille des ânes*.

"Call you that singing!" cried Oliver, "the sooner you're off for Holyrood House the better. I think it was a great mistake in my friends the Liberals, who were ready, as I told you, a year and a half ago, not to finish you outright. However, tho' a great bore, you're a dead shot. So spend your time to your own health and our advantage when you get to the land of the heather and the grouse."

Charles.—Ah, Bazil Hail—big Author! let me have de vin—mais non—je n'en veux pas—car ce vin est de Portugal—et Portugal est tout près de l'Espagne, de quel pays aussi vient le vin de Xeres: et l'Espagne me fait souvenir les exploits du Trocadere et les beaux jours de ma vie. Maintenant me voila un miserable vieilliard—hai par les Français qui m'ont chassé du trône de mes aïeux—les orgueilleux Bourbons qui ont, pendant tant de siècles, gouverné les destinées du monde.

*[He was deeply affected, burst into tears, and Oliver patted him on the back.]*

"What are you snivelling at?" said the Chairman. "Now look at Madame de Berri, who is just entering in a Highland kilt. She supports reverses like a man. But somehow all the men of your mad family are of the other sex." The justice of this remark was lost on the company, who were all admiring the Duchess de Berri's pretty supporters. "She has as good a leg, as Foote," said O'Doherty. "Comment!" cried she, "did you ever see one without the other?" not knowing the nature of the gentleman's allusion. "Madame," said Oliver, who is the most polite fellow in the world, save and except Sir C. Wetherell, "advance; I hope your highness is satisfied with the proposed residence at Holyrood House." "Ah! cette maudite ville d'Edimbourg! j'en suis de retour et voici tout ce que je trouve supportable. This costume, which I will wear while it suits my shape; but never will I revisit that dull smoke-house more." "You speak English like an angel, Madame;—àpropos des bottes—what think you of Scotch reels?" "So well," cried the lively one, "that if his Majesty, qui n'est plus—and Monsieur là au nez will join, we'll now dance one à merveille, et de tout mon cœur." The Coachman pulled old Charley with him in an instant, joined by T. Duncombe. Simultaneously took the great Oliver, the poker and shovel, which he used fiddlewise, the Duchess preferring that concord of queer sounds to the national drone of the bag-pipe. So delightfully did he manage his part of the business, that the whole room began footing it, like the very deuce. "Can't you dance without swearing, Macauley?" at length cried Oliver, "but you've sworn till you're *black* in the face. Come come, my boys, seats again, you'll all have enough reeling as you go home." "Well, now it's all over," said the Mund-Harmonica Ayrton, "that is simply the strangest music I ever heard in my life. I think it hath frightened away the French personages who did us the honour of sitting among us." "No," said the Duke, "they did not honour us, and were not frightened. They're off—I gave Charley the only thing he is now worthy of—a kick, and took leave of the Duchess—was afraid of their jabbering. By the way, Jam-Fraser, your publication is doing amazingly. The King is highly delighted with the handsome manner in which you mentioned him at your Election Dinner, and hopes always to merit your good opinion. Lady Burghersh told me the other day that she was glad the affair at Florence was knocked up, if only for the delight she had in reading your Numbers on the day of publication. And also the late Miss Sheridan was telling me you intended to give her, among your literary portraits; shall be glad to see it Mrs. Fox Lane is eternally boring me to introduce her to you personally, which I'll do some of those days. And I beg to say, in the presence of the Editor and Contributors to your Magazine, that no one is more fervent in his admiration of it than I. Don't you remember the affair of the letter? Wasn't that civil? True, Bob Peel blundered it, as he does every thing, when I'm not at his elbow. Well, long life to you all! say I. What an ass Blackwood was to write a letter to the Age, complaining of their giving you support instead of him. You deserve support, my boy; and as far as my influence goes—which is not small—you shall have success." "Thanks, Coachee," cried Fraser: "but do you read my Magazine, and inform your mind; and never fear our success, for the fact is, we're too successful." "That Second Edition of

last Number looked well," observed the Driver. "Now I think my picture would sell you some thousand copies. I don't care a straw about such stuff; yet I'll sit for you, if you like." "Thank you—thank you," cried all mankind. Here the Improvisatore rose and said—

*The Improvisatore's Speech.*

The Devil long lay on his brimstone bed,  
 And tossed himself to and fro :  
 For the cares of his calling wrack'd his head,  
 And stung his heart with woe.  
 Men were getting too good, he thought,  
 Eschewing the ways of evil—  
 And souls were now so dearly bought :  
 Then he laid a plot—the Devil :—  
 Says he, I'll forth from my sulphurous den,  
 Assuming the dress of a friar ;  
 And 'mongst the mischievous sons of men,  
 I'll choose for my servant a liar.—  
 One who shall gainsay his well-known creed.  
 And rank in the Protestant Church ;  
 Who shall quickly assume the cowl and bead,  
 And leave his Old friends in the lurch.  
 Who shall basely apostatise from his God,  
 And his bosom 'gainst Tories should steel ;  
 And following of villainous mammon the nod,  
 Have men's contempt like Bob Peel.  
 So in guise of friar he slyly sped,  
 To the house of Philpot the Dean :  
 As o'er a pamphlet he scratch'd his head :  
 "To tickle this Doctor I mean,"  
 Quoth Satan—and then, as the hack in his book,  
 Thought to give papists a pill,  
 The Devil let down a well baited hook,  
 And caught the sly Dean by the gill :  
 Then, strange to say, the doctor forgot  
 'Gainst the harlot of Rome his ire,  
 And he burn'd his political pamphlet, I wot,  
 And his hate turn'd to ardent desire.  
 And now all good people a warning take,  
 For the Devil's a devil most sly ;  
 And do not your hearts our religion forsake,  
 Or your former opinions deny.  
 For here is this Philpot, whose title ye ken,  
 An apostate, and traitor, and slave,  
 Who stinks in the nostrils of all honest men.  
 Thought to Tories once honour he gave—  
 Who, though of Duke Arthur, it is the known wish of,  
 To exalt him higher and higher,  
 Until he become great Lecturer Bischuff,\*  
 Will be known a political liar.  
 And the higher he rises—the more will this sample  
 Of dervit unto good men and true,  
 Be known—so, my hearers, heed well the example,  
 And the Devil's *gilt* pills eschew !—

*Oliver.*—Enough, my old boy, of such horrible trash—why, zounds, man, you would go on for ever—forgetting all the while that there is such stuff as right good wine upon the table—I think he ought to be fined—for his forgetfulness of the bottle. We will, however, forgive him this once.

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\* See Black Letter in the British Museum.

A Reverend gentleman, who had been looking towards heaven with great diligence, during the whole evening, here begged to sing a song, observing that he had heard so much grunting and squalling since he came in, that he saw no reason for despair, and would therefore endeavour to vocalize, if an auditory were to be found. "No more noise than necessary," cried Oliver.—"Silence for a psalm from Father Freedrinker."

*Father FREEDRINKER'S Song.*

When Dublin was a village,  
There dwelt the Queen of Sheba,  
A mighty wench for tillage,  
And eke for bottle-fillage,  
With Folderol Trueba.  
Then sing, brush away the mountain dew,  
Long live the Queen of Sheba !

This queen she had an eye, sir,  
Which was so bright to view,  
It made a body sigh, sir—  
And shall I tell you why, sir ?  
To think she hadn't two !  
Then sing, brush away the mountain dew,  
Long live the Queen of Sheba !

This queen she had a nose, sir,  
A *leetle* on one side ;  
No nobler nose now blows, sir,  
And, as you may suppose, sir,  
The point was purple dyed !  
Then sing, brush away the mountain dew,  
Long live the Queen of Sheba !

This queen was all perfection,  
And, as a man of taste,  
If I attempt dissection  
Of beauty, may my neck shun,  
A bottle near it placed !  
Then sing, brush away the mountain dew,  
Long live the Queen of Sheba !

This queen is still alive, sir,  
And dwells—I shan't say where ;  
Because you'd wish to wive, sir,  
(A wish that wouldn't thrive, sir,)  
With one so fat and fair !  
Then sing, brush away the mountain dew,  
Long live the Queen of Sheba !

So here's the queen of Sheba !  
And here's our noble selves !  
And here's Folderol Trueba,  
Who loved the Queen of Sheba,  
With a flame like tallow twelves !  
Then sing, brush away the mountain dew,  
Long live the Queen of Sheba !

A big *bravo* ! followed this beautiful ditty, and Yorke inquiring what toast was to be drunk, Father Freedrinker gave the following: "May the present moment be the *last* of our lives !" "I object to that," said the Old Whip of the Constitution. "To me, it is all one," said Penny the poet, "I have achieved immortality, and am ready to die." "Mend your toast, Father," said the Chairman. "Well," cried his Reverence, "May the present moment be the *first* of our lives !" "Sir," observed an elderly gentleman, with no hair on

his wig, "it is clear to me that you wish to be unintelligible," so the most civil thing I have to say is, I don't understand you." "*Intelligibilia non,*" muttered the Father, filling his glass. Yorke then shouted, "Order, you noisy ruffians, and listen to my song."

OLIVER YORKE'S Song.

Farewell—but, whenever you welcome the hours,  
That leave not a leaf on a branch in the bowers,  
Oh, think of the grog that Noll Yorke wont to brew,  
On the long winter nights, ye mad rascals, with you !  
The nights will return, though they will not remain,  
For the sun, like a dun, pokes his nose thro' the pane ;  
But he ne'er can prevent that rare fun, when a few  
Jolly lads throng around me, mad rascals, like you.

And long be the ev'nings, when each one fills up  
His glass without heel-taps, and scorns the tea-cup.  
For the veriest bore, 'mid such jovial delight,  
Is joining the ladies and spoiling the night.  
For what are their roses, their lilies, and wiles,  
Their singing, and dancing, and chatting, and smiles,  
To match with the gleesome and glorious cheer,  
We revel in, while such rare fellows are here ?

Let Fortune be d—d ! for we make our own joy,  
And defy the old hag, such bright bliss to destroy !  
Let her frown, let her pinch, yet what need we care,  
Having hands that can do, and proud hearts that will dare ?  
Her bitterest cup is but harmlessly filled,  
For one who can laugh at your "roses distilled :"  
She may twitch, she may twinge, a true trump as she will—  
But the glory of manhood will stick to him still !

Magniloquent and manifold were the laudatory phrases poured forth in acknowledgment of this song. "I always thought," cried Jesse, "that Moore had bungled the business, in attempting to tack meretricious twaddle to the stirring melodies of Ireland. Now I have, thank Heaven ! heard an off-hand song worthy of Dryden himself. Gentlemen, it is usual for the Chairman to leave the room, and thus give the company an opportunity for drinking his health. This, our Chairman has had the firmness not to do. I therefore propose that we vote him absent, and drink his health in his presence !" [*Loud cheers.*] Mr. Jesse then, pointing with a very polite gesture to the Chairman, said—

"Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of Yorke."

Health and long life to Oliver Yorke !

Drunk with nine times nine, and three cheers more.

The great Oliver then rose, and said—"Gentlemen, that was prettily proposed and handsomely drank. May you live for ever ! I beg to give our next merry meeting !" Drunk with rapture—the toast, not the Chairman.

Mr. M'Culloch now got up, and begged to draw the attention of the meeting to the question of 'Political Economy' and—off scampered every pair of legs present but his own.

[*Much confusion, and not much steady walking—tables upturned—glasses shattered—wine gushing from cracked decanters, in gurgling rivulets on the Persian carpet, &c. &c. &c.*]

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

Essays on Interesting and Useful subjects; with a few Introductory Remarks on English Composition; designed to assist youth in the style and arrangement of Themes. By E. Johnson. 1 vol. 12mo. 5s. 6d. bds.

The Elements of Algebra, designed as an Introduction to Bland's Algebraical Problems. By Dr. Jamieson. 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. bds.

New Theory of Astronomy. Rudiments of the Primary Forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity, in their Agency on the Heavenly Bodies. By P. Murphy, Esq. In 8vo. 16s.

Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles. By John Brewster, A.M. Second Edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. bds.

Barrington and Kirk's Faith of the Catholics. 8vo. 12s. bds.

Errors regarding Religion. By James Douglas. Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. 8s.

The Pulpit. Vol. 14. 7s. 6d.

A Sermon preached before the King's Most Excellent Majesty, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on Sunday, July 4th, 1830. By the Lord Bishop of London. 4to. 2s.

Discourses on the Millennium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, and other subjects. By the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D. 12mo. 9s. 6d. bds.

The Bampton Lectures, for 1830. An Inquiry into the Doctrines of the Anglo-Saxon Church; in 8 Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford. By Henry Soames, A.M. 8vo. 13s. bds.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Being No. 16 of the Family Library. 12mo. 5s.

The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, containing 312 engravings. Prints 42l. Proofs 63l.

The History of the Netherlands, from the earliest times to the Battle of Waterloo. Being No. 10 of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. 6s.

Utility of Latin discussed. By Justice Bream. 8vo. 2s.

On the recent improvements in the art of distinguishing the various Diseases of the Heart; being the Lumley Lectures delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in 1829. By John Elliotson, Esq. M.D. F.R.S. Folio. 14 1s.

Several Foreign *Annuaire*s, for 1831, have been already imported; among which are the *Penelope*, *Minerva*, *Urania*, *Novellen*, *Kranz*, *Frauentaschenbuch*, *Taschenbuch der Liebe*, *Cornelia Taschenbuch*, *Musen-almanach*, *Almanach*, *Dramatisches*, und *Politisches Taschenbuch*. They are for the most part sold at 10s.

VOL. II. NO. X.

## POLITICS, &amp;c.

The result of the GENERAL ELECTION, or, What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Dissolution? 2s.

An Official List of the Members of the New Parliament. 1s.

Full Annals of the French Revolution in 1830. By W. Hone. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Government without Whigs, being an answer to "the Country without a Government," and the "Edinburgh Review." 2s.

An Explanation of Moral Rights, in a practical view of the subject, and as opposed to the erroneous Idea of Natural Rights. By George G. Vincent. 8vo. 7s. bds.

## WORKS OF IMAGINATION, &amp;c.

Camden, a tale of the South. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d. bds.

The Alexandrians, an Egyptian Tale. 2 vols. 12mo. 15s. bds.

Partings and Meetings, a Tale founded on fact. 8vo. 7s. cloth bds.

The Water Witch; or the Skimmer of the Seas. By the Author of "Red Rover," "the Borderers," &c. &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. bds.

The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale. By T. C. Grattan, Esq. 4 vols. post 8vo. 2l. 2s.

## THEOLOGY, &amp;c.

The Literary Policy of the Church of Rome exhibited in an account of her Damnatory Catalogues or Indexes, both prohibitory and expurgatory, with various illustrative extracts, anecdotes, and remarks. By the Rev. Joseph Meadham, M.A. 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

An Essay on the Creation of the Universe, and the Evidences of the existence of God. By Charles Doyne Sillery, Author of "Dallery," &c. &c. 3s. 6d.

Sermons, intended to shew a sober application of Scriptural Principles to the Realities of Life. By John Miller, A.M. late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. bds.

## POETRY, &amp;c.

Antediluvian Sketches, and other poems. By Richard Howitt. 5s. small 8vo.

Woman, a Satire, and other poems. By Wadham Pembroke. 1 vol. 8vo. 5s. bds.

The Arrow and the Rose, with other poems. By Wm. Kennedy, Author of "Fitful Fancies." 1 vol. 8vo. 6s. bds.

## MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A complete practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye. By Wm. Mackenzie, of the University of Glasgow. 1 vol. 8vo. 21s.

The Principles of Surgery. By John Bevens, Regius Professor of Surgery at Glasgow. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s. bds.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A Musical Annual, entitled "Apollo's Gift," is announced to be ready by Cramer & Co. of Regent-street. The Writers and Composers are both well known to the public.

Also one by Goulding & Co., entitled "the Musical Bijou," which will be ready early in November.

Robert Dawson, Esq., late Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company, has announced his intention of publishing a work upon that country, to be called Australia and Emigration.

Mr. D. Turnbull has announced "the French Revolution of 1830, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied."

Mr. Leitch Ritchie has nearly ready for publication the Romantic Annals of France, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis the Fourteenth inclusive; forming the new series of the Romance of History.

A Manual of the Rudiments of Theology, containing an Abridgment of Bishop Tomline's Theology; with an Analysis of Paley's Evidences, Pearson on the Creed, and Burnet on the Articles. For the Use of Students. By the Rev. J. B. Smith, B.A. Head-Master of Horncastle Grammar School, and Rector of Solby and Barmburgh. In 12mo.

Fourteen Sermons on the History of our Saviour. By the Rev. W. Norris, Rector of Warblington, Hants.

A Geographical and Topographical Work on the Canadas and the other British North American Provinces, with extensive Maps, by Lieut. Col. Bouchette, the Surveyor-General of Lower Canada; is, we understand, now in the Press, and the Maps under the hands of eminent engravers.

Sermons preached in St. George's Church, Everton, by the Rev. Matson Vincent, M.A. of University College, Oxford, in 1 vol. 12mo., will shortly be published.

The Second Volume of Moore's Byron is quite finished, and will immediately appear.

The Adventures of Finati, the Guide of Mr. William Bankes, in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, have been arranged for publication by that gentleman.

Mr. Hope, the author of *Anastasis*, has a new work nearly printed, "On the Origin and Prospects of Man."

The Biography of Lord Rodney is nearly ready. The Admiral's son-in-law, General Mundy, has prepared it from family papers, correspondence, &c.

Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatists is advertised for publication.

A New Journal, devoted to Science and Natural History, has just been started, conducted by Faraday, Brande, Burnett, Daniell, Ure, and other distinguished names.

Four Volumes of Mr. Croker's Edition of Boswell are printed. The whole work is not to exceed 5 vols.

A new Edition of Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary, with considerable additions, &c., is announced for immediate publication.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly will soon publish Waldensian Researches, during a Second Visit to the Waldenses.

Professor Jameson is preparing a new edition of Wilson's American Ornithology, which will be published in Constable's Miscellany.

Sir Wm. Jardine, Author of "Illustrations of Ornithology," has ready for publication, an edition of Wilson's American Ornithology; with the continuation, by C. Lucien Bonaparte.

Sir Walter Scott is engaged on a continuation of Tales of a Grandfather. The Hon. Baronet has also announced a new Romance, which is to be called Robert of Paris.

Captain Basil Hall is preparing for the press, Fragments of Voyages and Travels in all parts of the World; a work designed for young people. It will appear in three small vols.

The Philosophy of Sleep. By Mr. Mackintosh, is nearly ready.

Thomas Haynes Bayley, Esq announces a Poem on the French Revolution of 1830, illustrated by wood cuts, from designs by George Cruikshank.

The following are among the "Annals" announced for publication during the present month:—"the Cameo, or a Mélange of Literature and the Arts;" "the Comic Annual;" "the New Comic Annual;" "the Winter's Wreath;" "Le Keepsake Français;" "the Literary Souvenir;" "the Gem;" and "the New Year's Gift." By Mrs. Watts. "Friendship's Offering;" "the Remembrancer;" "the Christmas Box;" "the Winter's Wreath;" "the Landscape Annual;" "the Amulet;" "the Keepsake;" "the Juvenile Forget me Not;" "the Forget me Not."

The Errors of Romanism traced to their origin in Human Nature. By R. Whately, D.D. Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, is in the press.

The Rev. John Kenrick has just completed an Abridgment, which will shortly be published, of his Translation of Zumpt's Latin Grammar.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XI.

DECEMBER, 1830.

VOL. II.

### LETTERS ON DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.—LOND. 1830.

THE announcement of these letters on Witchcraft and Demonology by Sir Walter Scott excited no small interest and expectation. On this same subject, indeed, some thousands of works have been produced within the last three or four centuries; it has been tortured and speculated upon almost incessantly during the whole of that time, under the most varied circumstances, and by persons of the most opposite characters and opinions. Yet notwithstanding all this, the author of *Waverley*, it was supposed, might still contrive to clothe it with new and unusual attractions; and many looked forward with enthusiasm to the pleasure of being transported back, in such company, to those dark and mysterious times, when spirits of good and of evil not only interested themselves in the fate of mortals, but came to have immediate intercourse with them, and even to share in their actions and passions.

But independently of the allurements of any great name, the subject, we apprehend, will never cease to claim the attention of men in all ages. Even in this nineteenth century, though demons and witches, white, black, and grey, with all their trumpery, have now utterly forsaken this nether world, and left us in peaceful scepticism, something yet lingers within us, which, if it merits not the name of belief, at least makes us feel more than ordinary interest in perusing their story, largely mingled as it is with horrors and cruelty.

VOL. II. NO. XI.

The belief in spirits, and in their immediate intercourse with men for good and for evil, did not take its origin in the woe-begone frenzy or delusion of superstitious ages, but seems to be grounded in the deepest principles of our nature, engraven within our hearts in imperishable characters. No people so rude as not to entertain that belief! In some shape or other it has spread over the whole earth, among the most civilized as well as the most barbarous nations, entering not only into popular fictions and traditions, but also into the daily business of men's lives. We shall see it was not confined to the weak, the credulous, and half-insane, but took possession also of the most fearless, the strongest, and freest minds.

The most limited and hasty examination of the subject before us is sufficient to show its vast extent; and make us aware how difficult an undertaking it would be to give any thing like an adequate account of the origin, progress, and connexions of the belief in demons and witches. Under some form or other it was universal, and blended itself more or less intimately with the poetry, religion, and philosophy of every nation where it prevailed—deriving from these sources much of its complexion and character. It is easy to see that any satisfactory explanation of its real meaning, or connected history of its rise and decline, would require a depth of research and calmness of investigation altogether



inconsistent with the thinness and superficial rapidity which are necessary in a popular work, designed for no other end than to supply the market with ware that may be adapted to meet the demand already existing. The artist or artisan, who undertakes to furnish that supply, might justly be convicted of improvidence, were he to attempt to introduce aught that might require too great an exertion of thought on the part of those to whom he addresses himself, or, indeed, to do any thing more than minister to that vague, indolent craving for knowledge of the shallowest and most superficial description—if it deserve the name at all—which is so characteristic of these times in which we live. And, farther, we should be entitled to bring a verdict of “egregious folly” against him, were he to attempt advocating any truth, however precious, that might be unwelcome to the purchasers of his ware, or tend to diminish their self-esteem, which it is the very secret of his occupation to promote and exalt by all the means in his power. Very few amongst us are found capable of relishing, or even tolerating, any thing which is much beyond our own depth, or in which we can discern no reflex of our own thoughts and opinions. This “general diffusion of knowledge,” however imperfect, may well be the subject of sincere and legitimate congratulation, and we heartily wish ‘hat real knowledge were a thousand fold more diffused amongst us; but is there not, we may be allowed to ask, great reason to apprehend that these “popular libraries”—which profess to communicate all sorts of knowledge so cheaply and easily, and which, in truth, very frequently do little or nothing, but confirm the vanity and self-conceit to which we are already too prone, by making us believe we know many things thoroughly, of which we know next to nothing—may ultimately take away from this age all reverence, and with it all capability of acquiring, or even seeking for, any deep or genuine knowledge? Nay, have they not already, in some measure, been attended with this mischievous effect? Are we not daily becoming more and more averse to all serious

study, and more incapable of feeling that we need it? These are earnest considerations, which, however, we can only hint at in passing; it would be out of place to dwell upon them at present; but we conceive they are such as will occur to every reflecting mind that can discern the character and signs of these times. We may recur to them upon some future occasion. Our present task is of a humbler nature, and requires that we should proceed to give some account of the work before us.

If it were possible to form a correct judgment respecting these Letters of Sir Walter Scott, from the echoes of applause with which they have been received by all newspapers, journals, gazettes, &c. &c. they might seem to be of unparalleled merit. But all who are accustomed to perceive the real meaning of those ecstasies of admiration, into which our brother scribblers contrive to elevate themselves on such occasions, will most likely feel disposed to reserve their commendations until they have made the work itself the subject of their examination; and we believe Sir Walter Scott, if he could possibly care any thing about these newspaper eulogiums, or be tempted to take any notice of them, would himself be the very first to acknowledge their fulsomeness and impropriety. His professed object was, to “assist the Family Library” with some popular account of Demonology and Witchcraft, and we think he has succeeded in attaining that object—which, indeed, he could not have failed to do, by putting his name to any work on such a subject. But those who expect to find in it any rational or connected account of Demonology and Witchcraft will be greatly disappointed. This would have required too much effort on the part of the author, and might have been, “at the present time of day, less likely to suit the pages of a popular miscellany.” On the contrary, those who look for moving accidents by flood and field—and such are always the most numerous class of readers—will find many “narratives of remarkable cases,” related, of course, with skill and dexterity, as coming from the pen of such an experienced hand. These narratives, we apprehend, give the work its chief interest; making it really entertaining, and very readable, in spite of

the extremely loose, tawdry observations, which are somewhat too largely interspersed, and which may, indeed, go far to render the whole intolerable to many a reader. Thus, for example, the remarks which open the work, though they doubtless contain a good deal of truth, are written in a style which seems to us very offensive, and is certainly altogether unworthy of the subject, as well as of the author.

"The general, or, it may be termed, the universal belief of the inhabitants of the earth in the existence of spirits, separated from the incumbrance and incapacities of the body, is grounded on the consciousness of the divinity that speaks in our bosoms, and demonstrates to all men, except the few who are hardened to the celestial voice, that there is within us a portion of the divine substance, which is not subject to the law of death and dissolution, but which, when the body is no longer fit for its abode, shall seek its own place, as a sentinel dismissed from his post. Unaided by revelation, it cannot be hoped that mere earthly reason should be able to form any rational conjecture concerning the destination of the soul when parted from the body; but the conviction that such an indestructible essence exists—the belief expressed by the poet in a different sense, *Non omnis moriar*—must infer the existence of many millions of spirits, who have not been annihilated, though they have become invisible to mortals; who still see, hear, and perceive, only by means of the imperfect organs of humanity. Probability may lead some of the most reflecting to anticipate a state of future rewards and punishments; as those experienced in the education of the deaf and dumb, find that their pupils, even while cut off from all instruction by ordinary means, have been able to form, out of their own unassisted conjectures, some ideas of the existence of a Deity, and of the distinction between the soul and body—a circumstance which proves how naturally these truths arise in the human mind. The principle that they do so arise, being taught or communicated, leads to farther conclusions.

"These spirits, in a state of separate existence, being admitted to exist, are not, it may be supposed, indifferent to the affairs of mortality—perhaps, not incapable of influencing them. It is true that, in a more advanced state of society, the philosopher may challenge the possibility of a separate appearance of a disembodied spirit unless in the case of a direct miracle, to which, being a suspension of the laws of nature, directly wrought by the Maker of these laws for some express purpose, no bound or restraint can possibly be assigned. But, under this necessary limitation and exception,

philosophers might plausibly argue, that, when the soul is divorced from the body, it loses all those qualities which made it, when clothed with a mortal shape, obvious to the organs of its fellow men. The abstract idea of a spirit certainly implies, that it has neither substance, form, shape, voice, nor any thing which can render its presence visible or sensible to human faculties. But these sceptic doubts of philosophers, on the possibility of the appearance of such separated spirits, do not arise till a certain degree of information has dawned upon a country, and even then only reach a very small proportion of reflecting and better informed members of society. To the multitude, the indubitable fact, that so many millions of spirits exist around, and even amongst us, seems sufficient to support the belief, that they are, in certain instances at least, by some means or other able to communicate with the world of humanity. The more numerous part of mankind cannot form in their mind the idea of the spirit of the deceased existing, without possessing or having the power to assume the appearance which their acquaintance bore during his life, and do not push their researches beyond this point."

While perusing this passage, it required the whole stock of that Dutch virtue of perseverance with which we are largely gifted, to prevent us from casting the work aside in anger and despair. We set to turning over the leaves, in order to ascertain how long our author might be inclined to go on in the same style, and, finding there was some prospect of getting something more tolerable, we quietly returned to our place and duty, and found him proceeding, in a somewhat better spirit and style, to apply the remarks which have been quoted above to the proper subject of the work:—

"Enthusiastic feelings of an impressive and solemn nature," says he, "occur both in private and public life, which seem to add ocular testimony to an intercourse betwixt earth and the world beyond it. For example, the son, who has been lately deprived of his father, feels a sudden crisis approach in which he is anxious to have recourse to his sagacious advice; or a bereaved husband earnestly desires again to behold the form of which the grave has deprived him for ever; or, to use a darker, yet very common instance, the wretched man, who has dipped his hand in his fellow creature's blood, is haunted by the apprehension, that the phantom of the slain stands by the bedside of his murderer. In all, or any of these cases, who shall doubt that imagination, favoured by circumstances, has

power to summon up to the organ of sight spectres, which only exist in the mind of those by whom their apparition seems to be witnessed.

"If we add, that such a vision may take place in the course of one of those lively dreams, in which the patient, except in respect to the single subject of one strong impression, is or seems sensible of the real particulars of the scene around him—a state of slumber which often occurs. If he is so far conscious, for example, as to know that he is lying in his own bed, and surrounded by his own familiar furniture, at the time when the supposed apparition is manifested, it becomes almost in vain to argue with the visionary against the reality of his dream, since the spectre, though itself purely fanciful, is inserted amidst so many circumstances which he feels must be true beyond the reach of doubt or question. That which is undeniably real, becomes in a manner a warrant for the reality of the appearance to which doubt would have been otherwise attached; and if any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chances to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and the time of the apparition, the co-incidence—though one which must be frequent, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events—seems perfect, and the chain of circumstances, touching the evidence, may not unreasonably be considered complete. Such a concatenation, we repeat, must frequently take place, when it is considered of what stuff dreams are made—how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind while awake—and, when a soldier is exposed to death in battle, when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea, when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm, which, when waking, it had shuddered to anticipate. The number of instances in which such lively dreams have been quoted, and both asserted and received as spiritual communications, is very great at all periods—in ignorant times, when the natural cause of dreaming is misapprehended, and confused with an idea of mysticism, it is much greater. Yet, perhaps, considering the many thousands of dreams which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of co-incidences between the vision and real event are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect. But in countries where such presaging dreams are subjects of attention, the number of those which seemed to be coupled with the corresponding issue, is large enough to spread a very general belief of a positive communication betwixt the living and the dead."

We pass over the "Somnambu-

lism and other nocturnal deceptions," which our author remarks, "frequently lend their aid to the formation of such phantasmata as are formed in this middle state between sleeping and waking." The following observations are necessary, in connexion with those which we have already given, to acquaint our readers with the manner in which the subject is treated. They are written carelessly and loosely, but on the whole in Sir Walter's best style; and we quote them the more gladly on that account.

"But it is not only private life alone, or that tenor of thought which has been depressed into melancholy by gloomy anticipations respecting the future, which disposes the mind to mid-day phantasies, or to nightly apparitions; a state of eager anxiety, or excited exertion, is equally favourable to the indulgence of such supernatural communications. The anticipation of a dubious battle, with all the doubt and uncertainty of its event, and the conviction that it must involve his own fate, and that of his country, was powerful enough to conjure up to the anxious eye of Brutus the spectre of his murdered friend Cæsar, respecting whose death he perhaps thought himself less justified than at the Ides of March; since, instead of having achieved the freedom of Rome, the event had only been the renewal of civil wars, and the issue might appear most likely to conclude in the total subjection of liberty. It is not miraculous, that the masculine spirit of Marcus Brutus, surrounded by darkness and solitude, distracted probably by recollection of the kindness and favour of the great individual whom he had put to death to avenge the wrongs of his country, though by the slaughter of his own friend, should at length place before his eyes in person the appearance which termed itself his evil genius, and promised again to meet him at Philippi. Brutus's own intentions, and his knowledge of the military art, had probably long since assured him that the decision of the civil war must take place at or near that place; and, allowing that his own imagination supplied that part of his dialogue with the spectre, there is nothing else which might not be fashioned in a vivid dream or a waking reverie, approaching, in absorbing and engrossing characters, the usual matter of which dreams consist. That Brutus, well acquainted with the opinions of the Platonists, should be disposed to receive without doubt the idea that he had seen a real apparition, and was not likely to scrutinize very minutely the supposed vision, may be naturally conceived; and it is also natural to think, that, although no one saw the figure but himself,

his contemporaries were little disposed to examine the testimony of a man so eminent, by the strict rules of cross-examination and conflicting evidence, which they might have thought applicable to another person, and a less dignified occasion.

"Even in the field of death, and amid the mortal tug of combat itself, strong belief has wrought the same wonder, which we have hitherto mentioned as occurring in solitude and amid darkness; and those who were themselves on the verge of the world of spirits, or employed in dispatching others to those gloomy regions, conceived they beheld the apparitions of those beings whom their national mythology associated with such scenes. In such moments of undecided battle, amid the violence, hurry, and confusion of ideas incident to the situation, the ancients supposed that they saw their deities, Castor and Pollux, fighting in the war for their encouragement; the heathen Scandinavians beheld the choosers of the slain; and the Catholics were no less easily led to recognise the warlike Saint George or Saint James in the very front of the strife, shewing them the way to conquest. Such apparitions being generally visible to a multitude, have in all times been supported by the greatest strength of testimony. When the common feeling of danger, and the animating burst of enthusiasm, act on the feelings of many men at once, their minds hold a natural correspondence with each other, as it is said is the case with stringed instruments tuned to the same pitch, of which, when one is played, the chords of the others are supposed to vibrate in unison with the tones produced. If an artful or enthusiastic individual exclaims in the heat of action, that he perceives an apparition of the romantic kind which has been intimated, his companions catch at the idea with emulation, and most are willing to sacrifice the conviction of their own senses, rather than allow that they did not witness the same favourable emblem, from which all draw confidence and hope. One warrior catches the idea from another; all are alike eager to acknowledge the present miracle, and the battle is won before the mistake is discovered. In such cases the number of persons present, which would otherwise lead to the detection of the fallacy, becomes the means of strengthening it."

The account which is quoted from Peter Walker's lives, of an appearance in the heavens is curious, and illustrates well the tendency which a multitude of persons collected together, and in a state of excitement, have to suffer themselves to be deceived, each one trusting the eyes of his neighbour rather than his own. There can be no doubt of the honesty of the nar-

rator, whatever we may think of his credulity, as indeed will abundantly appear from the story itself.

"In the year 1686, in the months of June and July," says the honest chronicler, "many yet alive can witness, that about the Crossford Boat, two miles beneath Lanark, especially at the Mains, on the water of Clyde, many people gathered together for several afternoons, where there were showers of bonnets, hats, guns, and swords, which covered the trees and the ground; companies of men in arms marching in order upon the water side; companies meeting companies, going all through others, and then all falling to the ground and disappearing; other companies immediately appearing, marching the same way. I went there three afternoons together, and as I observed there were two-thirds of the people that were together saw, and a third that saw not, and though I could see nothing, there was such a fright and trembling on those that did see, that was discernible to all from those that saw not. There was a gentleman standing next to me, who spoke as too many gentlemen and others speak, who said, 'A pack of damned witches and warlocks that have the second sight! the devil ha't do I see!' And immediately there was a discernible change in his countenance. With as much fear and trembling as any woman I saw there, he called out, 'All you that do not see, say nothing; for I persuade you it is matter of fact, and discernible to all that is not stone blind.' And those who did see told what works (locks) the guns had, and their length and wideness, and what handles the swords had, whether small or three-barred, or Highland guards, and the closing knots of the bonnets black or blue; and those who did see them there, whenever they went abroad, saw a bonnet and a sword drop in the way."

In addition to these modes, by which the belief in apparitions may be acquired or confirmed, there are various diseased conditions of body, which every experienced physician must have had frequent opportunities of witnessing, and which lead those who are affected with such disorders as surely to the same result, though with this difference, that the belief of these latter seldom continues any longer than the diseased condition which gives rise to their apparitions. The remarks of Sir Walter on this subject must not pass without animadversion, for they seem to us to contain an important error. We give the passage in his own words, to prevent misconception. The illustration

is amusing and well told, but the conclusion false:—

"This frightful disorder," says he, speaking of the apparitions arising from disease, "is not properly insanity, although it is somewhat allied to that most horrible of maladies, and may in many constitutions be the means of bringing it on, and although such hallucinations are proper to both. The difference I conceive to be, that, in cases of insanity, the mind of the patient is principally affected, while the senses, or organic system, offer in vain to the lunatic their decided testimony against the phantasy of a deranged imagination. Perhaps the nature of this collision—between a disturbed imagination and organs of sense possessed of their usual accuracy—cannot be better described than in the embarrassment expressed by an insane patient confined in the infirmary of Edinburgh. The poor man's malady had taken a gay turn. The house in his idea was his own, and he contrived to account for all that seemed inconsistent with his imaginary right of property;—there were many patients in it, but that was owing to the benevolence of his nature, which made him love to see the relief of distress. He went little, or rather never abroad—but then his habits were of a domestic and rather sedentary character. He did not see much company—but he daily received visits from the first characters in the renowned medical school of this city, and he could not therefore be much in want of society. With so many supposed comforts around him—with so many visions of wealth and splendour, one thing alone disturbed the peace of the poor optimist, and would indeed have confounded most *bons vivans*—'He was curious,' he said, 'in his table, choice in his selection of cooks, had every day a dinner of three regular courses, and a dessert; and yet, somehow or other, every thing he eat *tasted of porridge*.' This dilemma could be no great wonder to the friend to whom the poor patient communicated it, who knew the lunatic eat nothing but this simple aliment at any of his meals. The case was obvious; the disease lay in the extreme vivacity of the patient's imagination, deluded in other instances, yet not absolutely powerful enough to contend with the honest evidence of his stomach and palate, which, like Lord Peter's brethren in the *Trifles of a Tub*, were indignant at the attempt to impose boiled oatmeal upon them, instead of such a banquet as Ude would have displayed when peers were to partake of it. Here, therefore, is one instance of actual insanity, in which the sense of taste controlled and attempted to restrain the ideal hypothesis adopted by a deranged imagination. But the disorder to which I previously alluded is entirely of a bodily character, and

consists principally in a disease of the visual organs, which present to the patient a set of spectres or appearances, which have no actual existence. It is a disease of the same nature, which renders many men incapable of distinguishing colours; only the patients go a step further, and pervert the external form of objects. In their case, therefore, contrary to that of the maniac, it is not the mind or rather the imagination which imposes upon, and overpowers, the evidence of the senses; but the sense of seeing (or hearing) which betrays its duty, and conveys false ideas to a sane intellect."

Instances of the same form of insanity here spoken of, more or less striking, are frequently observed in asylums for the insane. Yet we have no reason to conclude from thence that there exists any such distinction between those and the disorders in which apparitions are seen by the patients, as Sir Walter Scott seems to suppose, when he says, that in the one case, "the mind is principally affected," and, in the other, "the disorder is entirely of a bodily character, consisting principally in a disease of the visual organs." The mind of itself is never diseased in any case of insanity; but only the bodily instruments it has to work with. And insane persons have no less frequently to contend with the "honest evidence" of their understanding, than with that of their organs of sense, in regard to their hallucinations, and no less difficulty in reconciling it with these hallucinations. It is well known, that illusions which have nothing to do with the senses, but only with the "mind or imagination," are dependent upon obvious physical derangement of the brain or its appendages. The subject is of importance, and it may be worth while to illustrate this fact by one plain instance. The insanity which is brought on by excessive drunkenness, and called *delirium tremens*, is evidently physical in its origin; and when it proves fatal, as frequently happens, it is found by dissection, to be physical also in its termination. Now the most constant symptom attending this disease, is obstinate, incorrigible hallucination, generally regarding one single object of a disagreeable nature, which keeps harassing the patient incessantly, sometimes producing an entire change in his feelings

and deportment towards his friends and all who are connected with him. And, though he can generally give rational answers to questions which are put to him, and reason upon other things in a way to show the absurdity of his delusion, he still cleaves to it in spite of all the "honest evidence" of his understanding. This is the case with all lunatics whose insanity turns upon one subject; for they frequently reason with unwonted acuteness on all others. The matter of fact is, in the one case, the bodily disease which affects the brain—recalling former impressions with a distinctness which makes them seem real—is less extensive than in the other case, where not only these impressions are recalled, but also the operations of the mind are disturbed and prevented from discerning their fallacy. Some of our readers may recollect the much ridiculed definition, which one of the physicians in his evidence during the celebrated trial of the tea-dealer Davies, is said to have given of insanity, namely, that a person is insane who will not acknowledge himself to be so, when his physicians tell him that he is insane. Now, if we could come at the real truth of the matter, which it is generally impossible to do, through the medium of newspapers, we might, perhaps, ascertain that the physician in question had merely said, that a person is insane who cannot judge aright of his delusions, or perceive them to be in reality delusions. The mere seer of apparitions most frequently knows them to be unreal; the lunatic is unable to do this, and acts as if they were realities.

But leaving these distinctions, which are beside our present purpose, we would commend to our readers the passage which follows, regarding the cause of such apparitions:—

"The most frequent source of the malady is in the dissipated and intemperate habits of those who, by a continued series of intoxication, become subject to what is popularly called the Blue Devils, instances of which mental disorder may be known to most who have lived for any period of their lives in society where hard drinking was a common vice. The joyous visions suggested by intoxication, when the habit is first acquired, in time disappear, and

are supplied by frightful impressions and scenes, which destroy the tranquillity of the unhappy debauchee. Apparitions of the most unpleasant appearance are his companions in solitude, and intrude even upon his hours of society; and when, by an alteration of habits, the mind is cleared of these frightful ideas, it requires but the slightest renewal of the association to bring back the full tide of misery upon the repentant libertine.

"Of this the following instance was told the author by a gentleman connected with the sufferer. A young man of fortune, who had led what is called a gay life, so as considerably to injure his health and fortune, was at length obliged to consult the physician upon the means of restoring at least the former. One of his principal complaints was the frequent presence of a set of apparitions, resembling a band of figures dressed in green, who performed in his drawing-room a singular dance, to which he was compelled to bear witness, though he knew, to his great annoyance, that the whole *corps de ballet* existed only in his own imagination. His physician immediately informed him that he had lived upon town too long and too fast not to require an exchange to a more healthy and natural course of life. He therefore prescribed a gentle course of medicine, but earnestly recommended to his patient to retire to his own house in the country, observe a temperate diet and early hours, practising regular exercise, on the same principle avoiding fatigue, and assured him that by so doing he might bid adieu to black spirits and white, blue, green, and grey, with all their trumpery. The patient observed the advice, and prospered. The physician, after the interval of a month, received a grateful letter from him, acknowledging the success of his regimen. The green goblins had dispersed, and with them the unpleasant train of emotions to which their visits had given rise, and the patient had ordered his town house to be disfurnished and sold, while the furniture was to be sent down to his residence in the country, where he was determined in future to spend his life, without exposing himself to the temptations of town. One would have supposed this a well-devised scheme for health. But, alas! no sooner had the furniture of the London drawing-room been placed in order in the gallery of the old manor-house, than the former delusion returned in full force! The green *figurants*, whom the patient's depraved imagination had so long associated with these moveables, came capering and frisking to accompany them, exclaiming, with great glee, as if the sufferer should have been rejoiced to see them, 'Here we all are—here we all are!' The visionary, if I recollect right, was so much shocked at their appearance, that he retired abroad, in despair that any part of Great Britain could

shelter him from the daily persecution of this domestic ballet."

Instances of this disordered state, the consequence of dissipation, are not unfrequent, and we could adduce some that have come within our own knowledge. But we conceive it would be superfluous to enter into any detail of them here, for there are few individuals who have not observed somewhat similar effects from habits of intoxication and irregular living. And, "albeit," as Berkeley well remarks, "there is in every town or district throughout England, some tough dram-drinker, set up as the Devil's decoy, to draw in proselytes;" yet it will be found that all who indulge in such habits, and have great liveliness of feelings and imagination, must ultimately expect these Blue Devils and apparitions in some shape or other. Let us leave them for the present, and complete in "brief summary" our account of the manner in which Sir Walter Scott has taken up this subject of Demonology and Witchcraft, and attempted to explain away the belief in demons and witches.

"I have now arrived," says he, "by a devious path, at the conclusion of this letter, the object of which is to shew, from what attributes of our nature, whether mental or corporeal, arises that predisposition to believe in supernatural occurrences. It is, I think, conclusive, that mankind, from a very early period, have their minds prepared for such events by the consciousness of the existence of a spiritual world, inferring in the general proposition the undeniable truth, that each man, from the monarch to the beggar, who has once acted his part on the stage, continues to exist, and may again, even in a disembodied state, if such is the pleasure of Heaven, for aught that we know to the contrary, be permitted or ordained to mingle amongst those who still remain in the body. The abstract possibility of apparitions must be admitted by every one who believes in a Deity, and his superintending omnipotence. But imagination is apt to intrude its explanations and inferences founded on inadequate evidence. Sometimes our violent inordinate passions, originating in sorrow for our friends, remorse for our crimes, our eagerness of patriotism, or our deep sense of devotion—these or other violent excitements of a moral character, in the visions of the night, or the ~~phantasies~~ <sup>phantasies</sup> of the day, persuade us that we witness, with our eyes and ears, an actual instance of that supernatural communication, the possibility of which cannot be denied. At other times

the corporeal organs impose upon the mind, while the eye, and the ear, diseased, deranged, or misled, convey false impressions to the patient. Very often both the mental delusion and the physical deception exist at the same time, and men's belief of the phenomena presented to them, however erroneously, by the senses, is the firmer and more readily granted, that the physical impression corresponded with the mental excitement.

"So many causes acting thus upon each other in various degrees, or sometimes separately, it must happen in the infancy of every society, that there should occur many apparently well-authenticated instances of supernatural intercourse, satisfactory enough to authenticate peculiar examples of the general proposition which is impressed upon us by belief of the immortality of the soul. These examples of undeniable apparitions (for they are apprehended to be incontrovertible) fall like the seed of the husbandman, into fertile and prepared soil, and are usually followed by a plentiful crop of superstitious figments, which derive their sources from circumstances and enactments in sacred and profane history hastily adopted, and perverted from their genuine readings."

Such is the creed of the author of Waverley, and such the views with which he treats the subject before us. The extracts we have given from his work will enable our readers to judge of its merits; though, being selected, they may perhaps excite too favourable an opinion. For our own part, whatever we may think of the correctness of these views, we could have wished the subject had been treated in any other way, rather than this, by such an author. Our limits permit us not to enter at large upon the remainder of the work, and, indeed, the best part of it has, we believe, been already repeatedly brought before the public in newspapers, &c. &c. We shall only take the liberty of subjoining his account of the Hebrew witches; and then conclude by adding an illustration or two of the influence of the belief in demons and witches upon minds of opposite sort, which are interesting, and not generally, if at all known, in this country.

After making some remarks upon the contest of Moses with the Egyptian magicians, and the passage in the Law of Moses: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," he attempts to show that the "sorcery

or witchcraft of the Old Testament resolves itself into a trafficking with idols, and asking counsel of false deities; in other words, into idolatry;" and that "to understand the texts" in the Old Testament, where witches, &c. are spoken of, "otherwise, seems to confound the modern system of witchcraft, with all its unnatural and improbable outrages on common sense, with the crime of the person who, in classical days, consulted the oracle of Apollo—a capital offence in a Jew, but surely a venial sin in an ignorant and deluded Pagan."

"To illustrate the nature of the Hebrew witch and her prohibited criminal traffic," continues he, "those who have written on this subject have naturally dwelt on the interview between Saul and the Witch of Endor, the only detailed and particular account of such a transaction, which is found in the Bible;—a fact, by the way, which proves that the crime of witchcraft (capitally punished as it was when discovered,) was not frequent among the chosen people who enjoyed such peculiar manifestations of the Almighty's presence. The Scriptures seem only to have conveyed to us the general fact (being what is chiefly edifying) of the interview between the witch and the king of Israel. They inform us, that Saul, disheartened and discouraged by the general defection of his subjects, and the consciousness of his own unworthy and ungrateful disobedience, despairing of obtaining an answer from the offended Deity who had previously communicated with him through his prophets, at length resolved, in his desperation, to go to a divining woman, by which course he involved himself in the crime of the person whom he thus consulted, against whom the law denounced death—a sentence which had been often executed by Saul himself on similar offenders. Scripture proceeds to give us the general information, that the king directed the witch to call up the spirit of Samuel; and that the female exclaimed, that gods had arisen out of the earth—that Saul, more particularly, requiring a description of the apparition (whom, consequently, he did not himself see,) she described it as the figure of an old man with a mantle. In this figure the king acknowledges the resemblance of Samuel, and, sinking on his face, hears from the apparition, speaking in the character of the prophet, the melancholy prediction of his own defeat and death.

"In this description, though all is told which is necessary to convey to us an awful moral lesson, yet we are left ignorant of the minutæ attending the apparition,

which, perhaps, we ought to accept as a sure sign, that there was no utility in our being made acquainted with them. It is impossible, for instance, to know with certainty, whether Saul was present when the woman used her conjuration, or whether he himself personally ever saw the appearance which the Pythoness described to him. It is left still more doubtful, whether any thing supernatural was actually evoked, or whether the Pythoness and her assistant, meant to practise a mere deception, taking their chance to prophesy the defeat and death of the broken-spirited king, as an event which the circumstances in which he was placed rendered highly probable, since he was surrounded by a superior army of Philistines, and his character as a soldier rendered it likely that he would not survive a defeat, which must involve the loss of his kingdom. On the other hand, admitting that the apparition had really a supernatural character, it remains equally uncertain what was its nature, or by what power it was compelled to an appearance, displeasing as it intimated, since the supposed spirit of Samuel asks wherefore he was disquieted in the grave. Was the power of the witch over the invisible world so great, that, like the Erichon of the heathen poet, she could disturb the sleep of the just, and especially that of a prophet so important as Samuel; and are we to suppose that he, upon whom the spirit of the Lord was wont to descend, even while he was clothed with frail mortality, should be subject to be disquieted in his grave, at the voice of a vile witch, and the command of an apostate prince? Did the true Deity refuse Saul the response of his prophets, and could a witch compel the actual spirit of Samuel to make answer notwithstanding?"

The author's remarks on the common solution of these difficulties, "which supposes that the will of the Almighty substituted, on that memorable occasion, for the phantasmagoria intended by the witch, the spirit of Samuel in his earthly resemblance—Or, if the reader may think this more likely, some good being, the messenger of the divine pleasure, in the likeness of the departed prophet—and to the surprise of the Pythoness herself, exchanged the juggling farce of sheer deceit or petty sorcery which she had intended to produce for a deep tragedy, capable of appalling the heart of the hardened tyrant, and furnishing an awful lesson to future times,"—we cannot afford space to quote at length. The result is curious, as well as the whole strain of this speculation.



"The witch of Endor was a mere fortune-teller, to whom, in despair of all aid or answer from the Almighty, the unfortunate king of Israel had recourse in this despair, and by whom, in some way or other, he obtained the awful certainty of his own defeat and death. She was liable, indeed deservedly, to the punishment of death for intruding herself upon the task of the real prophets, by whom the will of God was, in that time, regularly made known. But her existence and her crimes can go no length to prove the possibility that another class of witches, no otherwise resembling her than as called by the same name, either existed at a more recent period, or were liable to the same capital punishment for a different and much more doubtful class of offences, which, however odious, are nevertheless to be proved possible before they can be received as a criminal charge."

We shall not stop to investigate the merits of these discussions. They have been quoted only for the purpose of showing how loosely and dexterously Sir Walter Scott can write on such "dangerous subjects." His remarks on the possessions of devils mentioned in the New Testament are of like character. But in illustration of this subject, we prefer submitting the following extraordinary epistle of "the reverend Father Surin," who wrote it when he conceived himself to be actually possessed of devils. It is necessary to observe that he was one of the exorcists in the celebrated case of the nuns of Loudun. We may briefly state the circumstances of that remarkable transaction, which took place during the administration of Cardinal Richelieu.

Two young nuns of the Ursuline convent of that city were seized with strange convulsions. Their confessor exorcised them, and they declared that devils had been sent to take possession of them by one Urban Grandier, a curate, who stood in ill report, on account of his agreeable manners, gallantry, and liberal opinions. He had shortly before proposed himself as their director; and their confessor or exorcist had been his rival candidate. The convulsions soon spread over the whole town and neighbourhood, yet, at first, solely among the young women. Twelve judges were appointed, by Cardinal Richelieu, to try Grandier. The trial lasted eight months, the nuns persisted in declaring that the unfortu-

nate curate had sent the devils to take possession of them, and he was unanimously condemned, and burnt alive in April, 1634, about two years after he had first been accused.

The possessions continued for a considerable time after Urban's execution, and the more so, as two of the confessors, or exorcists, Father Lactantius and Father Tranquillus, died shortly after, in the firm belief that they themselves were possessed with the same devils, and showing all the symptoms of being so in reality. Father Surin was one of their successors in the work of exorcising, and was not at Loudun, or connected with them in any way when Grandier was condemned. At the time then when he thought himself contending with hosts of devils, he writes thus:—

"There are few people to whom I feel pleasure in relating my adventures except your reverence, who listens to them willingly, and besides makes reflections which would not readily occur to others less familiarly acquainted with me. Since I last wrote, I have fallen into a state which I was very far from foreseeing, but which is most conformable with the providence of God towards my soul. I am no longer at Marennes, but at Loudun, where your letter has reached me. I am in perpetual conversation with Devils, in which things occur to me which it would be too long to tell you, and which have given me more reason than ever to recognise and admire the goodness of God. I shall tell you something of them—and more would I tell you if you were more retired and secret. I have engaged in combat with four Demons, the most powerful and malicious of hell—even I, whose weakness you know so well! God has permitted the fight to be so fierce, and the onsets so frequent, that the least of my warfare lay in exorcisms; for the enemies manifested themselves in secret, by night and by day, in a thousand different ways. You may conceive what delight there is in finding one's self at the mercy of God alone. I shall say no more to you respecting this; I am satisfied if you, knowing my condition, do pray for me. So many are there, that, for the last three months, I have never been without a Devil beside me, to keep me at work. Things have come to such a pass, that, because of my sins, I think God has permitted the Devil during the exercise of my ministry—as was, perhaps, never before seen in the Church—to proceed from the body of the person possessed, and to enter mine—assault, and overturn me—shake me, and visibly pass through me—taking

possession of me for several hours, and with me and spirit!

"I should be unable to explain to you what passes within me at such times, and how that Evil spirit makes itself with my own, without departing me of the consciousness or freedom of my soul; yet making itself like another myself, and as if I had two souls—the one dispossessed of its body, and the use of its organs, and keeping itself apart, looking at the doings of the other introduced into its place. The two spirits fight in the same field, which is the body, and the soul is as it were divided. On the one hand it is subject to the impressions of Devil; and on the other, to its own motions, or those which God gives it. At the same time I feel much peace and comfort, under the good pleasure of God, and without knowing whence comes that extreme fury and aversion of him, which produces such impetuous efforts to separate myself from him, as astonish those who witness them. Also, do I feel much joy and calmness—and on the other hand sorrow, which manifests itself in tears and lamentations resembling those of demons. I feel the state of damnation, and dread it; and feel myself, as it were, pierced with the arrows of despair in that strange soul which seems to me my own;—and the other soul, which is in full confidence, mocks such feelings, and with all licence curses the soul which causes them. I feel that the same cries which proceed from my mouth equally come from these two souls, and am in difficulty to discern whether it be gladness which produces them, or the extreme fury which fills me. The tremblings which seize me when about to take the holy sacrament come equally, as it seems, from dread of the Presence, which is insupportable, and from sweet cordial veneration,—without my knowing to which of the souls I should attribute them, and without its being in my power to restrain them. When one of these souls moves me to make the sign of the cross upon my mouth, the other turns aside my hand with great quickness, and seizes my finger with the teeth, to bite me in its fury. I never find prayer more easy and calm than amid these agitations. While my body is rolling on the ground, and the ministers of the church speaking to me as to a Demon—loading me with maledictions—I cannot describe to you the joy I feel at having become a devil—not through rebellion against God, but through the effects of that woful event; which shew me clearly the state to which sin has reduced men, and how—appropriating to myself all the maledictions which are laid upon me—I feel that my soul has reason to be cast down into nothingness. When the others who are possessed perceive me in that situation, it is a pleasure to see how they triumph, and, like Devils, mock me, saying, 'Physician, heal thyself—go, now, ascend into thy seat! How vain will it be for him to preach,

after he has himself been cast down, and tossed upon the ground!' *Tantoverunt, subvertunt me subnationes, fremuerunt super me dentibus suis.* What reason for thanksgiving!—to see one's self the sport of devils, and to find the justice of God in this world requiring account for my sins! What favour it is to experience from what a condition Jesus Christ has rescued us, and to feel how great is his redemption—not by hearsay, but by the impression of that very condition! and how good it is to have at once the capability of penetrating into that wretchedness, and of thanking the goodness which has released us with so great toil!

"Such is my state at present, as it is every day. Great disputes are occasioned thereby—*et factus sum magna questio*—whether there is a possession or no!—whether it can be, that the ministers of the gospel fall into such straits? Some say, it is the chastisement of God upon me, in punishment of some illusion; others say something else; and, as for me, I confine myself to what I have felt;—and I would exchange my fortune for no other, being firmly persuaded that there is nothing better than to be reduced to great extremities. That in which I am now is such as to leave me little liberty of action. When I wish to speak, my mouth is shut; at mass, I am stopped quite short; at table, I cannot carry a morsel to my mouth; at confession, I suddenly forget my sins, and I feel the Devil coming and going within me as in his own house. As soon as I awake he is there;—at prayer, he snatches my thoughts from me when he chooses:—when the heart begins to expand itself in God, he fills it with fury. He puts me asleep when I wish to remain awake; and publicly, by the mouth of the possessed sisters, he boasts himself my master—to which I have no reply. Enduring the reproach of my conscience, and having upon my head the sentence pronounced against all sinners, I must submit, and reverence the ways of that Divine Providence, to which every creature ought to be subject.—'Tis not a single Demon that keeps me at work—there are usually two! One is Leviathan, opposed to the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as it is here remarked, that in hell there is a trinity, which magicians worship—Lucifer, Beelzebub, and Leviathan, who is the third person of hell; and this some authors have remarked and written heretofore. But the operations of this false Paraclet (Comforter) are all contrary to the true, and imprint within my soul a desolation which it is impossible to describe. He is the chief of the whole troop of our demons; and he has the management of this whole affair, which is one of the strangest perhaps ever seen. In this same place we behold paradise and hell;—the nuns who, in one sense, are like Ursulas, in another and worse sense, are most

depraved in all sorts of irregularities, indecencies, and blasphemies, and fury!

"If it please your reverence, I desire my letter may not be made public. You are the only person, except my confessor and my superiors, to whom I should wish to tell so much. It is only to keep up some communication, which may assist us in glorifying God; in whom I am,

"Your very humble servant,

"JAN-JOSEPH SURIN.

"I beg you to offer up prayers for me, having need of them. For whole weeks I feel so stupid in things divine, that I should be glad if some one would make me pray to God like a little child, and explain to me the Pater Noster. The Devil hath said, 'I will spoil thee of every thing, and thou shalt have need of thy faith remaining—I will stupify thee.' He has made a compact with a magician to prevent me from speaking of God, and to have the power of keeping my spirit curbed—which he accomplishes very faithfully as he promised; and I am constrained, in order to have some idea, frequently to hold the holy sacrament over my head, using the key of David to unlock my memory."\*

Such is the effect of a belief in demons upon a naturally weak but sincere mind. Let us now see what it could do with the strongest and bold-est spirit of the sixteenth century.

"In the year 1546, while Luther was at Eisleben, he related the following story, how the devil had tortured him at Wartburg:—

"Anno 1521, as I departed from Worms," said Luther, "and, not far from Eisenach, was taken prisoner, I was lodged in the castle of Wartburg in Pathno,† in a chamber far from people, where none could have access to me but two pages, that, twice in the day, brought me meat and drink.—Now, among other things, they brought me hazel nuts, which I put into a box, and sometimes I used to crack and eat of them. In the night-times, my gentleman the devil came, and got the nuts out of the box, and cracked them against one of the bed-posts, making a very great noise and a rumbling upon the chamber stairs, as if many empty hogsheads and barrels had been tumbled down; and although I knew that the stairs were strongly guarded with iron bars, so that no passage was either up or down, yet I arose, and went towards the

stairs to see what the matter was; but finding the door fast shut, I said, 'Art thou there? so be there still!' I committed myself to my Lord and Saviour; of whom it is written, *Omnia subieciisti pedibus ejus*, (Thou hast put all things under his feet,) and then laid me down to rest again."—(Vide Luther's *Sämmtliche Schriften*, by Walch, xxii Theil, p. 1129.)"

Again, in another passage, he tells us:—

"The Devil is like a fowler: those birds which he catcheth, the necks of the same he wringeth in sunder, keepeth very few alive, only those that do allure other birds to his snare, and also do sing the song which he will have, the same he putteth into a cage, to the end by their alluring he may catch more. All the rest must go to the pot,' &c. 'The Devil can also steal children away, as sometimes within the space of six weeks after their birth are lost, and other children, called *supposititii* or Changelings, laid in their places. Of the Saxons they were called *killercrops*. Eight years since I did see and touch such a child, which was twelve years of age. He had his eyes and all his members like another child. He did nothing but feed; and could eat as much as two clowns or threshers were able to eat. When one touched it, then it cried out. When any evil happened in the house, then it laughed and was joyful. But when all went well, then it cried and was very sad. I told the Prince of Anhalt, that if I were prince of that country, so would I venture *homicidium* thereon, and would throw it into the river Moldau.'—(Ibid. p. 1171.)"

Luther was prevented by the Prince of Anhalt and by the Elector of Saxony, who was also present on the occasion, from doing *homicidium* upon the unhappy changeling. He had prayers offered up in the churches, and, to his satisfaction, the child died shortly afterwards. Happy would it have been for many an unfortunate wretch, had zeal always confined itself to the use of such means!

It was our purpose to bring forward more instances of a similar sort, but we have already gone beyond our limits, and must take leave of this subject for the present. In parting,

\* "Lettre du Père Surin, Jésuite, Exorciste des Religieuses Ursulines de Loudun, écrite à un sein ami Jésuite."

† "In my Patmos." Contrary to our purpose—for we had marked the passages in the original—we use Bell's translation of Luther's *Table Talk*, not having the original at hand. Of this translation we may remark, that it is frequently incorrect, sometimes ludicrous, and always tawdry and diluted. Would that some one fitted for the task gave us a genuine translation of this venerable classic!

we may be permitted to observe, that we have carefully and conscientiously perused these letters of Sir Walter Scott, being most anxious to do him no injustice, but, on the contrary, to honour and reverence him if it were possible on this occasion. Yet, prepossessed as we were in favour of this work, we rise from it with feelings of disappointment and melancholy. He has not treated the subject in the way his friends would have wished. The author of *Waverley*, we apprehend, has neither the patience nor the disposition requisite for writing philosophically upon any subject. He can compose romances with consummate dexterity and effect; and though he has already perhaps somewhat overstocked us with that commodity, we might, in consideration

of former favours, thankfully receive more at his hand. But these "Histories," and "Lives," and "Letters," make us sick at heart, they are so tawdry and longwinded, so unworthy of such a genius. With all his splendid talents, he might surely find some better, more reverent, task to perform than this of ministering to the paltry appetite of the "reading public." We feel much affection towards him in spite of all his faults, and therefore it grieves us the more deeply to see him still making merchandise of those high gifts; and to perceive how sear and barren his old age must become, and how the forms of Hope, and Beauty, and Love, which have peopled his imagination, must die away within him, amid such unworthy occupations.

#### THE EXILE'S RETURN.

THEN away! then away! I have listened too long  
To the music of laughter, the echo of song;  
To the notes which endear us to life, and to love,  
Which follow our footsteps wherever we rove.

I have listened to these, I have lingered awhile,  
But the sigh at departure has banished the smile;  
And the whispered regret in the distance is hushed,  
And the hope I then cherished, is finally crushed.

I watched, as the shore was diminishing fast,  
The flutter of sails, and the creak of the mast,  
The dash of the billow, the howl of the wind,  
And I yearned for the hearts I left beating behind!

I thought of my father, and mother so old,  
And I thought of their babe, with his ringlets of gold;  
But mostly of Her who had twined round my heart,  
The spell of a dream that can never depart!

No longer an exile, I flew to my home,  
I spied the tall cliff o'er the breaker's white foam;  
And I fancied I saw on the precipice' height,  
The small beckoning hand, and the smile of delight.

The ship neared her port, and I spurned the last wave:  
I asked for my father—they showed me his grave;  
My mother lay by him—my sister was wed—  
Our cottage a stranger's—my brother was dead!

I looked at my sister, and questioned in fear—  
But the only reply was a sorrowful tear:  
Her virtue was marred by the tongue of deceit,  
And the flower had withered, deprived of its sweet.

I was born on the cliff, I was bred on the shore—  
Of the world I know little, I'll see it no more:  
I'll return to the tempest, the breaker, the wind,  
And I'll mourn not the home I am leaving behind.

## ON MR. OWEN'S SYSTEM.

SIR :—On the meeting which was held on Wednesday, the 20th October, at the London Tavern by Mr. Owen, and on the doctrines which he advanced, with your permission, I beg to offer a few observations, especially as this pretended philanthropist—this brilliant luminary—this revealer of a new religion, which is to make the community of man virtuous and happy, left no opportunity or time for reply; and as his self-willed deluded votaries, no doubt from well ascertained evidence of the infallibility of their oracle, would listen to no reply, lest the light which he had poured on their benighted minds, should be shewn to be darkness visible.

In all that Mr. Owen propagates, it is clearly implied, that he is the greatest philanthropist that has yet appeared in the world. That he is more generous and disinterested than any of the sons of men. That he has larger and juster views than any philosopher of ancient or modern times—that he is the most honest, if not the only honest man, that ever lived—that he is the only person that has discovered the path to universal purity and felicity—that the whole world are now in darkness, and that light exists nowhere but in his mind, and in his writings—that he has more knowledge and experience in human affairs than all men of all past ages and generations—that the light which is to fill the whole universe with its blaze, is to burst forth to the delight, wonder, and admiration of all nations in his next lecture, when it will appear that all men, save and except Mr. Owen, are fools, ignoramuses, or knaves—that Bacon and Newton, and Locke and Butler—that all the illustrious names of all nations, have been either weak, blind enthusiasts, or united and leagued together to keep the world in ignorance, misery, poverty, vice, and crime.—Truly this gentleman is excessively modest in his pretensions! I believe there is some truth in the doctrine of Mr. David Hume, that nothing is so effectual in gaining a man credit in the world as a good stock of assurance; I do not mean the assurance of faith, but audacity bottomed as it commonly is on ignorance of one's own self, and on loathsome vanity and self-

conceit. Mr. Owen told the meeting that he was, if not the only practical man in existence, at least the most practical, his whole life having been directed to practice. But as most boasters in practice, Mr. Owen discards all theory, system, or principle. His lecture consisted of a tissuc of loose, incoherent rhapsodies, cemented by an implacable enmity to religion in every form in which it has yet appeared in the world. Destruction being the end, aim, and scope of all his philanthropical labours, he may very properly be styled Abaddon or Apollyon, that is, destroyer. No good, he said, again and again could be done, until religion, which he called the parent of all the misery, vice, ignorance, and crime, now, or that has ever been in the world, were totally and for ever eradicated and obliterated from the mind of man. Then this great master builder is to lay the foundation stone of a new golden age—a millennium surpassing all that fabulist, poet, philosopher, or prophet has predicted, or conceived in the wildest frenzies of enthusiasm, or under the most powerful and happy inspiration.

Mr. Owen told the meeting he lived for the world; that whatever fortune he had he had used it for the world; and that all which he had expended on the world, he had spent without regret. We may therefore look for the records of this gentleman's benevolence in every state, city, village, or hamlet, which he has visited. But where is the prisoner whom he has rescued from his dungeon? Where is the captive that he has ransomed? Where are the hungry that he has fed, the naked that he has clothed, the sick to whom he has ministered? Mr. Owen may reply, his efforts have all been upon a large scale, they have been spread over the world; that he has spent his fortune, and employed his time and abilities in attempts to remove superstition—the principal if not the sole impediment to universal illumination and happiness—that he has been serving mankind in the most comprehensive manner—that he has not dissipated his energies in insulated attempts to benefit individuals; but that he has hitherto kept steadily

in his eye the whole family of man. He has spent four thousand pounds in puffing his schemes in the newspapers; but as these schemes, though practical, have not been reduced to practice, the good of his efforts is yet to come; and as he openly avows he can do no good till religion, as hitherto taught in the world, has been banished from the earth, ages, or millions of ages, may intervene before a single individual in this distracted or miserable world can be warmed and cheered with a solitary ray of the sun of philanthropy that arose at New Lanark, in the eighteenth century of the Christian era.

In these remarks I have no personal feeling against Mr. Owen, whom I regard as a weak, well-meaning, crazy enthusiast, that would do good, if he knew how to set about it; but his opinions being so mixed up, or rather identified with himself, it is necessary, in attacking them, to divest them of all extraneous merit, to detach them as much as possible from himself, and to consider them also in their practical operation on his efforts. Besides, it is the course which Mr. Owen himself pursues in attacking Christianity, which he classes with all the impure and degrading superstitions that have ever appeared in the world; and it was the course which he pursued in his discourse or sermon, on the disadvantages of religious instruction in all present existing forms, delivered on Wednesday, 20th October, 1830, at the London Tavern.

I have read it somewhere, that if you attack a man in his character, principles, or conduct, yet if you do not name him, the attack is impersonal. This, I confess, I cannot see; nor can I see either sin or impropriety in naming a person when you assail his opinions; nay, I am convinced it is a duty which we owe to the individual and to the public, to weigh before we admit his lofty pretensions to be received and hailed as the illuminator and liberator of a benighted, enthralled universe. Does Mr. Owen surpass every man in every age and country in common sense, in reach and force of understanding, in information and research, in zeal and benevolence, in honesty and mental independence, in love of truth and in love of his

kind, in knowledge of literature and science, in natural endowments and liberal acquirements? unless this be the case, he may be wrong, and some other man who does not think with him may be right; he may, as all his predecessors in the work of philanthropy, be wrong; he a blind guide: he may have mistaken his own vain imaginations for the truth;—he may be as far from the right way as any man that ever lived. What evidence has the public, that Mr. Owen is right, infallibly right, and that all who are not of his opinion are wrong? They have Mr. Owen's testimony, to be sure; and that is a thing of no ordinary kind. He has told the public that he is right, and that all who think differently are wrong.—His pretensions, moreover, have been weighed in the scales of cockneyism, and have been ascertained to be full weight; of which the cockneys, the best informed animals, and the best judges of truth in the universe, express, at all Mr. Owen's meetings, their unfeigned assent and consent, by rapping, clapping, smiling, laughing, shouting, and vociferation, to cheer him on his way towards the emancipation and regeneration of the world, and by bawling and noise to prevent men of different views from expressing their sentiments, and unmasking the sophistry and pretensions of their idol.

Let us look at this matter in another light. It is a doctrine taught by Mr. Owen, which was also brought forward at the meeting, that man is not accountable for his belief; that his belief is the result of his opinions; and that his opinions are the result of physical organization. All the opinions of men on every subject are, according to this theory, the result of physical organization. Now who gave man his physical organization, was it not the author of his being? If a man's opinions on any subject are wrong, it is no fault of his; the fault lies with the author of his nature. If the qualities of moral good or evil do not belong to a man's belief, they do not belong to a man's thoughts; they cannot belong to a man's organization without involving in all the blame the former of this organization; for if the machine does not go accurately, it is the fault of the maker; and if there is no evil in

thought, there can be no evil in bodily action, of which thoughts are the index, the expression, and the cause. Whatever Mr. Owen's thoughts are or the illumination of his mind, it is all the result of physical organization. He is the only perfect machine that ever has been constructed since the beginning of the world. Why the author of nature has not seen it proper to present to the world such a machine before, must, I imagine, be classed among the inscrutable arcana or mysteries into which mortals are not permitted to look. As all thoughts are the result of organization, and as all the errors and delusions in the world are thoughts, and have had their origin in thought, therefore physical organization is the fountain of all errors and delusions; and how this evil can be remedied without changing the organization I leave to the astounding intellect of Mr. Owen to explain. It appears to me, that if Mr. Owen would do his work efficiently, he should begin with correcting the evil at the fountain head; he should begin with the physical organization, and instruct the author of nature in the construction of perfect machines; for if the organization is not changed, the thoughts cannot be changed, the belief cannot be changed, the actions of man cannot be changed. Whether Mr. Owen means to set about the re-construction of the physical organization of man, I do not know; though I think he hinted at something of this kind when he spoke of making man in his thoughts, feelings, propensities, and desires, transparent as crystal. One thing is certain, in Mr. Owen's theory; while the organization continues the same, no improvement can be made till it is re-constructed and adapted to a new and perfect order of things, such as Mr. Owen is anxious to realize; the world must go on as hitherto, a depraved organization being the only impediment, and one that is invincible to universal illumination and perfect happiness. —Mr. Owen lays the blame of all moral physical evils to the charge of religion, but then religion, resolves itself into thought, and thought resolves itself into organization, and organization into the contrivance and design of the great first cause. Does Mr. Owen think he could instruct Him that is infinite in wisdom, or

that he could have made man better than the Creator of all things? —If organization be the measure of what the faculties of man can give out, it must also be the measure of what they can take in; so that by education a man can be neither better nor worse. His thoughts will always be as his organization. What is education, but the thoughts of some one reduced to practice? It must, therefore, be the result of physical organization; and if the thoughts of one man be disordered for a time by the thoughts of another, they must recover again naturally and involuntarily their former standing, according to the original organization. If all thought originate in organization, then every mode of religion must have its origin in the same source, and this source is divine, as God is the author of organization. Therefore religion, by the theory of Mr. Owen, in all its forms, must be divine in its origin. Both these things cannot stand: that religion is the source of all evil, and that organization is the source, fount, and type of all thought, unless religion itself is resolved into organization. I have hitherto reasoned on this subject, on the assumption of Mr. Owen as to the omnipotence of organization over thought, and of thought over belief. I now call in question that assumption, and maintain, that man is accountable for his thoughts and his belief, as it is in the power of man to conform his thoughts to the truth by inquiry, research, and examination. It is as much in the power of man to alter his thoughts on religion as on any other subject, and by the very same process—a careful examination of facts. Is not religion founded on facts? and are not these facts as susceptible of inquiry as any fact in nature? May not a jury err criminally in their opinion of the guilt or innocence of a defendant? May not an accountant err criminally in his calculations? May not a servant err criminally in his conceptions of his master's orders? And where does the criminality in these cases lie, but in indolence, carelessness, inattention, apathy, or contempt? If a man's thoughts on religion are not conformed to the truth, and if this want of conformity be owing to his not examining the truth,

to his disregard of truth, to his aversion to the truth, to his enmity to the truth, to his life not being in accordance with the truth, or to self-sufficiency or self-conceit, then is the disconformity of his thoughts to the truth culpable, censurable, and punishable. Mr. Owen says, there is no merit in believing, or demerit in disbelieving. This is true on his theory of organization, but untrue if a man's thoughts may be approximated to the truth by inquiry; and that thought is susceptible of change by inquiry is a fact unquestionable. Even on Mr. Owen's theory, there is as much criminality or innocence, merit or demerit, in belief or disbelief, as in any act whatever. If all be the result of organization, there is neither good nor evil, virtue nor vice, in the world; inasmuch as whatever is the result of organization is chargeable on the Creator. Such are the legitimate consequences of this absurd and irrational theory. One should hardly have conceived it possible for the great illuminator to fall into such notorious errors. All religion, said Mr. Owen, is opposed to sense, that is, the senses of man. Religion is not only different from but contrary to what meets the senses; as if religion required men to believe, that the same things were altogether opposite to what they appear to the senses; as much so as if he must believe, that what was tangible were intangible, or what is visible were invisible, or what is hard were soft, or that what appears to the eye as a wafer, and tastes as dough, were a real man. I undertake the defence of no religion but what is revealed in the Word of God, which religion teaches nothing opposed to the senses. Let Mr. Owen, if he can, lay his hand on one fact in the Bible which is contradicted by the senses. Christianity, as taught in the Bible, is built on facts addressed to the senses—of which any man could form an accurate opinion by his senses. Is not revealed religion bottomed on two things, miracles and prophecy? Miracles, it has been said, are opposed to the senses. But to whose senses are they opposed? Were they opposed to the senses of those who have witnessed them? or are they opposed to the senses of those who did not exist till ages after they were performed? Did those in whose presence miracles are record-

ed to have been wrought, not see these miracles? Did they not see the dead raised, the eyes of the blind opened, the lame leap as a hart, and hear the tongue of the dumb sing for joy? If they saw these things, then they were not opposed to their senses. But it may be said, we do not see them. Does it then follow, that nothing ever has existed but what we have seen? Are our senses the measure of all possible existences?—But miracles are opposed to the laws of nature. To which I answer, if nothing could happen but according to, or as the result of, some law of nature, then there could be no miracles.—But what is a law of nature, but a mode in which the Deity acts? Now, if he acts in one mode, does it follow that he cannot act in an opposite mode, or that he can act only in one mode? If, by one law of nature, iron sinks in water, what is there to hinder the same Being, who made the law of gravity, to suspend that law, or to cause the iron to swim? Are these two modes of action contradictory? Are they such as could not be performed by the same power? And are they not both compatible with the moral attributes of the Deity? Suppose a person, who had never seen the application of steam to machinery, were to say, "I cannot believe in it, it is contrary to my senses." Contrary to your senses it is not. It is something which you have not seen, but it is uncontradicted by any fact that ever fell under your observation.—In like manner, were a person to deny that iron could, by miracle, be made to swim:—He might say, "I have never seen it. Any time that I have seen it unsupported in water, it has sunk." True, it has—but that has been by the operation of the law of gravity. But when we say that iron was made to swim, we do not say it was by the law of gravity, or by the ordinary or common laws of nature, but by the suspension of the law of gravity. It would, indeed, be contrary to sense to say, that iron was made to swim by the law of gravity; but not contrary to sense to say, it was made to swim by a suspension of that law.

Another class of facts, on which revealed religion is based, are those which have been, and still are, the subjects of prophecy. Many of these facts are already matters of history;



and some of them are matters of observation and every-day experience—such as the dispersion of the Jews, and their continuing a separate people, dwelling alone, and not reckoned with the nations; becoming a curse, a bye-word, and a reproach, in all countries to which they have been driven. Even the religion of nature, of which Mr. Owen is the minister and interpreter, is not opposed to the truths of divine revelation. Bishop Butler has shewn, in his “Analogy between Natural and Revealed Religion,” a beautiful and striking coincidence and harmony between the laws of nature and the doctrines of revealed religion; the one illustrating and corroborating the other, without the slightest jarring, inconsistency, or incongruity—indicating a common origin and author.

To religion Mr. Owen referred all the ills of human existence. Now, a religion must produce evil—that is, vice, ignorance, misery, poverty, destitution, and crime—through the operation of its principles, precepts, and the examples which it holds up to imitation. What, then, is the principle, precept, or example, recorded for imitation in the Holy Scriptures, to which evil, either moral or physical, can be traced? Let Mr. Owen, if he can, mention one principle, or one precept, or one model of virtuous conduct in the Scriptures, to which evil can be traced. He holds revealed religion to be a discipline of impurity, vice, and crime; let him deduce his conclusions logically and consistently from the principles of revealed truth, instead of dealing in declamation, general assertions, vulgar invective, and scurrilous abuse. The principle of love to God and man runs through the whole of divine revelation; and all the virtues, all the dispositions and actions which it inculcates, are but so many forms of this great principle. Can Mr. Owen point to any injunction in scripture incompatible with this principle? He had even the audacity to assert that religion inculcated vice. What, then, is the vice taught in the Bible? Men, he said, were taught to hate one another. Where is that taught? Does not the word of God teach us to love our enemies, to do good to them that hate us, to pray for them that des-

pitefully use us and persecute us? Are we not taught to ask forgiveness of God as we forgive others? and to return to no man evil for evil, but, on the contrary, blessing? If any teach persecution and hatred, neither persecution nor hatred are taught in the Bible. The religion which it teaches is one of universal charity. We are not, indeed, taught to regard virtue and vice with the same feelings; to hold them as of equal value, and worthy of the same esteem. Neither are we taught to entertain the same respect for the vicious and the virtuous. We owe the worthless not esteem, but compassion; not approbation, but pity; and we owe to vice, in every form, abhorrence and aversion.

Mr. Owen ridiculed the idea of man being either virtuous or vicious for his belief or disbelief, as if the one and the other had no connexion with the state of the heart or the character of a man's actions. If a man reject the truth, because the truth condemns his conduct; because it demands the abandonment of immoral practices; then disbelief cannot be regarded but as odious and detestable; while the unbeliever, through enmity to God, or opposition to his will, must appear in the eyes of the virtuous any thing but an object of esteem. And, on the contrary, if belief be inseparable from virtuous thought, feeling, and action, and if it be actually the source, the spring, and principle of universal charity, of love to God and man, then it must be an object of the highest esteem, in which esteem the faithful have a right to participate.

A community of goods, in which there will be no private property, Mr. Owen informed the company, was to be a feature of his new system.—A natural consequence of a community of goods, as men are now constituted, would be a relaxation of the springs of human exertion; the fear of want, a desire of improving our condition, and security for the exclusive disposal of our labour, being the chief incentives to industry. Who would labour if he might have his wants supplied without any care or exertion on his part? Who would think of surpassing others in skill, invention, and application, if the fruit of all his toil were to be divided equally among all the indolent, vicious, and abandoned? or were no increase of

happiness, comfort, or respectability to accrue from the zealous discharge of his duty, from enterprize, perseverance, and successful exertion.—These objections to a community of goods, Mr. Owen meets with a declaration, that, under the new order of things which he is to introduce, all men will be perfect in virtue, each straining, apart from all selfish views, his powers and faculties for the weal of the whole community of man.—This perfection of virtue is to result from stripping man of all religion as it has hitherto been taught, and teaching him, under Mr. Owen's direction, the religion of nature.

His religion, in all its parts, Mr. Owen is to reveal to the world in his next public exhibition. The religion of nature, if consisting, as is generally understood, in the explication and application of the laws of the universe, might, one should have thought, have been discovered by the researches of the sages of ancient and modern times. But all sages, philosophers, statesmen, divines, and legislators, are perfect fools compared to Mr. Owen. His head, of all the heads that ever have been formed, is perfect in its organization: hence he is such a prodigy of intelligence. As he is acquainted with his new religion, and must be supposed to be under its complete influence, he is no doubt as perfect in virtue as he is in intellect—a nonpareil, to which there is not on earth any thing *par aut simile*, equal or similar. I had almost said there is not any who has a spark of intelligence, or a single grain of understanding or common sense, but himself; but in this I am checked by Mr. Owen's own statement, that all intelligent men had adopted his views; that all who had read, heard, and inwardly digested his doctrines, were wise and enlightened; but that all were fools besides! Such a statement is certainly highly creditable to the wisest, the best, and the most enlightened man that ever appeared on the stage of human life. In conclusion, I may just notice that Mr.

Owen informed the company that in his new world, or new order of things, they should neither marry nor be given in marriage. The company naturally concluded there was to be a promiscuous intercourse—a community of women as well as a community of goods. But Mr. Owen immediately set them right in this matter, by telling them that the union of the sexes would be in all cases the union of the purest affection. Affection, he said, constituted the only true and natural marriage; and that when affection ceased, marriage ceased. Of course men should leave their wives when they cease to be objects of affection. Mr. Owen, with his characteristic candour and discernment, assured the company that marriages without affection, were in all cases the effect of priestcraft, although all the world have hitherto thought that priests had little to do with marriages, except performing the mere ceremonial.—This is, no doubt, another great discovery! Need the reader be informed that these details were listened to with wonder, admiration, and delight, by an immense crowd of cockneys, and even by ladies, who cheered the philanthropist through his lecture with violent clapping, and all the usual demonstrations of applause. It may just be stated, that of the company the minority were ladies, as ladies in general are foolish enough to believe the Bible, in preference to Mr. Owen, and to embrace the religion of the Son of God, in preference to the religion of the philanthropist of New Lanark!—Men, says Mr. Burke, are in general right in their feelings. To which I may add, that as women have more feeling than men, their sense of what is wrong must be more acute. And to say the truth of the ladies present at the meeting (if ladies they may be called,) they seemed to be rather of the masculine than feminine gender.

THEOPHILUS.

To Oliver Yorke, Esq.  
&c. &c. &c.

## STRANGE LETTER OF A LUNATIC.

TO MR. JAMES HOGG, OF MOUNT BENDER.

SIR;—As you seem to have been born for the purpose of collecting all the whimsical and romantic stories of this country, I have taken the fancy of sending you an account of a most painful and unaccountable one that happened to myself, and at the same time leave you at liberty to make what use of it you please. An explanation of the circumstances from you would give me great satisfaction.

Last summer in June, I happened to be in Edinburgh, and walking very early on the Castle Hill one morning, I perceived a strange looking figure of an old man watching all my motions, as if anxious to introduce himself to me, yet still kept at the same distance. I beckoned him on, which came waddling briskly up, and taking an elegant gold snuff-box, set with jewels, from his pocket, he offered me a pinch. I accepted of it most readily, and then without speaking a word, he took his box again, thrust it into his pocket, and went away chuckling and laughing in perfect ecstasy. He was even so overjoyed, that, in hobbling down the platform, he would leap from the ground, clap his hands on his loins, and laugh immoderately.

"The devil I am sure is in that body," said I to myself, "What does he mean? Let me see. I wish I may be well enough! I feel very queer since I took that snuff of his." I stood there I do not know how long, like one who had been knocked on the head, until I thought I saw the body peering at me from a shady place in the rock. I hastened to him; but on going up, I found myself standing there. Yes, sir, myself. My own likeness in every respect. I was turned to a rigid statue at once, but the unaccountable being went down the hill convulsed with laughter.

I felt very uncomfortable all that day, and at night having adjourned from the theatre with a party to a celebrated tavern well known to you, judge of my astonishment when I saw another me sitting at the other end of the table. I was struck speechless, and began to watch this unaccountable fellow's motions, and per-

ceived that he was doing the same with regard to me. A gentleman on his left hand, asked his name, that he might drink to their better acquaintance. "Beatman, sir," said the other: "James Beatman, younger, of Drumloning, at your service; one who will never fail a friend at a cheerful glass."

"I deny the premises, principle and proposition," cried I, springing up and smiting the table with my closed hand. "James Beatman, younger, of Drumloning, you cannot be. I am he. I am the *right* James Beatman, and I appeal to the parish registers, to witnesses innumerable, to——"

"Stop, stop, my dear fellow," cried he, "this is no place to settle a matter of such moment as that. I suppose all present are quite satisfied with regard to the premises; let us therefore drop the subject, if you please."

"O yes, yes, drop the dispute!" resounded from every part of the table. No more was said about this strange coincidence; but I remarked, that no one present knew the gentleman, excepting those who took him for me. I heard them addressing him often regarding my family and affairs, and I really thought the fellow answered as sensibly and as much to the point as I could have done for my life, and began seriously to doubt which of us was the *right* James Beatman.

We drank long and deep, for the song and the glass went round, and the greatest hilarity prevailed; but at length the gentleman at the head of the table proposed calling the bill, at the same time remarking, that we should find it a swinging one. "George, bring the bill, that we may see what is to pay."

"All's paid, sir."

"All paid? You are dreaming, George, or drunk. There has not a farthing been paid by any of us here."

"I assure you all's paid, however, sir. And there's six of claret to come in, and three Glen-Livat."

"Come, George, let us understand one another. Do you persist in as-

serting that our bill is positively paid?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

"By whom then?"

"By this good gentleman here, tapping me on the shoulder."

"Oh, Mr. Beatman, that's unfair! That's unfair! You have taken us at a disadvantage. But it is so like yourself!"

"Is it, gentlemen? Is it indeed so like myself? I'm sorry for it then; I'll take a bet yon rascal is the *right* James Beatman after all. For, upon the word and honour of a gentleman, I *did not* pay the bill. No, not a farthing of it."

"Gie awer, lad, an' haud the daft tongue o' thee," cried a countryman from the other end of the table. "Ye hae muckle to flee intil a rage about. I think the best thing ye can do to oblige us a', will be to pouch the affront; or I sal take it aff thee head for half a mutchkin; for I ken thou wast out twice, and stayed a gay bitty while baith times. Thou'rt fou. Count the siller, lad."

'This speech set them in a roar of laughter, and, convinced that the countryman was right, and that I, their liberal entertainer, was quite drunk, they all rose simultaneously, and wishing me a good night, left me haranguing them on the falsity of the waiter's statement.

The next morning I intended to have gone with the Stirling morning coach, but arriving a few minutes too late, I went into the office, and began abusing the book-keeper for letting the coach go off too soon. "No, no, sir, you wrong me," said he; "the coach started at the very minute. But as you had not arrived, another took your place, and here is your money again."

"The devil it is," said I; "why, sir, I gave you no money, therefore mine it cannot possibly be."

"Is not your name Mr. James Beatman?"

"Yes, to be sure it is. But how came you to know my name?"

"Because I have it in the coach-book here. See!—Mr. James Beatman, paid 17s. 6d.; so here it is."

I took the money, fully convinced that I was under the power of some strange enchantment. And ever on these occasions, my mind reverted

to the little crooked gentleman, and the gold snuff-box.

From the coach-office I hastened to Newhaven, to catch one of the steam-boats going up the Frith; and on the quay whom should I meet face to face but my whimsical namesake and second self, Mr. James Beatman. I had almost fainted, and could only falter out, "How is this? You here again?"

"Yes, here I am," said he, with perfect frankness; "I lost my seat in the Stirling coach by sleeping a few minutes too long; but the lad gave me my money again, though I had quite forgot having paid it. And as I must be at Stirling to-day to meet Mr. Walker, I have taken my passage in the Morning Star of Alloa, and from thence I must post it to Stirling."

I was stupified, bamboozled, dumb-founded! And could do nothing but stand and gape, for I had lost *my* place in the coach, got *my* money again, which I never paid—had taken *my* passage in the Morning Star of Alloa, and proposed posting it to Stirling to meet Mr. Walker. It must have been the devil, thought I, from whom I took the pinch on the Castle Hill, for I am either become two people, else I am *not* the *right* James Beatman.

I took my seat on one of the sofas in the elegant cabin of the Morning Star—Mr. Beatman *secundus* placed himself right over against me. I looked at him—he at me. I grinned—he did the same; but I thought there was a sly leer in his eye which I could not attain, though I was conscious of having been master of it once; and just as I was considering who of us could be the *right* James Beatman, he accosted me as follows:—

"Yon was truly a clever trick you played us last night, though rather an expensive one to yourself. However, as it made me come off with flying colours, I shall take care to requite it in some way, and with interest too?"

"Do you say so?" said I; "you are a strange wug, and I wish I could comprehend you! I suppose you will be talking of requiring me for the Stirling coach hire next."

"Very well remembered," cried he; "I could not recollect of having paid that money, but I now see the

trick. You are a strange wag; but here is the sum for you in full."

"Thank you, kindly, sir! very much obliged to you indeed! Five and thirty shillings into pocket! Good! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" echoed he; "and now, sir, if you will be so friendly and affable as to accept the one half of last night's bill from me, just the half, I will take it kind, and shall regard that business as settled."

"With all my heart, sir! with all my heart, sir!" said I, "only tell me this simple question. Do you suppose that I *am not* the right James Beatman, younger, of Drumloning? For I tell you, sir, and tremble while I do so, that I *am* the right James Beatman;" and saying so, I gave a tremendous tramp on the floor, on which the captain seized me by the shoulder behind, saying, "Who doubts it, sir? No one I am sure can be mistaken in that. Come into the starboard chamber here, and let us have something to drink."

I went with all my heart; but at that moment I felt my mind running on the old warlock on the Castle Hill; and I had no sooner taken my seat, than, on lifting my eyes, there was my companion sitting opposite to me, with the same confounded leer on his face as before. However, we began our potations in great good humour. Ginger beer and brandy mixed was the delicious beverage, and we swigged at it till I felt the far-famed Morning Star begin to twirl round with me like a te-totum. Thinking we were going to sink, I clambered above. All was going on well, but with a strong head-wind, and the ladies mortal sick. I felt quite dizzy, and the roll of the boat rendered it terribly difficult for me to keep my feet. The ladies began to titter and laugh at me. They were all sitting on two forms, the one row close behind the other, and looking miserably bad; and as one freedom courts another, I put my hands in the pockets of my trousers, and steadying myself right in front of them, began an address, condoling with them on their deplorable and melancholy faces, and advising them to go down below, and drink ginger beer mixed with a *little* brandy, and there was no fear; when, unluckily, at this point of my harangue, a great roll of the vessel

ruining my equipoise, threw me right across four of the ladies, who screamed horribly; and my hands being entangled in my pockets, my head top heavy, and my ears stunned with female shrieks, all that I could do I could not get up: but my efforts made matters still worse. The ladies at length, by a joint effort, tumbled me over, but it was only to throw me upon other four on the next bench, and there I fairly overset. Then there was laughing, screaming, clapping of hands, and loud hurras, all mixed together, for every person on board was above by this time. I never was so much ashamed in my life, and had no other resource, but to haste down once more to the brandy and ginger beer.

We drank on and sung until we came near the quay at Alloa. There were five of us; but I had not seen my namesake from the time we first entered, for he never molested me, unless when I was quite sober. But on calling the steward, and enquiring what was to pay, he told us all was paid for our party. The party stared at one another, and I at the steward; till a Mr. Anderson asked, who had the kindness, or rather the insolence to do such a thing. The man said it was I; but I being conscious of having done no such thing, denied it with many oaths. Each of the party, however, flung down his share, which the steward obliged me to pocket. I felt myself in a strange state indeed, and quite uncertain whether I was the *right* James Beatman or not.

On going up to the Tontine, I found dinner and a chaise for Stirling ordered in my name; and, though feeling quite as if in a dream, I sat down with the rest of our boat party. But scarcely had I taken my seat, ere I was desired to speak with one in another room. There I found the captain, who received me with a grave face, and said, "This is a very disagreeable business, Mr. Beatman."

"What is it, sir?"

"About this young lady who was on board. Her brother wants to challenge you; but I told him that you were a little intoxicated, else you were quite incapable of such a thing, and I was sure you would make any apology."

"I will, indeed, sir. I will make any apology that shall be required;

for, in truth, it was a mere accident, which I could not help, and I am truly sorry for it. I will make any apology."

He then took me away to a genteel house out of the town, and introduced me to a most beautiful and elegant young lady, still in teens, who eyed me with a most ungracious look, and then said, "Sir, had it not been for the dread of peril, I would have scorned an apology from such a person; but as matters stand at present, I am content to accept of one. But I must tell you, that if you had not been a coward and a poltroon, you never would have presumed to look me again in the face."

"My dear madam," said I, "there is some confounded mistake here; for, on the word of a gentleman, I declare, and by the honour of manhood, I swear that I never till this moment beheld that lovely face of yours."

The whole party uttered exclamations of astonishment and abhorrence on hearing these words, and the captain said, "Good G—, Mr. Beatman, did you not confess it to me, saying you were sorry for it, and that you were willing to make any apology?"

"Because I thought this had been one of the ladies whom I overthrew on deck," said I, "when yon unmanly wave made me lose my equilibrium; but on honour and conscience, this divine creature I never saw before. And if I had, sooner than have offered her any insult, I would have cut off my right hand."

The lady declared I was the person. Other two gentlemen did the same, and the irritated brother had me committed for a criminal assault, and carried to prison, which I liked very ill. But on being conducted off, I said, "Gentlemen, I cannot explain this matter to you, though I understand well enough who is the aggressor. I have for the last twenty-four hours been struggling with an inextricable phenomenon—plague on the old fellow with the gold snuff-box! But I have now the satisfaction of knowing that I am the right James Beatman after all!"

There was I given over to the constables, and put under confinement till I could find bail, which detained me in Alloa till next day at noon; and

ere I reached Stirling, Mr. Walker had gone off to the Highlands without me, at which I was greatly vexed, as he was to have taken me with him in his gig to the braes of Glen-Orchy, where we were to have shot together. I asked the landlord when Mr. Walker went away, and the former told me he only went off that day, for that he had waited four and twenty hours on a companion of his, a strange fish, who had got into a scrape with a pretty girl about Alloa, but that he came at last, and Walker and he went off together: this was a clinker. Who was I to think was the right James Beatman now?

I could get no conveyance for two days, and at length I reached Inverauran, where the only person I found was my namesake, who once more placed himself over against me, and still with the same malicious leer on his face. I accused him at once of the insult to the young lady, which was like to cost me so dear. He shook his head with a leering smile, and said, "I well knew it was not he who was guilty, but myself; for saving that he was pitched headlong right upon a whole covey of ladies, when he was tipsy with ginger beer and brandy, he had never so much as seen a lady during the passage."

"You sir," said I, "Do you presume to say that you were tipsy with ginger beer and brandy, and that you were pitched upon the two tiers of ladies? Then, sir, let me tell you that you are one of the most notorious impostors that ever lived. A most unaccountable and impalpable being, who has taken a fancy to personate me, and to cross and confound me in every relation of life. I will submit to this no longer, and therefore pray favour me with your proper address." He gave me my own, on which I got into such a rage at him, that I believe I would have pistoled him on the spot, had not Mr. Fletcher, the landlord, at that moment, tapped me on the shoulder, and told me that Mr. Watten and Mr. Walker wanted me in the next room. I followed him; but in such bad humour that my chagrin would not hide, and forthwith accused Mr. Walker of leaving me behind, and bringing an impostor with him.

He blamed me for such an unaccountable joke, a mistake it could not be, for I surely never would pretend to say that I did not come along with him. Mr. Watten, an English gentleman, then asked me if I would likewise deny having won a bet from him at angling of five pounds. I begged his pardon, and said, I recollected of no such thing. "Well then, to assist your memory, here is your money," said he. I said, "I would not take it, but run double or quits with him for the greatest number of birds bagged on the following day; for the real fact was, that neither trout nor bait had I taken since I left Edinburgh. Walker and he stared at one another, and began a reasoning with me, but I lost all manner of temper at their absurdity, and went away to my bed.

Never was there a human creature in such a dilemma as I now found myself. I was conscious of possessing the same body and spirit that I ever did, without any dereliction of my mental faculties. But here was another being endowed with the same personal qualifications, who looked as I looked, thought as I thought, and expressed what I would have said; and more than all seemed to be engaged in every transaction along with me, or did what I should have done and left me out. What was I next to do, for in this state I could not live? I had become, as it were, two bodies, with only one soul between them, and felt that some decisive measures behoved to be resorted to immediately, for I would much rather be out of the world than remain in it on such terms.

Overpowered by these bewildering thoughts, I fell asleep, and the whole night over dreamed about the old man and the gold snuff-box, who told me that I was now himself, and that he had transformed his own nature and spirit, into my shape and form; and so strong was the impression, that when I awoke, I was quite stupid. On going out early for a mouthful of fresh air, my second was immediately by my side. I was just going to break out in a rage at this endless counterfeiting of my person, when he prevented me, by beginning first.

"I am sorry to see you looking so disturbed this morning," said he, "and must really entreat of you to

give up this foolery. The joke is worn quite stale, I assure you. For the first day or so it did very well, and was rather puzzling; but now I cannot help pitying you, and beg that you will forthwith appear in your own character, and drop mine."

"Sir, I have no other character to appear in," said I. "I was born, christened, and educated as James Beatman, younger, of Drumloning; and that designation I will maintain against all the counterfeits on earth."

"Well, your perversity confounds me," replied he; "for you must be perfectly sensible that you are acting a part that is not your own. That you are either a rank counterfeit, or, what I rather begin to suspect, the devil in my likeness."

These words overpowered me so much, that I fell a trembling, for I thought of the vision of last night, and what the old man had told me; and the thoughts of having become the devil in my own likeness, was more than my heart could brook, and I dare say I looked fearfully ill.

"O ho! old Cloots, are you caught?" cried he, jeeringly; "well, your sublime majesty will choose to keep your distance in future, as I would rather dispense with your society."

"Sir, I'll let you know that I am *not* the devil," cried I, in great wrath, "and if you dare, sir, it shall be tried this moment, and on this spot, who is the counterfeit, and who is the *right* James Beatman, you or I."

"To-night at the sun going down, that shall be tried here, if you change not your purpose before that time," said he. "In the meanwhile let us hie to the moors, for our companions are out, and I have a bet of ten guineas with that Englishman." And forthwith he hasted after the other two, and left me in dreadful perplexity, whether I was the devil or James Beatman. I followed to the moors—those dark and interminable moors of Buravurich—but not one bird could I get. They would scarcely let me come in view of them; and, moreover, my dog seemed to be in a dream as well as myself. He would do nothing but stare about him like a crazed beast, as if constantly in a state of terror. At the croak of the raven he turned up his nose, as if making a dead point at heaven, and at the yell of the eagle he took his tail between

his legs and ran. I lost heart and gave up the sport, convinced that all was not right with me. How could a person shoot game while in a state of uncertainty whether he was the devil or not?

I returned to Inverouran, and at night-fall Mr. Watten came in, but no more. He was no sooner seated than he began to congratulate me on my success, acknowledging that he was again fairly beat.

"And pray how do you know that I have beat you?" said I.

"Why, what means this perversity?" said he; "did we not meet at six o'clock as agreed, and count our birds, and found that you had a brace more? You cannot have forgot that."

"Very well, my dear sir," said I, "as I do not choose to give a gentleman the lie, against my own interest, I'll thank you for my money, and then I'll tell you what I suppose to be the truth." He paid it. "And now," continued I, "the d—l a bird did I count with you or any other person to-day, for the best of reasons, I had not one to count."

At the setting of the sun I loaded my pistols and attended at the appointed place, which was in a little concealed dell near the corner of the lake. My enemy met me. We fired at six paces distance, and I fell. Rather a sure sign that I was the right James Beatman, but which of the I's it was that fell I never knew till this day, nor ever can.

These, sir, are all the incidents that I recollect relating to this strange adventure. When I next came a little to myself, I found myself in this lunatic asylum, with my head shaven. and my wounds dressed, and waited upon by a great burly vulgar fellow, who refuses to open his mouth in answer to any question of mine. I have been frequently visited by my father, and by several surgeons; but they, too, preserve toward me looks of the most superb mystery, and often lay their fingers on their lips. One day I teased my keeper so much, that he lost patience, and said, "Whoy, sur, un you wooll knaw the treuth, you have droonken away your seven senses. That's all, so never mind."

Now, sir, this vile hint has cut me to the heart. It is manifest that I have been in a state of derangement;

but instead of having been driven to it by drinking, it has been solely caused by my wound, and by having been turned into two men, acting on various and distinct principles, yet still conscious of an idiosyncrasy.—These circumstances, as they affected me, were enough to overset the mind of any one, and though to myself quite unintelligible, I send them to you, in hopes that, by publishing them, you may induce an inquiry, which may tend to the solution of this mystery that hangs over my fate.

I remain, sir, your perplexed, but very humble servant,

JAMES BEATMAN.

This letter puzzled me exceedingly, and certainly I would have regarded it altogether as the dream of a lunatic, had it not been for two circumstances. These were his being left behind at Stirling, and posting the rest of the road himself; and the duel, and wound at the last. These I could not identify with the visions of a disordered imagination, if there were any proofs abiding. And having once met with Mr. Walker, of Crowell, at the house of my friend Mr. Stein, the distiller, I wrote to him, requesting an explanation of these circumstances, and all others relating to the unfortunate catastrophe, which came under his observation. His answer was as follows:—

"SIR;—I feel that I cannot explain the circumstances relating to my young friend's misfortune to your satisfaction, and for the sake of his family who are my near relatives, I dare not tell you what I think, because these thoughts will not conform to human reason. This thing is certain, that neither Mr. Watten nor I ever saw more than one person. I took him from Stirling to Inverouran on the Black Mount with me in my own gig; yet strange to say, a chaise arrived at the inn the night but one after our arrival with the same gentleman, as we supposed, who blamed me bitterly for leaving him behind. The chaise came after dark. Mr. Beatman had been with us on the previous evening, and we had not seen him subsequently till he stepped out of the carriage. These are the facts, reconcile them if you can. Mr. Beatman's hallucinations were first manifested that night. The landlord came into us, and said, 'I wat pe te mhotter with te prave shentleman' in te oter rhoon? Hu! she pe cot into creat pig tarnnation twarvel with her own self. She pe elter trunk or horn mat.'"



"I sent for him and he came on the instant, but looked much disturbed. On the 12th he shot as well as I ever saw him do, and was excellent company; but that night he was shot, as he affirms in a duel, and carried in dangerously wounded, in a state of utter insensibility, in which he continued for six weeks.

"This duel, is of all things I ever heard of, the most mysterious. He was seen go by himself into the little dell at the head of the loch. I myself heard the two shots, yet there was no other man there that any person knew of, and still it was quite impossible that the pistol could have been fired by his own hand. The ball had

struck him on the right side of the head, leaving a considerable fracture, cut the top of his right ear, and lodged in his shoulder; so that it must either have been fired at him while in a stooping posture, or from the air straight above him. Both the pistols were found discharged, and lying very near one another. This is all that I or any mortal man know of the matter, save himself; and though he is now nearly well and quite collected, he is still perfectly incoherent about that.

"I remain, sir, yours truly,

"ALEXANDER WALKER.

"Crowell, Nov. 6, 1827."

#### STANZAS TO AN EARLY FRIEND,

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

Dost thou remember, ev'ry closing year,  
We promised to look back upon the past?  
To muse on gone-by hours, to memory dear,  
That were too bright, too beautiful to last?  
True to my promise, as the pealing bells  
Proclaim the dying year, at length set free,  
The lamp of mem'ry burns; and fancy dwells,  
Upon those hours of happiness—and *THEY*!  
Ah! since *that* Season! many a mingled thread  
Hath Fate enwoven in my web of life!  
And often has my heart with anguish bled,  
Crush'd, worn, and wearied in this mortal strife!  
And where art *THOU*? has Time, on zephyr's wing,  
Pass'd gently o'er Thee, in his restless flight?  
Or, like the sweeping simoom, did he bring,  
To mark his onward progress, storm and blight?  
Ah! doubtless Time hath bent his brows on Thee,  
And shed his snow-flakes;—wherefore do I ask?  
Since thou must share the common destiny  
Of all who wear Life's motley garb and mask!  
The world's wide path hath led us diff'rent ways,  
Amid this busy labyrinth of men;—  
And since youth's cloudless hours and stainless days,  
We ne'er *have* met;—nor e'er *shall* meet again!  
Yet never does the closing year depart,  
But faithful Memory, with her golden key,  
Opens the secret casket of my heart,  
Where many a treasured thought is stor'd of *THEY*!  
And while the sweet and bitter cud I chew,  
Of musing Fancy,—by Time's shroud o'er-cast;  
I laugh at Fate—and all her pow'r can do,  
Since nought can rob me of the cherish'd PAST!  
I murmur not at Life's swift-gliding hours,  
Nor would the rapid wing of Time arrest;—  
Alike to me its sunshine, or its show'rs,—  
Since "come what may, I have—I have been blest!"  
To-night, I'll pledge the goblet to a name  
Ne'er by my lips pronounc'd—or heart forgot!  
Some whisperer asks, "Will he, too, do the same?"  
And my true heart still answers, "Doubt it not!"

## POT VERSUS KETTLE.

REMARKS ON MR. HOBHOUSE AND MR. GALT'S CORRESPONDENCE RESPECTING ATROCITIES IN THE LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

DEAR YORKE;—I cannot yet say, like Lord Byron, that "I awoke one morning and found myself famous," but I have found myself at the same time attacked by Cobbett; Professor Wilson, alias Christopher North, (of Edinburgh); and "a letter signed" J. C. Hobhouse, in the last number of the *New Monthly Magazine*. Of the two former, "Goblins damn'd," I shall say nothing at present, my business is with the least Member of Parliament for Westminster; but before proceeding to the marrow of the matter, I must explain to those friends who may be surprised that I should have kept copies of my letters, that an instinctive apprehension of some characters makes me occasionally take odd precautions. The coarse and vulgar vituperations of Mr. Hobhouse were no doubt indulged in, by supposing I should not have the fortitude to publish them. He will see that the craftiest—in his own conceit—may sometimes be mistaken.

One day I had occasion to call for a gentleman at the House of Commons, and while waiting in the lobby, Mr. Hobhouse came in. I spoke to him of the *Life of Byron*, which I was then writing, and mentioned I would probably call on him in the course of a few days. Among other things, I expressed my surprise that he had not written a Life of his friend. This I said in perfect sincerity; for my task had but little reference to those daily habits which constitute the peculiarities of modern biography. Accordingly, some time after, I did call at his house; and as he was from home, I sent, in the course of the day, a note to the following effect:—

"28th July, 1830.

"DEAR MR. HOBHOUSE;—After looking at all the *pros* and *cons* of Lord B.'s separation, I have resolved not to touch it, otherwise than incidentally. But, it is said, that he left the Countess G—— in destitute circumstances, after having promised to leave 2,000*l.* for her use, till he should send for her. I wish you to enable me to contradict this.

"Conceiving your time to be much en-

gaged at present, I write in the hope you may be able to send me a note in reply. Respectfully yours,

"JOHN GALT.

"J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., M. P."

There may have been some verbal differences in the note sent, from the foregoing. Mr. Hobhouse's answer was—

"July 28, 1830.

"21, Charles Street.

"MY DEAR SIR;—I happen to know that Lord Byron offered to give the Guiccioli a sum of money outright, or to leave it to her by his will. I also happen to know, that the lady would not hear of any such present or provision; for I have a letter in which Lord B. extols her disinterestedness; and mentions, that he had met with a similar refusal from another female. As to the G. being in destitute circumstances, I cannot believe it; for Count Gamba, her brother, whom I knew very well after Lord B.'s death, never made any complaint or mention of such a fact—add to which, that I knew a maintenance was provided for her by her husband, in consequence of a law process before the death of Lord Byron.

"I am, as you say, rather in a bustle at this moment, being the Chairman of Mr. Hume's Committee, and having the prospect of a little work of my own for Saturday next in Covent Garden—but I do not intend a second time to sit for the portrait drawn by the worthy author of the *Agricole Legatees*. Very truly yours,

"J. C. HOBHOUSE.

"John Galt, Esq."

This letter was clear enough; but the friend from whom I received my information of the matter alluded to, still persisted in his story.—As the great object of my *Life of Byron* was to shew the features of his Lordship's character, could this be done without exhibiting his conduct in a transaction so important as to be only inferior to the separation from his lady? My note to Mr. Hobhouse was, obviously, for a public purpose; and his explicit reply was so couched, as plainly to indicate that he was aware of that;—no injury has arisen to himself, and certainly none to Lord B., from the publication of his statement. However, I explained the dilemma I was placed in by these

words in the preface :—" It will be seen by a note relative to a circumstance which took place in Lord Byron's conduct towards the Countess Guiccioli, that Mr. Hobhouse has enabled me to give two versions of an affair not regarded by some of that lady's relations as having been marked by generosity ; but I could not expunge what I had stated, having no reason to doubt the authenticity of my information. The reader is enabled to form his own opinion on the subject."

In correcting for a second edition, finding that Mr. Hobhouse tenderly felt himself injured by the publication of his note, *it was omitted*, and a fuller account of the transaction inserted ; but as a new edition was sooner wanted than I expected, it was necessary to supply the demand before I was ready with my revision ; and I was not apprised of the second edition being printed, till I received the proof of the preface marked for the third. Whether, after a sale of many thousand copies, it was worth while to make any change, seems doubtful. But without subtracting from the evidence in my possession a very strong illustration of the truth of the opinion that Lord Byron was precarious in his attachments or (what was quite of as much importance) seeming to suspect the integrity of my own friend, I could do no less than I did.

As to my letter to the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, permit me to say, that, in deviating from a rule constantly adhered to, namely, *not to answer the observations of the Reviewers on my works*, I have been only the more convinced of its propriety. When Mr. Hobhouse complained that I did him injustice, I at once, with the readiness due to a man who conceived himself injured, not only expressed my regret for the error, but, *besides correcting*, of course, the work, I even, out of consideration for the deference due to his *notorious* station, determined to acknowledge that error publicly before a new edition was likely to be required. Our correspondence will show both the feeling in which I received his strictures, and my surprise, that *he* should have deemed my sketch of Lord Byron drawn in a disparaging spirit.

" *Eastbourn, Sept. 2, 1830.*

" DEAR SIR :—Amongst the agreeable things which you say of me in your life of Lord Byron, you conjecture that I 'condemned' *Childe Harold* previously to its publication. There is not the slightest foundation for this supposition—nor is it true as you state, 'that I was the only person who had seen the poem in manuscript, as I was with Lord Byron whilst he was writing it.' I had left Lord Byron before he had finished the two cantos, and, excepting a few fragments, I had never seen them until they were printed. My own persuasion is, that the story told in Dallas's *Recollections* of some person, name unknown, having dissuaded Lord Byron from publishing *Childe Harold*, is a mere fabrication, for it is at complete variance with all Lord Byron himself 'told me on the subject. At any rate, I was not that person ; if I had been, it is not very likely that the poem which I had endeavoured to stifle in its birth, should, in its complete, or, as Lord Byron says, in its 'concluded state,' be dedicated to me. I must, therefore, request you will take the earliest opportunity of relieving me from this imputation, which, so far as a man can be written down by any other author than himself, cannot fail to produce a very prejudicial effect, and to give me more uneasiness than I think it can be your wish to inflict on any man who has never given you provocation or excuse for injustice.

" You have fallen into many other errors both as to facts and inference, chiefly as it appears to me from relying too implicitly on the catch-penny compilations of your predecessors, some of whom you know to be very good-for-nothing fellows. Lord Byron had his faults—many faults certainly—but he was not the mean, tricky creature you have represented him to have been, nor can those foibles which you remarked in him when a boy, and have thought fit to expose, be fairly regarded as a constituent part of that nature and character by which alone any man ought in common candour to be judged.

" I am glad to find my college stories administered relief to your nerves, when we were together in the Malta packet some one and twenty years ago ; and I am not sorry that my wearing a red coat at Cagliari, and cutting my finger in the quarries of Pentelic, should have furnished materials for your present volume ; but to repay me for having supplied these timely episodes, as well as for your copious extracts from my travels in Albania, and also for inserting my note about Madame Guiccioli without my leave, you must positively cancel the passage respecting *Childe Harold* in page 161 of your little volume. If you had written in quarto I should not be so desirous to inform you of your error, and to ask for a correction of it ; but as the

slander is portable, I have a right to entreat that you will lose no time in complying with my request.

"I remain, truly yours,

"JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

"John Galt, Esq."

I make no other comment on this, than it will perhaps strike the reader that the use of the word "slander" in the last sentence, might have justified a sharper reply than the following:—

"29, Half Moon Street,  
3d Sept. 1830.

"DEAR SIR;—Your letter of yesterday reached me just as I was preparing to go out of town, and I hasten to acknowledge the receipt, lest you should suppose, by the necessary delay, that I did not pay it sufficient attention.

"It so happens that I have not a copy of Byron's *Life*, but I will get one. Of this I am certain, that I said nothing of you, or of him, but what I meant at least should be kindly considered. We form different estimates of the same thing; but it does not follow that we are actuated by unworthy motives, and I do not imagine that you suspect me of that. This much I do know, that the recollection of our voyages has always been agreeable; and, in condemning Byron for his conduct to Hunt, I did so upon his own shewing, for I had not *then* seen Hunt's work.

"I will correct—as the shortest and most general mode of effecting it—in the *New Monthly Magazine* the mistake you mention; and if you will point out any other, I will, at the same time, make a clean breast\* of all imputable errors, or defend them. I believe I have written a fair, though not a full account of Byron; and I should greatly re-pine at the idea, of being in any way aiding to the propagation of any thing to his disadvantage. Do, pray, let me know in what I have erred any time before the 20th. Though I laugh sometimes at the foibles of my friends, and those whom I respect, in all such things we are reciprocal. I think, in fairness, you cannot say I have represented your friend as tricky; for, on the contrary, I always said he was much more a thing of impulses, than guided by any conclusion of his understanding.—Believe me, dear sir,

"Truly yours,

"JOHN GALT.

"J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., M. P.,  
&c. &c."

I think there was a note subjoined, suggesting that Mr. Hobhouse should write a *Life* of Lord Byron.

The reply to this letter obliged me

to assume a resolution not to be offended:—

"Eastbourn, Sept. 8, 1830.

"DEAR SIR;—The correction of your mistake in the *New Monthly Magazine* seems to me but a poor expedient. If, however, it is too late to cancel the page in the present edition, I must suffer you to do as you propose. Indeed, a more attentive perusal of your book convinces me, that nothing which it contains is likely to affect me or anybody else permanently. You may, for aught I know, have written your *Life of Byron* with the good intentions professed in your letter to me; but I am sure that any one would suspect from the work, that you care not what you say; and your letter confesses, that you know not what you say.

"It is from carelessness of truth, rather than from deliberate lying, that the world is so full of falsehood.' So said Dr. Johnson, and so I believe. I wonder that even common policy did not induce you to be more cautious in making statements which might be so easily disproved, and which have, indeed, been already incontrovertibly refuted. The very conversation, which you have judiciously selected from Medwin, as one of those parts of his trumpery book to the truth of which you can speak, I know to be a lie; for I never went the tour of the lake of Geneva with Lord Byron.

"Still more surprised am I, that you should think it possible that your mode of treating your subject should be '*kindly considered*,' and regarded as a proof of a pleasing recollection of former intercourse, either by myself, or by any real friend of Lord Byron.

"You tell me that your wish has been to give only an outline of his intellectual character. I am at a loss to understand how your gossip about him, and me, and the silly anecdotes you have copied from very discreditable authorities, can be said to be fairly comprised in such an outline. But your plan ought certainly to have compelled you to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with his poetry, and to quote him just as he wrote. Nevertheless, you have misrepresented him at least nine times in the ten stanzas of that poem which you call the last, and which was *not* the last, he ever wrote. Oh, for shame I stick to your acknowledged fictions—there you are safe—you may deal with Laddy Grippy and Laurie Todd as you please, but not with those who have really lived, or who are still alive.

"As you have discussed me publicly, you must submit to this lecture, which is one of the disagreeable consequences of trading in the biography of those who are not dead. The task which you so humourously assign me of mending your perform-

\* A phrase used by Sir Walter Scott in one of his admirable novels.—Ed.

any time between this date and the 20th of October, would, I fear, leave it much in the same state as Sir John Cutler's stackings. It would not be a labour of love, and I cannot undertake it. But should we happen to meet, I should have no objection to mention to you two or three of your grosser blunders; for, in spite of your ill usage, I would wish to part in peace.

"Yours, truly,

"J. C. HOBHOUSE.

"John Galt, Esq."

To those who are unacquainted with Mr. Hobhouse, this letter may justly excite surprise, but as he was so evidently offended, and had not been appeased by what I had explained of my intention, and the regret I had felt for having given him (as he intimated) a just cause of vexation, I returned the following answer

"29, Half-Moon Street,  
9th Sept. 1830.

"DEAR SIR;—I must confess myself surprised at your note. All I can say is, that you attribute to me feelings I have not felt, and which nobody but yourself has discerned. You must have been aware that I could have no control over the first edition of Byron's life, having the book in your own hands; and you have evidently seen that all my statements are founded on the works and reports of others, except when I speak from my own knowledge. There was a list printed of all the books used in compiling the *Life of Byron*, and it was, by the publisher's wish, cancelled. It may be true, that my esteem for Byron and yourself, was not an adoration so great for either as you could have wished; but still it is 'good respect,' and the book does justice to both, for it reflects my opinion. But you say it is ill-usage. If you really think so, I must regret it, but it was not so intended. You must know that I cannot be responsible for the nine printer's errors in the stanzas which, report says, were Byron's last, and you cannot imagine me to have been so absurd as to make them intentionally. But are you aware that you are in print refuted\* in upwards of fifty statements made in a publication of which you are supposed to be the author, on the conversations of your friend.

"I am not sure that I ought to take some of your arguments quite so civilly, but I believe you to be incapable of intentional offence, and I see you write under false impressions. I have looked into the book, not over it all, for I have not had time, and I still think you make more ado about it than you ought; and I am sure you did not intend to be so rude as you seem.

"I have only to repeat, that I believe what I have said of Byron, and I am sure I have attributed the best feeling he had in his motives. Moreover, I have said nothing that has not been deliberately considered.

"I am obliged by your criticism on my works; but it is not original. You have one imitator in the *Literary Gazette*.

"I have never said of the living or of the dead one word that I ought to repent, nor made a statement that I would retract but on better authority than that on which the statement was made. What I proposed to do I thought fair. I can have no desire but to make my corrections effectual; and in saying this, you must be sensible that I am anxious to oblige you, and to evince my respect for truth; in which feeling, believe me, always,

"Faithfully yours

"JOHN GALT.

"J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., M.P."

I thought the correspondence now ended, for I did not expect, as he was evidently not in the best of tempers, that he would acknowledge himself satisfied with such mingled contrition and sarcasm; but I was disappointed by the following reply:

"Eastbourn, Sept. 10, 1830.

"DEAR SIR;—I should not think it necessary to reply to your last letter, did you not ask me whether I am aware that I have, 'in print, been refuted in upwards of fifty statements made in a publication, of which I am supposed to be the author, on the conversations of my friend.' The publication to which you allude, I presume to be that article in the *Westminster Review*, which, contrary to all literary usage, you have, in your *Life of Byron*, declared to be mine; at the same time that you quote the impostor whom it exposes as being entitled to your belief, and confirmed by your testimony. Such a decision against me, upon facts, where I spoke from my own knowledge, was, of course, sufficiently offensive; but you now make it still more agreeable, if, as I suppose to be the case, you refer to a pamphlet written and printed by this Medwin, but suppressed by Mr. Colburn, in which pamphlet you tell me 'I am refuted in upwards of fifty statements.' In answer then to your question, I say that I could not be aware of the contents of what you knew. I had never seen, and I also add, that not one of all the statements contained in the article in the *Westminster Review* is capable of refutation. Contradicted they may be, for the man who utters one falsehood has, of course, another at hand to support it. If

\* The word should have been "rebutted."

just ~~that~~ really believed that I had made upwards of fifty misstatements, which even such a person as Madwin could refute, in one short essay, as to matters of fact connected with Lord Byron, is it very likely that you would have applied to me to assist your undertaking in the first instance, or that, in your letter the other day, you would have exhorted me to write a memoir of Lord Byron, and told me that the world expected it of me? No, no, you do not think I have been refuted; and, had I been you, I would not have said so.

"You must not be allowed to ride off on the poor printer an excuse for the many misquotations of the author whom you profess to criticise. It is not the printer, it is you who are responsible for those errors; and although it is, as you say, very true, that I do not imagine you to be 'so absurd as to make them intentionally;' yet I repeat, that an author admitting such gross inaccuracies into his books cannot fairly pretend to have given the intellectual character of the subject of his enquiries. As to the stanzas on his birthday, which you allege, report says, were his last, you might have seen in Colonel Stanhope's book, which you are so merry withal; that these verses were not the last written by Lord Byron. The mistake is unimportant, but it is a mistake.

"You justify what you say of me in your book in a manner that convinces me all remonstrance must be thrown away upon you. What ground, what possible pretext can you have for the assertion, that I wished for adoration for Lord Byron or myself? This is but a poor recrimination in reply to the charge of absolute misstatements respecting both. In fact, it is one misrepresentation more, and shews the spirit in which your book was written. But the drollest part of your justification is that in which you say, 'my book does justice to both of you, for it reflects my opinion.' There may have been before your time many men with the same happy confidence in their own infallibility, but those who have been unwary enough to proclaim it, have generally been laughed at for their pains. Who was the modest man who said:—

"The image in that glass is fair,  
For it reflects my face."

"Since, however, you admit of no other appeal from your opinion, except to your opinion, I am but wasting your time as well as my own, in continuing a correspondence which will not improve your character nor my temper. I feel a just resentment at the manner in which my name has been introduced in your *Life of Lord Byron*. It was not your unfavourable opinions to which I objected. In some

instances, praise is no less impertinent than blame. It was uncalled for, and, therefore, discourteous to make my comparison between Lord Byron and myself, such as you first saw us in extreme youth. Still more wanton was it to represent him as being less cordial to me at one time than another; and, as you facetiously call it, 'playing the captain grand.' A man who writes these things, and seriously thinks that he is fulfilling the useful and honourable duties of biography by so trifling with the fame of the dead and the feelings of the living, is past all cure or correction; and as for being rude to such a person, which you seem to think it possible I might mean to be to you, that is quite out of the question. At any rate, after what you have said of me, you would never be able, justly, to complain of any thing I said to you. If you had let me alone, I never should have interfered with your honest calling.

"I remain yours truly,

"J. C. HOBHOUSE.

"John Galt, Esq."

It appeared by this note, that the tables were turned, and that Mr. Hobhouse, from being the aggrieved party, was becoming the offender. But still, as he conceived I had injured him, in deference to his afflicted feelings, I returned the following answer. I could not, however, entirely suppress my own. Whether I ought to have felt at all, may be a question; but the letter is evidence that I did feel, and I frankly acknowledge that I am so much of an egoist as to conceive myself to have been quite enough justified in the manner of it.

"20, Half Moon Street,

"11 Sept. 1830.

"DEAR SIR;—I regret to have offended you to so great a degree, that my assurances have not had their proper effect; and that, whatever others think, you seem resolved to attribute to me motives I do not feel; nor you, after what has been said, have reason to adhere to.

"I shall be obliged by every communication you favour me with, until the 20th instant, when the facts you may possibly make out will be duly admitted and those you ascribe, but do not, will be answered.

"I have not committed any indecorum in ascribing to you the article in the *Westminster Review*. It has been long publicly spoken of as yours; and, moreover, as your name was on the pamphlet, I could not but notice it.

"In what way could I determine, not having the MS., about errors in the printed versions of Byron's poems. I copied from

a printed copy. Which printed copy is the right one?

"Of Capt. Medwin I know nothing. Except in *some* things, (only *several* of his) do I admit his authority, and these with a qualification—see p. 211.

"As to 'adoration,' I used it because I felt no anger, and to give our correspondence the appearance of less asperity than might be ascribed to it.

"I can only repeat that, being desirous to stand well with you, and every body who has any claim upon me—and I have at once admitted yours—I can have but one wish,—to make any corrections necessary, effectual. But it would be better to close our personal correspondence, as there is on the one side an evidence of more feeling than the other thinks the case requires. Yet I would be happy to subscribe myself at all times,

"Faithfully yours,

"JOHN GALT.

"J. C. Hobhouse, Esq., M.P."

It is probable that my letter to the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine* was a little more severe in its style than it would have been, but for the two last letters of Mr. Hobhouse. At all events, I should not, but for them have been in it so anxious to show that I was not the only person who considered it probable that he was the "good critic," who condemned *Childe Harold*. Whether the grounds which led me to offer a conjecture rendered important by the merits of the poem, were or were not such as to justify the probability I expressed, the reader can determine for himself, but it was natural, where so much grievance was felt, that I should endeavour to show that my fault was not very heinous.

"To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*."

"SIR:—It has been a rule with me not to notice publicly either favourable, ignorant, or malicious criticism, but only when error has been pointed out, to make the necessary corrections. On the present occasion I am induced to deviate from this rule, out of personal consideration for Mr. Hobhouse, the Member for Westminster, and the friend of Lord Byron, and accordingly I request a place in your journal for the following remarks:—Mr. Hobhouse has informed me that I have done him wrong, in conjecturing that he was probably the critic who opposed the first publication of *Childe Harold*. (See *Life*, p. 161.) The conjecture was founded in believing him to have been in the

entire confidence of his Lordship. Lord Byron told me himself, at Athens, that he had not then shown the manuscript to any person. Mr. Hobhouse says that he had left Lord Byron before he had finished the two cantos, and, excepting a few fragments, he had never seen them until they were printed. An inscription on the manuscript has been preserved, and in his Lordship's handwriting, viz.—'Byron, Joanna, in Albania, begun October 31, 1809, concluded Canto II., Smyrna, March 28, 1810. Byron.' Mr. Hobhouse was with his Lordship long after the latter date.

"At page 212, I have quoted from Medwin, that Mr. Hobhouse was with Lord Byron and Shelly in a boat, &c. It seems Mr. Hobhouse was not there; his name, therefore, should have been omitted by Captain Medwin. At page 211, I have stated what I think of Captain Medwin's work, and, in my preface, have alluded to a suppressed pamphlet which was not seen by me until after my opinion had been printed.

"Mr. Hobhouse says, that the verses which have always been considered as the last Lord Byron ever wrote, were not so, and that my version of them is not correct in nine different words. To this I can only answer, that they were copied from a printed copy, having no other, (I believe the Parisian edition of Byron's works,) and that I still cannot say what corrections should be made. If Mr. Hobhouse be engaged on any illustration of Byron, he will of course mention what edition should be preferred.

"I take leave on the present occasion to say, that, having long considered Lord Byron as a public man, in writing his life, it seemed to me that I should confine myself to what had been already given to the world concerning him, authenticated with so much of what I knew myself to be correct, as would enable me to furnish the grounds on which I formed my notion of his Lordship's character. By adhering to this principle, nothing improper could be done to his memory.

"A public character, like public events, can never be justly described by contemporaries. The only course that contemporaries can fairly pursue, and I have endeavoured to do so, is to add their personal knowledge to that of others. From the materials thus accumulated, posterity alone can be able to construct the proper work. It was no part of my plan to controvert the statement of others, but only to take such of them as were either generally admitted, or were not satisfactorily disproved.

"I am, &c.

"JOHN GALT.

"September 22, 1830."

"N.B. Since the foregoing was sent to the printer, it has been suggested to me, that I am not the only one who has done Mr. Hobhouse the injustice to suppose that he was the critic who condemned *Childe Harold*, and the following words have been laid before me as old as 1826:— 'Critics,' says Lord Byron, 'are all ready made, and how early Mr. Hobhouse was qualified for the trade, will appear from his having advised Lord Byron not to publish *Childe Harold*!'"

This did not please Mr. Hobhouse; and, in consequence, he troubled the Editor with a letter, which has been published in the last Number of the *New Monthly*, and of which I will give a copy:

"To the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*."

"1. SIR:—In your October Magazine I observe a letter, addressed to you, signed 'John Galt,' written—so it is said—out of personal consideration for me, although the author is not in the habit, as he likewise tells you, of publicly noticing either favourable, ignorant, or malicious criticism. Now, notwithstanding this singular compliment convinces me that it is not unusual for Mr. Galt to mean one thing and say another, yet there are parts of his letter to which, although they are of equally doubtful import, I cannot attach so innocent an interpretation; and which compel me, however unwillingly, to offer an explanatory comment on that very strange epistle."

"2. A short time previously to the publication of his *Life of Lord Byron*, Mr. John Galt wrote to me, requesting me to enable him to contradict rumours which had reached him prejudicial to Lord Byron. I did so; and Mr. Galt not only published a part of my answer without my leave, but, by introducing the story in question into his narrative, and stating that he had no reason to doubt the authenticity of his information, not only did more injury to the character of Lord Byron than if he had repeated the scandal without any contradiction, but placed me in the not very creditable position, of an incompetent and exclusive defender of my illustrious friend."

"3. I scarcely need state, that if Mr. Galt did not think my denial of the truth of his rumour satisfactory, he had but one course to pursue; namely, not to notice it at all—at least not without that special permission which I should most certainly have withheld from him, having no ambition to appear as a witness in any cause of which Mr. Galt can pretend to be the judge."

"4. This conduct, and the general tenor of his *Life of Lord Byron*, ought to have deterred me from any farther communication with Mr. Galt, who, by some strange misconception of his privileges as an author, seems to think, that the feelings of the liv-

ing, no less than the fame of the dead, ought to be at the mercy of any one engaged in the noble art of bookmaking. Nevertheless I did venture, when his volume appeared, to remonstrate with him, by letter, for having, amongst other agreeable things, said of me, that I probably was the critic who condemned *Childe Harold* previously to its publication. Mr. Galt replied, 'I will correct [as the shortest and most general mode of effecting it] in the *New Monthly Magazine*, the mistake you mention;' and with this promise, repeated, after some correspondence, in his last letter, I was obliged to be satisfied. But I now find, on reading his letter to you, that, instead of correcting his mistake, he has only noticed that I had complained of it, and has made just so much use of my private correspondence as may divert your attention from his own published error; to what he wishes to pass for an inaccurate statement contained in one of my letters to him. He has, moreover, been pleased to declare, that his conjecture was founded on his belief of 'an entire confidence' subsisting between Lord Byron and myself; and, that leaves your readers to draw an inference as to that confidence, which I shall not certainly discuss with Mr. Galt. I am therefore compelled, however unwillingly, and I believe, unaccountably, to obtrude a few little personal observations upon public notice, to assure your readers, that I assured Mr. Galt, that there was not the slightest foundation for the conjecture, that I dissuaded Lord Byron from publishing *Childe Harold*. Had I done so, indeed, it is not very likely that he would have dedicated that noble poem to myself. I may also add, that the story told of his hesitation in publishing it, is at complete variance with all he repeatedly mentioned to me in the subject. As to the precise time at which Lord Byron finished the two first cantos of *Childe Harold*, it is true that a note, in his handwriting, and recorded at the time, mentions that he completed them at Ferrara; but any one who reads these cantos with more attention than Mr. Galt will perceive that several mistakes were committed after that date; so that Mr. Galt's attempt to relate a private statement of mine as a public reference to my friend's autograph memorandum, will, I trust, hardly change the opinion which may be entertained as to our respective abilities, or matters connected with Lord Byron."

"5. I now come to the note appended to Mr. Galt's letter, in which he states, that some one has suggested that he was not the first to do me the injustice to suppose I had condemned *Childe Harold*. An accident in sorrow has been born, without any advantage; but it is reserved for Galt to console himself by discovering a predecessor in misanthropy. Mr. Galt has, however, abstained from informing your readers who that predecessor was, and I am



forced to conclude that his name would not add to his authority, nor has Mr. Galt affirmed that he saw the injurious supposition in any published work. Surely, he cannot have quoted the charge from a pamphlet written by a person called Medwin, which he himself tells us was judiciously suppressed. If he has, I regret much that he should condescend to employ so much dexterity merely to evade a promise, the simple performance of which would have saved me the trouble of writing this letter, and your readers the consideration of a subject in which, I am well aware, they can have no concern, and must feel very little interest.

"I beg to remain your obedient, humble servant,

" J. C. HOBHOUSE.

" October, 1830."

I think it will readily be conceded that this epistle calls for some remark.

I certainly did, "out of personal consideration" for Mr. Hobhouse, deviate from a rule constantly adhered to, by publishing the letter in the *New Monthly Magazine*. The chief cause was this, I was charged with having ill-used him. Upon his complaint, I became anxious to repair the evil; and, not expecting a second edition of my work would be the speediest means of evincing my regret, I chose the magazine. Mr. Hobhouse is certainly at liberty to consider the step as a "singular compliment," or not. But I do now regret that I ever considered his complaint as deserving so much consideration. I should better have consulted what was due to myself, had I been less anxious to mollify him.

The third paragraph of Mr. Hobhouse's letter has been noticed already, in speaking of his first note. The reader had, in the actual transaction, a specimen of the candour which distinguished that gentleman. It was obviously to avoid being "a judge" in the matter, that I quoted his letter; and it is in my power now to say, without imputing to Mr. Hobhouse any intentional suppression of a fact, that, instead of two cases, there are three in that business; for, after the death of Lord Byron, the Countess Guiccioli was, I am informed, in destitute circumstances, and obliged to return to her old husband, from whom she subsequently obtained, by the mediation of the Pope, an addition to double the amount of the al-

lowance she had during Lord Byron's lifetime.

The fourth paragraph, in which these words are included, "Mr. Galt seems to think that the feelings of the living, no less than the fame of the dead," &c. This charge I throw back upon the author.

1st. Because it ought not to have been, in any circumstances, made by one who had assisted in composing *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. It is true that the lines of Mr. Hobhouse were in the second edition of that satire, expunged by Lord Byron, but not in consequence of any penitence on his part.—2d. Because he libelled the assembled gentlemen of England in the House of Commons, for which he was ignominiously punished; 3d, because there was a mysterious rumour concerning him, owing to something detractive to the character of the late Mr. Canning; 4th, because the part he has assumed in being a member of parliament, is professedly to disregard the feelings of gentlemen engaged in the service of their country; and 5th, because his attempts to translate some of the classics might justly be considered as evincing no respect for "the fame of the dead;" but he may plead that he did his best in that outrage.

Then, as to his seeking still cause of offence in the manner of my apprising the public, by the *New Monthly Magazine*, of the wrong done to him. I cannot condescend to enter into farther explanation; but as light things indicate the currents of the air, the motive by which I was actuated will appear, by the simple fact, that, while I acknowledged I had, as he said, done him wrong, I went no farther than what was requisite to lighten the enormity of my own vast offence for the passage quoted in extenuation was, "Critics," says Lord Byron, "are all ready made;" how early Mr. Hobhouse was satisfied for the trade, will appear—his having advised Lord Byron not to publish *Childe Harold*, and endeavoured to persuade him that it had no merit, he no talent or poetry." I omitted the words in italics, because they would be offensive to Mr. Hobhouse, and made nothing for me. It shows the spirit by which I was actuated, after his correspon-

dence; but I must now change my tone.

I have, since the appearance of his letter in the *New Monthly Magazine*, re-examined the grounds on which I threw out the conjecture that Mr. Hobhouse was "the good critic," and I solicit the attention of the reader to what follows.—On the day after Lord Byron's arrival from Greece in London, Mr. Dallas breakfasted with him, when he received the manuscript of *Childe Harold*. Mr. Moore quotes from Mr. Dallas. "He took it from a small trunk, with a number of verses. He said they had been read but by one person, who had found very little to commend, and much to condemn. that he himself was of that opinion, and he was sure I should be so too."—Vol. i. p. 260. Further, Mr. Moore says, from Dallas, "Attentive as he had hitherto been to my opinions and suggestions, and natural as it was that he should be swayed by such decided praise, I was surprised to find that (I did) not at first obtain credit with him for my judgment on *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. It was any thing but poetry—it had been condemned by a good critic—had I not myself seen the sentences on the margins of the manuscript?"—Vol. i. p. 261.

Now observe, Mr. Moore does not conjecture who "the good critic" was, but as the circumstance is interesting, I attempted to do so, and said it was "probably Mr. Hobhouse." This is my offence, and I stated the grounds on which I did so, namely, in believing that an entire confidence subsisted between him and Lord Byron. When Mr. Hobhouse informed me that I had done him wrong in the conjecture, I rectified the error, as already stated; but, had I thought he was capable of writing such a letter as he has done to the editor of the *New Monthly*, undoubtedly I should have hesitated—for either Lord Byron spoke too lightly to Mr. Dallas, or Mr. Dallas has published an untruth, or Mr. Hobhouse has wandered from the fact; for Mr. Dallas, as quoted by Mr. Moore, says, that the poems given to him with the manuscript of *Childe Harold*, "had been read but by one person;" and Mr. Hobhouse acknowledges in his letter of 2d of September, that he had

seen the poem. But the whole question is one that may yet be susceptible of proof. Lord Byron in giving the MS. to Mr. Dallas, directed his attention to the marginal notes. These "sentences" were, as the statement implies, in the writing of the "good critic." If, therefore, the MS. has been preserved, the question as to who was the "good critic" may easily be determined by referring to the writing of the marginal notes. Mr. Hobhouse must excuse me for saying, that, until this be done, his declaration will not be satisfactory to the public; nor can the circumstance of the dedication of the poem to him, in its concluded state, be regarded as any proof that he was not the "good critic." Lord Byron himself, on the authority of Mr. Dallas, quoted by Mr. Moore, thought the poem "was any thing but poetry." If, by its success, he was led afterwards to think differently, and as a mark of his regard for Mr. Hobhouse, inscribed it to him, that would prove nothing; for from the nature of his Lordship, it was the very thing he was most likely to do, in revenge for his companion having condemned it. And if his Lordship still retained his original opinion, that it was "any thing but poetry," he might, in the caprice of playful malice, probably regard Mr. Hobhouse as the fittest person to be so distinguished by a work which had humbugged the age; but, jocularly apart, this is not my sincere opinion, and therefore let me not be misunderstood. Mr. Hobhouse has denied the charge, and that is enough.

With respect to the fifth paragraph of Mr. Hobhouse's letter, there is evidence of the natural confusion of his mind, and the agitation arising from passion. I did not form my opinion, as is quite evident, from the facts adduced from the pamphlet, which Mr. Hobhouse supposes, because I had not seen that pamphlet till after the work was completed. My conjecture was founded on what Mr. Moore has stated in his vol. i. pp. 260 and 261; and this Mr. Hobhouse should have known while he was writing.

Of the acrimony with which he speaks of Medwin, I have nothing to do. He knows best the cause; but I have said of that gentleman in my

xxxii chapter, what I really thought, and have as yet seen nothing to change one word of what is there stated.

But, to end this Pot and Kettle jostle, I will state my opinion of Captain Medwin's Conversations in another form. I believe much of what he states, to have been actually said to him by Lord Byron; but his Lordship took such pleasure in mystification, that it is probable he intentionally distorted and magnified many of the things he related, apprehending they were likely to be made public.

To conclude.—In the foregoing narrative, with the illustrative documents, it must be clear to the reader,

*First*—That I readily made reparation for an unintentional wrong.

*Second*—That the inflicted arrogance changed my regret into resentment.

*Third*—That Mr. Hobhouse's letter to the *New Monthly* is calculated,

by its misstatements, to mislead the public both with respect to me and my dispositions.

*Fourth*—That there are circumstances in the facts stated, which may affect Mr. Hobhouse's denial of being the "good critic," even though I put entire faith in it.

*Fifth*—That the *Life of Byron* being before the public, the reader is the only judge whether it has been written in a detractive spirit towards his Lordship or others. For myself, I still say, that although it is not a full narrative of Lord Byron's private life, it is fair in all that I have said—was dictated under that varying feeling which no one can write of his Lordship without experiencing; and that I have neither seen nor heard of any remark made on the work which induces me to fear that I have received from himself, an erroneous impression of his character.

JOHN GALT.

### WOE'S SECRET CHORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALDINE OF DESMOND."

THE LYRE, whose notes breathe peace and joy,  
May have *one* chord of dark alloy;  
One sad complaining chord, that tells  
Of Love or Friendship's broken spells!

And sure, no hand should touch that lyre,  
To waken slumb'ring notes of fire,  
Or strains of bliss, save those that know  
*Where* lies that chord of secret woe!

That o'er it they may lightly sweep,  
Nor wake its notes of love to weep;  
But while they strike some peaceful air,  
Pass it—as it had *not* been there!

But should a stranger muse like mine,  
Attempt to wake a thrill divine,  
And touch that one sad chord as deep  
As those o'er which her fingers sweep;

Against that muse how shall the Lyre  
Express its spirit-kindled ire?  
"I will sing in strains that breathe of Heaven,  
"Thy guiltless error—is forgiven!"

## THE ANNUALS.

WHEN Mahmoud ben Ares ben Moozelim ben Daoud ben Ali Futti Shah (the last Persian hero who sate cross-legged on the royal cushions of Delhi,) heard that his son Abbas was inconsolable, because the usual crop of water-melons had failed in his gardens on the banks of the Jumna, he beat out the ashes of his pipe, clapped his hands for a squadron of his irregulars, and galloped to his relief without delay. "Abbas, my man," quoth the wise Mahmoud, after the prince had saluted with his forehead that part of the monarch's pappushies in which the toe is supposed, by philosophers, to inhabit—"Abbas, my fine fellow, what is all this that I hear about thee? Seriously, my friend, I shall be ashamed of thee. Why, hadst thou lost a battle, or thy last batch of black-eyed girls from Georgia, thou couldst not take it more to heart. But a melon! a pumpkin! a ———. Come, come! let us have a pipe and a cup of coffee, and talk over the matter like men of sense." Accordingly, a pipe as long as a rattle-snake, and a china thimble set in filigree and filled with coffee appeared, the contents of both of which were consumed with oriental gravity. To these the glutiful Abbas added a couple of glasses of smuggled brandy (veritable Cogniac); after which the Commander of the faithful of Delhi resumed the conference in these words:—"My son, sorrow is a sickly plant, which never requiteth our care. What says the sage Aboul-fafaros Begondull Car Schemscheddin? 'Too much care whiteneth the young man's beard.' Cheer up, therefore. Take counsel of thy father, and prosper. Toss off a bumper of brandy—[stay! you may fill my glass again]—and throw care to the dogs. If a glass will not serve thy turn, O Abbas! why try—a second. If a second fail thee, thou must even proceed to the third bumper, and so on, till thy mind be lightened of its burthen, or thou findest that thou hast finished the flask."

Prince Abbas was not a savage; he was not unfilial; he was not deaf to good advice. His ears drank in the counsel of his father, and his body absorbed the brandy. Six

bumpers of the 'water of life,' put him in a condition to hear reason, and Mahmoud reasoned so eloquently and with such perseverance for four hours and twenty minutes, (quoting several chapters of the Koran, and some hundreds of verses from Hafiz and Ferdousi,) that at the expiration of that period, Abbas his son was eating water-melons by bushels in the land of dreams. When he awoke, he was a "wiser," but luckily not a "sadder" man. On the contrary he laughed, and sang, and danced outright, flourishing his Damascus blade to the utter dismay of his whole harem, and cutting such capers as were never cut before nor since, beneath the sign of the Moorish crescent. "The words of my father are good," said Abbas, "and shall sink into my heart. It is true, that if the south quarter of my garden will not produce melons, why 'tis odds but the northern may. Inshallah! I will make the attempt. I will plant melons there. I will lead the waters of the sacred river round their beds; so that, as my father saith, whatever may be the fate of the plants, I shall at all events have plenty of fish. Let me treasure up his very words; for they are the children of wisdom. *The earth, O my son, is never sterile. If one part fail thee for a season, another will grow doubly fruitful. The rain which drowneth the crops of the valleys, fertilizeth the corn that springeth on the sandy hills. Be satisfied in thy heart of the bounty of nature. What is evil to-day, may shine like a blessing to-morrow. If the antelopes be sickly in the kingdom of Delhi, the herds of buffaloes may be strong and numerous in the distant regions of Bahar.*"

Such were the words of the wise Mahmoud ben Ares ben Moozelim ben Daoud ben Ali Futti Shah, the last Persian hero who sate cross-legged on the royal cushions of Delhi; We have repeated them at some length; for we could not resist it; indeed, we rather look for the approbation than the censure of our readers for so doing. The words may still be seen inscribed, in several places, on the walls of the palace of Moonjehansherabad, on the banks of the Jumna. They are there, in-

deed, in the original Persic; but through the kindness of our friend, the Reverend Abraham Buckskins, who went out as a missionary to India, (and died, poor fellow, whilst moralizing over a large dish of stewed mutton and mushrooms, at Patna!) we are enabled to give the English reader our present spirited translation.

\* \* \* Thus far we have trod merely the ground of history. But the use of history is to shew its application; and, accordingly, descending from our high retrospect of kings and princes, we turn our looks upon the humble present; and for the satisfaction of our friends and readers, many of whom have been lamenting for these twelve months past, that the stock of Annuals must necessarily fail, we beg to assure them that the ground is cultivated, if not as carefully, at least by as many labourers as before, and that there is seriously no danger of periodicals failing, unless the wit crops should turn out every where ill. If one of the yearlings fail (in the words of the wise Mahmoud) another will spring up in its place, so that there need never be cause for despair. The first time we ever had occasion to relate the foregoing history, was to a friend of ours, a furious utilitarian, who, when some of the little weekly publications failed a few years since, fell into considerable distress of mind lest the "March of Intellect" should perform a retrograde movement. But we bade him be of good heart. We assured him that his fears were unfounded. We ventured to prophesy, that if many failed more would start up; and that we should still have periodicals with our toast and coffee; daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, or annually, so long as we had ink to blacken our author's fingers, or rage to translate into paper. This assurance of ours; (added to a rumpsteak and a pint of port daily, which his physician prescribed,) set our poor utilitarian friend at ease. It cured him, in fact, of a serious fit of hypochondriasis or incipient atrophy; and he may now be seen, weighing out bacon and lard in Fleet Street, as ruddy and able-bodied a philosopher as ever scooped out a "taste" of Stilton, or cut deep into a Yorkshire gammon.

How fully our prophecy has been accomplished, time has shewn. The ground lay fallow and dry for a few months, indeed, but then what a change—what a deluge! Then came down upon us, day after day, week after week, year after year, a multitude of the little children of letters—

"(A Multitude—like which the populous North

Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons

Came like a deluge on the South,"—)

So that now we have, in truth, a most plentiful supply. There is the *Forget me Not*, a pretty book with a pretty name; the *Souvenir*, which is also a pretty book, and is under the command of the renowned

MR. ALABIC ATTILA WATTS.

The *Amulet*, which one may read when one is well, and press close to our heart, in sickness? the *Iris* formed upon the plan of the *Amulet*, but inferior to it, we think, and without original illustrations; *Friendship's Offering*, worthy to pass from friend to friend; the *Winter's Wreath*; the *Bijou*, the first number of which was a jewel, and the last a stone of great value; the *Landscape Annual*, a burthen which is supported solely by the small but strong shoulders of little Sam Prout; the *Gem*, a mineral of moderate pretensions; and finally the *Keepsake*, which issues once a year from the copper and steel manufactory of Mr. Charles Heath, and which is remarkable for having the best plates and the worst contributions of any annual of them all. Of the other yearlings, saving only the comic Annual of the "ryght merrie Maister Thomas Hood," (which regularly splits the sides of two hundred and twenty seriously disposed persons,) we have little or nothing to say. We, in fact, at this moment, recollect but few of their names. They are flourishing in an atmosphere into which our optics, keen as they are, will not enable us to penetrate.

If the truth must be confessed, we are not outrageous admirers of these Annuals. Could we preserve two or three of them, and put an extinguisher on the rest, we would do so without hesitation. We would, how-

ever, keep two or three on foot, — as much as they form pretty presents for Christmas, — and, indeed, when well conducted, (that is to say, when the literary part is not utterly neglected for the sake of the prints,) they are rational little books enough. We would, for instance, keep alive *Friendship's Offering* and the *Amulet*, (the one addressed to all classes, and the other to the serious portion of the public,) because they combine sensible writing with clever prints. We would retain Hood's *Annual* as a remedy against the spleen, and we should also be well satisfied to see Mr. Watts's *Souvenir* kept up, if Mr. Watts will be content with one book, and conduct it as well as he has conducted the *Souvenir* previously to the present year. But Mr. Heath and his Keepsake, and the others, (we do not speak of the juvenile *Annuals*, against which nothing can be said,) we would abolish at a blow. They are undoubtedly very injurious to art, and not favourable to literature. The character of a painting is quite lost in the little morsels of prints which they contain. These are curiosities, no doubt — marvels, if you please; but they do not, and they cannot give you the true effect of a picture. We ought not to be in a state to require magnifying glasses before we can see the work of the engraver. That is not the object of art. The use of an engraving is to multiply truly and extensively pictures of merit. If we reduce the head to one-tenth of the size of a silver twopence, this cannot be accomplished. Instead of a face full of expression, we see a little blot, which we are told is the 'human face divine,' and, on the magnifier being produced, sure enough there is a head, eyes, nose, mouth, and all! The only wonder is how the artist's eyes ever enabled him to engrave it. In conclusion, we are told that Mr. This or Mr. That, hurt his eyes so much in the course of the work, that he has been obliged to go for three months to Brighton, in order to recover the use of the organs. This is clearly no satisfaction to us; and we should think, that it would not spread to any unreasonable extent the glory of the engraver. He is blind, and we are bothered with this

seems to be the sole result. We move for a reform.

Even in regard to the literary portion, the main end that has been accomplished, has been to obtain for some young gentlemen and ladies fresh from boarding-school, an opportunity of tagging a few rhymes together, or "doing" a little exercise in prose. But why not let such immature young gentlemen, and such young ladies dying to be blue, have recourse to the natural outlet for such productions — "the poet's corner" of a newspaper, or the *Gentleman's Magazine*? The editors of London and country papers have generous moods; and in the lack of advertisements, do not disdain to fill up an occasional corner with "stanzas," and "charades," and "acrostics," which set all the ancient country gentlemen gadding for a week, and writing letters of discovery to the news-offices, with the signatures of "Juvenis," and "Horatio," and "Mordaunt," and so forth. These letters are admitted in their turn, the country-gentlemen are stimulated by the puzzle and delighted with appearing in print; — and so the sum of human enjoyment is increased. We are huge admirers of all this; but we do not like to see these little *Annuals* affecting to advance literature and art so much, while, in fact, they supersede works of less pretension, but of infinitely more importance. People have only a certain portion of money to spend in books, and we think that it would be much better, if, instead of filling their tables with "these pretty *Annuals*," our idlers, and amateurs, and connoisseurs, collected really fine engravings, and purchased a volume or two of undoubted value, and thus stocked their shelves with standard specimens of art, and their craniums with a little useful knowledge.

It is but fair, however, to confess that, although we have, (as we flatter ourselves,) the majority of reasonable people on our side, yet that we are not without opponents. Every young lady who is worth an album is decidedly of a contrary way of thinking. "Why are not annuals biennials, mamas? or triennials? or rather perpetuals — evergreens?" exclaimed a young lady, who was in

ecstasies at having a beautiful copy of the — presented to her: "Why—? My dear Jemima," said her mother gravely, "I lament to see that your nature is still so sanguine. Check yourself, my love. Look at me. I am sanguine about nothing. If there were to be no annuals, Jemima, I should be perfectly resigned. And then, as to their living for ever! you must read the adventures of Count Reginald Saint Leon, my dear, whose life, (although I by no means approve all Mr. Godwin's books,) will shew you why even human beings should not live so long. The life of man—" but here we must beg to be excused following the current of the old lady's discourse, the more especially as the whole of it may be found in one of the late numbers of the *Preacher*, a work, which a seriously disposed young friend of ours asserts, (and we are not disposed to doubt him,) contains more orthodox doctrine and sound practical morality than any other small pamphlet which the present profligate age has produced. And now it is time to look at the little literary growths of the year 1830!

Before, however, we commence our investigation, there is one which requires especial notice. This is the new *Comic Annual*, published by Messrs. Hurst and Chance. It is good for nothing; while it is a flat imitation of Hood's. Its object is the same, its cuts of the same species, (only worse,) and its very title the same, with the sole appendage of the word "New!" We confess that we do not like this. We do not know that it is absolute piracy; we believe, indeed, that it is not so, according to law. But that it is a flagrant invasion of copyright in the opinion of fair dealers; that it is an insidious and obvious attempt to inveigle another man's laughers away, there can be but little doubt. It is lucky for Hood (who is a wag of the first water,) that his humour is an essence too subtle to be caught and corked up in the clumsy bottles of the new *Comic Annual*. We trust that the new *Comic Annual* will never live to become the old *Comic Annual*. We recommend that its parents dismiss all natural vanity and affection, and knock it on the head without

delay. If not, we think that it is just one of those monsters which should be smothered by the press. Gravely speaking, (or repeating, if the reader insists on it,) we detest these little cunning attempts to appropriate another man's wit. Let every man stand upon his own head; we shall then know what to think of him—*Aut Pareloc aut nihil*, as the classic hath it. But such unnatural births as the new *Comic Annual* puzzle us without giving us any pleasure. By the way, who is Brown? the inventor? the designer? We never heard of Brown till this morning, when he came before us in company with as handsome a fog as ever distinguished the month of November. We do not know who he is; but it is quite clear who he is not. He is certainly not blue; and as assuredly not deep red, (read)—perhaps he is green? Whoever he may be, we will give him good counsel. Let him turn his coat as speedily as he can; and if he comes before us again in original colours, (instead of Hood's,) we will promise him our good word—if he deserve it.

But our friends, the yearlings, must be impatient. Let us, therefore, before our space is run out, lift a few of them up in our sturdy state, (as Nurse Glumdalclitch did the famous Mr. Lemuel Gulliver,) and take an honest survey of their beauty and proportions.

We will begin with the *Forget me Not*, which is the oldest, we believe, of the family. This Annual is conducted respectably and ably by Mr. Shoberl. He is almost always the first in the field. If the plates are not equal to one or two others, that is not his fault. The volume for this year, however, comprehends one or two very clever engravings, particularly the "Japanese Palace at Dresden," which is one of Prout's very happiest hits. We certainly think that so much was never made of the side of a building before. The literary portion of the book is made up of contributions, by "Derwent Conway," the "Author of *Selwyn*," (both very agreeable prose writers,) Mr. Thomson, Miss Landon, Miss Mitford, the Comical Mr. Thomas Hood, the Ettrick Shepherd, and others. We dare not pronounce

an opinion as to who is the best among the fair writers of verse, for we know of old that the mildest of them are malicious; but of the prose pieces which this Annual contains, we think the "Haunted Hogshead" about the best. It is an American tale or legend, and has a pretty particular deal of the true Yankee cut about it, we calculate.

The *Winter's Wreath* presents a formidable frontispiece. It is called "the English flower," but we think that we have seen prettier ones. *Apropos*, what flower is it? Is it a *cauli-flower*?—*La Huerfana de Leon* is very nearly being elegant, but the arms of the lady are too meagre and angular for the line of beauty. There is, in fact, not much to be said respecting the prints of the *Winter's Wreath*; but it contains several agreeable stories—particularly "Green Stockings," by the author of *Selwyn*; the "Sky Leapers," by —; and the "Pass of the Abruzzi," by Mr. Moir. There are also some exceedingly good sonnets by Hartley Coleridge, and an inimitable piece of absurdity, by a certain John Merritt, Esq., on the styles of Johnson and Burke. Mr. Merritt is of opinion that Dr. Johnson has reached the summit of perfection in prose composition; a fact which we should never have imagined, had not we picked it out of the *Winter's Wreath*.

The *Gem* has a couple of striking engravings after Cooper, called the "Blood-hound," and the "Standard Bearer." The merit of this artist, however, rests solely on his animals. His figures on two feet are but indifferent productions. There is also a little print after Collins, entitled, the "Young Crab-catcher," which is pretty enough, but like all other things of this painter. A couple of children, a brace of lobsters, and a slice of the sea shore—and, lo! you have a picture of Mr. Collins. He is a man with one idea.

The *Iris* contains several stories of some merit, but they are all of so dismal a hue, that we are glad to dismiss them from our recollection as speedily as possible. There is some power in "Judith," the "Dream," the "Curse of Property," (even Mrs. Hall is infected a little by the prevailing gloom,) and the "Recollections of a Murderer," but we would

as soon sit down to a pork-pie as read the volume over again (as we once did,) at bed-time. We lament to say that we assassinated sixteen of our best friends, with a bare bodkin, before three o'clock in the morning, and committed suicide in our second sleep. We were afterwards buried in a cross-road by the side of Patch, the murderer, and rose to a very indifferent breakfast at mid-day.

We think the *Amulet* (which is of a serious cast, as well as the *Iris*,) incomparably more agreeable. It is, in fact, one of the very best of the Annuals, which the present year has put forth. The frontispiece, "Lady Gower and Child," after Lawrence, is very beautiful, and there is an exceedingly pretty plate after Boaden, called, "The Village Queen," besides others, which are good, after Pickersgill, &c. We must except one print from our eulogy, namely, "Anne Page," after Smirke. It is an indifferent engraving, after a poor design, and should have been cast out to one of the inferior Annuals. There are some exceedingly good pieces (principally in prose,) in the *Amulet*.—There is, for instance, the "Indian Mother," by Mrs. Jameson, a sweet and indeed almost too touching a story; the "Roman Merchant," a striking tale, by Mr. Banim; a very agreeable paper by Mr. Carne; the "Poor Man's Death-bed," by Miss Caroline Bowles; and though last not least, the "Dispensation," an excellent Irish story, by Mrs. Hall, the wife of the Editor. We are tempted into stealing a long slip from Mrs. Hall's story, but it is difficult to give the effect of a prose narrative in a short extract. The subject is the abduction and recovery of a young girl (traced with a very delicate pen,) from the hands of a priest's nephew, by name Stephen Cormack, who wished to force her to marry him.

"The inmates of the Bleach House had long retired to rest, when Mrs. Sullivan started from her sleep, and shaking her husband violently, asked him if he had not heard a scream. Before he could reply, 'Father!—Father!' was shrieked, with all the wildness of despair, and in Mary's voice. He rushed to his room door, and endeavoured to force it open, but he strained every nerve in vain. Like many doors in Irish cabins, it opened from the outside; and it was evident that heavy pressure had been resorted to, to prevent its being



pushed forward. Again, the mournful wail, 'Father!—Father!' burst upon his ear. He stormed in impotent rage—he conjured those without, by every holy and sacred tie, to let him go forth. He then bethought him of the little window that opened on the thatch.—Alas! his head could hardly pass through the aperture. With frenzied eagerness he endeavoured to tear out the casement, even as a maniac attempts to rive his fetters. At length he succeeded; and the mud wall crumbled beneath his hands. He listened—the affecting words were not repeated: within, the sound of footsteps had ceased, but suddenly without all was bustle; and as he renewed his exertions the tramp of horsemen came heavily upon the ear. Again he flew to the door; it was unfastened: extended on the earthen floor of the kitchen, he beheld Jessie in a state of insensibility; he rushed to the forecourt—even the sound of the horses' hoofs had died in the distance; he sped to his brother's house—they were not long in coming to his assistance, and accompanied him, speedily, to the plundered nest. His wife's state of mind may be better conceived than described; and the only account Jessie could give of the outrage was, that she was roused from her sleep by masked and armed men entering their chamber, and that, despite her efforts, they rolled a horseman's cloak round her cousin, and dragged her forth.

"To rouse the neighbours—saddle, spur, and away after the lawless plunderers, was the universal resolve. It may readily be believed that Alick was foremost in exertion; but the ruffians had anticipated pursuit. The saddles in the sheds, dignified by the name of stables, at both houses, were cut to pieces; and a brown farm-horse, with the exception of Alick's pony the only good roadster in their possession, was cruelly maimed.

"'Oh, if Watty had been here, this could not have happened!' they exclaimed; 'he has the ear of a hare, the foot of a hound, and the eye of an eagle;' but it was vain. And the grey morning had almost dawned, before a party, consisting of seven tolerably well-mounted and well-armed men, sallied forth in pursuit of the lost treasure. Various were the conjectures as to the probable authors of the abduction, and the course the miscreants had pursued. The Sullivans were silent on the former topic, but seemed to opine that Mary had been carried towards the very lawless neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood.

"The crime of conveying the daughters of respectable farmers from their own homes, and forcing them to marry, frequently persons whom they had never seen, was at one time not at all uncommon in Ireland; even in my own quiet district, I remember, about sixteen years ago, a

circumstance of the kind that made a powerful impression on my youthful mind, although there was much less of villainy about it than characterized 'the lifting' of Mary Sullivan. Unfortunately, the friends of the perpetrators, on such occasions, seem to argue themselves into the belief, that when such affairs terminate in marriage, no evil has been committed.

"The parties agreed to separate—four to pursue the by-roads, leading to a wild district of morass and hill, called Keenahan's wood; and three, the more direct and better known way, to the same place, in another direction. The neighbourhood of Keenahan's wood had been famed as the residence of a sort of Catholic Gretna-green Irish priest—a jovial out-cast friar, who laughed, and poached, and married. Although none of the regular clergy associated with him, he concluded all sorts of run-away and forced matches: it was, therefore, natural to suppose that Mary had been borne in that direction. Alick, his father, and two friends, took the former road; and Corney Sullivan, and two others, the latter. As they passed Cormack's house, Alick looked fixedly at it; and his father almost involuntarily exchanged glances with him, when they perceived a head, which could not be mistaken, withdrawn from one of the windows, and an open shutter closed.

"'Father Neddy's early at his devotion,' observed Alick, in a low and bitter tone.

"'I wonder what he thinks of seeing so many of us astir in the dim o' the morning,' replied the other.

"'May-be he knows by inspiration,' continued the youth, with increasing bitterness; 'but if it is as I think, I'll drive, and tear, and throw open—ay, the very altar; and I'll have justice and revenge before I lay side on a bed, or taste drink stronger nor water.'

"'Whisht! for mercy's sake, whisht!' exclaimed the father. 'wait awhile, and don't be so rash.'

"They stopped at every hamlet—they questioned every individual, but for many miles received no intelligence. At last, a beggar-woman who had slept under shelter of a ditch during the night, and was, to use her own phrase, 'getting the children to rights, and making them comfortable,' said, that about two hours before, three men had gone that way—she had looked up, upon hearing them pass—'they were riding aisy,' and one of them carried a slight woman before him on the horse, 'which struck her, strange,' as she lay more like a dead than a living thing. They took off the high road across the bog, in the direction of Keenahan's wood; 'and she soon lost sight of 'em, as day-light wasn't clane in.'

"Our friends followed the track she told

of, and heard again from some turf-clampers that the same party had passed them about an hour before. The information, however, did not appear to increase the chance of their search being crowned by success. In the direction pointed out by the turf-cutters all trace of road was lost; the ground was uneven, and they were obliged to lead their horses. Scrubby, and often gigantic furze, thickened on the borders of the wood, so as to present almost a positive barrier to their progress; while every now and then a deep pit-fall, or a treacherous shaking bog, impeded their course; and it required all their strength and dexterity to extricate themselves from the clayey thickness of the soil.

"Keenahan's wood shewed darkly in the distance, as it crept up the Slivooth mountain, whose craggy top frowned amid the thin and fleecy clouds.

" 'There can be no harm,' observed the elder Sullivan, 'in going to Friar Leary's; sorra' a job of the kind done that he hasn't a hand in! and something tells me we shall soon find out our lost lamb.'

"It was agreed that one of the party should take charge of the horses, while the others proceeded slowly and cautiously on foot, under cover of the wood. They could not expect any information from the beings who inhabited the dreary and dangerous district they now entered, as they were generally believed to subsist by plunder; for in times of national tumult, suspicious persons always found shelter in the fastnesses of Slivooth, and many bloody acts of violence had been perpetrated under the dense trees.

"The few half-naked urchins whom they met, either pretended total ignorance of the friar's dwelling, or, as they afterwards discovered, invariably set them wrong. Thus, fatigued in body and mind, they struggled through the tangled brushwood; and although the sun was high in the heavens, its rays could hardly penetrate the deep thickness of the matted trees.

"A broad and brawling stream, occasionally bubbling and frothing over the impediments that huge stones and ledges presented to its impetuosity, divided the path, (if the course they had pursued might be so called,) and formed an opening, where the air, relieved from its wearisome confinement, rushed in a swift, pure current over the waters. The banks, on the opposite side, were steep and dangerous. Huge masses of the mountain rock, round whose base the stream meandered, rose abruptly from the surface: some were fringed by the thorny drapery of the wild briar and ragged nettle; others were bleak and barren, and the sunbeams glittered on flints, and portions of red granite, that, like many of the worldly, basked in the sun of prosperity, and yielded nothing in return.

"The party followed the course of the

sinic river, and the mountain grew higher and higher as they proceeded. The depth of the water, too, had evidently increased; probably owing to the late rains; for it washed over a rustic bridge, well known in the district by the name of 'the Friar's Pass,' and which, they rightly conjectured, led to the abode of 'the Irish Friar Tuck.'

"Above this simple structure, that consisted of two huge trees tied together, a portion of the mountain jutted, and formed a semi-arch of wild and singular beauty. Its summit was thickly imbedded in bright and shining moss, and its glittering greenery was a delightful relief to the eye that had so long dwelt on noisome weeds and rugged rocks.

"While the little party were gazing on the fairy spot, a loud shout thundered on their ears: for a moment they were petrified; and then involuntarily rushed to cross the bridge. Their progress, however, was arrested by the scene that presented itself, in what, as they gazed for a moment upon it, appeared mid-air: Walter Sullivan—his black hair streaming like a pennon on the breeze—in eager pursuit of Stephen Cormack, who seemed anxious to gain the path that descended to the stream; but with another shout, or rather howl, Watty sprang on him, as the eagle would on the hawk, and both engaged in a fierce and desperate struggle. Neither were armed, but the fearful effort for existence gave strength to Stephen's exertions. With the ferocity of tigers they clutched each other's throats, and as they neared the edge the half-maniac redoubled his exertions to throw his weaker antagonist over it. Alick and his father flew up the cliff; nothing but the supernatural energy with which Walter was imbued could have saved Cormack's life. He had succeeded in loosening the hold upon his throat, and then, taking him round the waist as if he had been an infant, upheld him, for a moment, over the abyss, and hurled him forward; had he been pushed over, his doom must have been instant death; the pointed rocks would have mangled him into a thousand pieces; but the crime that would have attached to the hitherto 'harmless innocent,' was providentially prevented, and Stephen fell into the stream."

The reader will agree with us, we hope, in thinking that there is a good deal of picturesque power and general excellence in the above extract. As an evidence of Mrs. Hall's particular merit, however, we ought to have taken some paragraphs, especially illustrative of "Green Erin," its unctuous asy characters, and its rich inimitable brogue: but we can spare her no more room in this Number. We

may endeavour to sum up her accomplishments as a writer on a future occasion. At present, we must content ourselves with saying, that she is a capital Irishman!

On a level with the *Amulet*, and indeed with any Annual of the present year, stands *Friendship's Offering*; a work ably conducted, and one in which the engraver is not permitted to play the extinguisher upon the author. To speak more plainly—the reader will see that we are irresistibly given to lofty flights, and will forgive us—the Editor does not expend all his wit and money upon the plates alone; he does not get up and boast, after the small fashion of Captain Bobadil, that he has an army of scribbling *lords* and *ladies*, such as never before met together, in order to excuse the poverty of his contributions. On the contrary, he would, we believe, put up with wit, though it came from the garret, and good sense from any source whatever. To be

“The tenth transmitter of a foolish face,” is not of itself a sufficient recommendation to the editor of *Friendship's Offering*. He looks out for other qualifications; and, accordingly, there is an integrity of purpose and weight of matter, without dulness, in his little volume, that cannot be too much commended. It is the first of the *lay*, as the *Amulet* is the first of the serious (or *ecclesiastical*) Annuals; although we are perhaps doing injustice to the latter book to call it by so “liminary” a title, when, in fact, it is adapted to all classes. It is rather

moral than ecclesiastical, and quite as agreeable as moral. *Friendship's Offering* reckons, among other persons, as its contributors, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Bowdich, Mrs. Hall, Mr. Banim, Mr. Galt, Mr. Pringle, Allan Cunningham, Barry Cornwall, Leitch Ritchie, Mr. St. John, Messrs. Bowring, Harvey, D. Conway, MacFarlane, Kennedy, Thomas Haynes Bayly, and various others, besides one of the illustrious name of—FRASER! This name alone would carry a charm to our hearts; but it has something more than a mere name to recommend it: for it is borne by—(beside our friend of *Regina*)—the author of the *Kuzzilbash*, one of the very best stories that have issued from the press during the late years. If there be one of our readers who has not read the “Red Cap” (for that is the translation of the term “Kuzzilbash,”) let him order coffee, a couple of wax-candles, hot water, a brace of lemons, and a bottle of whiskey, and commence his labours without ado. He may rely on it, that he will finish them all before he goes to sleep. We had marked half a dozen pieces for the purpose of extracting; but our limits will not permit us. We notice, however, two exceedingly pleasant pieces by Mr. Pringle, and one or two of great merit by (we think) Mr. Croly; but we pass all, in order to quote, with true editorial impartiality, a short poem from a gentleman, who occasionally sends a few verses to the best magazine in the world—namely, to *our own*. The author (Mr. Bethel) entitles the following—“The Sea!”

## I.

The Sea,—the Sea,—the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark—without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round:  
It plays with the clouds;—it mocks the skies;  
Or, like a cradled creature lies!

## II.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go:—  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter,—I still shall ride and sleep.

## III.

I love—Oh! how I love to ride  
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,

When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the soul-west blasts do blow,

## IV.

I never was on the dull tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more;  
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
And a mother she was and is to me,  
For I was *born* on the open sea!

## V.

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
And never was heard such outcry wild,  
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

## VI.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,  
But never have sought or sighed for change;  
And Death, whenever he come to me,  
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!"

[On the proof of this article coming before us, we are so struck with our selfishness in puffing, or rather propagating the verses of one of our own contributors; that, in order to make amends, we will give the reader ano-

ther extract or two. First, here is a specimen of Mr. Pringle's patriotic effusions. It is called, "Spaniards, yield not to despair;" and is very spirited, we think.]

"Spaniards, yield not to despair!  
Sink not, Portuguese, forlorn!  
Wintry nights are worst to bear  
Just before the break of morn.

Though down-trampled in the dust  
By the traitor's cruel heel,  
Freedom's cause ye hold in trust—  
I'll utter not for rack or wheel.

Hunted from your native strand  
By the blood-hounds Hate and Fear,  
Sink not yet, high-hearted band,  
Retribution's hour is near.

Lo! you perjured caitiff slaves,  
While they clinch their country's chain,  
Tremble even amidst the graves  
Of the victims they have slain.

Let them tremble!—they have cause  
Loudest when they rant and boast;  
Freedom on her march may pause,  
But her battle ne'er is lost.

Though the servile's bitter taunt  
Sting you like a viper foul,  
Though Despair and Famine gaunt  
Like hyænas round you howl—

Though your dearest blood may flow,  
On the scaffold or the plain,  
Though your bravest be laid low  
Ere their country rise again—

Ne'er in vain the patriot dies :  
Pours he not life's fountain free  
Serve millions to baptize  
Proselytes of LIBERTY!"

The following striking stanzas, prehended, from the pen of the Rev. George Croly—  
form part of a poem, on the " Destruction of Troy," and are, we ap-

" Broad lights were in the Tyrian hall,  
From golden urns the perfumes breathed ;  
Round a silken couch and brodered pall  
The Tyrian rose and lily wreathed ;  
And hidden music stole between  
The love-sighs of the Tyrian queen.

And round the royal banquet lay  
Troy's martial sons, with garlands crowned ;  
Survivors of the mighty fray,  
When, with a midnight tiger's bound,  
Sprang the fierce Greek on Ilion's lair,  
But found the wakened lion there.

The toil was past, the havoc done,  
The fires of ruin blazed no more ;  
No more on Ilion's portals shone  
The banner wet with Grecian gore ;  
Nor warrior's tramp nor charger's tread  
Profaned the silence of the dead.

No more at morn, her glittering power  
Rushed like a torrent to the field ;  
No more at eve, the royal bower  
Welcomed the bearers of the shield :  
Now moaned the melancholy wave  
The only dirge above the brave.

Yet unborn nations to that strand  
Shall send the homage of the soul ;  
There heroes consecrate the brand,  
There bards devote the deathless scroll ;  
There glory's richest pinions sweep  
O'er silent plain and lonely steep.

So may the spot to time's last hour  
Be hallowed where the glorious bleed.  
Down with the piles of pride and power,  
Let dust to viler dust succeed ;  
Let SCORCH sit scoffing on the grave  
Where rots the tyrant with the slave.

But where has flashed the patriot sword,  
Be it deathless honour to the soil ;  
Though there may ride the Arab horde  
There sweep the Turkman to the spoil,  
There clash the Greek and Gothic spear—  
Still Fame shall build her temple there."

The *Literary Souvenir* has for several years been well conducted by Mr. Alaric Watts. We are of opinion, however, that the volume for the present year is decidedly inferior

to its predecessors. Neither the contributions nor the plates are so good as formerly. In enquiring into the reason for this, we are struck a little by the spirit of monopoly which ap-

pears to possess the editor. We have—1st, the *Literary Souvenir*, by Mr. Watts! 2ndly, the *Talisman*, by Mrs. Watts!! 3rdly, *Le Keepsake Français*, with the same illustrations as the *Talisman*!!! and 4thly, and finally, the *New Year's Gift*, by Mrs. Alaric A. Watts!!!! We confess that we do not like this. Mr. Watts is, we really believe, as competent as any body to get up a good Annual. He has had experience, and is a man of some talent. But, with several competitors as able as himself, and quite as willing to pay good prices, we apprehend that he must necessarily fail when he attempts to overwhelm them, merely by throwing treble the number of his books into the market. He can have at his disposal only a limited portion of time, money, or ability, and only a certain quantity of interest with cotemporary writers and artists; and if he distributes these, each of his works must suffer. We recommend him to concentrate his forces, and strike as boldly as he can; in which case we promise him our good word, and the good word of every other impartial critic. His work hitherto (as a book) has been worth a dozen of Mr. Charles Heath's, and indeed superior to all, except *Friendship's Offering* and the *Amulet*, which may now fairly claim to be at least his superiors. Why does he not pursue his old course and prosper? Before we quit the *Souvenir*, we should state, that the frontispiece is very finely (almost too finely) engraved; that the "Tookman's Tale" is very good; and also the verses at p. 244.

Of Mr. Heath's *Keepsake* we are able to speak only as to the engravings, which are as good and as neat as in former years—neater indeed than those of most other Annuals.

"Of Alonzo we've only this little to say—His boots were much neater than those of Pizarro."

Mr. Heath is a sort of a monopolist also, we believe, and secures to himself the services of some of the best engravers. Does he require them to work solely for him or not? We shall be glad to know this fact. If we can ascertain this satisfactorily, we shall have something to say to this practice in a future number. We shall use no circumlocution, but shall

speak exceedingly plainly on the subject, at the risk even of not seeing the next *Keepsake*. Before we quit Mr. Heath, may we ask why he is so proud—or why is Mr. Mansel Reynolds (upon whom his father's mantle has not descended,) so terribly proud of having his pages filled with noble names? Did he never hear of songs by "ladies of quality?" Did he never hear of a man being "as dull as a lord?" We suppose not; otherwise he would not have persevered so obstinately in his attempts to corroborate the proverbs.

Next comes the *Cameo*, being a *ri-facciameto* from the best portions of the three numbers of the *Bijou*, which if it boast not much of novelty, is decidedly the cheapest volume of them all. The following is a list of the embellishments, after Sir Thomas Lawrence:—1. Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon; 2. Miss Murray, Child and Flowers; 3. Hon. Charles Lambton; 4. Master Lock, Boy and Dog; 5. Ada, Portrait of a Child; 6. Miss Thayer; 7. Mrs. Arbuthnot; 8. Lady Wallscourt; 9. King George the Fourth, after Mr. Wilkie; 10. Family of Sir Walter Scott; 11. The Bag-piper, after Stothard; 12. Sans Souci, after Bonington; 13. The African Daughter, after Pickersgill; 14. The Oriental Love Letter, after Sir Joshua Reynolds; 15. Portrait of a Child. This volume is as worthy of the title of *Cameo*, as the first was of that of *Bijou*, and greater praise we cannot bestow upon any work.

We have now mentioned all the principal Annuals that occur to us, excepting only the "*Comic Annual of Thomas Hood*." That is yet in the shell. We have heard, however, some cackling respecting it, and we are told that there is at least one "Odd Bird" in it, touched off to a feather; besides, an infinite quantity of infinitely merry matter. One of the subjects, "*The Parish Revolution*," has (as we are credibly informed by the three and twentieth cousin of one of the pressmen,) caused a considerable mortality at Mr. Davison's or Mr. Moyes's offices; it having killed a "compositor" outright, injured the eyesight of two or three "readers," and put a squadron of (blue) "devils" to flight. Fourteen times, we hear, did the unfortunate compositor put up the types, and fourteen times

throw them down in an agony of laughter. At last, his friends interposed, and sent for Mr. Saint John Long, who rubbed him on the cachinatory muscles, and caused him to inhale. But all wouldn't do! Poor little Micapica! he went off with a

pun in his mouth on the thirteenth of November, about two o'clock in the morning, and has left a wife and nineteen children, besides three young poets, (with their productions still in the press,) to lament his loss!

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*Postscript.* We are exceedingly sorry to say, in answer to so respectable a body of individuals as the printer's devils at Mr. Moyes's, that we are unable to afford room for the "Dramatic Scene" which they have sent us. We were exceedingly struck with several parts of it, and consider that it reflects infinite credit on them, as a first attempt. The dance about the cauldron, with cigars of sulphur in their mouths, must, we should think, be very effective on the stage; and we shall have great pleasure in using our interest with Mr. Yates, of the Adelphi, if the young authors entertain any serious thoughts of bringing it out. It ought to be generally known that Mr. Yates is the real protector and patron of rising merit. The cauldron chorus opens thus:—

"Oh! the first of all kings is King Billy,  
The hearty, the honest, the good!  
The first of all soldiers was Tilly;  
The first of all jokers is—Hood.

Who's he can make picture and poem?  
Cut jokes upon copper and wood,  
Till we pull in our horns?—why, you know him.  
'Tis—Thomas Democritus Hood!"—

[But friend Oliver will not allow us an inch more space—we must, therefore, break off abruptly, and postpone the rest of the chorus till a future number.]

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#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

ROUSE, rouse, ye swains; the sun is up  
The lark, the harbinger of day,  
On dewy pinions cleaves the sky,  
Shrilly trilling all the way.  
Then up, salute the morn, behold  
What opening glories gild the view;  
The forest vast, the verdant lawn,  
Glittering and bright with early dew!

The hunter's bugle-note is heard,  
Whose echo rings o'er hill and plain;  
The tenants of the wood rejoice  
In nature's simplest, sweetest strain.  
Shake off dull sleep and brinish sloth,  
Your orisons to nature pay,  
And join, with heart and voice, to sing  
The glories of the rising day.

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## " THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

## No VII

JOHN GALT, ESQ.

THE "author of a *Life of Byron*" stands with his back to the fire—a posture, we perceive, ridiculed with great justice by the author of *Marwell*—viz Theodore Hook, but which posture is in great request nevertheless. It is, for example, the favourite attitude of Lord Nugent, and as he is not only a real Lord, but a Lord of the Treasury to boot, we think that Theodore ought not to disparage a custom practised by an authority which must be considered very large indeed upon such a point.

We see that Galt turns his back also upon Canada, which we hope is by no means typical of an intention never to turn again towards the colony he has created, and the towns he has raised. If he has been at war with the Canada Company, a thing of his own making, it is no more than is to be expected from the nature of all human assemblies, which are but too happy to kick down the ladder by which they are raised, and if he fret at their ingratitude, it only shows that he is more ignorant of the world than is becoming in a man of his spectacles. As for his *Life of Byron*, we find that it has been sufficiently belaboured by various individuals, *some of whom might as well have lit it alone*, and perceiving, on tossing over our proof-sheets that it has been amply defended by himself in this very Number of our Magazine, we think it quite supererogatory to say any thing about it here. However, as Galt is a friend, and as we have a considerable affection for Colburn and Bentley, though we do give them a slight rub every now and then, we may mention that, whether the book is good, bad, or indifferent, its fourth edition is now publishing or being published, whichever form of expression is more consolatory to our readers.

But if we were Galt, we should not have chosen, if we had a voice in the business, to be characterized solely as the "author of the *Life of Byron*," except that the youngest barn is the favourite, as usual. Where were the Ayishue Legatees, with the honest Doctor, and the immutable Mr. Pringle?—where Sir Andrew Wylie, the *be uideal* of Scotchmen?—where Leddy Grippy, whom both Scott and Byron pronounced the first of heroes?—where the Provost, who, to our mind, is the first of heroes? True it is that we consider the *Life of Byron* by Galt to be the best and most honest history of the wayward course of that illustrious Child—but Byron was no bantling of his own brain—not there begotten like the progeny we have enumerated above.

To be sure it is a matter of no importance—so we have the man. Galt stands six feet three, with a stoop in his shoulders. The face opposite is like—but we think that our Rembrandt has evinced a Dutchman-like liberality in the article of trousers. We do not believe that Galt procures his pantaloons from the most scientific of Schneiders, but unless the garment in which he is represented be one which he has brought with him ready manufactured by the axe or saw of a Canadian backwoodsman, we know not where else he could have seduced a carpenter to have fashioned any thing like the nether integument in which he is here depicted.

These biographical sketches of ours being confined rigorously to a page, and our laws exceeding in punctuality of enforcement the decrees of the Medes and the Persians, we must stop short. All we have to say in conclusion is that we

Hope long, in wine, or toddy, or in malt.  
To toast the shrewd Scots humour of John Galt.



## SECOND LETTER FROM JOHN GALT, ESQ.

WITH PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS, BY OLIVER YORKE.

SOME of the statements in our worthy friend's last letter have not, we understand, been relished by the friends of *Regina*. We, however, must allow Mr. Galt to take his own course. We entered the field of discussion on West Indian matters from conviction; and if our friends, and those for whom we have been advocating, will allow us to proceed in our own way, we have little doubt but we will, in time, so expose the ignorance and absurdity of the noisy abolitionists, that all men shall see their true character, and laugh them to utter confusion. If any of our readers be of opinion that our arguments might be more forcibly put, let them send us a written notification, and we will, with all due diligence, reconsider the matter. After Mr. Galt shall have finished his admirable letters, we may make a few observations upon them. That the question of our Colonial Policy will be hotly discussed during the present session of Parliament is most certain. The tables of the two Houses are groaning under their respective loads of petitions; and well they may, for one member comes forward with two hundred, another with five, another with seven, and another with nine hundred or a thousand. This, doubtless, sounds very grand in the newspapers, and has an imposing appearance in the eyes of old dowagers, simpering, soft-hearted girls, and country bumpkins; but if the matter were to be for one moment sifted by any reflective mind, the humbug of the thing would immediately appear. For whatever may be the force of the arguments on the part of the abolitionists, true it is, that every question has two sides, and *o mli alteram partem* is as applicable here as on any other occasion. The abolitionists, however, will not admit of such a monstrous principle. "What other side," say they, "can there be in a question which involves the liberty of man. There cannot be, there shall not be—" and so their agents, and the hawling philanthropists of their party go skirmishing the country, to

paint in colours of gratuitous horror the abominations of slavery, to startle the nerves of old women, who, fearful that they may see the raw-head and bloody bones of a *nigger* at the bottom of their tea-cup, eschew West Indian sugar, while the young damsels of the place, where the philanthropist may be ranting, become members of some Anti-Slavery Association, and at the end of the year send up the sum of nineteen shillings and sixpence halfpenny to the mother society in London. The colonists have most unfair odds to contend against. Their enemies are always appealing to the feelings of people, and feelings too, which, in nine cases out of ten, are ill regulated—whereas *they* must, in all cases, direct their arguments to the reason of mankind. Every twaddler, bumpkin, boor, every idiot, whether of the masculine or feminine gender, boasts of possessing feelings, whereas, although of reason they may boast the possession, still, all the boasting in the world is useless unless evidences of its existence be given in arguments and acts. Next, abolitionists proceed on one grand principle, which is, as it were, the granite stone of all their rhapsodical effusions—"That man cannot be the property of man." This, in abstract morals, is true, and if society were to be begun—as Des Cartes would have begun philosophy—*de novo*, we might leaven the world with such abstractions, and create civil and political associations according to the most approved theories. But the world, alas, for all philanthropists! existed long before their birth, and they must follow in the wake of present institutions, since destroy them they cannot, to give being to their own crude and ill-digested conceptions. The Colonists, however, have to urge their arguments *relatively* to the state of affairs and institutions, and thus, whereas the former class rest on naked point-blank assertions, which captivate their ignorant hearers by their plausibility, the latter have not only to enter into a negative proof, but must needs obtain an intelligent

and reasoning auditory, who will not judge of things by their surface, but enter somewhat into an examination of their internal structure and arrangement, and by patient investigation, comparison, and deduction, be enabled to arrive at a sane and wholesome conclusion. The number of these is but small—accordingly, the friends of the Colonial system are few when brought to bear against the

rabble rout of noisy, stultified charlatans and boastful philanthropists, who throng the arena on the side of the factious abolitionists.

To illustrate this argument, the following may perhaps suffice. A man, at an Anti-Slavery meeting, gets up, and in a long, dull speech, full of the dullest platitudes, he spouts forth the following lines:—

“Slaves cannot breathe in England! if their lungs  
Receive our air, that moment they are free;  
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.  
We have no slaves at home—then, why abroad?”

This enunciation will be followed by loud yelps of applause from the congregated philanthropists. Why? because the sentiments contained in the lines are beautiful and self-evident as truths. To it then go they, with the clapping of hands and rending shouts, until the very atmosphere is rendered fetid. To reply to those lines, the Colonist must enter into a long argument to expose the fallacies which they contain. He must shew *how* slaves cannot breathe in England, and *how* the air of England came to enjoy the glorious privilege of imparting emancipation. He must enter into the history of our civil institutions, the origin of our political history: the ways and means by which the people worked out their freedom, and destroyed the system of vassalage. He must next demonstrate the difference between a perfect state of society, like that in England, and an imperfect one like that of our West India possessions, strengthening their present position, in respect to slavery, by a discursive view of slavery and vassalage in other portions of the globe; lastly, he must endeavour to define the word slavery, and give it its true signification, and shew that it, in the present day, is very different in its state of existence, to what it was in times past in the West Indies, and even in Europe; and that if individual happiness is questioned, the slave now is by far a happier person, than even the commonalty in France, so late down as 1789; than are the commonalty now in Russia, Poland, Hungary, Turkey, Spain, Naples; than are the peasantry even in our own country. First, let the abolitionist prove that

slavery is synonymous with individual misery, before he calls on us for our commiseration. But it will be seen, that slavery is an abstract term, capable of any and every application. In times past it was indicative of cruelty; in times present, of mercy and kind heartedness. In times past, of arbitrary power and tyranny; in times present, of expediency and necessity. All this, however, is difficult of explanation to a large and mixed auditory; and if it were—it is still too difficult of comprehension, by the ignorant and vulgar. The only way in which the Colonists can proceed, is by addressing the understanding and reason of individuals, through publications; but then these publications require time to read, and trouble to digest; whereas to answer the call of the abolitionist requires neither the one nor the other; all that they want of their auditory, is their *feeling*; and feeling is so very natural, that every body can do that without the waste of time or trouble. Thus the star of *Tartuffe*, the saint, gains the ascendant. And if the Colonist dare, in his presumption, to question the rectitude of the means, by which that actual elevation has been attained; he is called to silence, by having cast at his head, however high may be his standing in the world, or honourable and pure his name, every vile, contumelious epithet, which the saints have carefully put together for their own especial purposes, in their vocabulary of abuse.

As our friend John Galt has taken up so much room with his second very excellent letter, we cannot ourselves enter so fully into the discussion of one or two matters as we could wish. First, we were desirous

of noticing an admirable pamphlet by Mr. Wilmot Horton, in the shape of a Letter to Mr. Brougham's Electors in the County of Yorkshire; secondly, Mr. Stephen's *Slavery Delineated*; thirdly, No. 70 of the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, which calmly considers—"What will be the probable consequences as affecting the public peace of the colonies and the well-being of the slaves themselves, of an early and entire extinction of colonial slavery, by an Act of the British Parliament?" The discussion, however, would lead far beyond any reasonable length, and we must waive it until our next Number. But we cannot so easily pass over the Rev. Daniel Wilson's Sermon, "On the Guilt of forbearing to deliver our British Colonial Slaves;" and which, as the title-page informs us, has been "preached at the Parish Church of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, on Wednesday, October 7th; at the Parish Church of St. Mary, Islington, on Wednesday, October 28th; and at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, London, on Sunday, October 31st, 1830." Not satisfied with this repetition, the gentleman has printed it; and, like every thing which he has published, the pamphlet has had an extensive circulation. Mr. Wilson is a most amiable and religious man in private life, although there are some things in his public which we cannot absolutely admire; although we have frequently listened to his powerful and soul-stirring appeals from the pulpit, and forgotten all sublunary matters in the deep considerations into which his eloquence has led us. Well knowing, therefore, from experience, the effect he can at all times produce upon his auditory, it was with feelings of deep sorrow that we perused his Sermon upon Slavery, for, from the beginning to the end, it is a tissue of misrepresentation. This we cannot suppose to have been wilful. We think that he really believed in the truth of every word that he was uttering. So much the more dangerous, therefore, is it for the cause of religion—so much the more difficult for the poor Colonists to obtain an impartial hearing. Are there not sins enough at home for Mr. Wilson to expose to his parishioners, without leading their attention across the wide waters of

the Atlantic?—Is not the state of morals in England sufficiently flagrant—the vices of society black with depravity, and crying aloud for retributive justice, and, consequently, employment enough for the most enthusiastic of ministers, without directing the attention of his congregation to the black population of the Western Colonies, and awakening false pity, by misrepresenting their actual condition? Besides, matters of worldly policy—political expediency—can have nothing in common with the heart of the religious man—so we have heard Mr. Wilson speak more than once from the pulpit. How can he now gainsay his former doctrines, by recommending a contrary course? Yet, so it is, the wisest and best of us lose all judgment and reason, when they allow their feelings to be over excited. Then breaking down the barriers of common sense, they burst forth into the actions of mad enthusiasts.

The following are some extracts from Mr. Wilson's sermon.—

"The crisis is arrived. The Christian minister is bound to look the evil full in the face, and to detect that selfishness of the human heart, which leads a great nation to shrink from the trouble and inconvenience of doing justice to the oppressed.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Can any terms describe more graphically the condition of our colonial slaves? They are seized and dragged away to punishments which are the precursors of death; they are oppressed continually; they are silently, but systematically, worn down by a slow and lingering exhaustion, which too often ends in a premature grave. Their condition is inconsistent with any due regard to their well-being either here or hereafter. The principles of animal, rational, domestic, spiritual happiness wither. The laws of eternal justice are reversed; the moral government of rational beings is exchanged for force and terror; the light and grace of Christianity are almost utterly excluded; our brethren, nearly a million of our brethren, are 'drawn unto death, and ready to be slain.' The waste of human life is going on by sure and unerring laws, under a servitude founded in injustice, embittered with scorn, and working with the fatal, though insidious, weapons of over-labour, disease, insufficient food, licentiousness, and the other fatal effects of oppression and despair.

"The calamity is extreme, is urgent, ought not to be for an instant neglected. Individual cases of humanity deduct little

from the mass of evil—slight and local improvements in subordinate points tell nothing against the aggregate amount—the more slow and silent progress of the poison in certain spots, is unobserved amidst the general moral pestilence. Unjust slavery with its deadly touch blights the hope of man, shortens human existence, embitters social enjoyments, imposes a burden which man cannot, and ought not, to sustain places him at the arbitrary will of his fellow

‘Are many words necessary to recall to your memory the facts on which this charge rests, or to establish our community in forbearing to put it top to them? I speak of no doubtful cases. I take the facts avowed by friends and by foe. I go to the evidence published by order of Parliament. I take the history and apolo-  
gy of the colonists themselves. I appeal to the journals appearing daily in the islands. I cite only the necessary fruits of such a system, considering what human nature is, and what all experience has proved it to be. Yet such a system, under such circumstances, operating on a hundred miles, at a distance from the mother country must produce such kind of effects.

1. The British colonial slavery, then, is an unjust yoke imposed upon the innocent against the fundamental laws of the Almighty. I speak not of other species of bondage, in other ages and under dispensations of religion, or forms of heathenism which place them in totally different circumstances. I enter not upon the abstract question whether all personal bondage be under all modes of government a violation of natural justice. That it is in all cases, except as the punishment of crime, contrary to the spirit of Christianity is self evident.

2. It is thus without colonial slavery. It has involved from its commencement, and involves now, a constant flow of oppression arbitrary power and cruelty arising from its very nature and incapable of effective improvement whilst it continues. It is made up of these evils they are the elements of its existence they form the definition of colonial slavery. Man, urged by his fellow man to the utmost efforts which despotic power and a cold calculation of immediate interest may dictate—man, forced to labour by the arbitrary will of his fellow, without compensation for his toil, without adequate protection for his person, without an impartial justice to determine upon his crimes or their punishment—man, the sport of the selfishness, capricious irritated passions, blunted feelings of his fellow—man, handed over from his first proprietor, to attorneys, and managers, and overseers, and drivers with the same despotism delegated to the hired cupplers—

man, leased out and farmed with the estate on which he vegetates, to the first adventurer—man, bought and sold in the market with the horse, and ox, and sheep, and farming utensils, amongst which he is classed, seized, lived upon, sold, bequeathed, as other goods and chattels, liable to be forced into a jobbing gang, or condemned to a prison called a workhouse, at the will of his lord—man, in short, placed at the mercy of man for food, for clothing, for labour, for medicine, for abode, for domestic comfort, for religious instruction, for all the primary necessities of his being,—and all this machinery of injustice set in motion by a base, degrading, and adventuring spirit of merchandise, which must bring out an amount of profit in an inverse ratio with the comforts and just rights of the slave. What—what is all this, but a system of oppression, of cruelty more or less severe, of a secret waste of human life? And what is sugar island slavery but all this? Divested, indeed, of its torture, and mutilation, and chains, and first atrocities, by the force of British influence and the voice of the British Government—but remaining still the same in its essential properties, and working all its essential mischiefs.

“But even supposing religion were taught in theory, what can it be in practice? Will slavery allow the development of its holy principles? You teach the slave Christianity, but will you allow him to keep either the first table of the law, or the second? Can he live in the love of God and man? No. You forbid him the fourth commandment, and you leave him to live in the violation of the seventh. Where is the HOLY SABBATH for the rest, and celebration of the worship of God? Where the LAW OF MARRIAGE for the cultivation of the domestic virtues and the bringing up of the next generation in the fear of God? You deny him both—you compel him to work on the Lord’s day—you open the Sunday market—you offer him the profanation of the Sabbath, or starvation. Thus you make the first table of the law impossible by blotting out the duty of holiness, of repose, of intellectual improvement, of religious meditation, of the public and private worship of God. And next you discourage the sacred institution of marriage, the spring and fountain of the virtuous affections—the bond of the second table of the law, the barrier against licentiousness, with all its consequent vices. And you call this meagre, detrunated carcass of religion, Christianity.

“But know, again, that all hope of deliverance of our injured brethren from the colonial assemblies and the West India slave-farmers and proprietors is vain. It is not in the nature of a vicious system to cure itself. The very habits of arbitrary power incapacitate the task-masters from

commiserating and rescuing his captive. This is to let the lion legislate for the lamb. There is no EXECUTORY POWER, as Mr. Burke long since observed. The colonists have neither the will nor the instruments, for ameliorating the system. It works its direful effects by the immutable laws of God's judicial government. Founded in crime, sustained by the continued violation of the fundamental rules of justice, nothing can amend it. And least of all can those who are inflicting the injury, repair it. There is an infatuation which is the inevitable result of arbitrary power, of contempt of our brother, of cruelty, licentiousness and lust of gain, when long continued in and wrought into the habit, which spreads a contagion around the slave-property and the slave-owner, and, like the

jaundiced eye, prevents any just view from being taken of the object immediately before it. We might as well expect the pope to make Spain protestant, as the West Indians to make the slaves happy and free."

Mr. Wilson is wofully oblivious for a scholar of the state of ancient slavery, for he is constantly confusing past and present times. Formerly, indeed, the slave was little better than a cat or dog—he was scourged and crucified with as little compunction as, to use the words of Falstaff, we would in the present day throw a litter of blind puppies into the Thames. Take, for instance, the following passage from Juvenal:—

Pone crucem servo. Meruit quo crimine servus  
Supplicium? quis testis adeat? quis detulit? audi;  
Nulla unquam de morte hominis cunctatio longa est.  
O demens! ita servus homo est? nil fecerit, esto:  
Hoc volo, sic jubeo; stet pro ratione voluntas.

JUV. Sat. vi. 219.

'Go, crucify that slave?' 'For what offence?  
Who the accuser? where the evidence?  
For when the life of man is in debate,  
No time can be too long, no care too great;  
Hear all, weigh all with caution, I advise—  
'Thou driveller! is a slave a man?' she cries—  
'He's innocent! be't so:—'tis my command,  
My will. let that, Sir, for a reason stand.'

GIRFORD "

Perhaps Mr. Wilson's congregation may consider the Bishops of Jamaica and Barbados as good evidence as their own pastor, who can possibly know nothing of the Colonies except through the tainted medium of the abolitionists. Here are two of their letters:—

"*Jamaica, 12th March, 1825.*

"I am happy in being able to assure your lordship, that a very general wish to ameliorate the condition of the slaves, and to instruct them in the principles of the established church, seems to pervade the great mass of proprietors; and every facility is afforded me of visiting the several plantations."

"*Jamaica, 16th Sept., 1825.*

"I have the highest satisfaction in being able to assure your lordship, that the same good feeling, which I had the pleasure to communicate upon a former occasion with regard to Kingston, continues to animate every part of the island which I have hitherto visited. I have just completed a progress through all the parishes, except two.

(Signed) CHRISTOPHER JAMAICA." \*

The next pieces of testimony are from Mr. Owen, an unwilling witness, (we have already given this, No. VII. p. 70,) and Mr. Coleridge in his *Six Months in the West Indies*.

"I was, after this visit, (to JACMEL, St. Domingo,) anxious to see the state of slavery in Jamaica, which I had an opportunity of witnessing two days afterwards at Kingston, the packet having to land a mail there. And after conversing with several of the domestic slaves, and seeing the proceedings of a large number in the market-place for two hours, and meeting great numbers coming from the mountains and other parts of the country, as I was going to the admiral's and bishop's residences, some distance in the interior," [where Mr. Owen spent several days,] "I have no hesitation in saying most distinctly, that their condition, with the exception of the term slavery, is, in most respects, better than that of our working classes: and that a very large portion of our operatives and labourers would exchange situations with them."—OWEN.

"From the general and prominent charge of cruelty, active or permissive, towards the slaves, I, for one, acquit the

\* The Printer, by mistake, has omitted to insert the Bishop of Barbados's letter. It to be seen in p. 21, *British Colonial Slavery*.

planters. I have been in twelve of the British colonies: I have gone round and across many of them, and have resided some months in the most populous one for its size in the whole world. I have observed with diligence, I have enquired of all sorts of people, and have mixed constantly with the coloured inhabitants of all hues and of every condition. I am sure I have seen things as they are, and I am not aware of any other bias on my mind, except that which may be caused by a native hatred of injustice, and a contempt and a disdain of cant and hypocrisy.

"It is a certain truth, that the slaves in general do labour much less, do eat and drink much more, have much more ready money, dress much more gaily, and are treated with more kindness and attention, when sick, than nine-tenths of all the people of Great Britain under the condition of tradesmen, farmer, and domestic servants.

"I suspect that if it were generally known that the slaves ate, drank, and slept well, and were beyond all comparison a gay, smarter, and more flourishing race than the poor of this kingdom, the circumstances of their labour being compulsory, and in some measure of their receiving no wages for it, would not very painfully affect the sympathies of the ladies and gentlemen of the Anti-Slavery Society. I say, in some measure the slaves receive no wages, because no money is paid to them on that score; but they possess advantages which the ordinary wages of labour in England doubled could not purchase. The slaves are so well aware of the comforts which they enjoy under a master's purveyance that they not unfrequently forgo freedom rather than be deprived of them. A slave, beyond the prime of life, will hesitate to accept manumission. Many negroes in Barbados, Grenada, and Antigua, have refused freedom when offered to them: 'What for me want free? me have good massa, good country, plenty to eat, and when me sick, massa's doctor physic me; me no want free, no not at all.' A very fine coloured woman in Antigua, who had been manumitted from her youth, came to Captain Lyons, on whose estate she had formerly been a slave, and entreated him to cancel, if possible, her manumission, and receive her again as a slave. 'Me no longer young, sir; and have a daughter to maintain!' This woman had always lived by a profession which usually indisposes for labour, and yet she was importunate to return to slavery. Surely she must have known the nature of that state and the contingencies to which she exposed herself by returning to it, at least as well as any gentleman in England.

"Every one who has been in Bar-

bados knows, as I have said before, that many of the wretched whites live on the charity of the slaves, and few people would institute a comparison on the respectability of the two classes."

We have not space to go through the colonies of Jamaica, Barbados, St. Vincent, Grenada, Dominica, St. Christopher, Nevis, Virgin Islands, Bahamas, Tobago, Bermuda, Antigua, Demerara and Essequibo, Berbice, Trinidad and St. Lucia. The most salutary laws have been herein respectively passed for the amelioration of the slaves, and the statement of their number gives a flat denial to Mr. Wilson. See the *British Colonial Slavery*, published by Ridgway, pp. 27, &c.

The following is also from the same pamphlet:—

"Dr. Shuttleworth, in his '*Paraphrase of the Apostolical Epistles*,' has occasion to advert to the topic of slavery; and he entertains it in a Christian spirit, which may have been heightened by his recent labours on St. Paul; and which both the writer and the commentator derive from a higher Master.

"The reader is not to conceive that Dr. Shuttleworth is an *advocate* for slavery, in its existing state, or under any possible modification. He regards it as 'a blenish, deprecated even by those amongst whom, by an unhappy combination of circumstances, it is unwillingly retained.'

"But, in his comment on the epistle to Philemon, he makes the following judicious and striking observations:—

"'St. Paul,' says Dr. Shuttleworth, 'appears to consider slavery rather as an abuse which the then established order of society had rendered necessary, than as an abomination at all events and at any price to be inexorably rooted up. . . . It became the necessary duty of an apostle, anxious rather for the promotion of substantial good, than for showy and plausible systems of reform, to tolerate what neither himself nor the party addressed had the power to prevent. . . . From the feeling manner in which this perplexing topic is discussed in the epistle before us, one truly important lesson is, at all events, to be derived; namely, with what liberality of charitable candour a Christian may hold his communings with society in his passage through a world, many of whose usages he disapproves, yet where no necessary reason exists for attributing improper motives to the particular individuals whose conduct may accidentally differ from his own. In expostulating with deliberate and calculating vice, the protest of a Christian minister cannot perhaps be too explicitly declared, but a vast multitude

of cases may, and do, undoubtedly exist, in which a candid and pious temper will suggest much to palliate what our first impulse might incline us to disapprove, where a sterner, though intrinsically less pure, system of philosophy would find only the materials for angry declamation and uncompromising censure.'

"We will not weaken these profound and excellent remarks by any comments of our own; but we would impress upon the reader's mind that the slavery which existed in the apostle's day was what has been already faintly described—a galling and oppressive yoke, of which no language can give an adequate conception; and so widely dissimilar from that system which at present prevails in our West India colonies, that its amelioration could only have been the result of that purifying influence, which, to use the language of Dr. Shuttlesworth, has attended 'the gradual adoption of better and holier principles of morals.'

"Upon the epistle itself, however, which the learned commentator has thus ably elucidated, we may offer one remark. How widely different is the spirit in which St. Paul has treated the condition of slavery, faithful as it was in his time, compared with that acrimonious hostility with which every enthusiastic declaimer permits himself to denounce the far milder servitude of our own. How striking a contrast is exhibited, between the tone of his appeal to Philemon, as master of the slave Onesimus, and that employed towards the masters of slaves in the present day, by men claiming to be animated by a no less Christian spirit.

"Philemon, though apparently a harsh master, since the fugitive dreaded to return to him without St. Paul's intercession, is thus, nevertheless, affectionately addressed by the Apostle:

"'Paul, to our beloved and fellow-labourer, Philemon, grace be to you, and peace from God our Father.

"'I sincerely thank God in my continual remembrance of you in my prayers, for all that I have heard of your love and faith, as manifested in your kindness to his holy servants.

"'We have all of us great cause for self-congratulation and comfort in witnessing your Christian kindness, and your many acts of beneficence, my beloved brother, to our necessitous converts.'

"Such is the tone and temper in which the chief of the apostles regarded and addressed one, in whom, as in the present day, the established condition of things had invested a right to the services and possession of slaves.

"Of the apostle's admission of such a right on the part of the master, the subjoined passages, in continuation of the

epistle, afford evidence which no man can hastily dispute:

"'Let me then,' says the apostle, 'entreat you to show compassion to Onesimus, one whom during my captivity, I have succeeded in converting to our faith; whom, unprofitable as his service has been to you thus far, you will, I trust, now find a good and an altered character. I have therefore ventured to send him back to you. Receive him to me kindly, I beseech you—I should indeed have been glad to have retained him with me in Rome for some longer time; I did not however venture to do so without your consent, especially as I wished such a favour to originate from yourself, and not to be extorted from you by any act of mine.

"'In the name then of our intimacy of affection, I entreat you to receive him with as much kindness as that with which you would receive myself; and, as you have suffered any loss or injury by him, to consider me as your debtor to that amount. In order that you may be warranted in requiring the compensation from myself, be it what it may, I write this clause specially with my own hand, as a full acknowledgement of the debt.'

"Again, in the First Epistle to Timothy, St. Paul says:

"'Let every believing brother who is a slave, pay all becoming honour and respect to the master who has a legal claim to his services, that the name of God and of the Gospel be not calumniated as incompatible with the usages of society; and in cases where the master is himself a Christian, let not the slave on that account relax his attention to his master's interests, on the plea that all Christians are brethren to one another, and equal in the sight of God; but let him rather do his duty the more earnestly on that very account, making the tie of mutual love and kindness only another motive to stimulate his industry. Impress this precept to the utmost of your power upon those you are called to instruct.'

"Upon which important passage Dr. Shuttlesworth remarks:

"'The admonition here inculcated by the apostle is strikingly characteristic of his deep insight into human nature. How often since his day has the spiritual equality of Christians been advanced by the enthusiastic and fanatical as a plea for insubordination, and an argument for the abolition of the civil distinctions of society.'

As to Mr. Wilson's rhapsody about the decrease in the numbers of slaves, we have already given a sufficient answer in the words of Mr. Douglas, as spoken in the House of Commons on Mr. Brougham's motion in the last

session of the last Parliament They are to be found in p 73 of our No VII, but, lest the reader should not have that number at hand, here it is again for his edification —

“ I hold in my hand a statement I have extracted from Returns laid on the Table of the House for five years and generally ending in 1826, by which it appears, that 7 640 persons have been manumitted, not including F bago, during that time, or that there have been about 1,500 manumissions annually The ratio, I have the best reasons for believing, is on the increase and I have to night moved for additional returns to the latest period, which will I believe, establish this expectation During the last twenty five years, in Jamaica the number of free black and coloured persons has increased from 20 000 to 40 000, principally by means of manumission

My honourable and learned friend has said much of the diminishing population in many of the colonies, but he says he excepts Barbadoes from his calculation Now I complain of this being a most unfavourable way for a person so minutely acquainted with the bearings of such a question to deal with it He knows that Barbadoes is our oldest established colony and that the Creole population are of oldest growth there and that that population is increased and increasing greatly to the inconvenience of its inhabitants in that colony In the instances to which he refers, he picks out colonies where there is still a large portion of Africans remaining, im-

ported previous to the abolition of the slave-trade, and where there is, consequently, a much larger proportion of males to females than ought to exist in a more settled state of society But in such colonies, as the old people die off, and the young grow up, there is no doubt that the increase of numbers which appears in Barbadoes, will extend to our other colonies In respect of the diminution of the number of slaves it also to be observed, that manumissions are accounted as deaths, for they are merely returned as a diminution of the slave population, so that reasoning on this subject is often founded on very wrong grounds ’

Here we must conclude for the present We were very desirous of saying a few words on the meeting of abolitionists which took place at Bristol, and seemed more like a common bias garden than a convention of cool-headed philosophers met for the purpose of philanthropising the blacks Our readers, however, will be delighted and vastly instructed if they will look into those proceedings as detailed in *Felix Farley's Journal* of the 13th November For ourselves, we must desist, for the printer's devil is twitching us at the elbow, and warning us to give place to our worthy friend, John Galt, who is impatient to be heard

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LETTERS ON WEST INDIAN SLAVERY.—BY J GALT, ESQ

TO OLIVER YORK, ESQ

LETTER II.

SIR,

IN my last letter, I stated some of the points which ought to be adjusted before entering upon the question of Emancipation It was then made sufficiently plain, that I am not opposed to the abrogation of the negroes' slavery In asking for a previous investigation of the circumstances of their condition, I but shew my respect for their rights More, upon the necessity of providing for them, cannot well be urged, and no denial can impair the just force of the arguments employed But there is another preliminary point which ought to be seriously and without delay taken into consideration by the West Indians, and which I only slightly alluded to

in condemning their supineness with regard to their own interest, compared to the activity of their opponents

It is well known, that, for a long period, under the pretext of philanthropy, there has existed in this country an unconscious conspiracy against the lives and properties of the West Indians, and that, without considering what may be the consequences of their one eyed policy, those who have embraced it, pertinaciously proceed in a straight forward course to their goal Did they only do so by ordinary means their phantasy of benevolence would be comparatively innocent, but we have seen, that they have made wide strides to political in-



fluence, in order to effect the completion of their philanthropic but mischievous purposes. I shall consider no farther, however, their designs at this time, than simply allude to the election of Mr. Brougham for Yorkshire. That single event is the key and index of their proceedings; and there is a boastfulness in what he proposes to do, that should rouse the West Indians to a bolder defence of their own cause than they have yet undertaken.

It is manifest that the philanthropists are resolute; and, in their champion, they have engaged one of the most powerful and fearless orators of the age. In all this time of thickening dangers, what are the West Indians doing? They are putting forth pamphlets and publications, which are never read but by their own friends, who have no need of such stimulants. Their antagonists go into Parliament; they astonish the legislature with their eloquence, and terrify the De Coverleys of the House with their anathemas. The pulpit, too, long notoriously ignorant of the true merits of the case, has become clamorous on their side; and it seems a plausible theme there that the law of God is at war with slavery—which it is not. It is only at war with that poverty and affliction which emancipation, to a moral, certainly will entail. The press, too, groans; and, knowing the catching nature of LIBERTY vaunted in declamation, the stage is also put in requisition for their cause. All this is actively administered, and the West Indians have not collective energy enough to raise a finger against it, and yet all they possess is a stake. The fact cannot be disputed; but the cause of their apparent apathy is not easily understood. Perhaps it is shame and bashfulness, worked upon them by their adversaries. If it be, then they suffer in two ways—both as men in their characters, and by putting their property to hazard. Unless they look at the world, and contemplate the tendency of things—unless they feel, that the philanthropists have fairly declared war against them, and are prosecuting it with vigour—they must be ruined. If, however, they would take a right view of their own situation, and manfully meet the enemy, they might yet be masters of the field. But it is not

by meeting in committees, and sending deputations to the minister to represent their woeful condition—nor even by firing off the pen-guns of an occasional clever pamphlet, read only by themselves—that they are to achieve this. They must reflect that they are attacked by public opinion, which the Government itself is compelled to obey, and their exertions should be directed towards it. They must enlist the church, and the senate, and the theatre, in their cause—a cause that has nothing to fear from investigation, and still less from piety. If a bold and high ground of this kind be not taken, the philanthropists will so far prevail, that it will be soon too late to think of repressing their dangerous arrogance.

“But in what way,” say the West Indians, “is this to be done?”—The answer is short—the danger does not admit of measuring words. The West Indians must act as men of the world, and bravely and openly unite.

No time should be lost in forming themselves into an incorporation; the first object of which should be to raise money, in order to constitute a fund, independent of individual munificence. They must literally begin by subscribing, in as great numbers as they can assemble, as large a sum as they are able; and the application of it must be widely and freely made. They must have Parliamentary influence. They are weak there, and they must make themselves strong. This is not to be done, as the vulgar suppose, by any thing analogous to bribery; but they must pay the service of talent. I do not venture to say, that any capital they may gather would be adequate to purchase the integrity of Mr. Brougham; but there are able men in the world who think differently from him, and in these they should procure the means of advocating their cause in Parliament, and in all scenes and on all occasions where truth may be delivered, and plain speaking respected.

At this hour, there is not a single member in the House of Commons, detached from his own personal interests, that can be said to be publicly connected with the West India question. It is a vast interest, and yet it is unrepresented. To provide, therefore, effective influence in the House of Commons money must be pro-

cured; and without such influence, the West India cause, as it has hitherto been managed, must perish—and perish deservedly—for the means of salvation have hitherto been so used as if they were not.

To send sufficient advocates into the House will require a large sum; but if the West Indians had no more than one manful member, whose duty it was to look after their interest, it would still do some good; and he would not be long there until the benefit of his services were found to have been cheaply purchased.

Nor would the cause be unbecoming of high virtues. The magnitude of the interest is worthy of ambition, and the protection of a helpless people from the visionary reveries of mistaken benevolence is a noble cause. The advocacy must be founded on the justice, the policy, and the christianity of the case; and in each of these respects he would find himself on the vantage ground, before any antagonist that the philanthropists, with all their length of purse and face, could send against him. In a word, the first duty of the West Indians is to unite themselves into an effective incorporation, with adequate means—and to have efficient members in Parliament, carefully selected and chosen, expressly for the purpose of defending their interests there.

I am aware, that certain conscientious persons will be somewhat alarmed at the idea of openly returning gentlemen to Parliament to guard the interests of a body of men who have no legal right to be represented at all. But the question now is altogether one of a practical nature, and it must be viewed with worldly eyes. A strong expedient, amounting almost to a necessity, is imposed upon the West Indians; and it cannot be questioned, that, in defence of their lives and property, they have a right to employ all the means in their power; while it is no less true, that their adversaries have no natural nor political right whatever to do as they have done, and are doing, save only a vague feeling of philanthropy. When, then, it is considered, that many boroughs are private property, and their members but the political agents of this property, there can exist no valid objection to the purchasing of such boroughs by a West Indian So-

ciety, and to the sending of such members for them as, the Society conceives, may best defend its rights. Indeed, there would be a practical improvement in the House of Commons to the extent this might be done, inasmuch as boroughs would unquestionably be better in the hands of a public Society than in those of private persons. They would be better, too, in another respect; as, instead of being the means of furnishing consequence to mere wealth, they would be elevated to the dignity of furnishing places to superior talent—for the Society would only choose men of that description.

I would, however, go much farther than this; it is only in some public profession that the men fit for the object in view are to be found; and to pay due attention to the West Indian cause, they must, to a certain extent at least, sacrifice their professional emoluments. Now it is not probable, that men capable of being effective in the West India cause, would for the mere honour of being advocates of it in the House of Commons, make such a sacrifice. They must be remunerated for the sacrifice. They must be paid.

But the idea of Members of Parliament being paid is greatly contrary to long-established usage. It may be so, but it is not just; and, after all, the present custom is practically but a device to keep the representation in the hands of rich men and great families. It is true, that the principle of the constitution, by requiring qualifications in property, assumes that property is the criterion of wisdom and capacity; and so it would be, were property left floating; but it is trammelled by so many laws and usages, that its natural effect on society is not allowed in consequence to take place.

Independently, however, of the mere usage of the thing, it should be recollected, in considering this point, that it is not so very ancient, since members were considered for their attendance on Parliament; that, in the colonial legislatures, they are paid still; and, in that paradise of all the sweets of liberty, the United States, they are also paid; why then should they not be paid here—is there any thing either morally or politically wrong in the payment of members of

Parliament? In what does it differ from employing counsel at the bar? and if the West Indians cannot find men so wedded to their interests who will work for them without payment, why should they not pay those who will? It sounds no doubt very noble and mighty Roman-like to have legislators that will act without pay. But it is a doctrine that the people should not much respect, for it limits their choice of legislators to a certain narrow class and circle, and that not the most distinguished for knowledge and talent. This is a point of view in which the subject has not been much regarded, but nevertheless it is a true and a just one; but it trenches too directly on the question of parliamentary reform to be discussed in this subsidiary manner, especially as I have said enough to justify the propriety of the West Indians purchasing what are called rotten boroughs, and paying members to represent the West Indian interest.

Now, if we suppose the West Indian interest represented by fit and discreet persons, and fairly organized by incorporation into a simultaneous body against the philanthropists, the next point to be considered is the course of policy they should adopt. It is quite manifest, from what I have said in my former letter, that this will not be to resist the abrogation of slavery, but only to see that before the West India property is rendered a nullity, sufficient compensation for what is proposed to be annihilated, will be granted to the proprietors, and sufficient provision made for the slaves, to prevent them from sinking into the condition of the paupers of Europe; a policy founded on these principles should govern the legislative conduct of the friends of the West Indies, for without it ruin must ensue to the proprietors, and wretchedness to the slave.

At present the slaves are in better circumstances than the labourers of England. By giving them freedom they will be reduced to equal circumstances. It is not in the power of enactment to do more. The slave, therefore, will, in a certain degree, be deteriorated in his condition by what the philanthropists are endeavouring to accomplish, and in this lies much of the force of what may be

addressed to the world in answer to the idle declamation about the abstract thing which they call freedom. True freedom is security against the evils incident to human society, and it is an assumed dogma, which has no existence in nature, to suppose that fences can be raised without abridging natural liberty. It is this fact which makes the several conditions of mankind not entirely good in themselves, but comparatively so with one another. Liberty, as it is vulgarly understood, implies the absence of restraint or of law; but under the forms of freedom, it is not difficult to conceive a despotism established by law, that shall be as grievous as absolute tyranny. Considerations of this kind are closely interwoven with the West Indian question, and must be looked at in all their bearings, and carefully too, before any ultimate opinion can be well formed. I say, can be, because the philanthropists have unfortunately inoculated the negroes with their theories, and that simple people imagine that what is called emancipation, will make them at once masters. They are like the poor child, who, on being asked of what profession he intended to be, said, "a gentleman!" and why? "because they walk about with sticks," as if nothing more went to establish the profession than that innocent procedure. You must treat the negro as the child, to make him understand the actual condition in which he will be placed when he gets his pancea, emancipation, the boon intended to be given. The advocates of gradual emancipation contemplate something of the kind—of previously informing the negroes—though as yet they have held the world in darkness as to what it is they contemplate. They must come forward with their specific plan, if they have any, and take opinion on the subject before they hazard the declaration of any legislative resolution: this they should be obliged to do. Considering the state of the parties interested, and that the tendency of their endeavours is nothing less than to desolate the West Indies—a probable effect that cannot be often enough held up to view, but which the philanthropists in their zeal to attain their hazardous end, carefully conceal.

It is no part of the duty of those who oppose the philanthropists to offer any plan, even while they contend that the process of emancipation can only be accomplished by intellectual improvement. Their business is simply to criticise the schemes of their opponents; for the moral purification, the welling of the mind, is going on as fast as circumstances warrant among the negroes. It is only those who think otherwise, and desire to see it refining faster, that can entertain any project for hastening the process.

But it is a project which we want to see. Place it before us, and let us judge of it, before we give you leave to introduce it; for it will affect us and ours, but will in no degree touch you, or ought of yours. This distinction between *ours* and *yours* is all we wish you to consider. It may be fine amusement to you to play with the rights of man, as you call them; but if you make us furnish the balls, you commence with an usurpation at our expense, and equality is destroyed between us. We have no objection to your game; but you have no right nor authority to make us supply you with the means of playing it.

The case stands precisely thus:—The West Indians say—and they speak from actual knowledge of the case—that the negroes at present enjoy a positive quantity of happiness, which the planters are averse to see put to the hazard of diminution. The philanthropists, on the contrary, say, that they will put entirely aside this species of happiness, and substitute a new condition of relationship; by which more of another kind of happiness (political) will accrue: but they have only speculative opinion to allege against undeniable fact. The whole question, therefore, is—shall the change be hazarded?

I have myself heard it often alleged, that, granting that the West Indians are in justice entitled to compensation, and the negroes to a provision for setting them free, such is the amount of the sum which would be requisite to effect this that it could not be raised, and, therefore, it is useless to think of it. The negroes will make themselves free—the plantations will be desolated—the planters will be ruined—all the fleets

of ships in the West India trade will rot in the harbours unemployed—all the many thousands of sailors that formerly sailed in them will be sent adrift to beggary, or to the navies of adverse nations—the carpenters in the dock-yards will also be driven to misery—the mortgagees of the West Indies will be made bankrupt—their counting-houses be shut up—the enormous warehouses, and stupendous docks, become heaps of ruins—the ropemakers and the sailmakers be cast into poverty—the countless crowds of labourers and artisans, which the West India trade employs, will all be tumbled headlong into idleness and crime. All this will be the effect of emancipation; and shall we not put our hands into our pockets to try if we can prevent it—because the value of the British West Indies and their eight hundred thousand slaves, cannot be estimated in value at less than a hundred millions sterling, and that sum Great Britain cannot afford to raise?

But this cannot be allowed; for even if the sum requisite were correctly estimated at one hundred millions sterling, it is not such an unattainable amount as the friends of compensation imagine. In fact, it might easily be effected thus:—

Without treating with the West Indians at all, let the estimated amount of compensation be created stock in the names of the commissioners for the redemption of the national debt, to be held by them in trust for the West Indian interest.

From this stock, appropriations may be made, from time to time, to the West Indian proprietors, as the value of their slaves is ascertained, as it must be, by commissioners. Taking the compensation at the supposed sum of one hundred millions, the amount would be added to the national debt. But Government would have to provide only for the interest, which, at three per cent. would amount to no more than three millions a year.

There is now paid between two and three millions for the redemption of the national debt: and this, in place of redeeming the debt, might be applied to pay the dividends on the new stock.

It is said there is to be a reduction of the taxes to the amount of three millions a year. But instead of

making this reduction, the taxes might be continued, and the proceeds specially applied to pay the dividends. It is not overstating the generosity of the British public to say, that it would cheerfully bear twice that amount, to be free of the question and stigma of slavery.

By this it will be seen, that compensation may be easily found without increasing the taxes, or disturbing the existing order of things.

But the subject admits of a much more moderate view—even practical as the preceding plan may seem. The philanthropists say, that emancipation will not bring any material change upon the West Indies, and that compensation will not be required. So much the better—but still I would only provide for the probable consequences. Let Government only say to the legislature, your benevolence will perhaps cost the West Indians all their property, which they value at so much; now, we have no objection to indulge your philanthropical visions; but before we can in justice and equity do so, put it in our power to make compensation, when it shall be required, and to the amount that may be found necessary. In asking you to create a new stock of one hundred millions in trust with the commissioners for the redemption of the national debt, or rather to put into their hands for that purpose the sum of three millions a year, we do not say that when you have done so, we shall begin immediately to pay the West Indians. No: we shall keep the sum until it has been ascertained what losses are occasioned to them by your philanthropy; and if it is not wanted, the nation will have all this stock in readiness for any other contingent. It may be a sacred treasure, reserved for wars with the Gaul—you will be none the poorer by the appropriation; but let us see by making it, that you are willing to assure the West Indians that their interests are duly appreciated in your schemes of philanthropy. As a preliminary therefore to the discussion of the question of emancipation, you should make the fund of indemnification, and when that is done, then proceed with your schemes of emancipation, whether these be for an immediate or a gradual abolition: no impediment can then be made

even to the wildest. But before you take any step for precipitating the “sleek and fatted” negro into work-house poverty and parochial pinching, provide that his condition shall not be made worse than it is.

The vast value of the West Indies to the general empire and to many home interests is not disputed, and I have just shown that in their extreme estimate it may be practically and easily considered; but there is an insidious argument employed by the philanthropists, calculated to turn the public attention aside from the contemplation of compensation, or to make it be regarded as a very trivial thing. It is this—the West Indian trade has now been for many years in a languishing condition. Every session of Parliament the merchants have been soliciting a remission of duties, and every year the doors of the treasury have been besieged with the tales of their grievances. This, the philanthropists say, is a proof that West Indian property cannot be of that great value now that it once was; and that, granting the proprietors are entitled to compensation, the amount cannot be a large sum; nor can it be pretended that the depreciation in the value of their property has been caused by the endeavours of the benevolent to assuage the sufferings of the poor negroes—No doubt this is exceedingly plausible; it is seemingly conclusive, and is intended to impress Government and the country with an idea that emancipation may be granted, even allowing compensation, without great expense. But let us examine the argument a little narrowly.

It presents, I think, a two-fold character; *first*, the depreciation arising from causes extraneous to the existing slavery; and *second*, the depreciation arising from the doubts which have been started by calling in question the validity of the tenures and titles by which the property is held. Without the argument be thus separated it cannot be properly investigated; and it cannot be fairly stated but in this divided form. Now let us consider it accordingly.

With relation to the first division, it is not denied, that although the consumption of West Indian produce has increased since the abolition of the slave trade to our islands,

still the value of the produce of the islands has diminished. During the discussions of the slave-trade question, it was often enough alleged, that the abrogation of the trade would have the effect of increasing the value of their property to the West Indians, and yet nothing can be more true than that it has had quite the opposite effect. In so far then the advocates of that interesting measure have proved false prophets. And why? Simply because in abolishing the trade among ourselves we threw it into the hands of others, who have made use of it to enlarge the cultivation of their plantations. We, by abolishing the trade, have raised against ourselves competitors, and the value of our West Indian produce has been lessened in the markets of the world by the ability which we conferred upon our rivals in them. Can this fact be denied? and can it be disputed that this is not one of those extraneous causes which have brought on the depreciation so much felt? Our West Indies have now competitors to a much larger extent than they ever had before. Their produce may be said to be of limited, though of general consumption, and more of the same kind is now manufactured than at any former period, arising entirely from our having made no effectual effort to induce other nations to abolish the slave trade when we did it ourselves. There was a gross error in the policy in which we abolished the trade, and care should be taken that a second be not again committed. The consent of all Europe should have been obtained in the first instance to the abolition; and that should have been established as a preliminary, which afterwards cost us so much trouble to accomplish by treaties, and which have not yet been effectual. Now the depreciation which has arisen from this error is clearly to be attributed to the benevolent machinations of the philanthropists, and a ground of compensation might be founded on that fact.

But the additional cultivation in the foreign colonies, arising from the advantages thrown into them by our abolition of the slave trade, is not the only cause of that depreciation

which so materially affects the value of West Indian produce. We have not only enabled the foreign colonies to cultivate more than formerly, but we have disabled our own islands from cultivating so much. We have placed the difference between what our own islands raised at one time and what they now raise, in the hands of their adversaries; besides the additional quantity which has arisen from the extended cultivation of the latter. This cannot be denied, and it constitutes another ground for claiming compensation.

Independently, however, of these two indisputable consequences of the impolitic manner into which the kingdom was hurried to the abolition of the slave trade, there is another quite as striking. By that measure we, in one way, increased the value of West Indian property in our colonies, and in so far may be said to have realized the false predictions of the philanthropists—but we only, and, in fact, made it more costly to raise the produce than it was previously. We rendered cultivation more expensive, but (which would have been the true realization of the prophecy,) we did not increase the value of the produce. West Indian estates were in consequence diminished in value, because the expense of cultivating them was increased; so that, had the prices continued the same, there would still have been a depreciation proceeding from that cause; but the prices continued to decline, and therefore a just ground of compensation lies in this expense of cultivation, as well as in the two other causes.

It thus appears very obvious, that causes are in operation which have depreciated the value of West India property—extraneous causes; and it is equally obvious, that these causes have originated in the measures of the philanthropists, who therefore can with no fairness, nor show of any justice, maintain that, on account of these extraneous causes, the West Indians have not a just pretence to claim indemnification, or on that account to have it considered in their claim hereafter for compensation. On the contrary, they have even now a good claim for indemnification, without reference to what may take

place in the future; in so much as they alone have been made to bear the whole expense of the abolition, the cost of the boon given to humanity, by ending the slave trade.

Having thus shown that, in the first division of the plausible argument of the philanthropist against compensation, there really exists a very strong ground for it indeed, I shall now take up the second division, touching the doubts they have started, relative to the validity of West Indian tenures and titles to property.

It will not be denied, that the whole bearings of the question of slavery have had the effect of diminishing the value of property, of whatsoever kind, in the West Indies. The time was, when the right to property in the slave was so perfectly admitted, that mortgages on that species of property could be easily obtained, and were obtained. What man in his senses would now lend money on any such security? What man who has lent it, is not anxious to obtain repayment even at a considerable sacrifice? Is there then no depreciation arising from this cause? and is not this cause the first of the attacks made by the philanthropists, under the pretence of abrogating an evil, of which there is much reason in doubting the existence. The landlord has been reduced to be a tenant at will—inheritorship has been destroyed, and yet we are told, that this diminishes the amount of the claim for compensation!

It is not, however, the property in the slaves only that should be considered. Without the negroes, the land is literally worth nothing; and, therefore, just in the same proportion as the slave has been rendered valueless to his master, the estate on which he laboured is made equally so. Would any man, under the agitations of Mr. Brougham and his friends, invest money from this country in the West Indies? Will it not, therefore, be at once admitted, that from as sound a tenure and title to their estates as the gentlemen of England possess to theirs, the philanthropists have rendered the holding of the planters dangerously precarious? I say not, that "the violation of the security of one description of pro-

perty is generally and quickly followed by an unceremonious destruction of all," because I really hope it is not necessary; and yet, in every discussion of the slave question in Parliament, the very foundations of individual property are openly assailed, and listened to with a complacency that deserves no other epithet than infatuation. The titles and the tenures of West Indian property are absolutely destroyed for all practical purposes. No West Indian can now bequeath, with satisfaction to his family, any property at all. He may give the name in the will, and mention there the thousands of pounds that he has, under the law, invested in negroes; but how is it ever again to be converted into money? Surely those rash and pious zealots, who endeavour so assiduously to cast their fellow-subjects, the West Indian proprietors, into absolute poverty, do not consider how much they impair the strongholds of their own weight in the state—how much they injure their own charters and title-deeds—when they talk of all men being equal in rights! Good God! are not all men also equal in property? Is there any law of nature, any authority, but the necessary institutions of society, which constitutes property? Does not every individual born upon the globe inherit, as the birthright of his being, a claim to an equal share with his fellows of the earth? and yet do we not see, that the majority of mankind are allowed by society to claim only their graves, while "lords and gentlemen" are protected by the laws, and the wisdom, and the experience of ages, in the possession of vast domains?—What is the difference between the natural right to property and the natural rights of man? The one is as good as the other. They are indeed one; and it is only by shutting the eyes of the understanding, and assuming that there is *some* difference, that the radical discussion of the West Indian servitude is at all tolerated.

But my present purpose lies not in such topics. All I contend for is, that West Indian property has some value by the long-acknowledged validity of tenures and titles; and in proportion as these are depreciated in value, by causes to which the pro-

prietors are naturally and legally opposed, compensation should be granted. In a word, the conclusion, both from the first and second division of

the argument, unfairly alleged by the philanthropists, strengthens this opinion.

J. G.

N. B. I have just been informed, that two or three of the West Indian Committee of Literature—God save the mark!—West Indies and Literature!!! are mightily displeased at some of the observations in my last letter. They are at full liberty to be so—but it shall not deter me from accomplishing the task which early connexions and old associations have induced me *voluntarily* to undertake. I write but to impress, if I can, the public.

Since your last publication, there has been an anti-slave meeting at Bristol; at which the Broad-brimmed spoilers of others were, in argument, completely defeated. At Glasgow, where reciprocity is appreciated—there has also been another assemblage, where “cocks attempted to be as free of horse corn”—but the number, I hear, did not exceed three hundred—perhaps there may have been three hundred and an old lady. The petition from Edinburgh, for granting *immediate* manumission to the negroes was signed by twenty-five thousand persons—(how many were school-boys?) But as the Apostle Paul says, prophetically of the inhabitants—“All the Athenians and strangers there, spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing,” and an anti-slavery meeting was as good for a forenoon’s amusement, as an elephant for an evening show.

#### EPIGRAMS FROM THE FRENCH.

THE following Epigram, by Clement Marôt, is a very beautiful imitation of Martial’s *Bella Es*.

THOU art very fair, in truth,  
Slandereth he who doth deny it.  
Thou art very rich, I see—  
Hast thou need to conquer by it?

Thou art very good and gentle,  
To deny it who shall dare?  
But, when thine own praise thou singest,  
Thou art not good, nor rich, nor fair!

Monstreuil was born at Paris in 1620, and afterwards became Secretary to the Archbishop of Aix. His poetry is distinguished by much grace and elegance of expression.

I am not pure enough to claim  
The love-glance of thine eye;  
But my heart hath grief sufficient,  
Phillis, to deserve thy sigh.

In my tears, ’twere too much glory,  
For thee, in sooth, to take a part;  
In thy memory I may linger,  
If I am not in thy heart.

Tho’ the favour be most precious,  
Hope hath lit her dying ember—  
Oh! Phillis, is it not the same,  
To love and to remember?



## THE BURNINGS IN KENT, AND THE STATE OF THE LABOURING CLASSES.

THERE has been a vast profusion of oratory, and more than an average crop of ingenious theories, and a plentiful lack of common sense fruitlessly expended on this subject in Parliament, and elsewhere. Efforts have been made, from what motives we enquire not, to give to the fires in Kent and other places a mysterious origin—to veil the authors—to hide the causes—to distort plain and incontrovertible facts, in order to conceal as much as possible from public view, what in our apprehension, should not be concealed for one moment, if it be desirable that proper and efficient remedies should be applied. Every where we see sedate gentlemen indulging in dark surmises—in whispers which it would be treason to speak aloud in Downing Street—in hints of walking human phosphorus boxes, accoutred as the retailers of religious tracts, or the agents of the Anti-Slavery Society; of pyrotechnic troopers, riding about the country, loaded with combustibles, and attired sometimes like a London attorney, going the home circuit, or an honest tea-dealer seeking orders: all this we hear whispered and insinuated in a thousand different ways, accompanied with the usual pertinent looks, sober grimaces, and all the other outward signs of confidence and consternation.

"It is not the *honest* labourers of Kent," says one noble friend; "it is not the *good* men of Kent," exclaims Sir Somebody; "it is not *my* tenantry who are implicated," ejaculates a third party; "nor is it mine," say a fourth and fifth; "no, no," strikes in another, "I am confident that neither the yeomanry, nor the labourers, nor even those whom we might term the paupers of the county, in which I have the *honour* to reside, have any *guilty* knowledge of these infamous outrages." This is the language we hear from persons whom we are bound to respect, but which nevertheless we cannot but regret, inasmuch as it proves either too much or too little; for if the labourers be not the authors of these burnings, then we have nothing to fear in a national point of view, and

there is no reason for exciting any great alarm; while on the other hand, if they be the authors and abettors of them, the truth should be spoken out unreservedly, and the most searching enquiry made into the moral and physical causes, which, inverting and perverting all the natural sympathies of the cottager or labourer, arm him against his employer and protector, and drive him to acts of crime, of which unless checked, either by the strong arm of the law, or a change in his condition, he will be the first victim.

If we could, upon any rational grounds, arrive at the conclusion, that these incendiary proceedings are not the acts of the labourers, or that, on the contrary, they are the unwilling and insensate witnesses of their progress; if we could conscientiously acquit them of all knowledge of the authors, of any participation in the crime, or of any latent dissatisfaction on their part, leading to a violation of the law, and an inclination to secretly promote such a change as would drag to their level, in the scale of society, every order that is above them, imagining that in this confusion and commingling of classes, their condition would be ameliorated, or that a nearer equality of castes and circumstances would be produced; if we could acquit them of any such wish or intention, we should feel unfeigned happiness in discharging from our mind the suspicions that cling to it. But it is because we can, after the most mature deliberation, come to no such conclusion; because the facts are too clear and overwhelming on the opposite side; because we see in the present proceedings, the workings of a pernicious system, which we have long watched and decried—which we have exposed and condemned in vain; that we must adopt a different theory, and fortify it by arguments, and by evidence, which it may be painful to promulgate, but which the state of the country, and the humiliated wretchedness of the lower classes, render an imperious duty.

Lord Wilton at the least of the rail-way, in Manchester, but with

more arrogance than he had any right to assume, disclosed some facts which are intimately connected with this subject. He stated that for some considerable time, the working classes have cherished a lamentable distrust of the wealthy and aristocratic order, to which his lordship belongs. They had, he said, undergone a change of feeling; had cooled in their attachment to their superiors; had uprooted that respect which the yeoman, in the best days of our history, bore towards his lord, and the mechanic towards his employer; had begun to inculcate the absurd notions of equality, and look upon themselves as aggrieved, merely because providence had cast their lot in a poorer or more obscure station than that of the aristocracy. This unhappy estrangement of affection, his lordship was pleased to ascribe to the march of education, to the malign nostrums of the schoolmaster, to the spurious morality of the present day, and the dangerous influence of Mr. Henry, now Lord Brougham, and cheap libraries.

How far Lord Wilton once advocated the extension of this sort of education himself, or how often he enacted the empiric, when it suited his purposes, or the objects of a faction, we shall not stop to enquire. Certain it is, however, that his lordship either was ignorant of, or he intentionally misrepresented the causes of that alienation which he lamented. We freely give his lordship the choice of the alternative—his ignorance or his malevolence—the subterfuge of the tool or the blockhead. The estrangement which he deploras; the jarring pretensions which he deprecates and possibly dreads; are *not* caused by the progress of education, but the march of poverty—not by cheap tracts, but by poor fare—not by information, but the want of employment, and inadequate sustenance. It is a melancholy fact that for several years, the labourers of England have been declining towards the unhappy condition of the peasantry of Ireland. Since 1823, the increase of crime is truly alarming, being from 16,390 criminals, to nearly 36,000; and yet this increase, terrific though it be, is by no means equal to the deterioration in the circumstances of the labourer, and the

rapid increase of pauperism. The rate of alms, doled out by the overseer, has been reduced in the ratio of the fall in the prices of provisions, and various articles of clothing; notwithstanding which the actual and nominal assessments, under the poor laws, have increased from five millions and a half, to upwards of eight millions. The number of those who pay poor rates, has been reduced considerably by the depression of the times, and the reverses of trade, while the number of paupers has increased; and those who were once in comfortable circumstances, and earned adequate wages, are now reduced to a state of privation, bordering on absolute pauperism. In Kent alone there are not less than thirty thousand persons, who do not earn more than ninepence a day. There are hundreds of families, consisting of husband, wife, and from two to six children, who do not divide among them on the average, more than seven shillings and sixpence a week, being about two-pence halfpenny per day, to each individual, young and old. In Sussex, the condition of the labourers is similar; he is a fortunate wretch, who receives twelve-pence a day, for toiling upon the roads, from six o'clock in the morning to six at night. In Bedfordshire, things are much in the same state; and as regards the actual paupers, who are numerous, their treatment is revolting to humanity. There are not only pinched upon the lowest possible quantity of sustenance, but they are enclosed in pens, driven from place to place, like cattle, sold upon a term to the highest bidder, under conditions that would make a slave blush in the West Indies.

Every moral feeling is outraged; every tie dear to poverty and misfortune is torn asunder; the pauper is treated like a locomotive machine, as if he had neither feelings nor attachments, nor any sense of human life or animal indulgences. In Buckinghamshire the pressure of the taxes, tithes, poor-rates, and other imposts, is so enormous, that large portions of land cannot be let. Thousands of acres have been thrown upon the hands of the proprietors. The poor are so numerous, that any quantity of field or road labour may be ob-

tained from able-bodied men for from 1s. to 1s. 3d. per day. Young men, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, are employed in sifting gravel, and are paid no more than sevenpence a day. In Cambridgeshire the labourer is no better situated. Sometimes 9d., and in many cases not more than 6d., a day are the wages of a digger of gravel, or a braker of stones. There is a case before us, relative to that county, where a pauper, who was employed digging gravel, for 3s. 6d. a week, happened to keep a pig at his cottage. The pig produced a litter; and as if this had been a windfall, like some of those which drop like manna on the head of Bishop Blomfield, *he was dismissed from his employment, and told he could have no more employment till he had sold his young pigs in the market, and expended the proceeds in his subsistence!* This is a well authenticated fact. Under this mode of managing the poor, how is it possible for any labourer, who has once come under the régime of the overseer, ever to better his condition?

Similar treatment has been, and still is, pursued in Hampshire. And it did not commence yesterday. The cruelties we speak of were not invented in 1830. Three or four years ago the magistrates of that county had a meeting, in order to strike the rate of wages for the poor. Over this meeting, if we mistake not, Sir Francis Baring, that eminent Whig philanthropist and liberal politician, presided. It was then and there fixed, that the wages of a labourer upon the roads, during winter, should be *sixpence a day!* This was agreed to, and no more was paid. Necessity forced the unprotected pauper to starve upon this miserable and degrading pittance. And this was the assessment of the magistrates—not the rate fixed by the “rapacious” overseer—but by the landowners and gentlemen of England! But it is not to Hampshire, or Cambridgehire, or Sussex, or Kent, or Bedfordshire, or Berkshire, or Buckinghamshire, that this state of things is confined. It pervades all the southern and many of the middle counties of England. The proprietors of the soil have acted with a total disregard of the consequences, absolutely like insane men, and the

labourer has been driven to distraction. He is every where treated like a beast of burthen. As to the union of the sexes, Mr. P. Macqueen well observes, that matrimony is strictly prohibited and prevented, except in those cases, where the bridegroom has no alternative between wedlock and the treadmill. In order to save the sum of five pounds many an unfortunate male devil is compelled to marry and attach himself to a parish prostitute for life. Domestic industry is not encouraged, but actually restrained. The natural habits of the poor are inverted; and it is no uncommon sight to see a poor, emaciated, slender girl assisting her father in the rough work of breaking stones by the road sides of England. No portion of the soil is given to the poor for domestic culture. He must not grow a potato, or a cabbage, or a turnip, for his own use, even though the land be waste, and yielding no revenue, and he living in idleness at the expense of the parish. Machinery has driven the distaff into oblivion. Spinning and knitting by the winter fire-side are now almost unknown. The cottage wheel now never turns to the happy song, nor is the cottager ever heard to whistle over the osiers which he makes into baskets. Nothing is heard but the plaint of poverty, the murmur of deep sorrow, the muttering threat of indignation and vengeance. To this, oh, God! we have come at last! The common people are reduced to the minimum of endurable existence, and despair dictates acts at which their hearts revolt. There is in the nature of man a spirit of retaliation, and it is this spirit which is now warring with the property of those whose fathers were their protectors.

This being the lamentable state of the lower orders in England, let us contrast it with that of the higher classes. The change effected in the currency by Peel's bill has been productive of two paramount evils working in opposite directions. It has embarrassed the improving landowner—the farmer of inadequate capital, and who, in many instances, depended upon the credit of some neighbouring banker—the small manufacturer, and the respectable shopkeeper. All these people have unex-

pectedly been plunged into difficulties, many of them unconscious of the quarter whence the blow came. The landlord who had borrowed money for the laudable purpose of improving his estate, and which money, while he expended it, gave employment to numerous workmen, whose labour so directed, was a national benefit—such a man is half beggared. The mortgagee, were he to foreclose, could take from him almost his last acre. When the investment was made, one third of the rental of the estate paid the interest due to the lender. Now, however, this interest, along with increased poor rates and other burthens, swallows up two-thirds or more of the whole rental. How can such a proprietor expend any part of his income in agricultural improvements? How can he afford to employ labourers? He can scarce maintain his family, and pay the taxes. The wood upon his estate is almost unsaleable—the iron not worth the digging—his pasture land will scarcely let except to some itinerant drover, who, in all probability, will cheat him—and as for his arable land, it is in a great measure thrown upon his hands—his late industrious tenants having sold off their stock, and embarked for Canada or New South Wales.

The opposite evil, caused by Peel's bill, affects a different class of persons in a very different manner. While it has impoverished the small trader, and the landowner entirely dependant upon the produce of the soil—while it has embarrassed the village tradesman and manufacturer, and deprived the labourer of employment—it has thrown the capital of the country into a few hands; giving, as it were, a monopoly to the holder of stock and ready money; doubling the value of this money; doubling the value of all fixed salaries, annuities, and pensions; doubling the pressure of the taxes and all local burthens; and enfranchising to an enormous extent all the loan brokers and contractors, all the lenders of money, and all the unprincipled jobbers of the Stock Exchange, at the expense of the nation at large, but principally of the most industrious portion of the population. It has enriched the Barings, the Peels, the Ricardos, the people of the tribe of

and Manasseh, the Rothschilds, the Morrisons, and the Kins of Ikey Solomons, and all the enormous and overgrown capitalists. This, we submit, is a grievous evil. It has placed the resources of the country entirely under the control of those who have the least interest in its welfare; who have no sympathies in common with the labourer or the operative; who luxuriate in low prices while the farmer is starving; and glory in cheap cottons, while the weaver is feasting upon parish soup, or rocking his hungry child upon a cold hearth without a coat or a shoe. These men care no more for the misfortunes of the unhappy workmen, who are their dupes and their victims, than his Grace the Conqueror of Napoleon did for the cries of the 5,000 Hindoos whom he sent to their account in the waters of the Malpurba.

If it be true, then, as Lord Wilton alleges, which we fear it is, that the democracy have begun to look with an eye of distrust upon the aristocracy, this feeling has its origin in the rapacity of these swelling upstarts who having too long an unfortunate, and we fear a fatal influence in the councils of the nation, have dictated the measures which have all but ruined the country. These labourers are too shrewd not to perceive that every measure of the successive administrations which have ruled England since 1823, has tended to enrich the few at the expense of the many; and while it has made beggars lords, and swindlers honourable gentlemen, has beggared the real nobility, and converted into mendicants and slaves a great portion of the productive classes. They cannot but look with an eye of jealousy on these men. Every horrid image, and every trait of long concealed resentment, must start up at the bare mention of their names. They see the country laid waste, and fast retrograding towards its original sterility, in order that the political nostrums of these quacks may be carried into effect, and that the foreign speculator may amass a fortune upon the ruins of domestic industry. They see that, as their wages have fallen, the profits of these speculators—these lords of cotton and of bullion—of bank bonds and American mines—of Dantzic

corn and Baltic ships—have proportionally increased. No sympathy did they ever experience at their hands. Their vampire speeches in parliament were merely intended to deceive the credulous, and suck the life-blood of the poor. The boasted predictions of that political millenium, when a capon was to be in every labourer's pot, and a sovereign in his pocket, were obviously attempts at fraud—an ingenious pretext for robbing and pillaging with impunity. The labourer now sees through all this, and the indignant blood of his ancestors boils in his veins. His eyes are now opened to the scheme which had his degradation for its object. He understands the nature and the purport of all the tempting projects of emigration and banishment. He knows that the tax-eaters and the loan-jobbers would, if they could, keep England exclusively to themselves—that they would make it a vast workshop, even though they should convert it into a desert; and that, to promote their own base interests, they would sanction laws against freedom, that would render our country more enslaved than Tripoli or Algiers. In the executive government and its pensioners and dependants, he perceives nothing but venality and corruption, treachery being deemed the mark of talent, and dishonesty and subserviency the avenues to power. In the church he sees the priest dedicated to the service of the Most High, a mere needy and despicable worshipper of Mammon—the merits which gain a mitre being apostacy—and the ambition of a Christian bishop having no loftier aim than the enjoyment of pluralities. In the legal profession he sees a recreant Whig, and a pretended friend of the people, ministering to the frantic ambition of an infatuated minister, and seeking preferment, even to the seat of the Chief Justice of England, by acts of foul persecution, and by trampling on the liberties of his country. Among the literary men of England, he perceives that one best rewarded who is the supplest in his principles, who can cringe most adroitly and fawningly at the foot-stool of power, and can sell his opinions and his consistency as a mock justifier of bail sells his oath

to the greatest knave for the best price.

Seeing all this—feeling the shame and the abasement of all this—seeing that despair can alone be engendered by a longer endurance of the present system—seeing that their interests are sacrificed to foreign trade—that the minister is unprincipled, the lawyer profligate, and the churchman corrupt—seeing that nine-tenths of their ancient guardians, the proprietors of the soil, are either pensioners, political economists, or, like themselves, the victims of a debasing and meretricious science, founded upon fallacies, and leading to demoralization and penury—is it surprising that they should hold in contempt, or view with suspicion or inimical feeling, that order of men, of whom Lord Wilton would wish to be the organ? They would indeed be far more morally than they are physically degraded, if they felt otherwise. It is no love of anarchy—no abstraction based in republicanism—no estrangement of loyalty—no altered sentiments towards the throne or the person of our revered monarch, that impel them to a course repugnant to law, and destructive of private property; but a deep-rooted fear that no other means are left them of bettering their condition, or arresting in their favour the attention and the justice of the conservators of the peace, and the legitimate guardians of their welfare. They are in such a forlorn and hopeless condition that no possible combination of circumstances, or any inventive acts of tyranny or oppression, can render them worse. The felon in the gaol is better fed—the lingering inmate of the penitentiary is better provided for in health, and more carefully attended to if indisposed.—Bridewell has no terrors, for its victims are subjected to less toil, and exposed to fewer casualties—the spirit of independence has lost its charm, for they are all equally dependent and degraded—religion has no influence, for they are aliens to its consolations—morality has no impressive voice, for they have violated its covenants, and from the pressure of want have long since trampled upon its maxims—in fact they are poachers upon the doglogue and the lord of the manor at the

same time, seeking transportation rather as a reward than a punishment, and perpetrating crime as if they acted under the impulses of virtue and the inspirations of providence.

That the labourers, the degraded labourers, of Kent and other counties, are the authors of those burnings that are devastating the country, we would, in the absence of all ocular proof, infer from the facts we have stated, and from that hapless condition which all must lament, even if this hypothesis were not indubitably established by the occurrences of the last few days. It is in evidence that they assemble in large numbers more openly than has yet occurred in any of the Rockite counties of Ireland. That they warn the farmer to employ at his peril threshing machines. They intimate, in no equivocal terms, their resolution to destroy these machines in case he should contravene their inhibition. They require clergymen, overseers, and others, to subscribe to their injunctions, and engage to pay such a rate of wages as they decree. They exhaust and gratify old resentments against those who, as former guardians of the poor, had incurred their displeasure. They walk in procession through the towns, intimidating the weak, and alarming the nervous; they state their grievances undisguisedly, propound their terms, exact their conditions, dictate the remedies; and, in order to evince their hatred of the system which has debased them, they openly attack work-houses and farm yards, and sack and burn without molestation either from the military, the yeomanry, or any other force. These exhibitions of physical strength, these displays of organized rebellion, these astounding musterings, marchings, and maraudings of the discontented are not confined to Kent. They have occurred in Middlesex, in Essex, in Surrey, in Sussex, in Berkshire, in Hampshire, in Buckinghamshire, in Norfolk, and in other counties. The proceedings are deliberate and systematical. No correspondence is carried on by writing. The Post-office is not the bearer of the protocols. There are no corresponding societies—no secretaries inditing despatches with a vulgar pen—no memorials or general orders for

interception—no prey, no game for spies—no profitable traffic for the emissaries of the Home Office. The old fables of *Jack Cade* seem to be revived by the men of Kent. They act from a pervading impulse, and the mouth of some one who is dumb is their only parliament. The man who talks, or writes, or attempts oratory after the style of Horace Twiss, or Tom Macaulay, is only worthy of being burned or hanged. The knave who quotes Latin is, by prescription, an informer, and of course is not permitted to live. A fellow in top boots, who rides his blood mare, and uses a four-horse-power threshing machine, is an enemy of the public welfare, and by induction is a capitalist and a scoundrel. He who reads long prayers, and is a member of the select vestry, is deemed an extortioner in the highest degree. He is a man in whom there is much guile, for he is contaminated with the odour of tithes. The vicar who abstracts three hundred a year is instructed that two hundred is more than enough. The rector who has five hundred is told to be content with three. The lay impropiator is reminded that, as the church was plundered to enrich him, he in his turn will be plundered to benefit the *elect* who want head. As for the exciseman, the revenue officer, and the tax-gatherer, they are by a community of feeling considered persons who have no right to exist.

In establishing our proposition that this war against taxes and machinery is the result of a vicious policy, which has impoverished, degraded, and exasperated the labourer—which has engendered a conspiracy deep-rooted and extensively ramified; it is, we presume, unnecessary to dilate upon the facts which are to be found in the pages of every newspaper. These are accessible to all, and must be fresh in the recollection of every reader. The wide extent of country over which these incendiary proceedings have spread, and the numerical force of the numerous bands which traverse the country, enforcing a reduction of tithes and a higher rate of wages, are of themselves incontestable proofs of what we have asserted. The demand of these men is, that their wages shall not be less than 2s. 3d. per day in winter, and

2s. 6d. in summer. This is the object of contention at present. How far they would be satisfied, or whether, like the honest and loyal Catholics of Ireland, they would advance their claims, if this their first demand were conceded, we shall not here speculate upon. The more pressing question is—can their demands be acceded to? The demand may be reasonable enough in itself, so far as the necessities of the claimants are concerned. But is the farmer, taking into view the various burthens that press upon him in the shape of taxes, tithes, and local imposts, exclusive of rent, in a condition to afford it? We apprehend he is not. He is already in embarrassed circumstances—his credit is destroyed—his sources of auxiliary capital are dried up by the pernicious operation of the currency bill—a large portion of his stock has already disappeared in order to fulfil his engagements, and even at the present low rate of the price of labour, he is in declining circumstances.

But waiving this point, are we to have two prices of labour in England—an artificial and a natural one? We should bear in mind, that by means of steam navigation, we have constructed a bridge between England and Ireland. The price of labour in the sister island, according to Mr. George Dawson, is from 1½d. to 2d. a day. The Irish labourer is transported to our shores almost passage free. The Mayor and Corporation of Cork have a fund which they employ in conveying to England the pauper labourers of that country. From Belfast to Glasgow the fare is often as low as 6d. From Dublin to Liverpool, and from Cork to Bristol, it is literally gratis. A potatoe excavator, two yards in length, with half a shirt and no shoes, who put of 9d. a day could save 4d. and yet live more sumptuously than his father, grandfather, or great-grandfather ever did. His labour is landed free, and enters into competition with the free-born workhouseholder of Kent, to whom, under the terror of being burnt alive, we pay 2s. 6d. a day. How is this sort of competition to be adjusted? Is the farmer of Somersetshire to have his labour done for 4s. a week, while he of Kent is called upon to pay 15s. a week? It is possible to exclude

the Irish labourer from Kent; Sussex, Surrey, and some of the southern and middle counties; but what is to protect Somerset, Devonshire, Cheshire, Lancashire, and all the western and northern counties?

These are a few of the difficulties which we leave Mr. Wilmot Horton and Mr. Spring Rice to reconcile and surmount. In our apprehension, it is impossible to have high wages in England, and low wages in Ireland, unless we either destroy the bridge, or interdict the importation of these legions of the "finest peasantry in the world." An importation of cheap labour into Somersetshire, must cause an influx of English labourers into Devonshire, from Devon into Dorset, from Dorset into Hampshire, from Hampshire into Sussex, Surrey, Kent, and even the middle provinces. Every attempt to raise the wages of labour by artificial means, must in the end prove abortive. If fear, or charity, or distraction, or a sense of justice, impels the proprietors and farmers of Kent to yield to the demands of their labourers, the triumph which the latter seek will be gained, and the same claims will be advanced from Berkshire to Cumberland, and from Northumberland to Essex. The struggle will be between the English and the Irish labourer virtually, but between the indigenous pauper and the landowner of England in reality.

For these reasons, and seeing the combustible materials which are brought into operation, the infatuated spirit with which the nostrums of liberalism are enforced, the determination to persevere in a system of commerce and currency, only applicable to such a place as Hamburg; and seeing, moreover, the desire to render the sources of agricultural wealth subservient to the encouragement and monopoly of manufactures, we utterly despair of any satisfactory adjustment of the claims of the English labourer. The aristocracy of the spinners and weavers is now too powerful against that of the landowners. To reduce wages and prices to the continental level, is one of the favourite, but most erroneous and suicidal maxims of the present day. The experience, even of the last seven years, ought to convince us that this object, considering our habits, our

national debt, and our artificial institutions, is absolutely impossible, without tearing the church from the state, expunging the civil list and the dead weight, and violating all our engagements with the public creditor. We cannot move one step towards this imaginary level, which subside the nearer we approach it, without augmenting the elements of that explosion, which, by making the property of the exclusives the prey of the poor, and the investments of the capitalist the firebrands of the discontented, must eventually precipitate us into all the horrors of anarchy and civil war. The labourer is contending for an increase of wages, or, in other words, for an adequate remuneration for his labour; but the object contended for, involves a principle subversive of the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. He not only seeks a forced price, far above the natural price, but he seeks it in a spirit of dictation, making his employer the slave of his authority, and the timid victim of his terrors and his exactions. Let this authority be but once obeyed, and the labourer taught in what manner he can rule and coerce his employer, and there is at once an end to all social contracts, to all regard for the law, all obedience to superiors, all equitable participation in adverse circumstances, unforeseen casualties, or bad seasons.

Here then is an unfortunate dilemma, into which we have been led by the unnatural policy of the last ten years. The Government have been incessantly propelling us towards the continental level of prices, from an erroneous notion that the nearer we reached it, the better would we be enabled to compete with the foreigner, and the greater encouragement would be given to trade and manufactures. But it seems never once to have occurred to their minds that a fall of prices in England must inevitably produce a proportionate fall of prices on the continent. While, therefore, they were pursuing a phantom, they were inflicting unmerited sufferings on the working classes, sapping these very foundations of trade which they desired to render more secure, and calling down from Heaven, apparently against the will of Heaven, unheard-of calamities on

the country. They never considered for a single moment, that a fall in wages, prices, and profits, without an equal fall in the taxes, tithes, poor-rates, and other burthens, would be productive of serious evils. England is more heavily taxed than any other nation on the face of the earth, and the comforts which she had previously enjoyed were the reward of ingenuity pushed to the utmost stretch, and industrious, patient, and persevering habits, perfectly matchless in any other country. The time has at length come when the effects of this policy are to be put to the test. We have reduced the middle classes to poverty, and the labouring classes to pauperism; and the dreadful consequences now stare us in the face. We have gone so far in our experimental measures, that we are brought to a dead stand-still, trembling at our own position, unable to advance, and afraid, and perhaps ashamed to turn back. And yet move on we must. There cannot be the least doubt on the mind of any intelligent man, who has given a moment's consideration to the subject, and has reflected on the consequences of continuing or perpetuating the present wretched condition of the labourers already bordering on insurrection, as to what is now the duty of the executive government. To adjust the differences between the payers and the receivers of the taxes—between the national debtor and creditor—by any compromise affecting the value of the precious metals is not an easy, if a practicable task. To return to our former policy is much easier. To give the people the benefit of a wholesome and well-regulated paper currency, partly guaranteed by the taxes and inconvertible, is of facile accomplishment. It might be done without causing any derangement in the money market, or trenching upon any other interests than those appertaining to the stockholder, the pensioner, the fixed annuitant, the mortgagee, and the stipendiaries of the state. By increasing the quantity of money, and placing it within the reach of the farmer, the small manufacturer, and others who have not the means of either making improvements or employing so many labourers as they were enabled to do in better times, the condition of this hapless class of



men would be materially ameliorated,

to their wants by the increased demand for labour. It is only by some such measure as this, that we can avert the gathering storm, or arrest the conflagrations which are devastating property and carrying terror into the bosoms of peaceful families. It is vain to think that we can, by any rate of compulsory wages relieve the prevailing distress, or allay those feelings which have their origin in misery and desperation. It is vain to think that any reduction of rent can raise the average rate of wages; and it is madness to imagine that high compulsory wages can be paid by the half-ruined farmer. We must benefit both parties, and all parties, at the expense of those who have no claim on our compassion, and who, under any circumstances, would not be affected by the proposed reduction of their incomes to the extent of one farthing more than the justice of the case demands.

Whether the new ministry of Lord Grey will enter into these views, or make any effort to rescue the nation from the embarrassments which afflict it, and the convulsion which impends over it, we may not conjecture. That his Lordship is, to a certain extent, favourable to some of our remedies, we have the sanction of his speeches in Parliament for affirming; and if his ministry is to stand by its merits, or by its valuable services, and not be beaten down once more by the voice of the people, and the loud dissatisfaction of all parties, he has not a day to lose in sounding a retreat, and encountering the difficulties manfully, and at all hazards. If he persist in the rash policy of Mr. Canning, or shelter himself behind the dogmas of Sir Robert Peel, or the ignorance, and camp discipline, and military manoeuvres of the Duke of Wellington, he is a lost man. The same melancholy fate will await him as befell his predecessor. His ministry will not be tolerated for a single year. For, let it be borne in mind, that his situation is beset with more appalling obstacles. He comes at a later hour to grasp with accumulated embarrassments, with not the same parliamentary force to back him withal, and with an excited population, driven to extremities, calling

for redress and relief from quarter of the empire. One false step—one word of disappointment—any profession of homage to the vicious principles of liberalism—any menace of coercion not justified by imperious duty, or not palliated by some soothing alternative, or some stimulant to industry—any thing of this kind, and his ministry is shattered in the first breeze, and shipwrecked in the first storm. He has been called to the helm in a tempestuous season, such as he never witnessed during his long life. All eyes are upon him, and every heart beating with a thousand anxieties, and conjuring up at every sound of tumult, and every gleam that tinges the horizon of a dark night, the hideous fears of revolution and civil war. He has an Augean enterprise before him. In every public office he will have to remove the lumber of former administrations. He will find the finance accounts unaudited for several years—every public ledger mystified by unintelligible figures—every document intentionally made inexplicable—every subordinate clerk or accountant utterly incompetent or unwilling to explain past transactions—hesitation in one quarter, equivocation in another—hardy and stolid ignorance in all. He should recollect that the persons who fill these inferior departments of the public offices, have been enured to a system of mystification, wedded to forms which no man, not even themselves, fully comprehend, and invariably transacting the public business as if they were the masters, and not the servants of their employers. Every new minister, as Mr. Canning experienced, and as Lord Goderich can tell, suffers much obstruction from these small functionaries. But Lord Grey, we trust, will not fall into the errors of his predecessors; but the only way to avoid this, is to make a clean sweep of the chambers of Downing Street and Whitehall, of Somerset House and Pall Mall, and of every department where there is a remnant of the old leaven. By piddling himself of all this at the outset, he will get rid of much annoyance and many molestations, of which it has never yet entered into the heart of any man but the first minister of the crown to conceive.

But although it is the first duty of the new minister to devise some remedies for the existing distress among the agricultural labourers, and some efficient means of allaying those discontentments, which are breaking out in overt acts of rebellion, still we must be plain to tell him, that he cannot eradicate the troubles of this part of the United Kingdom, without first improving the condition of the peasantry of Ireland. To give employment and adequate wages to the English labourer, while Ireland can send her million of paupers to perform the labour of our paupers, is literally impossible. It is monstrous injustice that the soil of England should be taxed to support Irish labourers, or, which is the same thing, to support those claimants on our parish funds, whom these Irish drive out of employment—it is monstrous injustice, we say, that our laws should be a bounty in favour of the Irish landowner. There must be poor laws in Ireland, or there must be none here. There is no reason whatever, now that Ireland participates in all our political rights and commercial advantages, why she should not bear the same burthens, be exposed to the same imposts, and assimilated with us in her customs, stamps, excise and pauper establishments. In fact the reason and justice of England loudly demand this, and Earl Grey will not do his duty to his country, if he hesitate a moment in completing such assimilation. If the landowners of Ireland, were compelled by law to maintain the paupers on their estates, we should have less emigration towards England, less money spent by profligate absentees in Paris and Boulogne, more resident proprietors in that deserted island, more exertion made to procure employment, and more money expended upon roads, canals, and agricultural

improvements. Such a measure would be an act of grace and mercy—an act of charity and justice—to the Irish as well as the English labourer. It would make the sun shine and the corn grow on many a dreary waste. It would convert the dark swamp into a green field—make industry the handmaid of providence—dissipate the ignorance that degrades, and animate the industry which would render independent and contented the oppressed and demoralized peasant of Ireland. It would be a light from heaven and a blessing from earth at the same time. It would be a shelter from penury, and a death-blow to idleness and superstition. It would be the greatest act of conservative policy that any minister ever effected for the benefit of his country. To improve the condition and tranquilize the feelings of the English labourer, we must raise prices—to improve and pacify Ireland, we must introduce *Poor Laws*!

If neither of these important measures come within the policy of Earl Grey, in whom we have the utmost confidence, and to whose conduct we look forward with the deepest anxiety, the consequences, we venture to predict, will be fearful. The salvation even of the monarchy, depends entirely on the measures of the next few years. An honest determination to lay aside all prejudices, and govern more by the dictates of experience, than by the rules of a muddled and fallacious science, will enable the minister to establish the land-marks, gain the confidence, and revive the prosperity of his country. If, however, we are still to be governed by the blockheads who call themselves political economists, adieu to all that we most value, and the last days of the Grey administration will be worse than the first.

## SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN IDLER.

"Ay—father! I have had those earthly visions  
And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my own the mind of other men,  
The enlightener of nations; and to rise  
I knew not whither—it might be to fall.

\* \* \* \*

But this is past,  
My thoughts mistook themselves.

*Abbot.* And wherefore so?

*Manfred.* I could not tame my nature down; for he  
Must serve, who fain would sway—and soothe and sue,  
—And watch all time—and pry into all place—  
And be a living lie—who would become  
A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such  
The mass are. \* \* \* \*

*Byron's Manfred.*

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICES.

At the commencement of last spring, I returned to my native home in a remote Irish county, after an absence of several years; it was my first long absence; and certainly never did I experience purer happiness than at the moment I again found myself under the paternal roof, surrounded by my family, and looking forth upon the scene of all my early recollections.

The entire week, too, that followed, was delightful; I was an object of admiration to many—of solicitude to all. My elder relatives were satisfied, that time and travel had wrought a wondrous improvement in me;—my little brothers and sisters regarded me as a perfect hero.

The second week was little inferior to its predecessor. I had much to tell, and every body seemed proud to listen; I had much to hear, and every body was anxious to relate.

The third week tripped along very lightly. I ascertained how many of my friends were dead—how many married—how many single. I sighed forth a brief valedictory eulogium upon the first—condoled with the second—congratulated the third. I sought after the fair faces which—

"Had made

The star-light of my boyhood;"—

complimented those who had bound themselves in matrimonial ties, with having done well—those who remained yet free, with having done better. I flattered equally with both.

The fourth week passed most merrily. I rode abroad to return visits

and partake of hospitality; and my spirit rejoiced in the wild scenes amidst which it had been reared; I gazed exultingly upon our vast lakes—our mighty rivers—our stupendous mountains—our glorious ocean; and I revelled in the breeze that swept them with the abandonment of one who, in distance, in sickness, and in sorrow, had always anticipated health, strength, and rapture from its embrace.

The fifth week was not like the preceding, replete with pleasure; I had told all the stories touching my adventures in foreign parts, which I either cared to tell or would have haply been intelligible to my auditory. I had heard every thing that was worth hearing. I began to sigh for some accustomed pleasures which were not within my reach. There was no Italian opera—no *soirée musicale*, at which the idolized of Europe charmed the breathless *salon*—no *conversazione* in which distinguished men and lovely women took a part.

I found leisure to discover specks in many things, which before appeared all brilliancy.

The women were not the fascinating creatures in whose society the later years of my life had glided so deliciously away. They had not the beauty and confiding gentleness of the English girl—the grace and talent of the Française—the thoughtful tenderness of the Italian—nor the peerless form and inexhaustible versatility of enchantment which, so pre-eminently mark the Spaniard.

Then they were never *bien mises*, and never, oh! never, *bien chaussées*.—These were the ladies. As for the female peasantry, they were coarse and cold, and spoke no intelligible language; so that ordinary gallantry was reduced to mere *hic et hæc* work.

I began to find I could not take my pleasure at home as I would "in mine own inn." I was compelled to enjoy my meerschaum in the open air—*sub Jove frigido*—nor could the beauty of its sculptured hole, whereon Leda was caressing the too happy swan—nor the splendour of its tasselled cherry-stick and amber mouth-piece, secure it an undisputed place even in my own bed-chamber.

I began to perceive that my attributed perfection suffered by continued and minute inspection. Thus my knowledge of languages was rendered somewhat apocryphal by my not being able to sustain a conversation, either in French or Italian, with Miss O'Driscoll, who had lately arrived from "a finishing school," in Dublin; and my taste in music was deemed questionable from my not having been sufficiently enraptured with her performance of the *Battle of Prague*, or her execution of *Di tanti Palpiti*;—my fame for vivacity and agreeability was much impaired by my declining to dance jigs, *even after supper!*—my talent was something doubted in consequence of one of my aunts having lost three six-pences at whist, I being her partner;—my courtesy and good breeding fell in the general esteem, because I gave "the glorious memoir" one evening at my father's table, in the presence of a liberal Protestant; although afterwards, upon learning my transgression, I offered him satisfaction in any degree he might fancy, from pistols to field-pieces;—my religious fervour was rated rather low, from my refusing to go to church to hear one of two sermons which had already vexed my ears a hundred times, the reverend preacher having been, for the last twenty years, unable to trust his eyes or memory with a new discourse;—my orthodoxy was rendered suspicious, by my putting down a notorious blockhead who had turned popular preacher, and who forced an argument on me with the pious view of proving I was "little better than one of the ungodly;"—my good tem-

per was positively put amongst the things gone by, in consequence of my having given my little brother a kick in the after-part, for breaking, unceremoniously, upon my privacy;—and, finally, my moral character and the reputation of a waiting-woman, were placed in jeopardy by the little urchins wandering from the record in his complaint against my cruelty.

The sixth week was once more delightful. I went abroad in search of pleasure as I was wont to do in my warm youth, and sought out some old companions to whom I knew home was once irksome, and might be so at present.

There were ten of us schoolmates and fellow collegians, who, during our vacations, used to meet of nights at an humble house of entertainment, rejoicing in the title of the sack of water and civil usage. There did we steal many and many a joyous hour from the vigilance of parents and guardians, eating oysters or lobsters, as it might happen; drinking potheen punch, and playing spoil-five, brag, blind-hooky, or some other game of cards, in which Hoyle and Horus were equally unrespected.

I proposed that we should renew these *noctes cœnæque dedum* with the accustomed secrecy, and in the old quiet way. A muster-roll was called; but, alas! all did not answer to their names. Two were no more; each had died gallantly after his own fashion. One was shot at the head of his company in the attack upon a Burmese stockade—the other broke his neck in the attempt to save a fox at the close of a noble run, by riding from a ploughed field at a five-foot wall. Another was worse than dead; he had been struck evangelical; and in his rage for preaching and proselytising had rendered himself the pest and firebrand of the entire county. Another (one of the best fellows by the bye that ever breathed,) had been seized with the opposite mania; he had become an agitator, knight-liberator, and so forth, and swaggered about the county in a green uniform, and made speeches to breechless bog-trotters, in a language which they could not understand. There was yet another absent in body, but not, we flattered ourselves, in spirit; he was an M. P., and a barrister high in practice at the English bar; the honoured

and esteemed of Brougham, and the hated and feared of Scarlett. Five still remained; of these, three were married; all had entered upon the business of life, and all seemed to have sufficiently well selected their pursuits, with the exception of Walter Blaney, a surpassing singer of Bacchanalian lyrics—a fellow of infinite jest—the very prince of boon-companions—but one who never willingly read a hundred pages of any volume; not, however, that he was by any means an habitual idler, for I remember he once took his watch to pieces, threw the component parts into confusion—and finally reunited them himself after six months time, during which he laboured at the rate of six hours a day. He was now a lawyer. With the freedom of an old friend, I questioned him touching the reasons that swayed with him in his choice of a profession; they were unimpeachable. His family was engaged in a Chancery-suit, which had already lasted ten years, and was likely to last ten more; during the which period, and in the which cause he was sure to hold a brief, and thereby put some fifty pounds a year into his pocket, which would otherwise find its way elsewhere.

Well, we met; and the night was one of those rare passages of human life wherein there was a perfect freedom from care. All the kindlier feelings of our nature were conjured up; all the sweets of the past and present fantastically blended to minister to our delight. We rejoiced that our infant friendship was untired and unchanged by time, while we reverted with the utmost gaiety of heart to the adventures of our youth. We told of boxing matches and barrings-out at school, and of revelries, loves, and battles at the University. We resuscitated old jokes; saying how we one night blew up the venerable pump in Botany Bay,\* thereby making old Trinity rock again—Now, on another occasion, we removed all the lamps within the walls from their high places, and cast them into “that

bourne from which no traveller returns”—how, when one of us was made a moderator, he, instead of extracting money from the pockets of silly freshmen, as was usual, fined his half dozen of the fellows themselves for various infractions of the statutes; as, for instance, Doctor Jacky Barrett, V.P., for converting his stall in the chapel into a dormitory; Thomas Phipps, LL.D., for wearing boots; J. Singer, D.D., for keeping a horse; Coddie Wall, D.D., for keeping singing-birds; James Kennedy, F.T.C.D., the misrepresenter of Homer, for strutting unacademically through the courts;† and finally, the Dean himself, for not seeing that the skips spoke Latin.—Then, *opropos* to dear, we remembered how Wat accounted for the miracle of his not being called out for any fine at corrections the first Friday his tutor, Tom Gamon, held the office of Dean, by observing, “*Nunc meus regnat Apollo*,” and how, when the aforesaid Tom was at feud with the theatrical observer boys, and Jerry the badgeman yet held horses at the college-gate, the brats used to announce a popular entertainment, under the title of “Tom the Dean, and Jerry the Badgeman;” and how, when the aforesaid James Kennedy succeeded to Tom’s office, he passed an edict, excluding oysters and all other shell-fish whatsoever from the University, “as tending to encourage the Aphrodisiac propensities of the students,” together with a thousand other things of the like nature.

But all pleasures must have an end as a beginning, so at length we parted—not, however, without first agreeing on an early meeting.

We did meet again, and of course with high-wrought expectations of enjoyment; they were disappointed; there was now a trail of carthiness on our hilarity; we had soon exhausted our reminiscences, and thenceforth every man began to speak upon topics personally interesting to himself, and little short of tiresome to the company. The different scenes

\* The newest and best of the college squares, so christened on account of its comparative remoteness from something—I never could exactly discover what.

† The reason was thus given in Latin, “*quia inressu ad aulicam pompam se componit*.” It is but fair to add, the reverend gentleman was himself conscious of this salutary imperfection in his gait; for he once proclaimed it his intention to learn to fence, for the purpose of taking the elasticity out of his tocs.

and societies in which we had moved, and the different objects and pursuits we had in those years past learned to cherish, had left us no sympathy upon abstract matters; there was no neutral ground on which our spirits could disport; we consequently laboured to be merry, and being only clamorous, got prematurely drunk, and separated without speaking of another party. No one ventured to breathe, though probably all had felt that albeit our affection might be undiminished, we could only meet in happy revelry after the expiration of another lustrum.

The seventh week came, and found me a perplexed and melancholy man; spite of myself I was getting involved in family disputes and county politics, and I was desperately *ennuyé*, deeply disgusted with the pettiness of all the circumstances by which I was surrounded. Thus it came to pass, my days dragged on in alternations of fretfulness and mental torpor. Had I existed through another week after the same fashion, misanthropy or hypochondriasis was inevitable! But fortunately the arrival of the judges of assize on the Saturday threw the whole county into commotion, and assembled all its gentry within the narrow precincts of the capital. I hate crowds; "for (as Lord Bacon so beautifully expresses it,) a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love;" but now the excitement was above price. I accordingly found myself seated at the hospitable board of Fendernere Park, with some twenty other gentlemen, and the two ladies of the house, on the first day of the assizes, listening to the topics usually discussed at such reunions—the promise of the crops—the price of pigs—the state of the country—the weight of the calendar, and the politics of the contracts for high roads and bridges.

All present were known to me but one, and him I had never seen before; my attention was strangely attracted towards him; so it would have been let me have met him where I might; but here it was especially, from his being thrown forth into such strong relief by the group around.

There was an aristocratic simplicity in every thing about him, which

could not fail of notice. He was dressed in a black coat, black neckerchief, white waistcoat, and white trowsers, that all sat upon him in their perfect plainness, so as to display his form to the best advantage, and announce to the experienced eye the man of highest fashion.

He was in the prime of life; the bloom of youth, it is true, had passed away; his cheek was colourless, save from the scorching of a more potent sun than shines within these latitudes; but time had impressed no wrinkle on his brow, and he might accordingly have been named of any age from twenty-five to thirty-five. His head was nobly set upon his shoulders—his forehead fair—oh, delicately fair, and exquisitely moulded, terminating in eye-brows dark, full, smooth, and far asunder, from between the which there extended a nose perfectly Phidian. In youth his face must have been femininely beautiful; the features were so perfect in themselves, so harmoniously drawn in concert; but now thought, and care, and passion, had wrought on their expression—making it statue-like, cold, very cold, not from the absence of feeling, but from pride. Still, however, it was one of those faces which artists love to paint, and ladies love to look upon; for, cast after the finest Attic model, it taxed not the flattery of the pencil, and haughty and something stern withal, it could only inspire woman with that passion tinged with awe, which is the purest, the faithfullest, and the fondest of which her nature is capable. I could scarcely turn my eyes away from him. I felt that, notwithstanding his grace and beauty, there was a degree of repulsiveness in his look and bearing, which could not but be galling to the million. There was that complete ease and self-possession in every thing he said and did, which the vulgar and ignorant imagine can arise only from the consciousness of superiority, mental and conventional. And then I fancied, and could not shake myself free of the fancy, though I was vexed at entertaining it, that there was something of the gladiator in his eye, showing as if he had championed human fears, and harboured few human sympathies. And lastly, there was an air of separateness about him, proclaiming to those

around, that though with them, he was not of them.

I asked my neighbour, Walter Blaney, who he was. "What! that Don of a fellow up there?" said Wat; "Oh! that is Sir Reginald St. Senane."

"What sort of fellow is he?" continued I.

"Oh! a devilish good fellow in his way, but not exactly that sort of fellow I'd borrow money to drink with," was the characteristic reply. "He is a worthy of seven or eight thousand a year; that gives half-a-dozen grand entertainments in the course of it, but except on these occasions, nobody ever sees the bead of his noggin."

"No; but seriously?"

"Oh then, seriously, he is a scholar and a gentleman, and the only honest papist I ever knew."

"Is he a papist?"

"He says he is, but nobody believes him; for he eats meat on a Friday—eschews the mass-house—and abominates the cat—ass—and all belonging to it."

"Gad! I must get introduced to him."

"Do. By Jove! you'll agree very well; for he is a *parlez-vous* like yourself, and was twice as long away from home."

"Indeed!—Why the deuce, then, does he live here?"

"Partly to fulfil his duties as a landlord,—though, by the bye, he does not take much pride out of his tenantry now, for they all voted against him at the last election,—and partly, it is thought, because he cannot help it."

"How is that?"

"Oh, it is said to be one of the conditions on which his uncle, old Dick Senane, left him the estate; but he makes an escapade every now and then in his yacht to France or Italy. Do you remember the uncle?"

"Indeed I do," said I; "and a queer fellow he was."

"Why, then, I can tell you. That chap there—calm, and grave, and stoical as he looks—has done queerer things than ever the uncle did."

"But not in the same way surely?"

"Oh, no; quite the contrary.—Dick's was a waywardness of the head—his nephew's of the heart."

Here somebody broke in upon our

conversation, and there was an end of it. Sir Reginald left the table early. I remained for half an hour longer, in compliance with Wat's earnest entreaty to discuss the other bottle; and doubtless the Bourdeaux was superexcellent.

On entering the drawing-room, I found it crowded with ladies *en grande tenue*, and all the youth, *comme il faut*, of the neighbouring town. Sir Reginald was seated near my little friend, Geraldine Fitzgerald, talking in a low but very animated tone; while she seemed to be listening with her whole soul. Oh! it was quite evident her heart was gone; for, as he spoke, she did not dare to raise her eyes to him, but there was a nervous motion of the half-closed eyelids, which shewed they were suffused with a pleasure so great that it was almost pain. I rather thought, too, that he wore the aspect of a lover, and I was at first surprised; for Geraldine was only a pretty, gentle, delicate girl, possessing few of those qualities which excite enthusiastic admiration; but I soon recollected, that, in middle age, the heart has generally ceased to be ambitious, and looks only for affection and repose. We then, according to our great philosopher, seek a companion in a wife, and certainly it is a season at which most men need one; for time or change, or distance or death, have in great part severed our youthful ties, and afflicted us with a sense of loneliness—and pleasure, wooed and won in every form, has cloyed us with possession, and, fading into something new, has become, if not wisdom, at least a creation equally cold and real. The mind, therefore, can no more be duped into adoration of its own phantasma. The salt blood, maddening through our veins, no longer falsifies our vision like the faery ointment, making us see every beauty of our own imagination in a faulty, or frail, or worthless, or false piece of humanity!—for such, alas! are almost always our first loves, if they have not been known from childhood!—and now we dream not of rapture or perfection, but long only for freedom from pain, and the absence of that which is positively bad.

The company was separated into knots, as is usual before the dance, and I fluttered along the various parterres of beauty, like the busy bee of

story-book celebrity, to gather something useful from each fair flower. In more homely language, I made inquiries of the ladies about the object of my curiosity; and, with them, I found Sir Reginald was universally a favourite. All concurred in praising his genius, manners, and appearance, and in lamenting the melancholy which oppressed him, and which—or I was much mistaken—each fair dame or damsel would have been delighted to assuage. Now this struck me for a moment as being very strange; but I afterwards found, that all I have marked as, for the most part, repulsive about him in the eye of man, was subdued into a kind of proud humility in his intercourse with women. And then he possessed name and fame, and that romantic bravery which ladies love so well, especially when, as by him, it had been frequently displayed on their account—to win, to justify, or to secure their favours; and he had eloquence and enthusiasm; and, above all, the real art of raising for the moment the mind and feelings of her with whom he conversed to a level with his own, and so creating a passion for himself, in gratitude, as it were, for developing powers in his companions of which they were before unconscious, and thus awakening in them a new and increased admiration of themselves.

After this, fashion I came to learn some few particulars of his story. They were such as exceedingly to increase the interest that, from the first, he excited in my mind. He had, it appeared, left home in his youth, (I was then at school in England,) and he had left it in consequence of some unfortunate circumstances which will be found detailed hereafter by a worthier hand. He remained ten years abroad, which, to my fair informants, was nearly a blank. There were some vague allusions to loves and misfortunes, and bloodshed, and so forth; but there was scarcely even a scene assigned to them. The fact was, they knew he had visited many countries, and resided for long in Spain; but how, or in what pursuits he had spent his time, none knew; and being one of the least communicative persons breathing, all had long since ceased to hope for any explanation from himself. This was the more provok-

ing to the many, because it was a matter of wonderment how he had been enabled to support existence during the greater portion of his absence; for he had followed no profession, and while he was yet away, his father died, leaving an accumulated amount of debt nearly equal in value to the family estate. True it was not incumbent on Sir Reginald to pay these debts, but having loved his father very dearly, he would suffer no reproach to rest upon his memory; and accordingly had the property at once put up for sale. The purchaser, strange to say, was his own uncle—his father's elder brother, who had been absent for thirty years, and reported dead. Now this pricked my curiosity in the most lively manner; for, in my boyhood, I knew the old gentleman well, and he was then considered the greatest oddity in a place very fertile in such commodities. From the sorry plight in which he had left the country, he had dropped the honorary prefix to his name, and from pique to his family he would never resume it. So that to the last he insisted on being called Mr. Senane; in which, when present, he was always indulged; but in his absence, he was far more frequently alluded to under the *soubriquet* of Tincomalee—conferred in consideration of some long stories he loved to tell, and which referred to this Indian city for their localities. His outer man was not less singular, than I have hinted, was the constitution of his mind. He was little more than five feet high, with a huge head and an immense trunk, supported by limbs utterly shapeless, one might almost say fleshless, for they decidedly exhibited little more bulk than the extremities of a skeleton. The face was precisely of that order, which the popular superstition attributes to elves or fiends—flat and bony, with all the features latitudinally exaggerated into ugliness—great round eyes, protruding from their sockets—vast mouth, and terribly distended nostrils. How the descendant of a family, remarkable for beauty, came to wear such features, it is difficult to conceive, unless some elfish gallant had become enamoured of his mother. But so it was not; for an old bergamian who



could lay claim to precisely the same form and physiognomy, used to perambulate the streets of the county town, stimulating the charity of the inhabitants in summer, by the ejaculation—"God Almighty, put it into some Christian's heart to give me a bit to aate or a hapenny to buy it, I pray the Lord God!"—and in winter, with—"God Almighty, put it into some Christian's heart to give me a hapenny to buy a dhudeen of a pipe; for, God knows, I'm could." And he was the innocent cause of poor Dick Senane's deformity. Lady St. Senane, or, to give her her local title, *the Madom*, was one day seated in her carriage at the door of a haberdasher's shop in the town, viewing some merchandize, when the frightful form of *Shaneen Dhu* obtruded itself through the open door of the carriage, and begged for charity in his usual broken and terribly discordant accents. The lady shrieked, and clasped her hands over her eyes, to shut out the horrible vision—but without avail. She was at the time far gone in pregnancy, and terror brought on premature labour, which was difficult to the utmost peril of her life. She, however, survived it; and in the first moment of returning sensation, demanded to see her child. Fear that any opposition might occasion a fatal excitement, induced the attendants reluctantly to comply with her commands. She fainted the instant she recognised the features, and fit followed fit, with a violence and rapidity of succession, which seemed to forbid all hope of her recovery. Youth, and a good constitution, notwithstanding prevailed; but she was unable to leave her bed for months; and though she lingered on many years after, in variable health, and bore another son, she never recovered the shock of that illness, nor could she ever endure to look upon that child. He, poor urchin, was first sent to nurse in the mountain, and then transferred to a boarding school in the town, where he was so utterly neglected of his family, that the mistress was even suffered to rear him in her own religious persuasion; and thus it happened, that while his brothers professed the ancient faith, for which his ancestors had fought and bled in the Holy Land, he was taught to be-

lieve that popery and idolatry were correlative terms, and, consequently, that there was no salvation for the papist.

At length his mother died, and he was brought home at the commencement of the following vacation. Here, as he was one day playing with his brothers in the stable-yard, an accident occurred, which for ever alienated the little regard that might have been entertained for him by his family. The boys were armed with bows and arrows, and engaged in shooting at a mark affixed to the pump.

Reginald, the eldest, (there were three in all,) upon some occasion ran up to arrange the mark, and while his hand was yet on it, Richard let fly his arrow, whether maliciously or not, heaven only knows!

The arrow lodged in his brother's hand, and made a small puncture in the fleshy part near the thumb. The boys concealed the accident; firstly, because the wound did not appear to them of any consequence, there having scarcely been a drop of blood; and, secondly, because they knew poor Richard had little mercy to expect, if it was discovered by his father.

It was, however, fatal; the hand swelled—festered—mortified; and before the end of the fourth day, the eldest and favourite child of the family was no more.

Richard was forthwith sent away from Inchicronan House, without a word of reproach; but it was not intended that he ever should return. He was boarded at a grammar-school in Cork, where he passed several wretched years, for his misfortune was perpetually kept before him by the malice or dislike of his companions. "*Ha! fairy-face that killed his brother,*" rung in his ears on the occasion of every trifling contradiction, or school-boy squabble. So that when he reached his eighteenth year, he resolved to leave his country and seek tranquillity in some distant realm where his name and his misfortunes were alike unknown.

There was only one being in the world who loved him, and that was the old schoolmistress by whom he had been reared. She alone therefore was made acquainted with his intention, and she it was that supplied him

with the means of putting it in execution.

Through the interest of a relative of hers, who had amassed a fortune in the India company's service, and was then settled in London, he succeeded in getting out to India, where it was supposed he died, having caught the marsh-fever shortly after landing.

On the contrary, he lived and prospered; and had returned to England with immense wealth, and been already in London for some time, when the family estate was advertised for sale. He at once concluded the purchase with the agent at Lincoln's Inn, but would neither see nor hold any communication whatsoever with his nephew. "He would never," he said, "have disturbed the young man in his possession of the property, had he thought proper to retain it, though of right all belonged to him; and even now, he felt happy in paying the full value for it; but he never could be brought to forget the treatment he had experienced at the hands of his family."

Soon after he returned home, and was welcomed as the rich are always welcomed. But he at first declined all the proffered hospitalities. Afterwards, however, he relaxed something in this respect—made morning visits and went to evening parties, but would accept no dinner invitation, lest he might be expected to make a return.

Neither would he live in the family mansion, considering that that would be attended with too much expense, and declaring it was too large and solitary for a single man. No; he took a small house in the county-town, and announced his intention of selecting a wife from the fair virginities of the place, and leading her in triumph to Inchicronan.

Many an unfortunate girl was in consequence compelled to look pleased with Dick's grotesque and antiquated attentions; but all in vain, for he was as fickle, though not so licentious, as a Don Giovanni, and years rolled on, still finding him a bachelor.

Meantime his occupations and amusements proceeded in one unvarying round. He kept a noble stud, (though he seldom crossed a horse, and was invariably maltreated by the animal in some way or other, when

he did,) and he used to sit in an attic window, where he had fixed his study, and watch the horses as they were led out to exercise by his grooms.

Again, he had a large collection of coats of all dates and shades of colour, (though he never exhibited any thing but a pepper-and-salt coloured single-breasted jacket on his proper person,) and these he used to take especial pleasure in examining, and folding, and turning over in divers ways.

Then he used to dabble in chemistry, or as the superstitious and uncharitable declared, in alchemy, spending whole days amidst furnaces, retorts, and blow-pipes.

And then he used to lounge about the streets and into the news-room, and join some of the various groups of idlers—briefless barristers—patientless physicians—unfrooked parsons—half-pay officers—*et hoc genus omne*—in which, from the cheapness of provisions, the town abounds; and while they were secretly laughing at his every look and gesture, indulge them with thread-bare jokes and thousand times told stories of Trincomalee.

Now in these companies he never failed to hint obscurely at his admiration of the reigning belle of the county, whoever she might be, and, at his own determination to alter his condition, whereof, though, I believe, he never had any serious intention; for it was observed, that whenever parental authority had nearly forced any of his flirtations to a consummation, he invariably shied off, and, in the language of the prize-ring, never could be brought to the scratch again.

Now this frequently observed, gave rise to an ill-natured opinion which prevailed pretty widely—and to the effect that Dick misdoubted his capability of administering what the apostle Paul denominates "the due benevolence." It might have been so; but candour would acknowledge, that throwing such a deficiency aside, there were other reasons sufficiently cogent to prevent his marrying; while it must be at the same time confessed, that the belief gained some colour from the delight wherewith he was wont to dilate upon "love platonic," and upon the bright, immaculate, unmixed, disinterested, and pure affection of the young lady who

eloped from Limerick with Tanducci, a person of great celebrity in his day.

Once, however, in spite of doubts and difficulties, Dick was all but captured; this made a most important era in his existence.

He had proceeded so happily with a young lady of a neighbouring village, that he was in the habit of lending his horses to her brother—(a common *ruse* of his by the bye)—had dined several times at her father's table, and, in fine, agreed to sleep at his house one rainy night.

"But morn, and with it cool reflection, came."

He arose very little after the "divine dawn," and, utterly terrified at his own success, he abstracted his horse from the stable, saddled him himself, and rode away like the false knight in the ballad. Nor did he stop in the town; no, by George, as he would say himself, he never pulled bridle till he found himself within the demesne walls of Inchicronan. There he remained lost to the world for upwards of a month; and there he fixed his staff during the remainder of his mortal pilgrimage.

Abating some customary enjoyments, his days glided away much as usual. His stud, his wardrobe, and his laboratory were kept up on the same grand scale as before, and he had now, in addition to his other occupations, taken upon himself the management of his demesne, which was the most beautiful and extensive in the county. The character of his administration, however, was rather singular; he would neither suffer any one of the beasts, nor any portion of the produce of the land to be sold. He kept horses in paddocks till they died of old age, having been for years unconscious of any riders, except the whiteboys, who were occasionally obliging enough to exercise them in their midnight frolics; and he had bullocks in stalls, and sheep in turnip-fields, till they severally died of fat; and he had pigs in marshes till they ran mad with repletion.

And then his corn was kept in barns, and his potatoes in beds till the vital principle once more waxed strong within them, and they grew again; and, to complete the catalogue, he had his hay arranged in venerable

reeks, that towered in dusky grandeur for many a year, and, at length, like the Israelitish prophet, disappeared from earth in a blaze of fire. The same abhorrence too, of all change of condition had, in like manner, extended itself to his proper person; he never undertook another matrimonial adventure.

Accordingly, when he ascertained that he was in all probability booked for an early journey to the shades, and that there was no longer any chance of a child's springing from his loins, he bethought him of his nephew, and, after much negotiation, succeeded in inducing him to return, which he did a few days before the uncle's death.

A private conference of very long duration took place between them, and the whole property was bequeathed to the nephew, upon certain conditions, which never clearly transpired; and which each narrator fashioned after a manner of his own.

And now great joy prevailed the whole county at the accession of Sir Reginald to the neglected title and estates of his ancestors. For a time his popularity was excessive, but before the end of the first year the tide of opinion which set so strongly in his favour, ebbed as rapidly, and left him in well-nigh the same loneliness of heart in which he had returned.

This can be easily understood; he was feared and disliked by the zealots of all parties in politics and religion, and strongly loved of none. From a desire to preserve the peace amongst his tenantry, he was forced into hostilities with the two classes, who, from the most sordid motives, contrive to keep Ireland in a perpetual ferment. I mean the catholic agitators and the evangelical missionaries, than whom greater curses were never yet inflicted on an unfortunate country.

To this description there are of course exceptions in the persons of some who do mischief under the conscientious excitement of an ill-directed patriotism, or a misguided zeal; but in both parties such men exist in very small number.

Sir Reginald, I said, was opposed to both; he did his duty as a magistrate with stern determination, and with a sovereign contempt for that spurious popularity which of late years is courted by too many timorous

or unreflecting gentlemen. In proof of this, it will be only necessary to cite two instances. He had one of his own servants transported for joining in some outrage on the property of an Orangeman, and he actually caused a methodist preacher, who created a disturbance in the village of Inchicronan, to be put in the stocks, where he remained for several hours singing "O, be joyful," and divers other psalms, to the infinite merriment of the people.

This act earned him amongst *"the elect,"* the reputation of a cruel persecutor and blood-thirsty tyrant, but he cared little for he held the whole of the in utter contempt and aversion, not from bigotry, for he was indifferent to religious forms but because he considered that they, without addressing one noble or generous incentive to the human heart, sought to scatter a cold superstition and a restless and unsocial hypocrisy throughout the land.

He consequently mixed little in the society which his country afforded, but led at once a splendid and solitary life. His establishment at Inchicronan House was kept up on a scale of positive magnificence, his cook was a first rate *artiste*, his table glowed with every luxury, his cellars contained the choicest wines, his dogs and horses were of the best and most beautiful breeds, his library would have done honour to a crowned head, but, according to the parable of Pythagoras, he was preying upon his own heart. His hours were for the most part passed either amongst his books, or in unattended rambles or excursions, he seldom saw a human being except the members of his own household, and with these he hardly exchanged words. He had no friend, such, however, I became to him before long, a true friend, as described by my Lord Bacon, "to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes,

suspensions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth on the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession." A secret sympathy drew us together; like him I had many mispent hours to lament, and in my bosom, as in his, the spirit of ambition was extinct. I had abandoned my profession, in which I considered the rewards unworthy the toil and trouble, and sacrifice of feeling and independence, and determined to content myself with an obscure condition, and my patrimonial pittance. Amongst those who loved me, this gave rise to much repining, especially when they saw my contemporaries (whom in the race for honours at school and college I had left far behind,) now raising themselves to rank and fortune, and the many, in speaking of me, were wont to shake their heads, while they alluded to me as a melancholy example of the uselessness of talent and education, without common sense. But Sir Reginald could appreciate my motives, and thought the better of me for that which had given me the appearance of folly in the eyes of others. Before the end of the week we were acquainted. I accompanied him home, and from that hour to the day of his death we were well-nigh inseparable. He spoke to me with the utmost freedom of all things relating to himself, and bequeathed to my care a memoir of his life, from his childhood up to the period of his return to Ireland. It bore the title and motto I have given it. He wished it to be published, but referred the time and manner to my discretion. I am now at liberty to fulfil his desires. I propose, however, to preface the eventful passages he has himself detailed, with a brief notice of the happy months I spent in his company, and some account of his death, which was sudden and violent, and accompanied with circumstances of much sorrow.

HENRY MILDMAY.

## THE WELLINGTON ADMINISTRATION DEFUNCT.

THE Duke of Wellington has fallen from the throne of Downing Street, and Earl Grey reigns in his stead.\* To those who had observed the precarious tenure of his Grace's power, during the last session, and had marked not only the results of the election, but the tone and feeling which prevailed throughout all parts of the country, where public opinion had a chance of being heard, the overthrow of the Duke was a matter of the highest probability; his conduct from the commencement of the present session, savoured so strong of the insanity which he had himself formerly predicted would character-

ize the acts of his premiership, as to render it inevitable.

It is a common observation of all historians, who have to stigmatise the conclusion of the career of kings or statesmen, that its commencement was popular and auspicious. This may sometimes be attributed to a rhetorical fancy; sometimes may have its foundation in that feeling of our nature, which leads us to seek for something to redeem in the character of those whom we must condemn; sometimes, however, it is true. In the case of the Duke of Wellington, no administration ever came to the helm of state, with so many predis-

\* As the memory of ministers passes away with great rapidity, it may be convenient for those who may hereafter read these pages, to set down the past and present ministry in a note. At the time we write, we are not certain of some of the new appointments,

<i>First Lord of the Treasury</i>	. . . Duke of Wellington	Earl Grey
<i>Lord Chancellor</i>	. . . Lord Lyndhurst	Lord Brougham
<i>President of the Council</i>	. . . Earl Bathurst	Marquis of Lansdowne
<i>Lord Priny Seal</i>	. . . Earl of Rosslyn	Lord Durham
<i>Secretaries</i> {	<i>Home Department</i>	Lord Viscount Melbourne
	<i>Foreign</i>	Lord Palmerston
	<i>Colonial</i>	Viscount Goderich
<i>Chancellor of the Exchequer</i>	. . . Mr. Goulburn	Lord Viscount Althorpe
<i>First Lord of the Admiralty</i>	. . . Lord Melville	Sir James Graham
<i>Master of the Mint, and President of the Board of Trade</i>	. . . Mr. Herries	Lord Auckland
<i>President of the Board of Control</i>	. . . Lord Ellenborough	C. Grant
<i>Chancellor of Duchy of Lancaster</i>	. . . Mr. Arbuthnot	Lord Holland
<i>Cabinet Minister without Office</i>	. . . - - - - -	Earl of Carlisle
<i>Master-General of the Ordnance</i>	. . . Viscount Beresford	Sir W. Gordon
<i>Secretary at War</i>	. . . Lord F. L. Gower	
<i>Lord Chamberlain</i>	. . . Earl of Jersey	
<i>Lord Steward</i>	. . . Duke of Buckingham	Marquis of Wellesley
<i>Master of the Horse</i>	. . . Duke of Leeds	Earl of Albermarle
<i>Groom of the Stole</i>	. . . Marquis of Winchester	
<i>Paymaster of the Forces</i>	. . . Mr. Calcraft	Lord John Russell
<i>Woods and Forests</i>	. . . Lord Lowther	Hon. Mr. A. Ellis
<i>Vice-President of Board of Trade</i>	. . . T. P. Courtney, Esq.	C. P. Thomson, Esq.
<i>Postmaster-General</i>	. . . Duke of Manchester	Duke of Richmond
<i>Lieutenant-General of Ordnance</i>	. . . Lord E. Somerset	Abolished
<i>Secretary of Admiralty</i>	. . . Right Hon. J. W. Croker	Hon. G. Elliot
<i>Attorney-General</i>	. . . Sir James Scarlett	Sir Thomas Denman
<i>Solicitor-General</i>	. . . Sir E. B. Sugde	Sir W. Horne

## IRELAND,

<i>Lord-Lieutenant</i>	. . . Duke of Northumberland	Marquis of Anglesea
<i>Lord Chancellor</i>	. . . Sir A. Hart	Sir A. Hart
<i>Commander of Forces</i>	. . . Sir John Byng	Sir John Byng
<i>Chief Secretary</i>	. . . Sir H. Hardinge	Hon. E. G. S. Stanley
<i>Vice-Treasurer</i>	. . . Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald	Sir Henry Parnell
<i>Attorney-General</i>	. . . Right Hon. H. Joy	E. Pennefather
<i>Solicitor General</i>	. . . J. Doherty	J. Doherty

posing circumstances in its favour. A year of the low intrigue and treacherous chicanery of Mr. Caning; of the helpless imbecility and ridiculous squabbles of the Goderich cabinet, had wearied and disgusted the nation. We were heartily tired of great orators and sagacious theorists; we were nauseated with trick and scheming in high places; and we hailed the accession of a practical statesman, and of a man whose undisputed fame appeared to us a guarantee for his honour. His having sacrificed office sooner than compromise his principles, was an additional pledge that he would not do anything to tarnish his illustrious reputation, by having recourse to the shifting practices of ordinary placeholders. The "untoward" battle of Navarino, (untoward we mean as to its policy: in other respects, a naval victory is the true heritage of England, and need never be regretted,) had laid the foundations for a general war in Europe; and to whom could we look with more confidence, than to him who had had the destinies of Europe so long in his hands? At home we felt that the fatal philosophy of the free-traders had undermined the prosperity of England, in every branch, and we relied upon the well-known hostility of the Duke, to quackery of every kind, to put down the mischievous system of his pamphleteering predecessors. The Tory party, at all times, even now divided and scattered as it is, the great party of the country looked upon the Duke as their chief; in whom their trust might be as firm as "Ailsa's rock;" and, though the Whigs raised their voices against him, their cry was but one of factious clamour, in which the nation did not sympathize. Thus supported, thus cheered, thus trusted, thus honoured, he began his administration in 1828; he has so managed as to resign it in 1830, amid something more closely approaching to *unanimous* dislike, ridicule, distrust, and contempt, than is ordinarily the lot of any fallen minister, or that we could possibly have conceived to have become the portion of one, whose claims to honour in another most lofty and glorious department of public service, are so high and indisputable.

We fear, however, that those very

qualities which contributed to his renown in war, are those which disqualified him for the civil administration of a country which considers itself to be free. The first duty of a soldier is obedience—the inherent right, therefore, in a general, is peremptory command. He must not be reasoned with, but obeyed. He acts for the interest of the whole army committed to his charge, but he must not allow them to question what may be the measures most requisite to promote those interests. His designs cannot be communicated to any one—they must often be so masked, as to be carried by means such as to make all others think they were the very reverse of what he intended. All great generals are therefore haughty, reserved, self-depending, careless of individual interests, cold, crafty, and deceptive, *when business is to be done*. Their individual temperament may, in idler hours, make them lay aside these qualities of their profession: they may be "in the ball-room gay, as in the battle brave;"—they may be "gallant in a lady's bower," fond of festivity, generous, accomplished, witty, humane; but when *duty* again calls them to fill an office of command, the professional features reappear. From such materials a fit minister of a free country cannot be expected.

Let it not be imagined that these remarks are intended to affront the military character, or to attribute such unamiable qualities to the profession of arms in general. There is no profession in which all the higher and more honourable emotions of the soul are so constantly displayed—none, in which there is more room for the display of noble, generous, and manly feelings. The gallant soldier, who fights from the impulses of honour, or courage, or patriotism, has been in all ages and countries an object of just admiration; but his ardour and bravery are no more than machines in the hands of the cool and calculating general. The Napoleons of the world sneer at the Murats. They may allow them to be as brave, but they consider them as stupid, as their own swords. The great strategist and tactician despises all who cannot dissemble.

In countries where the population

were slaves, and the gentry exclusively of the soldier caste, the arbitrary government of a great general was not objectionable. In the days of the Alexanders, and Hannibals, and Cæsars, there was little distinction between the maxims of the camp and the cabinet, and these famous warriors managed both avowedly on the same principle. They had reached the pinnacle of military renown, and military nations willingly awarded to them supremacy as a matter of right. In cases also of civil war, the victorious general naturally ascends the seat of power, and backed as he is of necessity by a faction breathing nothing but war, the Cromwell of the day continues while he reigns (always a short period) to be nothing more than the head of a military faction. But in times of peace, in countries where freedom is the inheritance of all classes; where the soldier's feeling is but slightly diffused through the nation; where all men have rights which they are determined to maintain; and where they have been trained to expect that they are to have some voice in public affairs, some right that the measures of their governing powers should be explained and canvassed—in such times, and countries he, whose nature and habits have given him the superiority in a campaign, is, if he have not genius sufficient to control such nature and habits, no more in his place as a minister, than a roll of drums, or a file of musqueteers in a deliberative assembly.

The Duke of Wellington possessed no such controlling genius. His policy in the cabinet was that of a campaigner. His colleagues were no more than aides-de-camps, or orderlies, to be dismissed for the slightest misunderstanding of his orders. The people at large were just like an army, which the prime minister had to manage for their general advantage, according to the best of *his* ideas, without consulting *theirs*. Opposing parties were to be met as enemies in the field, to be out-manœuvred. A debate in the House of Commons or Lords was a battle, which was to be fought in the face of day, but all the preliminary movements were matters of the most profound secrecy. So that the enemy

was beaten, it was no matter how, whether by force or by fraud, in open combat or by underhand stratagem. As during all his campaigns he never valued the opinion of a council of war, (we believe, indeed, he never called one, but in his administration he could not pursue the analogy so closely,) so during his premiership he paid no attention to the opinions of his cabinet council. (Confidence in his own resources, and no inconsiderable portion of personal vanity, swelled by the continual sycophancy of the fawning parasites by whom he was surrounded, (and no man was ever more infested by such pernicious creatures,) led him gradually to remove, by means the least scrupulous, every person who could, by his rank, influence, talents, or connexions, interfere with his solitary government. At the first pretence of opportunity Huskisson was removed, with a promptitude of punishment, for daring to have an opinion of his own on the most trifling matter, which would have done honour to a drum-head court martial. The influence, real or supposed, of Messrs. Grant and Wynne, of Lords Palmerston and Dudley, insured their exclusion; and for a similar reason the Duke of Clarence, the present King, was deprived of the office of Lord High Admiral, with a precipitancy which, when we look to his exalted rank, was bold enough. His Royal Highness was too high in birth and rank, and too independent in his notions to serve at the beck of the Duke, and his place was more suitably filled by the supple and long trained servility of Lord Melville. The Marquis of Anglesea showed some symptoms of acting on his own account in Ireland—his dismissal instantly followed, and the wealthy dullness of the Duke of Northumberland was substituted. Here, too, the tactics of the Duke were peculiarly apparent. The alleged cause for the Marquis's dismissal was, his having written a letter to an Irish Roman Catholic Archbishop, in which he ventured to argue on the propriety of carrying Roman Catholic emancipation—the date of the Marquis's communication being December 23d, 1828, just six weeks before the Duke of Wellington himself recommend-

ed the measure officially to Parliament.

The consequence of this immolation of men of independence or weight, was the creation of a cabinet of cyphers. "The infant aspect of the Wellington administration," said a political writer of the day, "bore a mixed resemblance to both its parents—the dead Liberal [Mr. Canning, of whose cabinet Lord Dudley, Mr. Huskisson, &c., so uncereimoniously ejected by the Duke, were prominent members,] and to the surviving Tory. As the child grew, however, the complexion betrayed a mournful change; for a negro bantling will show at its birth no more than a slight shade of dinginess, not blackening thoroughly but with time and exposure." We do not happen to feel the same respect for the retainers of Mr. Canning as the writer of the above passage; but we should do them infinite injustice if we were to compare them either for talent or honesty with those who succeeded to their places. It was the principle of the Duke of Wellington not to employ in his ministry any gentleman whom he could not turn off at a moment's notice, without exciting any displeasure or astonishment, and whose services he could not be sure of, either from their natural sycophancy, or their habitual dependance upon him.

The most respectable person of these

underling ministers, was Sir George Murray; but Sir George felt as an inferior officer does to his old commander. The Quarter-master General could not think of mutinying against his Generalissimo. His was the cabinet administration of the Colonies; their government in detail, India, Canada, the West Indies, all was carefully committed to military men pledged to the Duke. Sir George's allegiance, and that of the Governors of the Colonies, was fairly understood—it was the obedience of soldiers to their general. Colonel Napier, in the dedication of his work on the Spanish Campaigns, takes especial care to hint that his having served under the Duke had taught him why the Tenth Legion was attached to Cæsar. As Colonel Napier is a *liberal*, it is highly probable that he is wholly ignorant of all political history; it is indeed evident that he is altogether disqualified from writing with the slightest approach to profound or extended views upon general polity, a misfortune which he shares with his party in general—and we may, therefore, perhaps, excuse him, by his want of knowledge *how* that legion served their master, for the insinuation which this sentence conveys. Lucan can suggest to him what were the feelings of Lælius, and we must leave it to Colonel Napier to decide whether they coincide with his own.\* It is certain that neither Sir George

\* The passage we refer to is the following spirited speech of Lælius:—

"Si licet, exclamat, Romani maxime rector  
 Nominis, et fas est veras expromere voces;  
 Quod tam lenta tuas tenuit patientia vires,  
 Conquerimur: deeratue tibi fiducia nostri?  
 Dum movet hæc calidus spirantia corpora sanguis,  
 Et dum pila valent fortes torquere lacerti,  
 Degenerem patiêre togam, regnumque senatûs?  
 Usque adro miserum est civili vincere bello?  
 Duc age per Scythiæ populos, per inhospita Syrtis  
 Litora, per calidas Libyæ sitientis harenas.  
 Hæc manus, ut victum post terga relinqueret orbem,  
 Oceani tumidas remo compeiscuit undas;  
 Fregit et Arctoo spumantem vertice Rhenum.  
 Jussa sequi tam posse mihi, quam velle, necesse est  
 Nec civis meus est, in quem tua classica, Cæsar,  
 Audiero. Per signa decem felicia castris,  
 Perque tuos juro quocumque ex haste triumphos;  
 Pectore si fratris gladium, juguloque parentis,  
 Condere me jubras, plenæque in viscera partu  
 Conjunctis, invictâ peragam tamen omnia dextrâ.  
 Si spoliare Deos, ignemque inmittere templis,  
 Numina miscebit castrensis flamma Monetæ:  
 Castra super Tusci ai ponere Tibridis undas,



Murray, nor any others of the military men presumed to oppose whatever wish might be entertained by the Duke. Sir George, indeed, surrendered some of his political opinions.

There was another General in the Cabinet, namely, the Earl of Rosslyn, who combined in his own person some of the most incongruous si-

tuations. Through the favour of Lord Chancellor Loughborough, he is a director in the Scottish Chancery—by his own merits in the field, we presume, he is a Lieutenant-general in the army, and a Colonel of the 12th Dragoons. We say, "we presume," for it has not been our good fortune ever to have heard of

*Hesperios audax veniam metator in agros,  
Tu quoscumque voles in planum effundere muros,  
His vires artus disperget sava lacertis ;  
Illa licet, penitus tolli quam jusseris urbem,  
Ronui sit.*

The following is N. Rowe's translation ; and it may serve to give some idea, though indeed a weak one, of the original. We recommend it, such as it is, to the Liberal Colonel, who knows how and why the Tenth Legion admired Cæsar :—

" If against thee (he cried) I may exclaim,  
Thou greatest leader of the Roman name ;  
If truth for injur'd honour may be bold,  
What lingering patience does thy arm withhold ?  
Canst thou distrust our faith so often tried ?  
In thy long wars not shrinking 'from thy side ?  
While in my veins this vital torrent flows,  
Thine heaving breath within my bosom blows ;  
While yet these arms sufficient vigour yield  
To dart the javelin, and to lift the shield ;  
While these remain, my general, wilt thou own  
The vile dominion of the lazy gown ?  
Wilt thou the lordly senate choose to bear,  
Rather than conquer in a civil war ?  
With thee the Scythian wilds we'll wander o'er,  
With thee the burning Lybian sands explore,  
And tread the Syrt's inhospitable shore.  
Behold ! this hand, to nobler labours train'd,  
For thee the servile oar has not disdain'd,  
For thee the swelling seas were taught to plough,  
Through the Rhine's whirling stream to force thy prow,  
That all the vanquish'd world to thee might bow.  
Each faculty, each power, thy will obey,  
And inclination ever leads the way.  
No friend, no fellow-citizen I know,  
Whom Cæsar's trumpet once proclaims a foe,  
By the long labours of the sword, I swear,  
By all thy fame acquir'd in ten years war,  
By thy past triumphs, and by those to come,  
(No matter where the vanquish'd be, or whom)  
Bid me to strike my dearest brother dead,  
To bring my aged father's hoary head,  
Or stab the pregnant partner of my bed ;  
Though nature plead, and stop my trembling hand,  
I swear to execute thy dread command.  
Dost thou delight to spoil the wealthy gods,  
And scatter flames through all their proud abodes ?  
See through thy camp our ready torches burn,  
Monaeta soon her sinking fane shall mourn.  
Wilt thou yon haughty factious senate brave,  
And awe the Tuscan river's yellow wave ?  
On Tiber's banks thy ensigns shall be plac'd,  
And thy bold soldier lay Hesperia waste.  
Dost thou devote some hostile city's walls ?  
Beneath our thundering rams the ruin falls ;  
She falls, ev'n though thy wrathful sentence doom  
The world's imperial mistress, mighty Rome.

his deeds of arms, except on the occasion that he acted the part of second to a Mr. James Stuart, of Dunleath, a Scotch attorney, in a duel in which Sir Alexander Boswell was shot. Great thus in situations of peace as of war,

"Great in the bench as in the saddle,  
Who could as well bind o'er as swaddle."

it seemed good to the Duke of Wellington to appoint the dragoon director of chancery, a Lieutenant-general Lord Privy Seal. As he that made could unmake, as, always abating the duel aforesaid, nobody whatever knew anything about his Lordship, and as except sitting in a very owl-like appearance, occasionally on the woollen sack, as Lord Commissioner, the Lord Privy did nothing; it is unnecessary to say, that he was entirely at the disposal of the prime minister. If he did not obey, the door was open, and nobody could tell whether he passed out of it or not.

A similar indifference would have prevailed on the part of the public, had it pleased his Grace to have got rid of Lords Aberdeen, Bathurst, or Melville, by any process whatever, even the most summary. The first of these peers will figure in our literature as long as "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" is read, but posterity will not know enough of the history of the worthy President of the Antiquaries—the legitimate monarch of the A. S. S'es—to tell whether Lord Byron's sarcasms are just or not. Some inquirers, as industrious in trifles as the gentlemen who compose the body over which he sheds the light of his star, on Thursday evenings, may discover, that he was generally reputed to be an excessively dull man, who had the sense to hide his want of ideas, under the mask of taciturnity—that he professed to admire the principles of Prince Metternich, and had, by diligent study, come so far towards imitating that minister, as to know how to fold, seal, and send off a despatch in the most approved and diplomatic manner—and that he had the necessary merit of duly appreciating his distance from the great man of the state. Further inquiries, if successful, may reveal the fact, that that great man, with his usual kindness and conde-

scension, took the trouble of the foreign office entirely off the hands of the nobleman, whom he permitted to bear the nickname of Foreign Secretary, whose functions were reduced to putting into shape and tolerably grammatical language, the ideas which his Grace (to whom all foreign communications were, in the first place, uniformly consigned,) desired to have transmitted to courts abroad. This task being duly executed, his Lordship conveyed his handywork to be copied by a clerk in the next degree inferior to himself, with as much solemnity as if he had performed some most weighty function of the *haute diplomatie*. As Sir Thomas Lawrence's pictures will outlast the fame of the Earl of Aberdeen, it will puzzle the future collector to devise, why the painter chose to dress out in the clothes of a gentleman and the rihand of a knight, a person whom he depicted with the countenance of a sheep-stealer.

Lord Bathurst, idle, indolent, dull and good for nothing, is merely notorious for being one of the fattest weeds upon the Lethe bank of office. Adherence to his party, and the sort of family claim upon official rank, which more than a century of connexion with public business had given the representative of the Bathursts, put him and kept him in place. When at the end of a long political career, he cast off his party, and violated, without a moment's scruple or notice, all the political tenets of his family, there was nothing between him and universal rejection, but the favour of the minister, to whom his friends assure us, that his poverty but not his will had sold him. The remaining peer of the trio, Lord Melville, was sure to cling to the Duke, because nobody else would have anything to say to him.

In a pamphlet, generally attributed to the pen of Lord Ellenborough, that noble person is described as being one of the main ornaments of the ministry, as having been the chief glory of the Whigs, as long as he chose to continue in their camp, as being distinguished for wit, eloquence, reasoning, and strong powers of satire. The public opinion differs so far from this his lordship's appreciation of himself, as to set him down as one of the most signal disgraces of the

most disgraceful of ministries. His speeches, void of talent or information, were conspicuous only for flip-pant impertinence. The only state paper that we have been favoured with from his pen was that which has added a standing joke to our language—a state paper which had the extraordinary merit of recommending a judge from his resemblance to a tame elephant, and consigning a bishop upon India in a postscript as per margin. In the pamphlet to which we have above alluded, the author, whom we suppose to be his lordship in person, imagines himself personally odious to the opposition, but can find no ground for their entertaining any such feeling towards him, except that they are afraid of his talents, and tremble before his satire. Agreeing with his lordship, that he is looked upon with a peculiar feeling, which we do not know how to describe, not only by the opposition, but by every gentleman and man of honour in the country, we must inform him that he most lamentably mistakes the cause. Small indeed must the creature be to whom Lord Ellenborough could appear redoubtable—but when he recollects the disgusting exhibition of his domestic concerns, and the contemptible disclosures dragged before a nauseated public, he will be able to trace to its real source the sensation which the mention of his name excites—and need not wonder that the abuse of the power of a cabinet, exerted in favour of one of its members, over a disgraced House of Commons, to outrage all the feelings and decencies of private life, by a proceeding never paralleled in the history of any body pretending to the character of a legislature, plunged the late administration into a depth of especial disgrace, in which no act of mere political baseness or infamy could have involved them.

Our list is almost done—the Wellington menagerie nearly exhausted. Goulburn! dear animal! would we had the pen of Sterne to describe thee, glory as thou art of the ill treated race, whose unmerited sufferings roused the sympathies of the sentimental traveller! Thy name, O Goulburn, is a jest!—the mention of thy labours as Chancellor of the Exchequer, enough to excite a roll

of laughter inextinguishable. Yet peace be to thee! Thou hadst in thy days of office, two eminent merits. It was thy fate to be the sole in the history of ministers, to whom augmented unpopularity was the result of taking off a tax; and it was thy superexcellent bungling and blundering in the civil list, that gave the *coup de grace* to the administration in which thy ears were so proudly erected. Never shall we look upon thy like again in the robe of the Exchequer; for never will there be found combined in one and the same person, the outrageous folly of thy master, in thinking that he could carry on financial affairs by thine agency, and his ultramulish obstinacy in persisting in retaining them when the ultra-asinine stupidity was evident to all mankind.

Herries, who was a decent clerk, and who has made an immense fortune, may be safely passed over without any observation. There are but two names left, to whom talent was ever attributed—and these the stratagem of the Duke placed at his disposal, as completely as those others among them, to whom nothing much above idiocy was ever ascribed by the most flattering admirers of their character. Copley, a sharp, intelligent lawyer, possessed of great acuteness and readiness of mind; a man of little principle, but most graceful and commanding eloquence, and still more considerable shrewdness, had run the round from decided Radicalism to as decided Toryism, never in the course of his career having scrupled to advocate the extreme doctrines of any party with which he acted. At last, in the easy reign of Lord Liverpool, his talents in the defence of Thistlewood, recommended him to the notice of the Government, then heinously ill provided with *rising* lawyers, and his clever management in the case of the Queen, led him to the office of Attorney General. The politics of his youth were easily forgotten, and he might safely smile at the sneers of his quondam friend, Hone, and his nickname, (destined to be revived) of Rat Copley. The prosperous lawyer soon made his way to the Rolls, but his talents in Parliament were more conspicuous than his knowledge, or his diligence in his court. One speech of his made a

wonderful impression—it was his reply, in 1827, to Mr. Canning, on the Roman Catholic question, which at that time appeared to every body, except those interested, to be convincing against the Irish petitions; nor was its effect much diminished, though the originality of the speaker was somewhat damaged, by the fact that the staple of its argument was borrowed from what Canning called the stinging pamphlet of Dr. Phillips. We have since seen, that both the author and the orator were playing the game, one of a pamphleteer, the other of a counsel, and shook off their facts and arguments, whenever they found it unnecessary to act a part any longer.

The retirement of Lord Eldon placed Copley—*faute de mieux*—on the woolsack, Canning and he having, like Peachum and Locket, easily reconciled their honest variances. He chose the poetical name of Lyndhurst, and spoke various fine speeches, but did no business. The precarious and rickety state of the Canning and Goderich administration, gave full occupation to all his powers of trimming, but he played his cards well enough to outlive both, and enlist himself in the Wellington detachment. Here he was soon trained to obedience, by the daily sacrifices which he saw of the mutineers; and when the time came for rattling again, the keeper of the King's conscience found his own perfectly ready for any change that was requisite to keep him in place. On the 10th of June, 1828, he was as strenuous a no-popery man as ever. On the 5th of February, 1829, he delivered the royal speech, conceding much more than ever was demanded, when he opposed even the consideration of a concession. After this it is unnecessary to say that he was at the mercy of the Duke. An inefficient chancellor—a blundering law reformer, in spite of his loudly vaunted promises—an idle and dilatory functionary, had no hold upon the nation. Lord Eldon, against whom a factious and ungenerous clamour had been raised, was remembered with great disparagement to his successor. The work of the old chancellor might have been slow, but it was sure; when he decided, he decided *principles*. The work of the new chan-

cellor was rather slower, but nobody depended upon it. In fact, upon examination, it would be found that in the three years that Copley had the seals, he has done less than any man whatever in the same period of time, and that nothing which he has attempted, has given satisfaction. It would be most unfair, even passing the unfairness of a political antagonist, to deny him the praise of a cleverness and a clearness which occasionally detected the strong or the weak points of the case brought before him, but his original ignorance of the principles and practice of our Courts of Equity, and the increasing idleness and distraction of his habits, incapacitated him from being under any circumstances a chancellor, who could venture to deliver a decisive opinion, or in whom, if such was delivered, any body would confide. In this point of view he was but a sorry successor of the Earl of Eldon.

We have lingered over Copley longer than we had intended, but we have much more to say of him, if we so pleased, before we were done. The insinuations, said to have been made, about the “uncleanliness of his hands” we disbelieve—if we believed them we should have no scruple to give our opinion distinct utterance. But without insinuating anything of the kind, we must say, that nothing can be more unhappy than the appointment of a poor and expensive man to the office of Lord Chancellor. It is impossible to check the blatant beast, the public, from bellowing or grunting forth charges founded in nothing further than the necessities of the head of the law, the guardian of the wards, the great trustee of minors and lunatics, and the administrator of ecclesiastical patronage to an immense amount, which are unpleasant to hear. Brougham is now chancellor—he formerly used to abuse Copley, among other matters, for never having in his life held a chancery brief—we think that his new lordship may be open to some of the reproaches which he formerly let loose against Lyndhurst.

Sir Robert Peel.—When this gentleman resigned office, because he could not consent that Mr. Canning should form a ministry, in which a desire to carry the Catholic Relief Bill was the feeling of the

majority, he acted, wisely or unwisely, according as the reader may feel, but he acted in accordance with his declared principles. When he pronounced endless war against Canning, because that theatrical person was willing to compromise the question, "so as to afford a triumph to neither party," he then, too, acted according to his declared principles. When he accepted office on the dissolution of the absurd cabinet of Lord Goderich, on the expressed and implied condition of supporting the old domestic policy of England, then, too, his declared principles were adhered to. That was the sole condition of his political existence; but for his Protestantism he was nothing—absolutely nothing. We shall now have it in proof. He came back, supported by the weight of the Protestant party, which, in the belief that he was staunch and honest, tolerated his acknowledged mediocrity, or if the true word must be spoken at last, his decent stupidity. Of upper clerks the most excellent, nobody could ever reproach him with any want of the wisdom to be learnt in offices. Bent with his large mind upon reform, the inclination which that mighty intellect has taken, is to slay statutes already defunct, or to puzzle by legislating upon matters long since consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets. Expensive in genius, it is to him we owe the repeal of laws against witchcraft, or companions with gypsies, and to him also we are indebted for several important improvements, as to the mode of saying guilty or not guilty. Vastable matters these! Let the glory that attends their deviser await him for ever! What he has done in the criminal law could have been effected by any attorney's clerk; it had been, (except the mischievous parts,) effected for at least two hundred years in practice. His consolidation of the statutes cannot rank him higher in the scale of intellect than an index maker; and if in the task for which his friends give him so much praise, any thing really indicating knowledge, or any ray of talent be observable, it must always be attributed to his inferior coadjutors, whom, for doing all the work on which his fame rests, and raising him to the rank of a legislator, such

as he is, he, with his appropriate and usual liberality, rewarded by quartering them upon the public.

By common consent, and by his own claim, these law-tinkering labours are his greatest merit. In the House of Commons he is a dull, but, we admit, a useful debater. Charles II. used to describe a Bishop whom he had appointed much to the general astonishment, as a person very fit for the flock over whom he had set him, "because his nonsense suited their nonsense." On the same principle, Sir Robert Peel is a useful debater in such an assembly as the House of Commons—we speak seriously when we say, that there is an appearance of improvement in the present House. His is the very beau ideal of official eloquence, a perfect mastery over common places, and an unapproached knowledge of regulated forms and set evasions, which pass as arguments and reasoning among our legislators. No man can better say, that this is not the time for explaining—that it is too late, or too early—that advantage is taken of an honourable gentleman's absence—that it is inconvenient to the public service to disclose, &c. &c. None can better stand upon his honour, or fling himself upon the strength of his character for the favourable consideration of an assembly ready to admire the character, and to believe in the honour of a secretary of state. But in his speeches—except upon that one question, on which he was always prepared, and which he has since abandoned—you would search in vain for a sentence worthy of being remembered, for an expanded reflection, a general principle, a flash of thought, a gleam of fancy. The mere fact of his being considered any thing beyond a common place prosier, proves that the Quarterly Reviewer was uncontestably right, who maintained that the last House of Commons was infinitely below the intellect of the country. No one knew this better than Sir Robert himself, and no one more strenuously wished to conceal it from the observation of the public. He could not look beyond the walls of the House without witnessing the progress of political thinking and writing; he could not cast his eyes beyond the benches, with which he

was surrounded, without seeing that, whatever was the talent there, it was not equal to the talent outside, which supported the party—but he chose to pretend ignorance of the fact, and to describe the House of Commons as containing all the risen and rising genius of the day. Dread of any too violent infusion of abilities, that might compete with him for supremacy amid his own set, is at the bottom of his hostility to reform—an hostility which is shared by the various small persons, whom the narrow, and desk-bred policy of Lord Liverpool, has thrust upon the public offices.

While he remained as the leader of the Protestant party their support covered his defects from exposure. On this peculiar question his speeches, thanks to the tuition of Oxford doctors and Irish Orangemen, could boast of research, and were delivered with a zeal which we once considered real. One or two of these efforts in a session, floated the lumber of the remaining speeches. In an evil hour he was seduced by the Duke to give up his only passport to fame or honour. What were the arguments that made him, as he afterwards said, in a quotation from Dryden,

“Welcome infamy, and lasting shame,  
Contempt, and loss of friends, and tarnished fame,”

we can only conjecture. Desire of place, and the clamours of his dependants crying out for their support, which would be gone if he lost office, were the principal motives, and the contagious example of the ready obedience of Phillpotts, Dawson, the Beresfords, &c. perhaps led him to believe that he had but to change, to bring all the Tory party with him. Nor must we leave out of the question that the gradual sacrifice made by the Duke of the principal ministerial speakers, Messrs. Huskisson, Grant, Wynn, Palmerston, who though all pro-papery men, yet spared Sir Robert Peel in their speeches—a toleration which he could not then expect—left him open and unprotected to more fierce opposition than any which he had before experienced. Whatever the motives might have been, we may be sure that they were creeping and cowardly.

Now, for the first time, he will be

tried. He has lost office, and thereby, much of the countenance of the House. He is cast off by the true Tory party *for ever*. The Whigs, now triumphant, despise him; and none remain but that very poor and wretched *horde*, the turned off place-men, men inferior in rank, talent, and character, even to himself. We shall soon be able to learn what it was Peel felt in himself which he thought entitled him to appreciate where the intellect of the country lay. All *glamour* about him is gone, and the man stands naked before us. A short time will suffice to *show what he is*. He, of course, fell with the Duke of Wellington, who had long had him at his mercy. When his Grace had disjoined Peel from his party, his days of office were numbered at the Premier's pleasure. A dozen times at least, and every time with such a grin as we may suppose illumined the features of the devil, when he laughed in the face of the undone Santon Barisa, did the iron-hearted master inform the country that Mr. Peel had sacrificed his political existence: and had not the ruined Secretary continued to ply at his toil unmurmuring at whatever mandates came from head-quarters, he would have been flung forth, with as little ceremony as a general conducting a campaign, would fling forth from his tent a deserter from the opposite camp, after he had made the requisite use of him, and had occasion for his presence no longer.

Thus have we briefly sketched the individuals of the late ministry, and shewn that there was not one among them who could consider himself as any thing but a tool of the Duke. He reigned alone. He broke the usual parties of the state by his tactics, in carrying the Catholic Question, principally to destroy the power of any party efficiently to oppose him. He let loose Scarlett upon the press, to browbeat public opinion. He projected the gradual overthrow of all local authorities, to sweep all the power and patronage of the country into his own hands—the establishment of the new police was the first step towards effecting this object. Abroad he fostered the system of Prince Polignac in France—of Van Maanen in the Netherlands. But, as they failed, so has he. The consequences of his failure are less

marked and less disastrous than theirs, because, in England, no one as yet dares attempt to violate the forms, however they might outrage the substance of freedom. We were coming, however, under the guidance of the Duke, to a period when we should have been found more manageable.

His ministry had been one of trick and expedient, and when he could trick no one else, he fell. The tenacity with which he clung to office was remarkable. It might well be said of him, as of his antagonist, that

"From his *reluctant* hand

The thunderbolt was wrung."

(if indeed it is not caricature to use the word thunderbolt on such an occasion); and if the fall from a joint-stool be less terrible than from a throne, it is more laughable. In fact, the last actions of the Duke's career were merely ridiculous. His processions to the country, in order to say *nothing*, were caricatures even upon Sheridan's caricature of Lord Burghley. The nonsensical speech which he put into the mouth of the King; the uncalled declaration against reform, which seemed to be uttered out of very scorn for the people, at a moment when even those classes hitherto opposed to the measure, were demanding it; the incredible plot of the Donkeys to blow up the royal procession into the city, which made his Grace draw armies about London, fortify the Tower, frighten the metropolis, cheat the citizens, and hazard the popularity of the King; the bungling Civil List; every thing, in short, shewed that the man's part in the ministry was done. He fell when he had become an object of laughter to the veriest asses in creation: when the hero of Waterloo, the

"Victor of Assaye's Eastern plain;

Victor of all the fields in Spain;

Victor of France's despot reign;

Immortal Wellington!"

↓

- οὐδ' ἔμεινεν

τετλαίν, κύνες; πῶς ἐπὶ, εἰς ὅπια ἰδίοθαι.

ΟΥΔΕ ΤΙ ΟΙ ΒΟΥΛΑΣ ΣΥΜΦΑΖΣΟΜΑΙ ΟΥΔΕ ΜΕΝ ΕΡΓΟΝ

ἐκ γὰρ δὴ μ' ἀπάτησε καὶ ἤλπιεν· οὐδ' ἂν ἔτ' αὐτίς

ἐξαπάρου· ἐπίσσειν ἔλεις δὲ οἱ. ΑΛΛΑ ΕΚΙΑΟΣ

ΕΡΡΕΤΩ. ἐκ γὰρ οὗ φρένα; εἴλετο μυτιέτα Ζεὺς.

We have no translation at hand but that of Pope, which, as usual, misses the meaning of the original; let us, therefore, paraphrase the passage for ordinary readers:—

"However shameless be the tyrant Duke,  
Let him not dare upon my face to look.

had become the dupe of a couple of fat-headed buffoons, and the victim of that inordinate self-conceit, that led him to imagine that his name would suffice to cover the doings of a Goulburn, or the odiousness of an Ellenborough.

He has left the country in a state of something approaching to a *jacquerie*, with funds sinking, revenue declining, and a population disaffected. He promised to bind Ireland closer to the English crown; the last days of his administration are marked by a proposition, for the first time brought forward in a tangible shape, for the repeal of the Union. Of the complete derangement of foreign affairs (thanks probably to his own Holy Alliance policy), of the disjointed state of Europe, it is needless to speak. And yet, after all these proofs of his incapacity to govern, he entertains, we understand, the idea that he may yet return. By whose means, then? By means of the Peels and the Dawsons, the clerks and the traitors? No, their reign is passed. The "red tape" school (on which, by the way, we shall shortly have an essay) has passed. The Liberals, or Radicals? Scarcely. The Whigs? Alas! they are themselves in power, and it would be hard to persuade them to share it with one whose expected portion would be that of the lion. The Tories? Oh! no. Let him not lay the flattering unction to his soul. He cheated, deceived, and insulted them. By the Tories all connexion with him must be avoided, as if it conveyed the plague. He must be untouched and untouchable. Once he betrayed them—he shall never betray them again. The answer his emissary deserves from any Tory whom he endeavours to tempt, is already written in the indignant reply of Achilles:—

Never again shall I his councils join—  
 Never with him in act or thought combine.  
 Once he deceived and wronged me—'tis in vain,  
 He hopes to cheat me by his vows again.  
 Let once suffice him—for his course may be  
 To headlong ruin, all untouched by me.  
 That fate alone, the traitor's lot, remains,  
 Since righteous Heaven has reft him of his brains.'

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Of the New Ministry we do not yet pretend to judge.

There is some laughing at the idea of *Lordship* of Brougham; and the Whigs will find it hard to square their necessary practice in place, with their professions out of it; but we willingly wait another month before we give our opinion on their merits. In the mean time one victory is won, in the expulsion of the Duke of Wellington; for, until that incubus was got rid of, there was no hope. Another victory, scarcely less important, is the *smoking out of the vermin*. Need we explain, that we thereby mean the flinging forth of Twiss, Croker, Planta, Holmes—incredible to relate, the Whipper-In is whipped out—and all the other scent animals who thought themselves fixtures in the offices they held. The Dundases, Peels, Bathursts—and other ministerial families, also are gone. The

Government of the country is no longer considered to be in the hands of a mere club of Boroughmongers, and parasitical clerks. In this point of view we rejoice at the promotion of Brougham. *He* has kept himself aloof from the contemptible underlings now destroyed, and hence arises the paltry venom of Croker, displayed against him a few nights ago in such a manner as to sink that petty person still lower than ever. A meaner or more cowardly attempt at sarcasm—a poorer or more beggarly effort at a factious opposition never was exhibited—and Croker's occupation is gone. Even the *Courier* despised him!

Next month we shall have something to say of the new Ministers; and if we do not like them, we shall make no difficulty in presenting them with a new year's gift.

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BY ANNA MARIA PORTER.

TO A LADY, WITH A NOSEGAY OF MYRTLES, GERANIUMS, &c.

SUMMER's frail tribes are gone,  
 These modest flowers alone  
 Remain to offer on a bridal morn—  
 Oh! may their beauty prove,  
 Types of thy wedded love,  
 Beauty uncoupled with the dreaded thorn!

And, ah! unlike the rose,  
 Which, ere a June day close,  
 Sheds on the dewy earth its blushing showers.  
 May your twined loves be seen,  
 Like myrtles, ever green,  
 Blooming all freshly through long winter's hours.

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## BELGIUM.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

## DE POTTER.—CONGRESS.—SEPARATION OF HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.—INTERVENTION.

## DE POTTER.

I TRAVELLED in the diligence from Gand to Bruxelles with one of the most distinguished deputies of the southern provinces to the States General: it was shortly after the breaking out of the revolution, and he was proceeding at the summons of the king to assist at the opening of that Assembly. The Prince of Orange had just left Bruxelles, and the idea of the separation had only then struck upon the ringleaders of the affair as a panacea for all grievances. He remarked, that a similar demand for a dissolution of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland was in agitation: I answered, by a faction only. "Aye, aye," replied he, "by O'Connell, Brougham, and all that set." So much for this gentleman's knowledge of the state of parties in England and Ireland. However, I believe we know quite as little of them as they do of us. One of the principal English daily papers called De Potter, the former editor of the *Courier des Pays Bas*, and he has more than once, in our presence, been named as a devilish clever little fellow for a bookseller.

De Potter is a native of Bruges, and the head of a noble family of competent fortune. He is about forty years of age, short in stature, dry in temperament, perfectly bald, with an acute expression of countenance. His youth has been a studious one: during Napoleon's iron reign, he spent his time in Italy—at Rome chiefly, where he had free admission to the records of the Vatican. He has since, in his *History of the Church*, and in his life of *Scipio de Ricci* (translated by Mr. T. Roscoe, and published by Colburn, \*) made such a use of these researches, as to subject him to the charge of unfairness. The friends of the church have urged, he would never have been permitted to peruse and copy the documents he has availed himself of, had he not given the Court of Rome to understand that his views were friendly. His

reputation at Rome stood deservedly high: in the absence of the Belgian ambassador, his friend, he officiated in his place, and altogether, from his birth, fortune, talents, and learning, bore a high consideration at Rome.

On his return home, under the reign of a constitutional monarch, he seems to have abandoned theology and history for politics, and to have engaged warmly in the controversies of the day. Belgium was a complainant: it had never ceased to be so under the present king from the time he was imposed upon them by the allies. Her grievances were not serious, but they were vexatious, and above all, the Belgians felt that Holland was preferred by the Dutch king, and that a full measure of justice was not dealt out to it. The Belgians are a jealous and irritable race, and it was an unlucky measure to couple them with a rival people, under an alien sovereign, and what is more, a heretic. De Potter took up the cause of his countrymen, and all that man could do by pamphlet and newspaper he did. He may be said to have been an agitator, but he took none of the measures of the great Irish disturber; he neither made speeches nor went on missions, but at last he proposed *a rent*, and was banished for it. Certain members of the States, who had voted against ministers, were turned out of the posts they filled, and some were deprived of pensions. De Potter proposed, that a fund should be established to indemnify all persons who suffered for patriotism's sake: he was already in prison for a libel on the government, and he was now brought out to be tried for a conspiracy and high treason. In less than three months after his condemnation, *he and his two advocates were the chiefs of the provisional government*, established on the ruins of the authority that persecuted him. This circumstance alone is a strong indi-

\* But sadly mutilated. Ed.

cation of the immediate causes of the revolution in Belgium.

The history of the *remote* causes is long and tedious, and we feel confident in saying, that though some grounds existed for complaint, there were none to justify a revolution, and none which would of themselves have roused the country to resistance. The *proximate* causes were of a more inflammatory nature: they arose out of the tyranny and injustice used towards the press. The press is a terrible enemy, for it lives upon its griefs: the very strokes of arbitrary power which shake it in one direction, in another sense afford it the most animating and exciting sustenance.

The first overt act committed against the press, by the government, was the sending two Frenchmen out of the country for a squib or satire of some kind. The iniquity of this measure was pointed out in very strong terms, by Ducpetiaux and De Potter, in the different journals of the day; they were tried and imprisoned for it. They were convicted by a law against sedition, which was promulgated on Napoleon's return from Elba, and which had been intended to serve a temporary purpose, in those dangerous times. De Potter was utterly unaffected by imprisonment; on the contrary, it left him time for uninterrupted labours. He became even still more assiduous in his vocation. The persecution of the liberals, and the discontent of the priests, under restrictions imposed by a protestant court, suggested a union—an alliance offensive and defensive between the two great factions. The party thus united became so strong both in the States and in the country, and the war of the journals so severe upon the obnoxious ministers, that it was determined by the government to employ a sort of *coup d'état*, and put down the organ of these discontents, conceiving that when the mouth-piece had been taken away, the complaints themselves would sink into silence. They availed themselves of the very first pretext, and brought the chief scribe, De Potter, to trial for conspiracy and high treason, and with a view to sow disunion in a party already too strong, they seized upon his private correspondence, upon that of his intimate friend Tuilemans, and published them.

De Potter was no sooner condemned, than the ministers continued the prosecution of the journals; in thirty days a libel *per diem* was attacked, these libels were contained in seven different newspapers. It was now, while these affairs were pending, that the French revolution broke out. Can it be doubted that the public mind, inflamed by the attacks on the press, was in a fit state to receive any violent impression? The newspapers, in expectation of fine, imprisonment, and destruction, were naturally prepared to push the people to any step which might screen themselves, and produce an amendment of the law under which they wrote. The inflammability of the public feeling was, however, only skin deep; it had no profound or pressing causes; and the country enjoyed all essential advantages, it had never been in an equal state of prosperity; trade, commerce, and the arts were flourishing, and the improvement in the means and manner of living, within the last five years, has been extraordinary. At the same time, the clumsy policy of the government had left grievances, great in name, sad in sound, which amused the ear and served the purposes of watch-words. The people complained loudly of taxes, of being compelled to use the Dutch language, of an unequal partition of places; whereas, in point of fact, they were simply in a very bad humour at the treatment of their newspapers, which had naturally enough identified their own cause with that of the national liberty and independence. Thus the Belgian revolution is a newspaper revolution, as was that of Paris.

It never, however, could have come to any thing, had it not been for the extreme folly and mismanagement of the government, who actually enticed and tantalized the Belgians on to revolt.

The beginning was a mob or riot after the play: the house of Van Maanen, the prime minister, was burnt and pulled down; and the house of the prime minister's devil, Lebray Bagnano, the editor of the *National*, and a printer. The respectable citizens at length succeeded in quelling the violence of the mob, and with arms in their hands—those they had used against the rioters—

they began to treat with the government respecting the grievances alleged to have laid the foundation of the popular commotion. The king listened with apparent attention, temporised, and shuffled. He exhibited both his fear and his obstinacy. The Prince of Orange arrived in Bruxelles, avowedly to inquire into the complaints of the people, and to assist in remedying them. He grew alarmed, and, under pretext of bearing a message to his father, *decamped*. The people were again left to themselves; with arms in their hands, and a mob ready to rise into violence, the very first moment of encouragement. The municipal authorities perceiving the royal government too weak to protect them, deserted their posts, and the citizens were driven to erect temporary governments, and to other revolutionary acts, for the sole purpose of maintaining order, and carrying on the business of the country. At the first unequivocal signal of an honest intention to meet the complaints of the people, their arms would have been laid down. No such sign was given: all was *palaver*. Though tired to death of military employment, the citizens would have been too glad to resign their weapons on the slightest pretext: they could not do it in very shame. The king would not afford them an excuse. All his talk was of the fundamental law, and the States-General, the people well knew they had nothing to look to but the monarch's will. If the design had been to fire out the *bourgeois*, who were neglecting their business, losing their time, and occupied in disagreeable duties, there might have been some wisdom in the plan. But the king neither would disband these rebels by promptness, nor weary them out by delay: he neither used clemency nor severity, but *shilly-shallied* between the two, till he had absolutely driven even the best-intentioned into rebellion. He then, when it was too late, and while he was still pretending to defer the question to the States assembled, secretly marched an army to the siege of Bruxelles. While the States were deliberating upon the demands of the complainants, the army of Prince Frederick was cutting them in pieces in the streets of the capital.

The success of the citizens of Brussels, in their opposition to the Dutch troops, is almost unaccountable. It required cowardice and incapability of the most eminent degree, to insure a failure of the enterprise. In the first place, they were scarcely opposed at all; they were stopped simply because they dared not proceed, and when they were opposed, it was because they in a manner invited the attack: it was a kind of rising to crush a retreating, trembling monster, that while it grinned and shewed its teeth, was evidently bent upon taking to its heels on the first opening that presented itself. There is perhaps an inaptitude in both Dutch and Belgians to military command: the commanders of the king exhibited the extremest ignorance and imbecility, and the commanders that sprung up on the popular side were foreigners: Van Halen, a Spaniard, and Mellinet, a Frenchman; and subsequently Duvives and Pontecoulant, both, we believe, natives of France, or at least born of French parents. Viscount Pontecoulant commands in West Flanders; and I, who was a witness of his proceedings, was struck with the soldierly air, and the familiarity and mastery he appeared to have in all military and administrative functions over the Belgians acting with him, many of whom had had equal opportunity for acquiring warlike experience.

The loss experienced on both sides in Bruxelles was certainly considerable, but it has been greatly exaggerated. The forces brought against Bruxelles amounted probably to 7,000 or 8,000; though as many more might be approaching, to join the forces under the command of the Prince. Of their loss it is difficult to form a calculation. The people had killed 400 or 500: 1,500 more were wounded, and a considerable proportion died of their wounds—perhaps 300.

Persons at home, who formed their opinions through the exaggerating medium of the newspapers, whose correspondents probably wrote in great haste, and in some confusion, have imagined the picture of an infuriated population falling upon a numerous army in the act of taking their city by storm. Nothing, how-

ever, that was warlike, could be more peaceable than was the fight of Bruxelles. It was a set-to at *pop-game*, which lasted four days. The horrors, of which we have heard so much, began when the army was in the act of being driven out: it was *then* that the atrocities, the burnings, the rapes, and the plunderings were commenced: perhaps the flying army did its share; but it was the *canaille* of Bruxelles, sallying forth from lane and hovel, garret and cellar, that perpetrated far more than half the mischief. This has never been said in Bruxelles, for a very good reason: nobody dare say it. From the time of the victory up till very lately, the mob has always been at least dreaded.

The apparent stand against the king had been made by the *bourgeois*, the respectable tradespeople, who, with muskets in their hands, had treated with the king, and had been represented by the Committee of Safety, and by their Commander in Chief. It was they who treated, but it was not they who fought. When the troops approached, they gladly let the mob take their arms, while they ran away to their cellars and hiding holes. This was called being disarmed by an insurrection of the mob: the authorities of the *bourgeois* took this favourable occasion to disappear. So that when the army arrived, the talking and treating revolutionists had disappeared: the chief part of the tradespeople and their families joyfully made ready to receive the prince and his troops, for revolutions are bad for trade, and it was universally expected, that the army would enter and take possession of the city. But the army seemed to think twice about the matter. They came in shuffling and looking behind them; they were evidently in a dreadful taking; this encouraged a few of the mob—they who had picked up the arms of the *bourgeois* guard—to fire: they fired, and fired,—up a lane and from the bottom of an alley, or the top of the house, or out of a garret window,—but the attack was perfectly despicable. The town had neither spirit, leaders, nor ammunition, and on the field no force at all. The passiveness of the Dutch, however, soon brought everybody upon them. Delay encouraged, the pea-

sants flocked in, and at last a very considerable crowd was collected; muskets peeped out of every door, lane, and window, from behind every lamp-post, balcony and buttress, till at last they all took courage; a man with a wooden leg trundled a field-piece *en avant*, the mass shouted, and followed, an explosion took place, and the Dutch army retreated: night fell, and when morning came, no enemy was to be found. The combatants were out of work; for it is odd enough, as they were almost all labourers and artisans, so did they keep workmanlike hours, they went to their meals with wonderful regularity. As soon as the customary hour was ended, and nature satisfied, they returned to their occupation of *popping*. The greatest slaughter took place among the *milk people*, who made a point of supplying their customers, as usual; and in order to do this with security, they delivered their milk at a very early hour, before the fighting began. But many, not sufficiently active, or sufficiently early, were caught by the Dutch bullets in the street before all their *pratique* was supplied.

We would not wish to ridicule an event which is likely to be productive of great consequences, and which certainly was accompanied by much suffering; but the blame must lie at the door of those who puff the courageous exploits of the brave Bruxellois, and compare the battle to that of Paris.

When the victory was decided; nay, indeed, when it appeared probable that it would turn in favour of the people, the authorities, the organs of the revolution, made their appearance. A Provisional Government was immediately patched up, and as soon as the arrival of the news at Paris informed M. De Potter of the state of things, he lost not a moment in returning to the country whence he had been so unjustly banished. He was immediately co-opted by the Provisional Government, since which time he has been its soul, the spring on which it moved, its oracle, and its guide.

The situation of the Provisional Government was one of extreme difficulty; the interval between the victory of Bruxelles and the assembling of Congress, of extreme danger.

All the strong places of the country were filled with Dutch troops; luckily, however, mixed with Belgians. A war was to be carried on without funds, and a starving and excited people to be kept in order without a police, with scarcely a single existing municipal authority. Troops were, however, set on foot, and the war successfully maintained, and the people, with a few exceptions, that of Bruges for instance, hindered from breaking out into open sacking and plundering. In most towns there was nothing whatever to prevent the numerous poor from rising upon the fewer rich, except their own notions of right and wrong, and also the conciliatory precautions taken by the wealthy, who were well aware of their danger. All this was done amidst the intrigues of the Dutch court, and the apprehensions of foreign intervention. Besides which, the Government found leisure greatly to ameliorate the existing laws, and by several popular and liberal enactments secured the favour

of the country. They also organized the assembling of a Congress of Notables, by which the form and principles of the native constitution of the independent state should be decided upon. Up to the very meeting of this assembly, the Government appears to have gone on with unity of purpose, and in harmony of feeling. The course of procedure to be adopted by the Provisional Government, as respected the form of acknowledging the authority of the Congress, became a matter of discussion, and De Potter seems to have been left in a minority of one. The immediate consequence has been his retirement altogether from the management of affairs: what the future consequences of his secession may be, it is more difficult to say. De Potter may now be considered the head of the Republican party, and the fact of that active and zealous faction being able to place at their head so distinguished a chief as De Potter, may possibly very seriously affect the fortunes of Belgium.

#### THE CONGRESS.

The Congress of Notables is a much more aristocratic body than might have been expected from the complexion of the revolution. The qualification for voting is considerable, and does not include more than one in every thirty-six. The deputies to the states have almost all been re-elected to serve in the Congress, and from their familiarity with public business, and their weight in the country, they will probably in a great measure and for a time manage the constituent assembly. The president, Surlet de Chokier, has always been distinguished in the States for the independence of his character, and the liberality of his views. The inaptitude for public business among the Belgians is almost as great as their inaptitude for military command. A club, which was said in Bruxelles to unite the talent of the place, and which certainly made itself very remarkable for the violence of its doctrines, may be considered as a specimen of their wretched powers of oratory, and their extreme ignorance of general politics. This club was called the *Re-union Centrale*, and was said to possess as much

power as the Provisional Government itself. Branch clubs are established; and being established in every town of Belgium, I should not be surprised to find that they will present the most formidable opposition to the measures of Congress, should they not prove of a kind sufficiently popular, or should they exhibit any leaning to the House of Nassau. The Congress has a most difficult part to play: the principal members of it, such as De Meulenacre, Stossart, and De Serruys are not men of much moral courage, and, in case of a political storm, would be the first to retreat. The deputies for the southern provinces have already in one great emergency exhibited a total want of courage and political sagacity. When after the breaking out of the revolution—after the visit of the Prince of Orange, and the proposition of a separation between the two countries, the king summoned the states, it appeared clear in the actual state of men's minds, that there could be no calm and independent deliberation at the Hague in the midst of the exasperated Dutch, and it was moreover one of the

grounds of complaint that had been submitted to the king, that Belgium was unfairly and imperfectly represented in the States. Under these circumstances, the deputies of the southern states came to a resolution not to go to the Hague, but to assemble at Bruxelles, and there deliberate upon the steps that it might seem advisable to take. This resolution was printed and placarded, and approved by every body—the deputies were gathering together at Bruxelles, when all of a sudden one evening, they took the diligence and started for Holland. The world of Bruxelles was mightily astonished, and though the utmost harmony had always subsisted between the deputies and their constituents, the country was well nigh disposed to censure. However, they were supposed to have good reasons, and the matter was looked over for a time.

The truth is, that disobedience to the royal summons and a factious assembling in the discontented capital was too bold a step for these gentle-

men: they grew afraid of their own act, and ran away and left it. And yet had they had the courage to adhere to it, it would have saved the bloodshed, it would have stopped the entire separation of the two countries, it would have preserved the dynasty of Nassau. In short, it would have brought matters to a crisis at a time when they were not irremediable. There could have been no sham debates at the Hague, no more hypocritical references to the States General, and the fundamental law; and with the deputies at their head, the resolution could neither have been so misinterpreted, nor could they have pretended so far to misunderstand it, as to send an army against Bruxelles. If similar cases of difficulty occur, it is to be feared that the same men will act with similar indecision and want of courage. They are, however, now joined with from a hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty other Notables, who in time will probably regain their due influence in the assembly.

#### THE SEPARATION OF HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

It is a question very easily settled, whether Belgium and Holland ought ever to have been united; but the expediency of a separation is not so plain a case. Such progress had been made in identifying the interests of the two countries, that a separation must be attended with great suffering to Belgium at least. The advantages of the union accrued rather to the dynasty, than to Holland: it is hard to say what the latter country gained by it, excepting perhaps in some increase of national dignity, and in being relieved of a part of its debt, for which, however, she paid ample interest in the protection given to Belgian produce and manufactures. In the rise and growth of Antwerp, as a great colonial port, Amsterdam was deeply wounded, and no countervailing advantage arose to Holland. The colonies of Holland, and Holland herself, were constrained to use Belgian manufactures, at a time when cheaper and better markets existed elsewhere. Under this protection, the arts in Belgium soon flourished most surprisingly, and the capital of the country has probably increased

three-fold, in the course of seven or eight years. The consumption of Belgian coal by Holland was immense, and the separation necessarily throws out of employment individuals to an amount which few people at present are prepared to suppose. It is very possible that all these advantages arising from the union, may soon be compensated by favourable commercial engagements with other countries, but in the interval, vast distress must be suffered. *Half the trade of the country must necessarily be bankrupt.* Holland will suffer more individually than nationally, by the separation. Dutch capitalists have great stakes in many of the establishments of Belgium, and in case of failure, their loss must necessarily be considerable. Of these capitalists, the king is the chief: he is thought to be the richest monarch in Europe, he has always been an economist. He is allowed by the fundamental law, for personal expenditure, upwards of a hundred thousand pounds sterling a year; of which he spends only a small part, and the possessions which were made over to him as royal domain, are ex-

ceedingly extensive. Their bare specifications fill a large and thick octavo volume, printed in a large type. These are of course lost to him, and the capital which he had invested in different mercantile establishments, was declared, by the Provisional Government, confiscated. Among these, was the great printing establishment, called the *Imprimerie Normale*.

There can be no doubt that William has been a benefactor to the country he was called to govern, and that, generally speaking, the views of his administration were enlightened. But people will not be ever happy against their will. The Dutch king was imposed upon them greatly to their distaste, by the Congress of Vienna; and the unfortunate issue of the arrangement is one of the strongest proofs that can be given of the absurdity, as well as the injustice of parcelling out countries without consulting those on the point who are chiefly concerned. If a people will not bear a good king on these conditions, much less will they tolerate a bad one. However, it is most probable that had William been not only a well-disposed, but also an adroit ruler, he might have retained his power. He has lost Belgium, rather by a want of tact in managing the prejudices of the people, than by any acts of misgovernment. He never knew where to yield, and he has forced his plans, good and enlightened though they might be, incautiously

and in too great a hurry. The very same thing happened in the case of Joseph II.—William's hatred to the press arose out of the idea that it was opposing the true interests of the country.—Though it may be true that the Belgians have fought but poorly for their revolution, it does not follow that it is not the unanimous act of the nation. No people in the world ever joined more heartily in wishing for an emancipation from the government of the Dutch king, than they do; but they are not a people either to shed blood or spend money without very good cause—or very long suffering.

I fear that in this matter, there is a solemn truth to be told: solemn, because it involves considerations of a sacred kind, and which, in another sense, nearly affects our own interests. It is to be apprehended that *no Protestant government can rule a Catholic one in perfect quiet*. The priests have had much to do with this revolution, and they will have more. There are thirty or forty of them in the new Congress. It is odd to find a flock of Roman Catholic clergymen heading a republican party—nevertheless, such things have been. We feel confident, that if the dynasty of Nassau should be finally sent adrift, the priests will have been greatly concerned in the measure, and that simply because he is a *Protestant*.

#### INTERVENTION.

THIS is a word that has been in great use of late, respecting Belgic affairs. It means that great boys do not like to see little boys fight, and, in order to put down noise and create peace, they rush in between them, give each a punch on the head, or at least him who seems the most uproarious, and all is then expected to be right. It even had a similar measure been taken as regards Belgium, unless that country had been cut into little pieces, and given in morsels to by-standers, what good could have been effected? If the Dutch king could not rule his people when they had no great complaints to make against him, how is it likely that he would be able to rule them after he had caused them

to be hurried and worried by foreign armies. The Belgians are a very peculiar people: they are not exceedingly irritable, but they never forget an injury. They are a difficult folk to deal with. They are *kickable* to a certain point, but, after that, the brain gets charged, they are *bullish*, they are unmanageable, vindictive, and irreconcilable. They are like the Irish in the more savage parts of the Green Island character, but not equal to them in their fancy and vivacity; nor in their *bonhomie*, their heartiness, their hospitality, and thoughtlessness, which, though a bad quality for a citizen, is still an amiable individual quality, for it implies disinterestedness. The Belgian character is different from

that of every other European nation, and well it may be so. Their experience has been dreadful. Their territory has been fought over inch by inch. Their population has been massacred, their crops destroyed, consumed, or trampled upon—from time immemorial they have been kicked till, as Hudibras says, they know Spanish from neats (*i. e.*) Dutch leather. Look at a boy at school who happens to be the third usher's exercise post: the boy, whose hair is torn, whose ears are pulled, whose head is banged—what is his character? Is he not stupid and scowling?—is he not dull and vindictive? Such is the Belgian. But look at the reverse—treat him well, he is industrious, saving, contented, not enterprising, but persevering, steady, cautious, and accumulative; hot, amiable, but respectable; a good citizen, but a poor friend; superstitious always, but ready to pay proper respect to authorities. The Belgians will never be the fashion in Europe, like the French or the Italians, but they may be a happy, wealthy, and respectable nation.

Their population is small, their country is rich and well situated. They have one, and only one, good port; and if they are not molested they may prosper. The danger is, that since the nations of Europe are not too wise to quarrel, they may go to war, and then most assuredly the arena will be Belgium. It is open to all, and ready to subside the hostile armies that may be engaged.

It is possible that if a republic were established, neighbouring powers might ask permission to enter the territory, but they would nevertheless stay in it when they were there, and, as it always has been, make it a great European *abattoir*.

The true mode of disposing of Belgium, is to add it to France. The measure may be unpalatable, but it is the only one which will insure the peace of Europe. It is difficult to suppose what rational objection could be urged to the measure, beyond the vulgar idea that addition of territory is addition of power, and that power concentrated in any particular state is dangerous to all surrounding ones. France, however, would simply remove her frontiers; what she gained in extent, she would lose in compactness: a feeling of security which would be given by the boundary of the Scheldt, would make her less quarrelsome, as a feeling of security always does. The people are not unwilling, though they are now dreaming of an independent state; they are, however, well disposed to the French, and it would be happy for them were they joined to it. The difference of language in some of the provinces may be supposed an objection: it is not, however, so great as existed in the province of Alsace, when it was joined to France, and which, though it remain in force to this day, has never in the slightest degree impeded or stood in the way of the thorough union of that province with the main body of the French Empire.



PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, PROCEEDINGS BEFORE COMMITTEES OF  
PRIVILEGES, AND THE CASE OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

THE new Government have pledged themselves to bring forward a measure of reform. What the nature of that reform is likely to be, it is impossible to conjecture, for Lord Grey himself seems to be involved in great doubt upon the subject. The scheme which shall emanate from that learned head, may possibly be a very wise one; but unfortunately for Whig statesmen, the country, that is, the really enlightened portion of it, is not inclined to look with indulgence on any measure of reform which bears upon it the impress of a Whig administration. Reform with them smacks too much of innovation; and there is, unhappily, in the present cabinet, none of that leaven of Toryism which we expected to find, and which would have satisfied the public that no evil could be intended.

For these reasons, and also knowing, as we do, that the Whigs never thought much of the people, except when in opposition, we confess that we have but little hope for rational reform at their hands. Either, on the one hand, the power of a borough-mongering aristocracy will render the measure merely illusive, or, on the other, temerity and rashness, which accompany real timidity and indecision, as impudence does bashfulness, will carry them into measures more calculated to awaken the alarms of the higher orders, than to allay the agitation of the lower.

Let it not be supposed, that because we advocate reform, we are enemies to the institutions of our country. When we call for economy, we do not desire to obtain it by the dowfall of the throne, and the uprooting of the royal stem which is planted in our soil. When we demand the free exercise of popular rights, we do not wish to confound the ranks of society, or to hurl the aristocracy from that eminence on which they justly stand. And when we raise our voice for reform, we do not mean innovation. We would guard the throne, we would uphold the aristocracy, and, above all, we would cherish the real principles of our constitution; and therefore it is

that we endeavour to arrest attention to the absolute necessity which exists for making some change in the *present* state of the representation. We say the *present* state, because we are about to prove that that state is not now what it once was, but that the principles of the constitution, if properly administered, are sufficient to bring back to the people that share in the representation to which they are justly entitled. That it has become what it now is, is owing to usurpations successfully carried on under the connivance of successive governments, and vigorously maintained, under the influence of selfish and sordid motives.

The aristocracy and the corporations are those who are inclined to maintain the monopoly; and the necessity of giving up their ill-acquired wealth, is a hard morsel for them to digest. From the latter, we confess that we have no hopes of a voluntary surrender; they have but slender stakes in the country; they have but little to lose by civil confusion; and even if they had, their sordid and grovelling minds are proof against any considerations but those of palpable and immediate pay. They therefore must be made to disgorge. From the aristocracy, however, we have better hopes; their very constitution has mingled them too much with their humbler brethren, to make them wholly insensible to their interests; they have large possessions, which force cannot guard against the exasperation of a disappointed people: they have educated and enlightened minds to see the necessity of bowing before the coming storm; they will not risk their immense estates for the patronage of a rotten borough; they will not run the danger of civil strife, and the downfall of their order, for the sake of prolonging for a little while the enjoyment of an unconstitutional privilege.

To them therefore we appeal, and we tell them, that the force of popular opinion, which is making such rapid strides in the rest of Europe, will not lag behind in England; that the progress of mind cannot be

checked in its mid and triumphant career; that the lower orders will not remain contented in ignorance and darkness, that Lord Wilton may still have the satisfaction of seeing light and knowledge flowing from the higher ranks. We tell them, that if they would still maintain the vantage ground, they must even gird up their loins and run for it, that the equilibrium of society will sooner or later be adjusted, and the great ones of the land become *in fact*, what they have long been *in theory*, trustees for the benefit of the people.

Unless they widen the channel, through which the great stream of popular opinion flows, it will soon break its banks and cover the land with desolation. The people know their rights, and, we speak advisedly when we say, that even now, a resort to force is not beyond the contemplation of the inhabitants in many of those towns whose privileges have been usurped.

What then are we to do? We must recur to the constitution itself, and remove the obstacles which oppose the force of that adjusting power by which our institutions have, in other respects, conformed themselves to the spirit of the times. We will point out how this may be effected.

With respect to the right of voting in counties, there seems to be no complaint, except from those who would establish universal suffrage and the vote by ballot; a class of men too unimportant in point of numbers or intelligence, too visionary in their views to make any arguments against them needful or profitable.

All persons living in a country, conforming to its laws, and contributing to its resources, have a natural right to the protection of those laws, and the repose and security resulting from a state of society; but further their right does not extend; the mere conforming to the laws, the mere contributing to the revenue, do not of themselves give title to take part in framing those laws, or in the distribution of that revenue. If they did, society could not hold long together. The councils of the wise would be broken in upon by the clamour of the many, and the plans of those who had the interest of the state really at heart, would be baffled by those, who, hav-

ing little to lose by change, would not be anxious to avoid it, and to whom turbulence and anarchy would hold out many apparent advantages. In such a state of things, the rights of property and the gradations of rank must inevitably give way; and the civilization, which owes its origin, its continuance, and its progress to their influence, be banished from the earth. The power which one man has of rising above his fellow men in wealth, influence, and station, is the grand incentive to those exertions on which civilization depends; and, therefore, the state of things, which would deprive mankind of that incentive, would soon reduce them to original ignorance and barbarity. Accordingly, we find that in no country of any extent, with the history of which we are acquainted, did all the people partake in the legislative function. In some of the Grecian states, the right of voting was certainly very extensive, but whatever glory was attached to the history of those states, they do not present a picture of society which we would wish to see realized at the present day. They in fact stand as memorable examples of the danger to social security, public peace, and national justice, which results from such an order of things. The qualifications necessary for an elector are those which afford a fair presumption of his being gifted with a certain degree of intelligence, and a rational security that he will have the interest of the state at heart.

Though all men contribute indirectly to the revenue, there are few who contribute directly, who are not in that class of life where both these circumstances may be presumed, and therefore our constitution in many cases provides, that the payment of certain imposts shall be a criterion of qualification; but by the common law the possession of unmovable property is in all cases necessary. In counties this qualification consists in freehold property of the value of forty shillings. When this amount was first established, it had the effect of confirming the right to a very small number, but at that time there were very few persons possessed of sufficient intelligence to enable them to make a wise choice, and these few were most likely to be found among

the persons who were possessed of some wealth. However, it would be very unjust if at the present day the elective franchise were confined to the same class of persons as those who then exclusively enjoyed it, and if the law induced such a consequence no power could prevent its repeal. But as intelligence descended and spread amongst a lower class of society, so did the elective franchise, and the qualification being estimated by the nominal value, and not the quantity of the land, was gradually diffused amongst a larger number; as the intelligence of the people increased, the value of money fell, and though at the same time, the amount of the pledge which each voter is required to offer for the integrity of his choice is diminished, the necessity for that pledge is diminished also.

So far, therefore, as the right of election in counties is concerned, the elastic principle of the constitution has had full effect. But it may well be objected, by those who look upon the present state of the franchise in boroughs, that in that most important department, so far from their being any power of adjustment discernible, it appears to have been invested from the beginning with a character of unchangeableness, wholly at variance with the principle for which we are contending.

To this objection, however, we are by no means disposed to assent. We are quite convinced, that, in other times, the right of voting in boroughs was analogous to that in counties; that the qualifications which we have described as being necessary to all electors, and which we have seen to have been kept in view as far as the latter were concerned, were not lost sight of when extending the franchise to the former. It is true, that the possession of land was not required, where no land existed; but the holding of a house afforded the same security; and the contributing to the local and parochial imposts was a warrant for the voters being of a rank of life from which sufficient intelligence might be expected. Accordingly we find, that the common law right of voting for burgesses is, "In the inhabitants householders and residents within the borough." (See Glanville, 107, 141—2, Journals 10,—Journals 70.) To which state-

ment of the right is sometimes added, "paying scot and lot."

This is admitted on all hands to have been the original common law right, and if it had been allowed to continue, no argument is necessary to show, that the franchise would diffuse itself as rapidly as intelligence, and that as each person in the towns became capable of making a good use of such a privilege, he would find himself invested with it.

We are now, however, far from that desirable state of things. In a great majority of our boroughs, so far from the right being exercised by those to whom the constitution originally confided it, and who are most likely to make a proper use of it, it is taken from the inhabitants, who have a stake in their houses and their trade, and given to the members, even the non-resident members, of a local corporation. These non-resident freemen are the very fittest engines of corruption and monopoly that could possibly be discovered. They are generally of the very lowest order, and are distributed by the patrons of the corporation, in different towns at a distance from one another. By this means, they are prevented from combining together for any common object, they are without the incentives to political integrity, that might arise from emulation among themselves; and they have no interest whatever, in the place for which they are called upon to choose a representative. Under these circumstances, the patron finds it easy to deal with each individual, and is not long in making an arrangement. They are mustered from all quarters on the day of election, they are kept in a state of excitement during the progress of the poll, and, like a predatory army of barbarians, they are dispersed the very moment that they have overrun the place, and insulted over the disfranchised inhabitants.

These things cannot last. The rights of the inhabitants must be restored; and without resorting to violent measures or ill-advised changes, this great object may be effected, by subjecting the right of voting in the boroughs, to a rigid and searching scrutiny; by calling on all those, who claim an exclusive right to that which naturally belongs to all, to strictly prove that right, and, whenever a

corporation fails in so doing, whenever any grounds appear for believing their exercise of the franchise to have been a usurpation, falling back on the original rights, and adjudging the franchise to be in those, in whose favour we are bound, by the rules of law, to make every possible presumption.

The greatest obstacle in the way of bringing back the state of the representation to its ancient and constitutional form, is that presented by the law, which makes a last determination of a Committee final as to the right of voting in each particular case.

By the 2nd George II. c. 24, which passed in the year 1729, it was enacted, "that such votes only shall be deemed to be legal which have been so declared by a last determination in the House of Commons, which last determination concerning any county, city, shire, cinque port, or place, shall be final to all intents and purposes whatsoever, any usage or custom to the contrary notwithstanding."

This act only applied to those cases in which there had been a previous determination of the right, as it contained no clause to extend its operation to subsequent determinations.

By the statute, however, of 28th George III. c. 52, after regulating the trial of contested elections, and authorising Committees, appointed under that act, to decide the right, and after giving liberty to dispute such decision within a limited time, it is enacted, "that if no such petition shall be so presented within the time above limited for presenting the same, the said judgment of such Committee on such question or questions shall be held and taken to be final and conclusive in all subsequent elections of Members of Parliament for that place to which the same shall relate, and to all intents and purposes whatsoever, any usage to the contrary notwithstanding." Whenever the decision is disputed, the case is directed to be referred to another Committee, and it is enacted that their decision shall be final.

The effect of these enactments is, that in all places concerning which there was a determination of the House of Commons previous to the 2nd George II., the right is bound by that determination, and with respect to all others, the right is bound by the determination of the Committee who shall have first decided the question subsequent to the 28th George III. Those decisions which have been made between 1729 and 1788 have no such conclusive operation, and are, therefore, still open to discussion.

Now it appears to us that the law, as established by those two statutes, is so contrary to the principles of universal justice, and so opposed to the wisest maxims of our common law, that it ought not to be allowed to remain in force for a single session. We verily believe, that its abolition would effect more for the cause of moderate and rational reform, than the most ingenious theory that can possibly be brought forward.

It is a well established principle of our common law,\* that a transaction between two parties, in judicial proceedings, ought not to be binding on a third; but by the effect of these statutes, a determination on a point disputed between two persons is made final and conclusive evidence, with respect to that point, against those who are utter strangers to the cause, in which the determination was made. Committees,† previous to 1729, refused upon this ground to admit the minutes of a former committee as evidence, deeming it to be, as it most certainly was, *Res inter alios acta*, the record of a trial between other parties; and it would appear that Mr. Grenville had the same principle in view, when, by his justly celebrated bill,‡ he made the determination of a committee final between the parties only.

The rule of law is no doubt wise, which says, "that the judgments of the same court, or of a court of concurrent jurisdiction directly upon the point, is conclusive between the same parties upon the same matter directly in question." "But," says Mr.

\* See 11 State Trials, 241. Per Lord Chief Justice Grey.

† See 1 Peck, 375 and 376, 268.

‡ 10 George III

§ 11 State Trials, *ib.*

Peake, in his excellent work upon evidence, "It must always be remembered that it is against the party to an action, or one claiming under him only—that a judgment is evidence; against third persons, a verdict or judgment in a civil case is no evidence whatsoever, for the first principles of natural justice require, that a man should be heard before his cause is decided, and if he were to be bound in the least degree, or even prejudiced by a verdict, where he had no opportunity of cross-examining the witnesses, it would in effect be overturning the most salutary rule of jurisprudence." And, though in cases where public rights are concerned, a judgment affects all persons standing in the same situation as the parties, and is evidence to support or defeat the right claimed, yet it is not *conclusive* evidence, and the fact established by it may be disputed. There is a very wide distinction between *prima facie* and *conclusive* evidence.—The first forms a ground for believing the fact in support of which it is adduced, but may be rebutted or denied by other evidence; the last so fully establishes the fact, that its truth cannot be denied, and the law allows no evidence to contradict or rebut it. For example, if it be disputed whether A had leased certain lands to B, the evidence of one who heard him make a parol-lease, would be *prima facie* evidence of that fact, which, if it remained uncontradicted, might afford a jury sufficient ground for finding that the lands in question were leased; but other witnesses, who were present at the transaction, might be called to deny the fact, or circumstances might be proved to shew, that those lands could not have been included; and from these the jury might be induced to find against the lease. But on the other hand, if a deed, admittedly sealed by A, were produced, in which was contained a lease of the lands in question, this would be *conclusive* evidence of the fact, and the law would not hear of any thing to contradict it. The evidence of the witnesses would be *prima facie*—of the deed *conclusive*. In like manner, if there be a dispute between A and B, as to the existence of a public right of way, a judgment

in a former action between A and B, as to the same right of way, would be *conclusive* evidence, and admit of no contradiction, but a judgment in an action on the same right of way between other parties would be only *prima facie* evidence, which might be entitled to very little credit, and would be open to contradiction.\*

In this latter case, the right in dispute is a public right, in which many are interested, and of which all are supposed to be cognizant; the evidence of such a right is common reputation and usage, and the verdict of a former jury with respect to that right, is received in evidence, not so much as a judicial decision, as an evidence of common reputation, a solemn declaration on oath of twelve men, that such was the common reputation at the time their verdict was given.

Now, it appears to us, that there is a strong analogy between the case just mentioned, and that of the last determinations of a Committee, and both ought to be governed by the same rules of evidence.

At all times it was competent for a Committee appointed to try a contested right of election, to admit evidence of the decisions of a former Committee on the same right, but they were not to be absolutely governed by those decisions, and in fact, frequently decided in contradiction to them; as, for instance, in the case of East Grinstead, where a Committee in 1679 and another in 1689, decided "that the inhabitants as well as burghage-holders of the said borough had a right to vote," and yet a third Committee in 1695, determined the right of election to be in "the burghage-holders only."

After the 2nd Geo. II. c. 24, the last determination of the House was made *conclusive* evidence of the right then decided, in all cases, in which a decision had been made previous to the passing of that act. With respect to these, the evidence from being *prima facie*, was made *conclusive*. Now here, as in the case of a public right of way, the question in dispute is of a public right, and therefore it is very fit that common reputation and general usage, should be admitted as evidence to prove that right, and con-

\* 1 East's Reports, 355.

sequently, that a former decision, which is virtually the evidence of a former Committee as to the reputation or usage, should also be admitted in proof, and have its proper weight with the subsequent Committee. But it should be admitted on the same grounds as a verdict is admitted in the former case, that is, as a testimony to the fact, to the establishment of which it tends, not as a judicial decision upon it; as *prima facie*, not as *conclusive* evidence.

This distinction seems to have been attended to in the Grenville Act before mentioned, by which a determination of a Committee is made final between the parties, but is allowed no such force with respect to those who are not parties.

In this state of the law, therefore, there were two different rules with respect to the effect of former decisions. As far as concerned those places, in which the right had been decided previous to 1729, a former decision was conclusive against all the world; but with respect to all other places, a former decision was conclusive only against the same parties. This latter rule being in accordance with the general principles of our common law, it would have been natural to suppose that its operation would have been extended; but so far from this was the fact, that in about eighteen years after, an act was passed, establishing the false rule in all cases, and wholly overlooking the distinction which our courts of law universally recognized and which had been kept in view by the Grenville Act.

It is in vain to assert, that the dispute as to the right of voting in the same place, is a dispute between the same parties. There are only three cases in which our law recognizes the identity of the parties, so as to admit the evidence to which we have been alluding as *conclusive*; those are, first, where the *persons* are the same; second, where they are *privies in blood*; and third, where they are *privies in estate* to the persons between whom the point was previously disputed. And, though there are also what are called *privies in law*, yet with respect to them, such evidence, though admissible, is not conclusive. Some degree of privity is necessary,

to make the evidence admissible at all, as in the case of a public way, to which we have alluded, but it must be much stronger to make that evidence conclusive.

Before the Grenville act no petitions were received but from electors or candidates, the persons petitioning and those petitioned against were the parties to the decision, and that decision ought not to have been made conclusive with respect to another petition, where the parties might be altogether different. Petitions might be presented for the very purpose of obtaining a decision on the point, which would have the effect of changing the right of voting altogether; true evidence might be willfully held back, and false evidence might be brought forward without detection; and thus, by the conspiracy of a few interested persons, a whole community would be deprived of their constitutional and immemorial rights. The persons having a right to vote are not necessarily parties to a decision; we have seen that they were not so considered by the Committees in the Oakhampton and Great Grimsby cases, and that in the eye of the law, persons having a common right of way are not such parties to a decision respecting such right of way as to make that decision conclusive evidence against them. And, indeed, it is contrary to reason and common sense to say, that the inhabitants of a certain district in the year 1830, are to be considered the same party as the inhabitants of the same district in 1729, where be it remembered the right disputed is not a right of property affecting the land which they hold, and which might therefore be supposed to affect that land into whosoever hands it came. The right may have been in inhabitants, several of these may have been absent at the time of election, and therefore not come under the description of persons claiming to have had a right to vote, these would have had no right to dispute the return; and again of those who were present, many might have been in favour of the candidate whose return was opposed to their own right of voting, and therefore could not be parties in favour of that right against the person for whom

they had voted.\* That a decision, made under these circumstances, should be conclusive against such persons, or those who stood in a similar situation, is contrary to all rules of evidence, and all principles of justice.

Many more instances might be brought forward where a similar injustice would take place, where men might be ousted of their privilege by the connivance of their tenants, by the ignorance of their predecessors, by the consent or indifference of persons, with whom they had no possible connexion, no common interest, but the enjoyment of the right which had been sacrificed; but enough has been shown to prove to every unbiassed understanding, that the law of evidence, as established by those statutes with respect to contested rights of voting, is directly opposed to that wholesome and salutary maxim, which our common law has adopted from the universal principles of common sense and common justice.

But even putting the rules of common law altogether out of the question, it is equally clear that the law, as established by these statutes, is calculated to produce the greatest possible injustice. Even admitting that all the inhabitants are to be considered as privies, we ask, if a Committee is so analogous in its formation to a court of law, as to render it wise that their decision should be final. In courts of law the judges are uninterested and impartial, at least in civil suits, and the interest of particular individuals, so insignificant when compared with the general interest and repose of society, that it is not too much to purchase that repose and security to those general interests even at the remote risk of sometimes inflicting injustice on individuals. But the interest of every body of men claiming a right to vote is the interest of the community at large, for the very principles of the constitution are involved in the decision, and on its justice or injustice may depend (as the world now goes,) the continuance of the present order of things. There are no considerations therefore strong

enough to warrant the risk of injustice with respect to them. Again, the tribunal to which the decision is referred is not necessarily uninterested or impartial; on the contrary, there are in it fearful odds against any one who grounds his claim on the more extended right. It was long ago admitted, that the House of Commons itself was a partial tribunal; it was the conviction of this which called for the passing of the Grenville act. Yet from this House, thus confessedly partial, a Committee is chosen by ballot, and, of course, as there is no means to purge it of the objectionable quality which belongs to the House, the chances are, that it will be partial too. If out of 658 persons, the majority of whom are partial, 49 be taken at random, the chances are great that the majority of the 49 will be partial also. We place but little account on the power which each petitioner has of striking off names, as this power being equally exercised on both sides is in effect neutralized.

Here we see that, even on the supposition that the whole of the members were present, the chances are, that the Committee would be partial. But it will be perceived that these chances are much greater, when we consider that the whole of the members never do attend at a ballot. The duties of an Election Committee are very laborious, and most persons endeavour to avoid being named on them. There are, to their shame be it spoken, very few who, from a sense of public duty, will devote themselves to a compulsory attendance for four hours a day for an unlimited period, particularly when their services are to be bestowed in secret, and hidden from the observation of their constituents. The consequence is, that very few voluntarily attend the ballot, and the requisite number is brought together by the commands of the minister, or the scarcely less urgent requisition of the East India House, or the Bank of England. Here it is that the advocate of popular right feels that his cause is at a tribunal far different from the ordinary courts, where the law lends its power to supply impartial judges, even where

the interests of the crown are concerned. With the utmost exertions amongst his friends and acquaintances, and after battling with the indolence of one, the indifference of another, and the prejudices of a third, he may be able to bring together some half dozen, who are not absolutely predisposed against him, and then he must take his chance, his very slender chance, of one or two of these being chosen on his Committee. We have said that the greatest part of the number present at a ballot is brought together by the exertions of Government, the East India and Bank proprietors, and it is rumoured, that all the borough-mongers of every party have resolved that their nominees shall be also present on these occasions. We have had as yet no Government friendly to the extension of the franchise. The East India proprietors and the Bank being, in fact, the patrons of close boroughs, are equally, with the individual borough-mongers, interested in opposing any extension of the franchise. So that, taking the most favourable view of the case, the chances are ten to one against any petitioner who grounds his claim on the extension of popular right.

There is another strong objection to the present state of the law. The Act of 2d George II. is an *ex post facto* law. It was admitted, at the time the Grenville Act passed, that the whole House was a partial and improper tribunal, and yet the decisions of this condemned tribunal, where any have been made previous to 1729, are declared to be final and conclusive. They are so declared, not by a law previously passed, when the parties, aware of the immense importance attached to those decisions, might have been stimulated to greater exertions, or the judges themselves, struck with the magnitude of the duty committed to their hands, might have been rendered more scrupulous and conscientious in the discharge of it; but by a subsequent statute, which gave perpetuity to decrees, made for particular purposes only, and in the wantonness of party spirit, unattended by the careful consideration or solemnity of decision which should always accom-

pany the establishment of a perpetual law.

There are somewhat more than 130 places, in which the right of election is fixed by this *ex post facto* law. In most of them the last is at variance with many previous decisions, and with the general presumption of law; and yet, to spare the sitting members some trouble, and probably, in the event of another election, some expense, the rights of the people were decided in a manner, as purely hazardous, as if they depended on a cast of the dice.

No good reason can be given, why the last decision should have been more just than many others previously made, under similar circumstances, and indeed the chances are considerably against the later decisions, because they were generally made at a time, when the diminution of the prerogative had rendered the exertion of ministerial influence much more important.

If it were necessary, we could bring forward numerous instances, in which, on the very same evidence, one committee has come to a decision directly at variance with a former determination of another, and many also, in which the determination of the House, was against the persons, in whose favour the committee of privileges had established the right; but surely enough has been done to prove, how utterly unjust it is, that persons, conscious of their rights, should be debarred from asserting them by a law so iniquitous and absurd.

Our first position, then, is, that the law which makes a last determination of the House conclusive of the right, should be repealed.

We are no innovators, we are not what are called radical reformers, nor are we disposed to reject any improvement, because we cannot have things all in our own way; and, therefore, although we conceive that the mere enacting that all petitioners against a last determination should, in the event of defeat, be liable to pay their adversaries' costs, as in the case of a vexatious and frivolous petition, would sufficiently guard against the evil of too frequent discussion; we will say, if it be considered that the final settling of elec-



tion rights be of such immense importance—if it be deemed that there is some peculiar charm, some redeeming virtue in the committees appointed according to Mr. Grenville's plan—if it be insisted that the right of appeal given by the 28th Geo. III. obviates the objections we have urged against the system—in the name of peace let that statute have its full prospective force—let determinations made since its enactment be considered final; but, in the name of justice, let all those determinations which were made previous to 1729, under circumstances such as we have pointed out, and by a tribunal admittedly unfair, be open to discussion—let the 2nd Geo. II. be repealed.

Should, however, the attempt to have this statute repealed fail, there is still one resource left, by which much good may be effected. Our courts of law have, in a variety of instances, so moulded or evaded the terms of an Act of Parliament, as to make them conformable to the spirit of the times, without rendering necessary a resort to the legislature; and whatever may be objected against this assumption of power, it is undeniable that it has effected much good, and that it has derived a very considerable authority from the universal sense of its having been exercised with sound discretion, and for worthy purposes.

In like manner, Committees have frequently admitted evidence to explain the meaning of a last determination, and have, though still adhering to the terms, frequently departed altogether from the spirit of the proposition by which the right of election was defined. In fact, the rule to be collected from a variety of cases, in which the admissibility of such evidence has been discussed, is that whenever the right sought to be established is not incompatible with the terms of the last determination, evidence in support of that right is admissible. In the case of *New Radnor*, "Burgesses" was explained to mean "Burgesses inhabitants;" and in the case of *Seaford*, "Populacy" was held to extend only to "Inhabitants housekeepers paying scot and lot." In this last case, part of the evidence produced to explain the

meaning of a determination made in 1670, was the original roll taken at the election in 1747, which shows that the Committee directed their inquiry, not to what the framers of the determination intended by the words they employed, but to what meaning applicable to the terms was most consistent with the right.

Whenever, therefore, the determination is such that its terms can be applied by any means to different rights, the Committee are bound to receive all evidence tending to show which of these is the real right, and to decide according to that evidence. For instance, when the words *burgesses* or *freemen* occur in a determination, inasmuch as it is a plain truth, that by these terms were anciently understood the free inhabitants of a borough, as well as the admitted members of a local corporation, the Committee are at liberty at once to enter into the question between the corporation and the inhabitants.

The great obstacle in the way of a Committee coming to a constitutional decision, is the facility with which they allow their judgments to be misled and trammelled by the technicalities of law. The counsel who attend before them impose certain rules of evidence, certain presumptions of our lawyers as principles, by which they must be guided; and the members, for the most part, unlearned in that abstruse and complicated science, too readily submit to the dictation, and accept that doctrine as sound, of which they cannot clearly perceive the foundations.

Upon a constitutional question history is certainly a good guide, and yet there is scarcely an instance, in which the testimony of history is not sacrificed to mere legal fictions, and the undoubted rights of the people denied, rather than that the theories of Littleton or Coke, or Holt should be impugned. On points merely constitutional, we cannot possibly imagine more questionable authority than those learned lawyers, who were wholly engrossed by the abstruse enquiries of a profession to which they were devoted, and which at the time they lived, never enlarged its views to the consideration of other learning.

Lawyers presume, in numberless cases, that corporations have time out of mind, or as the is, by prescription, when it is the best established fact of English history, that though we had in very early times, ecclesiastical, military, and trading corporations, there was no such thing as a lay corporation known till towards the end of the reign of Henry IV.

Now where the right of electing members for a borough is disputed, the contest is generally between the members of the local corporation, and the inhabitant householders of the place; and the returning officer being in almost all instances as well the head of the corporation, as the chief magistrate of the borough, the question is, in which capacity he made the return.

We have already shown, that the original common law right is in the inhabitant householders, and residents within the place. The meaning of calling it the original common law right is, that it is that right which is most conformable to the principles of the constitution, that right which the law presumes to have existed in all cases where the contrary cannot be clearly shown. It is, in fact, pre-eminently the right, and whatever evidence goes to establish a contrary claim, ought to be received with all the caution and reluctance, with which our courts of common law entertain evidence that tends to defeat a right.

When a general right is once clearly established, the law will presume every thing that it can presume to support that right, and it will not only not allow any presumption to be made against it, but will require the strictest possible evidence to defeat it.

\* The common law right therefore being admitted, the *onus probandi* is thrown upon those who attempt to impugn that right, and they are bound to make out their case by strict and positive evidence, without having recourse to any implication or presumption whatsoever.

It is particularly necessary to bear this in mind, because it is frequently a question in those cases, at what time a corporation began to exist, and it is endeavoured to be proved at a time in which we have no positive

evidence of its existence, by shewing that certain acts were done, certain rights were exercised, and certain duties were employed, which are consistent with such a supposition; and then committees are called upon to presume from these circumstances, that a corporation did actually exist. We will hereafter shew that these circumstances are equally consistent with the supposition that a corporation did not exist; but our business at present is to point out the impropriety of making such a presumption under any circumstances where the right of election is concerned.

It is continually dinned into the ears of committees, that the law presumes *omnia rite acta*, until the contrary is shewn, and that in such cases our courts of common law would presume a corporation to have existed; but it must be recollected, that our courts are bound by the decisions of former times, that those decisions were made in cases where such a presumption went to support, and not to defeat a right, or for the purpose of protecting persons from the consequences of acts, which, unless done in a corporate capacity, would have been illegal. Almost all the decisions relative to corporations in our old law books, involve a right to land; in ancient times the inhabitants of divers places held lands in perpetual succession, or, in other words, had therein an estate equivalent to an estate of inheritance. But about the reign of Henry IV., an idea sprung up, that inhabitants as such were incapable of taking or holding an estate of inheritance; this idea rested on a newly established doctrine of law, which was the more readily assented to, as it tended to oppose, what was then considered a great evil, namely the preventing the free alienation of lands, by vesting them in public bodies. The principle of law having been once established, it was strictly enforced, as far as the subsequent taking of lands was concerned, and all public bodies who desired to purchase were anxious to become invested with a corporate capacity. But when this new principle was directed against the rights of those who had previously acquired lands, the law, in its anxiety to support a right, refused to lend itself

to such an attack, and, though it did not go so far as to impugn its own adopted maxim, it yet averted its evil effects by declaring, that, although none but corporations could hold lands, yet, where lands had been <sup>or</sup> actually holden for a length of time by inhabitants or bodies of men, it would presume, from that circumstance that they were for that purpose, a corporation. Hence, it is quite clear, that it would be contrary to the principle of all those decisions, to use the presumption in favour of a corporation, which is established by them, for the purpose of defeating a right even more sacred and far more important than that, in favour of which such presumption was originally established. As we said before, it is pretty clearly established that lay-corporations did not begin to exist till towards the close of the reign of Henry the Fourth; and therefore in those places, from which representatives were sent previous to that period, the right could not have been vested in a corporation. We are aware, that in some cases the contrary has been held, but it has been so held in consequence of a corporation having been presumed from the circumstances already alluded to, and we have shewn that such a presumption ought not to have been made.

Now, if the right, when first established, was not vested in a corporation, and nothing appears to shew by whom it was exercised, we must recur to the original common law right, and presume that it was exercised by *the inhabitants, householders, and residents within the place*, and if the right was once vested in them, it never could be afterwards divested.\* “The King has no power to alter or control it, the parties themselves cannot surrender it by agreement or covenant, and it cannot be lost by non-use, or by any circumstances which can occur.” With respect, therefore, to all the boroughs, from whence members were returned previous to the reign of Henry IV., we cannot conceive how any rational mind, unfettered by professional prejudices, and untrammelled by legal technicalities, can come to the conclusion, that the right

of voting is vested in the members of a corporation.

With respect to the other boroughs a question may very fairly arise, as to whether the right was first exercised by the members of a corporation, or the inhabitants at large. In favour of the latter position is the presumption of the common law right; in favour of the former, the knowledge we have, that at that time the notion prevailed, that none but corporations could take a right to be held in perpetual succession, and the possibility that a public privilege might have been confounded, as to its nature, with a private right. Although, at the period to which we are alluding, the grant of the elective franchise was considered rather in the light of an *imposition of public duty* than the conferring of a right, and there never was any maxim of our law to confine to a corporation the liability to a perpetual duty. In questions of this kind the first point to which enquiry ought to be directed, is as to the respective times of the origin of the corporation, and the first exercise of the franchise, because if the latter had the priority in point of time, we have already shewn that the right of election cannot be in the corporation. In this enquiry it is, as we have already stated, incumbent on the corporation to prove their existence by strict evidence, and no presumption can be made in their favour.

The way in which corporations generally attempt to establish this point (for very few of them can produce charters of sufficient antiquity for their purpose), is, by the recitals in modern charters, by the appellations which those charters prove to have belonged to them at the time of their being granted, and the rights which are therein recognized as having been exercised by them. The recitals frequently state, that they were at the time of the charter corporations, or boroughs, by prescription, or that they held lands, or exercised other rights by prescription; and from the latter circumstance it is inferred, that they must have been a corporation, because inhabitants, as such, could not hold by prescription. Now, in

\* Case of Chippenham.—Glanvill, 48.

the first place, it is impossible that any one should have looked much into old charters, without being struck with the extreme laxity of expression by which they are characterized, and the manner in which words are multiplied, for the purpose of including all possible rights and modes of enjoyment, without incurring the necessity of accurately defining what those rights and modes of enjoyment really were; and therefore very little weight can be attached to any particular term to be found therein: and in the next place, even were we to allow that those expressions were advisedly and accurately employed, they would lose much of their force, when we came to consider the nature of the prescription to which they refer.

Corporations were said to have been by prescription, because their existence, beyond time of memory, was presumed, from the circumstances already mentioned; and from the same circumstances, and for the same purposes, it was presumed that inhabitants held lands in the only way then known to the law, namely, by prescription. It is well known that inhabitants not incorporated did, and still do, hold lands; and yet it is from their inability to hold lands, that their inability to prescribe is deduced. neither of these presumptions can, as we have shewn, avail against the right of the inhabitants. We have already disposed of the argument drawn from the tenure of lands; and it now only remains to shew, that no particular appellations can be supposed to infer the existence of a corporation.

When a charter was granted to the inhabitants of any particular place, it generally took the names as it found them, and, enumerating all those by which they had ever been distinguished, adopted one or more, for the purpose of conferring on the new corporation; and it is a fact well known to our legal antiquaries, that there is not a single corporate officer known, whose official name is not to be found during the earliest periods of our history, and long before a lay corporation was even thought of. There are many places at the present day, where the office of mayor exists, although there is no corporation. Aldermen were known to the Saxon era; and one

of them, who is not a corporate officer, is still to be found at Calne, in Wiltshire. Jurats were the jury at the court leet; and burgesses, commonalty, and freemen, were the names by which the inhabitants of different places were known before any charters were granted. If, therefore, those names are as applicable to the inhabitants as to the corporation, nothing can be inferred from them in favour of the latter: on the contrary, the inference must be strong against them. For here we have the fact, that certain names are alike applicable to two different classes of persons, and therefore we must have recourse to presumption on one side or the other; we must either presume that they were applied to the members of the corporation, or to inhabitants of the borough. To presume the first, would be to make a presumption against the common law right; to presume the latter, would be to make a presumption in favour of it: and the very reason of calling it the original right is, as we have shewn, that no presumption can be made against it, and every possible presumption must be made in favour of it.

Unless therefore it can be shown by positive written evidence, that a corporation did exist previous to, or at the time of the first exercise of the elective franchise, it is impossible to contend, with any appearance of truth, that the right was originally vested in the corporation; and if not vested originally, it never could and cannot now be vested in them. In these cases, therefore, the evidence of usage can have no weight, but when the time of the first exercise of the franchise is involved in such obscurity, that we cannot say whether it preceded or followed the incorporation of the borough, or when it appears by positive evidence that it followed, usage may be very properly resorted to as evidence of the right.

If there be no evidence of a borough having sent members to parliament previous to the grant of an incorporating charter, of which there is positive evidence extant, and that charter contains a grant of the franchise, the case of the corporation is almost proved; for, although we should be able to show good reasons why a right may be enlarged though not re-

stricted by long and uninterrupted usage, we believe there is scarcely an instance, in which a corporation has allowed a right to be extended which was once restricted to its own members.

If there be no such grant, then the question fully arises, as to whether the corporation or the inhabitants have the right, and here there is often so much confusion and obscurity, that it is impossible to adjust the mere weight of evidence, and from the documents produced, to say in whom the right was vested. Charters inconsistent in their language and obscure as to their meaning, contradictory decisions of the right, and different modes of election occurring at different times, perplex the judgment and prevent a committee from coming to any positive opinion.

In these cases it has been unfortunately too much the custom to make presumptions in favour of the corporation, and when the evidence was pretty nearly equal on either side, to give them the preference. This has generally been done under the mistaken notion, that our courts of common law would have presumed in favour of a corporation, because they have done so in cases which we have shown not to be in the least analogous; and the yet more mistaken idea, that to strip the corporation of the privilege would be to divest a right. The expression *vested right*, has much evil to answer for; more obstacles have been thrown in the way of real improvements, by its misapplication, than by all that was ever written or spoken in the cause of oppression and monopoly. We all love to consider ourselves in the light of owners, and feeling how dear to ourselves is the contemplation of our possessions, we are proportionately tender of interfering with those of others; and therefore it is, that no argument has been found so efficacious to defeat an attack upon any usurpation, as that which grounds itself upon the idea of its being a vested right. We deny, however, that a corporation can have any vested right in that which is the birthright of the people at large. There is no statute of limitations or non-claim to give stability to the usurped possession of those, who dis seize the people of a public right. The right of election carries with it

the evidence of its being the possession of the inhabitants, and those private bodies, in whose hands it is found, are bound to account for the manner in which they became possessed of it. Where the evidence is doubtful, it is so far from being just to lean towards the corporation, that it is the bounden duty of the committee to lean to the common law right, in favour of which, the law presumes every thing.

But farther than this, we contend that not only where the evidence is nearly balanced, are they to make this presumption, but they are in fact bound to make it in every case where the corporation cannot prove a clear, continuing, and unbroken usage in their favour, or at least where the inhabitants can show that the usage has not been constant. It must be remembered, that in the earlier periods of our parliamentary history, the franchise was often considered by the inhabitants of the borough, as a burden, and that therefore they were less careful of their rights, and more inclined to connive at or even consent to the usurpation of the corporations, than they ought to have been; and though neither connivance nor agreement could alter the regret, it yet gave the corporations great facilities for establishing a usage; and again, the only evidence which could well have come down to our times, namely, records and entries, being in the custody of those, who were originally officers alike of the corporation and the borough, has passed into their hands, and thus afforded them the means of making evidence in their own favour. Here then the contest is between two parties, and the question is to be decided by evidence, which has been for years in the custody of, and is produced by one of the parties, and which evidence carries with it in general, no other stamp of authority, than the seal which it bears, and the custody from which it comes. That is not the seal of the party, whose right is to be bound by it, nor is that custody, that of a public court or office, to which all have access, and in which both are interested. Under these circumstances, it is quite clear, that, laying the duty of presuming in favour of the common law right out of the question, it is but fair and

rational, and just, to receive such evidence with doubt, and to allow it only that weight, which is expressly attached to it. It is equally clear, that committees should seek for evidence from history, and the works of writers of authority, to aid them in the investigation, without regarding the quibbles of the lawyers who come before them. These gentlemen tell the committee that they are bound to receive none but legal evidence, and that these records and entries only are legal evidence. We tell them that they are not bound to reject any evidence, which may throw a light on the matter before them; that the rules of our courts are not binding upon them; and that even if they were, our courts do not receive the evidence, written or unwritten, recorded or not recorded, of an interested witness, or a party to the suit, unless it be against himself; and that one of the first maxims of evidence is, that we must always have recourse to the best that can be procured. If there be no recorded evidence, but that which comes from one of the parties, if there be no direct testimony to the point, what can we have better than the declarations of those, who in other times enquired into, and investigated a matter of public right, and public interest, and have, by the general character of their writings, left behind them a strong presumption of their credibility.

In a question of this kind, therefore, it is not merely necessary for a corporation that they balance the evidence of right, they must weigh their side of the scales to the very ground, in order to entitle themselves to succeed; and we sincerely trust that all committees, before whom such rights are discussed, will, as they value justice and right, and public tranquillity and social order, call upon them so to do. They will thus redeem, as much as in them lies, the Constitution from the necessity of actual change, and they will go far to atone for the profligacy or ignorance of those, who lent themselves too hastily to the most flagrant usurpations of the most sacred rights of the people; and who, when judging between a corporation who added the resources of a num-

ber to the vigour of a single will, and a weak, divided, and frequently intimidated body of inhabitants, first received all the evidence at the hands of the former, and then presumed every thing in their favour.

But here it is that that fatal obstacle to free inquiry arises, which we have called upon the legislature to remove. Committees are bound by the last determination. Now it seldom happens that committees have left behind them any evidence of the grounds of their determinations; for though each party gives in a statement of right, the committee is not bound by that statement, nor does it follow, that when it adopts it in terms, it also adopts the actual right on which the persons making the statement depend. Indeed, committees, feeling the inconvenience and impropriety of concluding the right forever by their votes, avoid, as much as possible, making any determination about it; and when they are obliged, by the force of the Act of Parliament so to do, they use terms as undefined as the case will admit of.

The consequence is, that there are very few determinations, which appear to be in favour of a corporate right, that do not admit of such an explanation as to let in the rights of the inhabitants. If we have established, that all possible presumptions are to be made in favour of the inhabitants, and if we have shown that the words, burgesses, freemen, commonalty, and such like, are as proper to the inhabitants in their collective capacity, as to the members of a local corporation, then we are in a condition to maintain, that all determinations in which these words are used, are determinations in favour of the right of the inhabitants; and in fact, it will result, that no determination can be considered final for a corporation, but one in which it is expressly stated, that the right is in certain "persons being members of the corporation."

We have merely glanced at the application of those names to the inhabitants, but we have no doubt that this part of the subject will be fully explained to the committees in the course of their investigations, and the more particularly, as we understand, that in almost every instance

the popular cause is to be sustained by a gentleman,\* whose expanded intellect has been proof against the prejudices of that profession in which he has been educated, and whose sagacity and discernment has done much in other cases to disabuse the minds of his hearers of those partialities in favour of corporations, by which the judgments of parliamentary men have been too often perverted. This application of the terms, however, is so sensibly felt even by those who argue in favour of corporations, that they endeavour to avert the inference resulting from it by insisting that as those terms are also applicable to corporations, and are coupled with words more peculiarly so, such as mayor, jurats, &c.; and as the returns in modern times have been made by the corporations, it must be concluded from these circumstances, that the words were actually applied to the members of a corporation. Now we have shown that mayor, jurats, &c. are not peculiarly or exclusively applicable to the members of a corporation, and even if they were, the consequence which it is attempted to establish, would not follow. The mayor, jurats, &c. were in most instances, and ought to have been in all, *inhabitants* as well as *corporators*, and as inhabitants, they had the right to vote, though named according to their names of office or titles of distinction. It would be as wise to bring in support of a right to vote at county elections, advanced by gentlemen and clergy as such, a series of old electioneering addresses headed "To the Gentry, Clergy, and Freeholders of Middlesex," as to say, that the mere expression that the mayor, jurats, and freemen had a right to vote, proved that the right was in them as mayor and jurats, and not as inhabitants—neither can such application of the term be inferred from the circumstance of the modern returns having been made by the corporation. The corporation are bound to show that they have been always made by them, and modern usage would go as much to prove a usurpation as an original right; we are to presume that the right was not in them, and knowing, as we do, that

corporations have, in modern times, usurped many rights which did not belong to them, we are bound in favour of the common law right of the inhabitants to suspect that they have usurped the right of voting also. It is no answer to this to shew, that at the time the determination was made, the corporation did exercise the right; because the very fact of the determination shows that the exercise of it was disputed, and no disputed exercise of a right can ever establish a usage. Then the question comes to this: in whose favour was the determination made? Unless the committee have themselves answered this question, no one else can, and, if the terms of their determination are applicable to either party, they have not answered it. Unless, therefore, the usage is constant and unbroken, the corporation can derive no benefit from it.

If, on the other hand it can be shown, that the usage under which the corporation claims, has been constantly disputed, frequently interrupted, and sometimes not even claimed, if the inhabitants can draw from the archives of that very corporation evidence that the right was not always in them, that it was exercised in different forms at various periods, that it has been vested in them by bye laws of their own, or by the inoperative consent of former inhabitants,—in all these cases the right of the corporation must at once fall to the ground. There are two circumstances to which we particularly wish to direct attention, because they very frequently occur in cases of this kind, and in our judgment, whenever they do occur, they ought to be considered conclusive against the right of the corporation. The first is that it sometimes happens that returns are extant after the time of the corporation, which do not bear the corporate seal, and therefore could not have been made by the returning officer in his corporate capacity. The other is, that in order to support an usage, it must appear that the right has been always exercised in the same way, for the elective franchise is not capable of being altered or restricted by any bye laws, and if it had been exercised as a right, and not as a

\* Mr. Serjeant McCreuther.

usurpation, it is fair to presume that it would have been exercised in a legal, and therefore an uniform manner.

Another observation that occurs here, is, that whenever it appears that a corporation enjoy a particular name of incorporation, such as *Mayor, Jurats, and Common Council*, and the determination of the committee introduces a different term, as *Mayor, Jurats, and Commonalty*, or adds another class as *Mayor, Jurats, Common Council, and Freemen*, this affords a strong ground for presuming that it was not intended to limit the right to the corporation, and we have seen that it is proper to make all possible presumptions in favour of the original right of the inhabitants. Finally, should it even be established, that the right of electing members was originally vested in the corporation, the question then arises—what was the constitution of the corporation at the time the right was granted?—We have already seen that no power but that of the whole legislature, can restrict or alter this right, when once vested, and that it is not competent even for the parties themselves to resign their privilege. If, therefore, the corporation claiming the right has become more exclusive in its constitution than it was at the time the right was granted, it has, in effect, put the right beyond its own pale. If a class of persons were, of right, eligible at that period to the freedom of the corporation, who are not so now, the laws of the corporation, which has shut that class of persons from its private privileges, cannot deprive them of their elective franchise, and they continue entitled still to vote for Members of Parliament, though they have ceased to be of right eligible to the freedom of the corporation.

Corporations have a right generally to make laws and regulations for their own government, and the principle from which those laws and regulations derive their efficacy is, that they are presumed to have been consented to by all the members of that corporation; but we have seen that parties cannot be disfranchised of their elective right, even by their own consent; and that, therefore, in this respect their acts can have no

force against their successors; and, indeed, it would be absurd to say that a great constitutional privilege, in which the community at large are interested, having been conferred upon a corporation, merely because it consisted of a large and important body of men, a certain party amongst them should be able, by private compact and arrangement amongst themselves, gradually to limit their numbers, and restrict the right, until at last the privilege which was conferred upon a large number should centre in a very few, until the right which, in its origin was public, should become strictly private.

This seems to have been, in some measure, the ground of the decision in the case of Rye, last Session, and as that case is one of very great importance, we may be pardoned for bestowing a few remarks upon it before we conclude. The committee decided that the right was in the *freemen*, for it was bound so to decide by the imperative force of a last determination; it however also decided, in effect, that all inhabitant householders paying scot and lot, were entitled to be freemen.

The terms of the resolution, in which this declaration of the right was propounded, were borrowed from an old customal which laid down the qualifications for, and the mode of admission to the freedom of the ancient town of Rye.

Either this freedom was a freedom distinct from the freedom of the corporation, in which case the committee adjudged the term *freemen* to be applicable to a class of inhabitants who were not members of a corporation; or they adjudged it to mean freemen of the corporation; but at the same time decided, that the right of admission was more extended at the time the franchise was first exercised, than it is at present.—In either case they decided according to the principles for which we have been contending, though, certainly, in our view of the case, it is impossible, that a corporation, *as such*, could have any thing at all to do with the right of election in the Cinque Ports, or ancient towns, in as much as these, as appears by the returns extant, sent representatives to Parliament long before the date at which lay-corporations began to exist.



We believe that there never was a decision which gave such satisfaction to the great body of the people, as that of the committee in the Rye case. It checked for a moment the feeling of dissatisfaction at the state of the representation, which was rapidly gaining ground, and impressed the public with an idea that there were in the constitution, the elements of reform, without seeking it from other sources. But in proportion to the satisfaction of the public, was the dismay of the corporators and the boroughmongers, who marked, with horror, this first successful attack upon long maintained usurpations. They determined to take the field with vigour; and as a dissolution was close at hand, an appeal against the determination of the committee was lodged at such a period, that it could not possibly be determined until after another election had taken place.

That determination, however, was the last determination, until reversed. A judgment of a court of law, though appealed against, is binding, until reversed; and by the terms of the act of Parliament, the returning officer was bound by that determination, until the appeal was decided. He acted, however, directly in the teeth of it, and, as it appears from every thing we have heard, that he did so with his eyes open; we trust that he has made up his mind to the consequences. That the chief magistrate of a borough hitherto close, that the member of an exclusive corporation, that the creature of Dr. Lamb, *the Dr. Lamb* who figured so conspicuously in the proceedings before the committee, should have so acted, we do not wonder. But that a respectable gentleman of the bar, a member of the most independent of all professions, should have lent his sanction to such a course of proceeding, excites our wonder and our regret.

There was at least boldness in the conduct of the mayor, who, if he acted illegally, incurred a serious responsibility; but there is no tribunal but that of public and professional opinion to which his assessor can be made responsible.

Notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, however, we are firmly persuaded that the decision in the Rye case will be upheld, and if it be, we to all those, who still usurp the privileges of the free barons of the Cinque Ports, for their period of mis-rule is drawing to a close.

In Dover, Seaford, and Rye, the right of the inhabitants has been established, and to us it appears impossible much longer to contend against that same right in Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Winchelsea, in all of which the right is disputed.

We know that public interest is anxiously alive, and public attention keenly directed to the proceedings of the committees this session; and that not only the inhabitants of the several boroughs from which petitions have been presented, but the whole mass of the people expect from the committees to whose charge the determination of them shall be confided, an unprejudiced and enlightened consideration of the rights involved in them. For the sake of public right and public tranquillity, and as enemies to that reform which is but innovation under a milder name, we trust that their determinations will be such as to satisfy the public—such as to convince the people that the constitution is wide enough to embrace them all; and finally, such as will for ever put an end to the crude schemes of those who would mar our institutions by the introduction of ill-considered changes, or the wilder dreams of those who look to the renovation of the constitution in the shedding of human blood.

*Note.*—After the foregoing pages had gone to press, the committees appointed to try the validity of the returns, in the cases of Calne and Marlborough, met for the purpose of hearing counsel. The President of the Calne Committee was Mr. Wynne, a Whig, and a member of the present Government. The patron of the borough is Lord Lansdowne, a Whig also, and a member of the present Government; and one of the sitting members, is *the* Mr. Macaulay whom his lordship promoted from the bar to the house, and whom his lordship's followers are in the habit of considering a very clever person. The right of election was admitted on all sides, to be in the *ancient burgesses*, and the question was, as to what class of persons are meant by the ancient

burgesses. To the elucidation of this point, counsel declared their intention of directing the evidence, and the answer of the committee was, that, as the right was fixed by a last determination, they would hear no evidence to explain it.—In Marlborough, the right is in the mayor and burgesses. The Chairman of the committee is Sir Robert Peel, whom some call a Tory, whom the Whigs consider an enemy to reform, and who was a member of the late Government. The counsel here intimated the same intention, and the same objection being made to their pursuing such a course, the committee determined, that the petitioners might go into evidence to explain the meaning of the terms.

Here then is at once an illustration of the evils attending such a mode of deciding important rights, and a confirmation of our doubts of Whig sincerity in the cause of reform.

A *Whig* patron, *Whig* members, and a committee with a *Whig* chairman; no one, who has read the history of England, for the last seventy years, could ever have dreamt that the borough would be opened.—But what can we say to the declarations of Lord Lansdowne and his colleagues, about the necessity of reform; when the very first case that came within the range of their influence, has been decided even without a hearing. What can we say, but that prodigality of profession is no proof of sincerity; and that in the case of reform, as in all others, *Tories perform more than they promise, and Whigs promise more than they perform.*—Let the gentlemen of the press look to this.

Since this paper was concluded, we have seen "Colonel Evans's Letter to his Constituents," and the proceedings of the "Cinque Port Dinner," at Rye, to which every member of that community of boroughs dispatched delegates. The first of them is of so forcible a character that we have determined to give it entire. The occasion of this letter was remarkable—no less than the presentation of the petition of appeal from the town of Rye, against the decision of the committee of last Session, over which Lord Palmerston so admirably presided, and which has immortalized itself by its independent decision in favour of Colonel Evans. By whom, it may be asked, was this petition presented? By the inhabitants of Rye? No. The inhabitants of Rye are the Colonel's upholders, and they sought anxiously to return him at the last election. By the members at present sitting for the town?—the fat-headed fashionable Colonel Hugh Baillie, and that honourable gentleman, Mr. Bonham, apprentice of Mr. W. Holmes, and notorious for lickspitting Sir Robert Peel. No—these men had no reason to petition. Was it, then, presented by the Corporation?—No. By whom, then? By the Rev. Dr. Lamb, Rector of Iden, Pleyden, and another parish, and not an inhabitant of the town—but still the upstart and audacious in-

dividual who has for so long a period, and so notoriously trafficked in the representation of the town, and who now has come forward with unparalleled insolence to present this petition to the House of Commons, and to claim redress from the decision of last Session, that he may still drive the filthy trade of boroughmonger, in despite of the loud and deep curses of those inhabitants whom his victory would most probably excite to acts of insubordination and riot. We speak advisedly when we say this. That the inhabitants of the Cinque Ports, from having long brooded over the fact of their usurped franchise, feel a degree of anger against their oppressors, we have well ascertained, and it is to be hoped, especially at the present moment, when so many counties are suffering from the violent acts of an insurrectionary peasantry; that the House of Commons will lend a patient ear to the Cinque Port petitions, and grant the inhabitants such redress, as it shall in its wisdom deem fitting and advisable. To return however to the unworthy Doctor, who by his petition and posture before Parliament, so impudently avows himself the patron of a rotten borough; if the late purchaser of Gatton, in the judgment of some friends of the constitution and purity of election, deserve not only to lose his purchase-money, to the amount of 180,000*l.*, but to be sent

to Newgate to boot; this person, who styles himself Dr. Lamb, who cannot even pretend to a possession by purchase, and can therefore only have obtained his disposing power over the unfortunate town of Rye, by usurpation—this person, we repeat, should, if the ancient punishment of the pillory had been in use, have been therein placed, and after having his ears nailed to the post, and cut off, should have been sent to Bridewell, or to tramp on the tread-mill, for the space of twelve calendar months, at least. The brazen effrontery of this Dr. Lamb must be most extraordinary. There is in existence a document of so shameful a character, that we could forgive our readers for not believing us, were we only to mention it. For their satisfaction, however, we shall here insert it. It is called “the Family Compact,” and bears date the 22d November, 1758. By this it will be seen, how the fat things of Rye, and of life, were to be divided amongst five individuals, whom to style knaves, would perhaps lay us open to the challenge of unjustifiable abuse; but who, it must be granted at all hands, knew well how to fill their purses with base money, acquired by trafficking in corruption. Let not any one prejudice us, for hasty severity. Here is the document in question, that each may decide for himself.

“*Memorandum, November 22, 1758.*

“We, James Lamb, Chiswell Slade, William Davis, Thomas Lamb, and Needler Chamberlain Watson, all of the Corporation of Rye, in the County of Sussex, do hereby promise and agree to and with each other in manner following, viz. :—  
Imprimis, That we and each of us will, to the utmost of our power, exert ourselves for the benefit of each other, for the good and advantage of this Corporation in general.

“Item, That no application, directly or indirectly, shall be made by any or either of us for any place or office exercised within this Corporation, which is in the gift of the Government, without the privity and consent of all of us.

Item, That any or either of us shall not, nor will at any times hereafter, propose, put in election, make interest for, or vote for, any person or persons whatsoever to represent this Corporation in parliament, without the knowledge and approbation of all of us.

“Item, That previous to the election of each of us from time to time to the office of

Mayor of this Corporation, all of us shall be advised with and consulted who each of us when Mayor shall nominate and call to his assistance, as Jurats, and who each of us (when Mayor) shall make his annual freeman.

“Item, That all of us will, to the utmost of our power, oppose the electing and choosing any person or persons whatsoever by votes to be a freeman or freemen of this Corporation, unless such person or persons are liked and approved by all of us.

“Item, That we, and each, and every of us will use our interest and best endeavours that the said Chiswell Slade shall be the next Mayor of this Corporation, the said Thomas Lamb the next Mayor to the said Chiswell Slade, the said William Davis the next Mayor to the said Thomas Lamb, the said James Lamb the next Mayor to the said William Davis, and the said Needler Chamberlain Watson the next Mayor to the said James Lamb, unless altered by all of us.

“Item, That whenever the said Chiswell Slade, William Davis, and Needler Chamberlain Watson, or either of them, is or are elected Mayor of this Corporation, he or of them three who from time to time is Mayor, will choose and appoint one of them, the said Thomas Lamb and James Lamb, to be his deputy in that office; and whenever the said Thomas Lamb and James Lamb, or either of them, is or are elected Mayor of this Corporation, he or of them two who from time to time is Mayor will choose and appoint one of them, the said Chiswell Slade, William Davis, and Needler Chamberlain Watson, to be his deputy in that office.

“Item, We, the said James Lamb and Chiswell Slade, do hereby agree equally to share and divide between us two, all profits and advantages arising, or at any time or times hereafter to arise, by the present or any future collector or collectors of the customs of Rye aforesaid, hiring or making use of our or either of our warehouses, storerooms, ships, lighter boats, or vessels, a fifth part of the sum or sums from time to time agreed to be paid by the collector for the hire of the warehouses or storerooms, being first deducted by, and allowed to, the owner or owners thereof for rent of such warehouses or storerooms, and the usual 1<sup>st</sup> paid by other persons, being first deducted by, and allowed to, the owner or owners of such ships, lighters, boats, or vessels, so from time to time to be hired or made use of by such collector.

“Item, We, the said James Lamb and Chiswell Slade, do hereby further agree, that if either of us two, at any time or times hereafter, shall so directly or indirectly, by ourselves or any other person or persons whatsoever, contract or agree

to do any work, or find, sell, or provide any materials, goods, or merchandises, to or for the corporation or the commissioners of Rye-harbour, that then the others of us shall have liberty (upon the same terms as contracted and agreed for) of doing half such work, or finding, settling, or providing half such materials, goods, or merchandises, so from time to time to be contracted or agreed for; and we two do further agree to submit all breaches or non-performances of this and the above item to a majority of the subscribing parties; and all the subscribing parties do agree that any breaches or non-performances of the two items by the said James Lamb and Chiswell Slade shall in nowise affect or be a breach of any of the other preceding items; and, lastly, that all the above items and agreements shall be secret, and that we or any of the other of us will not divulge, disclose, or make known to any person or persons whatsoever.

"Witness our hands, (Signed)

"J. LAMB, C. SLADE, W. DAVIS,

"T. LAMB, N. C. WATSON."

Now this document is notorious. Dr. Lamb is the descendant of the "T. Lamb" so conspicuous as one of the subscribing witnesses, and, we believe, possesses in his veins the pure current of blood which bounded in gladsome eddies round the hearts of the other four, when, with frolic and glee, they were sacking the golden fruits of that most righteous agreement. With this document in existence, well known as the descendant of the five subscribing parties, and beaten by the decision of the last committee, he still can summon a sufficiency of unblushing impudence to present a petition to the House of Commons, to reinstate him in his seat of patron of the borough. But this is not all. The man who has taken so prominent a station before the House of Commons, is a member of the Church of England, and has the cure of three parishes entrusted to his care. Alas for his parishioners! Where are their feelings of indignation? Do they slumber when their parish churches are contaminated by the presence of this compound of avaricious and jobbing layman and priest? Why do they not arise, and give vent to their just indignation, by a petition to the House of Commons—by a representation to the bishop of Chichester and archbishop of Canterbury? The House of Commons

ought never to lose sight of the double character of the man that is before them—of the amalgamation of political jobber and boroughmongering parson, who has come to complain, because forsooth, good easy man—"le pauvre homme," as old Madame Pernelle says of Tartuffe—an attempt has been made to wrast from his convulsive grasp the long-enjoyed and golden patronage of the representation of Rye. We again repeat, let not the House of Commons forget to deal punishment upon this man. They owe it to themselves—they owe it to the town of Rye—they owe it to the country at large—they owe it to the established and holy church of England, a church which suffers sufficiently from the repeated attacks of godless enemies, without suffering desecration by the reprehensible acts of her own ministrants.

No church demands a holy life in her servants more than the Church of England; to keep her from scandal; to draw to her converts from all quarters of the globe; to preserve the independence and the constitutional liberty of this country. As all freedom of thought sprung into activity with the Reformation of Luther, so our constitutional freedom was conferred in this land with the Protestant faith. Destroy this, and our liberties become as worthless as shrivelled scrolls; from peace we dive at once into the darkness of anarchy, and England falls from her proud and exalted station. The heads of our Church, therefore, should early and late enter into a strict scrutiny of the clergy. And if secular pursuits, trades, and other professions, save their own holy calling, are denied to the ministers of religion, by how much more incumbent becomes the propriety of their keeping their hands from intermeddling with politics, which always involve the hatred and curses of large multitudes, and weans the agent from all thoughts of religion, and from its administration in offices of love and charity, by filling the breast with unworthy hopes and fears; by engendering envy, jealousy, malice, revenge, covetousness, and every other baleful passion, that blast with the deadly power of lightning, and make desolate

the heart of man. Every unprejudiced person must see an amazing difference between the individual character of the clergy of this country and of France. The main reason has been, that while the former were strictly forbidden all secular pursuits, the latter were allowed to intermeddle in every routine of common life. So convincing became the necessity for such a course in this country, that as early as the reign of Edward the Third, the state of priesthood became incompatible with the office of Chancellor. France, on the contrary, has been remarkable for the number of priests in high places; and hence the infamy of every administration, from the earliest period, to the times of her Richlieus, Père Josephs, and Briennes. It could not be otherwise; for religious employments are incompatible with laic pursuits, especially when these last involve ambition, and the acquisition of filthy lucre. The Templars, and Knights of St. John, of old, were a most useful body on their first establishment; but it requires very little knowledge of history to be aware of the fact, that, the moment their hearts thirsted after the good things of the earth, they became an abomination to the human race. Ignatius Loyola was a mad enthusiast, yet a self-deceiving and a devout man; but as he advanced in life, he lent himself to schemes of worldly aggrandizement; and Jesuitism has been a greater curse than ten thousand plagues or earthquakes to society. Even the gentle and meritorious fathers of Port Royal have not escaped all impeachment. With such striking examples before them, the heads of our venerable church ought to be most watchful over the actions of their subordinate priesthood. And if Parson Free is to be made amenable to the ecclesiastical court, for the culpable acts of his private life—how much more deserving of trial and condemnation are such men, as Parson Philpotts, the rat bishop of Exeter, and parson Lamb, the notorious and rank Boroughmonger of the town and port of Rye.

Indignant as so respectable a gentleman, and so gallant and brave a soldier as Colonel Evans must have been, to have seen himself approach-

ed on the hustings by such a creature as Mr. Bonham; still more indignant must he have felt at the audacious advances of Dr. Lamb, before the House of Commons, with his humble petition in the hand, the palm of which had been so often tickled by the former representatives of his rotten borough. That his bosom laboured with a feeling of just resentment, the following able letter, with his signature, abundantly testifies. We earnestly recommend it to the attentive perusal of every honest member of Parliament, and every honourable individual, anxious for the sweeping out of all uncleanness from the House of Commons.

"GENTLEMEN—My omission of the usual address of a candidate, after the close of the late election, gave rise, I understand, to observation. Acknowledgements however of your noble and enthusiastic conduct, though so well merited, seemed inadequate to the occasion—and complaints would have been premature, while no possible constitutional means were at hand to seek relief from. But the time has now arrived when the vindication of your rights must be again entered on, when I may redeem the unintentional remissness alluded to, and when a sense of duty compels me to communicate with you on that which so deeply involves your interests, and no less excites your anxiety.

"Gentlemen—If we may credit rumour, the extraordinary proceedings which have been hazarded against you have originated in the hope of crushing my efforts in your behalf, and of perpetuating the miserable oppressions under which you have languished, by harassing and exhausting me, with expensive and accumulated petitions and appeals. Were such unworthy calculations to take effect, the assertion of the representative rights of the people of England would resolve itself into a question of legal procrastination and pecuniary ability.

"Gentlemen—If your suffrages, and an express authority of the House of Commons be of any value, I am at this moment your virtual and legal representative to Parliament. That the popular branch of the legislature reserves to itself an exclusive judgment on the claims of electors to vote for members of its own body, and that in doing so it is liable to NO OBSTRUCTION or CONTEMPT, are well known facts. Equally certain, however, is it that this *high sanction in our favour*, (guaranteed to us by the award acted on by the late Parliament,) has been set aside and put at defiance; and that I am consequently deprived of the trust reposed in me, as you

are of the privilege by which it was imparted.

"This is now a NATIONAL, not a local, isolated, or personal question."

"The peculiar nature and constitution of the Cinque Ports, as distinguished from all the other corporate and incorporate boroughs of the Kingdom, seems to be very little known. They may be termed a *Federative* body, not of one, but of twenty-one towns, ports, or villages. It possesses territorial and Maritime Courts of Adjudication, and a Chancellor, High Admiral, and Lord Warden—offices usually bestowed on the highest subject of the realm. The whole appear to have been controlled by a Deliberative Assembly called the *Brodhul*: which still is even occasionally convened. There is then NO ANALOGY between this *Federative* county Palatine or Principality, and those inland individual local corporations it may inadvertently be confounded with.

"Your town enjoyed, as a *Member of the Cinque Ports*, the privilege of suffrage and representation, since the origin of a lower House of Parliament. The institution of which you form a part has now endured for about a thousand years.

"And yet, strange to say, in the few previous attempts to recover the lost political rights of the respective towns, (which have been more or less subverted since the times of the *Stuarts*), the freedomship has been contended for, as if it belonged to some ordinary municipality; and what is no less surprising, the GREAT PARAMOUNT CHARTERS to the collective institution have been entirely overlooked. These, though granted in various ages and by different dynasties, decree throughout, that "those who bear the burthens shall enjoy the privileges." And this, as the *Charters* expressly state, with a view to induce inhabitants to resort to the Cinque Port Towns, and settle in them. The records of the *Brodhula* uniformly correspond with this intention:—and it was in conformity with it that the Committee which decided in the case, consisting of an unusual proportion of gentlemen of high consideration as public men—RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY, after 21 days' investigation, that the RESIDENT SUBSTANTIAL TAX-PAYERS were entitled, according to ancient usage, to vote for those WHO IMPOSE THE TAXES.

"Exposed to the hostile attacks of the French, and frequently swept by the plague in ancient times, the inhabitants of Rye do not appear to have been very numerous; but at the present period those evils having ceased, and with the advantages of maritime and inland communications, your population ought now probably to have exceeded ten thousand souls. To this fact let the frequent emigrations from your port testify. In what way is the country recompensed for this repression of a

rising town, and deterioration of a commodious harbour on a long line of coast, so dangerous to our navigation? For this wilful decay of the surest refuge of our shipping (as it manifestly is calculated to be,) between Portsmouth and the Thames?

"But, unhappily, it is for the interest of *Borough Proprietors* to discourage the prosperity of a place, and to keep down the number of inhabitants. I speak, of course, chiefly of those whose power is derived from subtlety and intrigue, as in your instance, not from the natural influence of property. To impoverish and dispeople enhances the security, and thereby the value of this odious kind of possession.

"The decision of the Committee in favour of the householder inhabitants of Rye, was not only formally announced by the Speaker of the House of Commons to the Mayor, for his guidance as returning officer, but it was affixed to the door of the Town Hall under the authority of the Mayor himself, for the information of all concerned. At London it was followed up by the unseating of the gentleman returned by the votes of the usurping self-styled corporators; and the result was therefore, while unrepealed, as much the law of the land as any Act within the statute books.

"In this state of things, Gentlemen, a general election occurs, and what are the consequences?

"The returning officer rejects the votes he had just before been compelled to put upon the amended poll. He receives 12 votes of his own party, and returns two members on the strength of them whilst he rejects some hundreds, which the House, after the previous election, had obliged him to admit and recognise. Here the COMMONS and the MAYOR OF RYE are at issue!

"On the 17th of May the Mayor obeyed the order of the House, by putting these votes upon the poll. On the 3rd of August following, he refuses to receive the same votes, and thereby disobeys the previous order of the House. In both cases an appeal from the former decision was available to the select or usurping party. In both cases the claimant voters were unsworn, and unenrolled as barons and freemen, because the returning officer had himself, in both instances, refused to administer the oath or enroll them. It was allowed that no alteration had taken place in the qualification of the voters. It is clear that the HOUSE OF COMMONS must have been WRONG in giving effect to the decision of the Committee on the 17th of May, or the MAYOR must have been WRONG in refusing to give effect to it, on the 3rd of August.

"Are we to infer then that the hustings are a Court of Appeal from the Commons, with authority to reverse, suspend, or set

aside its proceedings? Is the power of a returning officer superior to that of the Speaker? Or is it to be supposed that a petty functionary may taunt with contemptuous strictures the proceedings of the Legislature? 'The House of Commons may stultify itself' (said the Mayor's Assistant or Assessor), *but I will not stultify myself.*' Such was the character of the various contumacious comments passed on the occasion.

"SURELY THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY CASE."

"Thus, although my colleague and myself had a majority of TWENTY TO ONE in our favour of the identical inhabitants whose votes had been pronounced legal, and admitted by the House of Commons only three months before, the nominees of the *Clerical* patron were declared to be duly elected, and are at this moment sitting and voting in Parliament, with no more title to be there, as your Representatives, than they have to represent the citizens of London!"

"I will not, in this place, condescend to refute, in detail, the futile and hitherto unheard-of pretences which were advanced as a plea for this most wanton and unparalleled outrage on the laws and Constitution of the country. Suffice it to observe, that the Mayor refuses the formality of swearing and enrolling to ELECTORAL freemen (who are admitted to possess the qualifications pointed out by the competent tribunal), and then rejects their votes, *because he himself had not enrolled them!* Which is about as reasonable as if a Judge, in trying a cause, were to disallow administering the usual oath to a witness, and then to tell the Jury his evidence was not to be received, *because he was not sworn.*"

"An important distinction, not frequently lost sight of, may here be pointed out:

"To common law courts chiefly belongs the litigation of private, corporate, or pecuniary interests,—while to decide on questions of the elective franchise (the greatest of all *public rights*) is the exclusive province of Parliament. *Ancient* right or *ancient* possession is the law of Parliament in regard to those questions—and the more ancient the more incontrovertible; while, on the contrary, *modern* usage, *modern* possession, or custom, is the rule which obtains in Westminster-hall. Thus widely different are the subjects of adjudication and the principles which govern *technical* courts and Parliamentary Committees; and accordingly it was, that in the case of 'Thorpe the Speaker,' the twelve Judges declared, '*That they would not determine the privileges of the High Court of Parliament, of which the knowledge belongeth to the Lords of Parliament, and not the Judges.*' Again, in the celebrated case of Ashby, eleven of the twelve Judges stated, that '*The law of Parliament stood*

*on its own basis, and was not to be decided by the general rules of law.*'—EVEN Lord Tenterden, in an action brought by a voter against the High Bailiff of Westminster, (1810), admits that '*The right of voting was peculiarly a subject for the House of Commons, and that no decision of a Court in Westminster-hall was binding on Committers.*'

"But this is the first time that a returning officer has dared to say that he will not conform to the decisions of the House of Commons on the electoral franchise, unless they be confirmed by the court of King's Bench, and therefore by judges appointed by the crown! Were the often-practised trick of confounding *corporate* with *elective* rights thus to pass into a principle, it would be in the power of a returning-officer to compel each elector to expend 500*l.* or 1,000*l.* (the usual cost of this kind of legal proceeding) before admitting him to vote; nay, some of these suits, as that of Chester, have cost 20,000*l.* Now, as the great body of electors are utterly destitute of the means of pursuing any such remedy, were such a monstrous doctrine established, it would thenceforth be competent to these inferior magistrates almost to disfranchise the whole kingdom. Mayors, bailiffs, and lawyers, would soon be masters of the safeguards and privileges of parliament and of the people; and the influence of those who have the keeping of the public purse might then, by no very tedious process, and with no great difficulty, put an extinguisher on the representative principle! None continued to possess a Senate for some hundred years after the real power and independence of that assembly had ceased to exist.

"Gentlemen,—I am perfectly aware of the further depopulation and utter ruin that must ensue to your town, if this dishonourable conspiracy against you should, by any improbable circumstance, succeed. If a professional *boroughmonger* of inferior class should thus continue to be supported in the attempt to regain his former power, and so possess himself for ever, as an *heirloom*, of the uncontrolled government of so many thousand respectable inhabitants,—then indeed the indignant anticipations indulged in by some of you, would not be unprovoked,—nor could the despair contemplated by others, leading as it does to the intension in such event of abandoning the country, excite surprise. Certainly if corruption or undue influence (which are expedients beyond the law) should on one side triumph over justice, so, on the other hand also, other means, *out of the usual course*, and beyond the law, might with equal equity be resorted to to counter-balance these foul and *illegal expedients.* For my own part I consider, under the circumstances, my individual honour as much identified with this matter as your rights

and interests are. And therefore I trust I shall be excused if disinclined to surrender either the one or the other, tamely. But, gentlemen, I feel confident that the same high and unimpeachable impartiality, the same just and humane relief which you experienced at the hands of the last parliament, will be but confirmed by the present one,—so that all cause either of exile or violence may happily be averted.

"Gentlemen,—Even while the delusive, indecent violation of an election was going on upon your hustings, essentially the very same question was debated at the cannon's mouth in a neighbouring country, though on a larger scale and more splendid theatre. For the subversion of the elective franchise by an armed force and arbitrary decrees openly promulgated, is not one *iota* different in character, or more heinous, than its destruction by craft, venality, or pretended legal forms.

"The providential failure, the tremendous consequences, the warning catastrophe of that atrociously bad, but yet not so corrupt and Machiavellian attempt, will, we may venture to hope, gentlemen, plead with avail and with persuasive voice, for the injured throughout the civilized world; and will do much for that safe and moderate species of reform, of which your efforts may be considered the precursor, and between which and some sudden sweeping measure, bearing the semblance and not divested of the dangers of a revolution, I apprehend there can be now no intermediate alternative. Never at any former period was the mind of nations so instinct with the desire of removing abuses and of obtaining justice. This spirit is not partial or territorial; it belongs to Europe and to the age. Never was a discreet and temperate exercise of influence or power more imperative—nor a capricious invasion of supposed rights so perilous. The political atmosphere is charged to the full; it is the part of wisdom, the solemn duty of men in high places, to abstain from those *interferences* which may provoke, and to suffer or direct that which may prevent, explosion. "The integrity of the elective franchise is the safety valve.

"But, gentlemen, while I write, a petition of appeal is put in against you by 'the Reverend George Augustus Lamb, Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of the parishes of Isden, Playden, and Gulseford, and ———' For what purpose can this be required? Has not that Reverend person already, of his own authority, reversed and controlled the Standing Orders and judicial decisions of the House in your favour, by placing within its precincts, where they now are, his two *nominees*? And how, after such an audacity, he can venture to approach its bar in the character of a respectful petitioner, praying

that such an act should be *legalised* by an insulted Legislature, is not a little surprising!

"Gentlemen—My colleague and myself have preferred to the House the ordinary petition. But the case is utterly the reverse of an *ordinary one*. It is wholly unexampled. In the dark annals of these misdeeds, it is utterly without precedent! I am too obscure a person—too moderate in my general views—too unconnected with any of the great parties, to expect that any grievance of mine or yours could draw forth any peculiar interposition for our protection. But I thus have explained, in the hope that some public-spirited Member may see that far higher interests than those of a town or an individual are involved in the bringing this affair to the *speediest* possible issue. It is now appointed for a *remote* day, on what ground I know not.

"Gentlemen—A deliberate outrage on the dignity and privileges of Parliament has in this instance been committed. We have been openly menaced with a combination of influence and pecuniary means for maintaining that outrage. It would be far from difficult to shew, that what has been thus briefly and feebly portrayed, is, in effect, the most direct and dangerous attack on public liberty essayed in this country since the reign of *James the Second*. Were it suffered to pass into a *precedent*, the consequences are as distinctly predictable, as would those of the mine lodged under a beleaguered rampart. An attempt so palpable to wrest from the hands of the representatives of the nation, the guardianship and interpretation of the law of Parliament, to transfer its securities to the custody of inferior and easily corruptible agents—to dispute the competency, and treat as nought, the necessary and undoubted authority of the Commons, comes home to every man's business and bosom—for that House, whatever its imperfections may be, is after all the great bulwark not only of stable lawful government and internal peace, but, in result, of whatever provides for the maintenance of all that is valuable or desirable in the institutions of the empire.

"Gentlemen, I have the honour to remain,

"Your faithful devoted servant,

"D. L. EVANS.

"12, Regent-street, London.

"To the Barons and Freemen of the

"Town and Port of Rye."

With this letter, we must conclude our observations upon Rye.

The Cinque Ports, consist of Dover, Hythe, Romney, Sandwich, and Hastings, (of which Seaford is a member,) and the two ancient towns incorporated with the five ports, are



Rye and Winchelsea. From each of these, petitions are at this moment under the consideration of Parliament. Their immunities and privileges are the same, because their charters are the same; the elective franchise in each was formerly the same, because it sprung from the immunities and privileges, and the same also has been the course of usurpation, which has robbed the inhabitants of their birthright, and reduced the respective places from opulence to beggary, from a full population to a scanty remnant, whom necessity chains to spots, which boroughmongering jobs have rendered accursed and unwholesome for the habitation of men. The inhabitants of these ports have made one final and desperate effort to burst asunder the galling shackles which the gross usurpation of political intriguers, or a tyrannizing corporation have cast around them; and if they fail in their present effort, we know not what the consequences may be.—Hastings has a Mr. Milward as a patron; Romney, Sir Edward Deering, with a sea captain of the name of Cobb for his understrapper; Winchelsea, Lord Cleveland; Seaford, the Lord of that name; and Hythe is in the tight hold of Mr. Stewart Marjoribanks, a wine-merchant of the City of London, and Mr. John Loch, once captain of an East Indiaman, and now a Director of the East India Company. If we had the particulars of the mode of managing all the other places, we could gratify our readers by an explanation; but Mr. William Fraser, of the Inner Temple, and a namesake, it will be seen, of our Publisher, and therefore a meritorious gentleman—as all our publisher's numerous namesakes most undoubtedly are—has given us the following explanation of the manner in which things are managed in the ancient town and port of Hyth. We extract from his speech spoken at the Rye dinner.

“It has a mayor and two resident jurats only, father and son, of the name of Finnis, the father being bed-ridden, from excessive age, and therefore utterly incapacitated for the duties of office. I believe there are about five resident common councilmen, of whom one or two are holders of government offices, so that you

can guess how happy Hythe feels under its blessed decemvirate, composed of Mr. Shipdem, the mayor, and Mr. Finnis, his deputy. There are five or six individuals, indeed, who call themselves jurats, but who, I am ready to prove before a committee of the House of Commons, have no more right to the title than they have to that of the Grand Turk, or any other ridiculous appellation which their crude fancy might suggest. The reform advocated by my friend, Mr. Holloway, would apply more forcibly to the town of Hythe than to any other place within the district of the Cinque Ports. The inhabitants of Hythe have nothing whatever to do with the elective franchise: so that the only legal votes, legal I mean as acknowledged to be good by our opponents, are about nineteen in number. Of these nineteen my worthy friend and colleague, whom I regret most sincerely is not here present on this most gratifying occasion, (*cheers*), and myself obtained eight, the rest having been given to Messrs. Marjoribanks and Loch, our opponents. But we objected to every one of these except four, and of our ability to substantiate our objections before a committee of the House of Commons I have not the slightest doubt or misgiving. So that our opponents really have the hardihood to affirm, that these twelve good votes are fit and sufficient to carry away the destinies and the political importance, which must be considerable in a town which boasts of having 3,500 efficient inhabitants.—(*Laughter*.) Why, gentlemen, the thing is monstrous.—(*Cheers*.) But a little more of the monstrous remains to be told. I have yet to inform you how the municipal usurpations at Hythe have been abetted, and how the borough has been made a complete and miserable tool in the hands of Mr. Stewart Marjoribanks, of the city of London, and Mr. John Loch, one of the directors, and late chairman, of the East India Company; and, let it not be forgotten, for it is a name consecrated in the annals of corruption and bribery in the town and port of Hythe, of Mr. Cropper, (*a laugh*), door-keeper at the East India House.—(*Laughter*.) This Mr. Cropper, gentlemen, is the Billy Holmes of the town of Hythe. He keeps the roll of names of the out-resident freemen, pays them their five pounds a man fourteen days after the day of election, provides the sumptuary festivities during the election for the out-residents, is the jackal in office, and principal myrmidon in waiting to Mr. Stewart Marjoribanks and Mr. Loch; and, strange to say, because both these gentlemen are known to indulge in mighty aristocratical notions, and ideas of self-consequence, and the first particularly, as he has always boasted of being a democrat—strange to say, I re-

peat, that during the days of the election, during these days of gay Saturnalian licences, the servant is seen to keep boon companionship with his masters. Mr. Cropper, the door-keeper, is seen arm-in-arm, and dines, breakfasts, and sups daily with Mr. Loch, the chairman of the East India Company, and Mr. Stewart Marjoribanks, the brother of a director of the same incorporated body.—(*Laughter.*)—

The patronage which these gentlemen can dispense, you may fancy is most extensive, and this patronage is most liberally distributed among what are called the out-resident freemen of the town and port of Hythe, to the amount of about two hundred and sixty—that being about the number which, notwithstanding all their mighty exertions, they could bring up to the poll at the last election. These men are pensioners, as it were, of Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Loch; if they are at all contumacious, they are deprived of their livelihood by instant dismissal from their situations. They have no alternative but to obey the beck and the call of the men who feed them, and of Mr. Cropper, who is their whipper-in; and on the day of election they are carted down to the town, like so many beggars, to give away that vote—which they have no legal authority for exercising) according as they shall be dictated to upon the spot. You may well fancy then what the just and indignant feelings of the inhabitants of Hythe must be at such an abominable proceeding. The out-residents, who are absolute strangers to the town of Hythe—who scarcely know the name of a single inhabitant, not even mayor or deputy-mayor—who never enter its precincts except on the days of election—who leave it on the understanding of receiving five pounds a man as soon as the laws against bribery and corruption can be transgressed with impunity, and the shibboleth of whose calling is the portentous and well-understood word ‘Cropper’—these men, I say, give away the destinies of the town to the righteous keeping of Messrs. Marjoribanks and Loch, while the honest, industrious, hard-working, praiseworthy, honourable inhabitants of Hythe, by whom, and through whom alone it is a town, which, but for their exertions, would be a patch of beach land, covered at every rising of the water, by careering and resilient waves,—these men are to see the elective franchise, their ancient birthright, wrested by the usurper from their grasp, given to the improvident custody of in-

dividuals with whom they have no community of interest, to whom they are absolute strangers; they are to see that franchise bartered for gold, in favour of members who never enter the town except on the days of election; they are to feel that themselves, their children, and their town are sunk in irretrievable corruption, and it is expected by their kind-hearted, merciful usurpers that these ill-used men are to remain in tameness and servitude.”

Mr. Fraser’s language, it will be observed, is bold, and his explanation is circumstantial and convincing, and we suppose that where so much corruption exists, all our friends will be of opinion, that the sooner it is corrected and the pure and ancient franchise revived and re-established, the better for the people of England. Parliament has now the opportunity in its hands. The franchise sought by the Cinque Ports, is exactly that which Lord Brougham in his election dinners in Yorkshire, was desirous of rendering universal throughout the county. It is simply this:—That every person who has been an inhabitant of the town for a year and a day, and who has paid scot and lot, or in other words has paid the rates and taxes, and been instrumental in upholding the town and increasing its prosperity, shall have a vote for the election of members to Parliament. Such a plan is simple, is easy, is rational, and the only way of making a change without dealing harshly with the established order of things in this country. Such a plan is worthy the attention of the House of Commons. For the Cinque Ports, it is no innovation; they will be able to adduce ample proof, before their respective committees, that formerly they actually enjoyed this franchise, and that they are now the victims of gross usurpation. A decision in their favour would be hailed with joy by the whole country, and the sooner the House of Commons pronounce it and adopt it, the more simple will become the task of renovating the present cflète system of British representation.

RUMINATIONS ROUND THE REMAINS OF A PUNCH-BOWL, ON THE  
RESIGNATION OF BILLY HOLMES AND OTHERS.

\* \* \* \* \* THEY are all gone, and I am left here by myself. I suppose the world is altered since I was young, for I cannot get any body to stick with me till the morning dawn banishes the stars, and Aurora—

The rest is to be found in the original poems of the day, and has often figured in prize poetry of universities.

Well, 'tis no matter. The night is young, and I may as well smoke a cigar, and ruminate on passing events. It is an ill-jointed world. Here are changes on all sides, and nobody offers me a place.

Even the cigars are not so good. Why should Billy Holmes have resigned his place in the Ordinance? Don't tell me that Lord This, and Sir That, and the Honourable the Other, resigned their places. It may be they did—spoons they were for so doing if they could have helped it. But Holmes—Bill Holmes—Billy Holmes—Whipper-in Holmes—the Holmes—the only Holmes—that he should have so committed himself, when he is neither a lord, nor a sir, nor any thing in any way suspected of being in the slightest degree a goose—by the Rock of Cashel, *that is a marvel!* It is done, however, and to-morrow morning we may have earthquakes for breakfast.

The upsetting and overturning, the kicking out—oh, ye Gods! that the kicking had been literal—of these office-holders is, to my mind, pure delight. They, vagabonds as they are, talk, now-a-days, of going into opposition. Let them. The conspiracy of clerks is a grand affair. The recalcitration of the flunkies is fine. I cannot help thinking of a flock of geese, over-fed and fattened until they could scarce waddle, getting up an opposition to a pack of foxes, who, horribly hungry, had invaded a farm-yard full of food. Why, they may hoot and gabble, nobody denies the talents of our Michaelmas friends in such departments; but, snap! comes the fox at the first noise, and cracks the neck of the offending fowl.

As I am by myself, all alone, rumbling over the decaying remnant of this bowl, I suppose I may change my metaphors as arbitrarily as the Duke used to kick out his ministers—honest and independent men! I therefore drop the similitude of geese, in which I have for a moment indulged, to compare Croker to another quadruped. [How glad he will be to find out *that* bull, and lipping over his display of teeth, maintain that a goose is no quadruped at all, but barely a biped—the wit of the turned off Secretary being remarkable and precise.] And the quadruped wherewith I liken Croker, is an ass. Every now and then, in a discontented drove, to which the costermonger in ordinary has not supplied provender in due abundance, you will occasionally see one who takes the lead in braying. This particular ass is always particularly important in his own eyes, but particularly intrusive in the eyes of all others. The cudgel falls upon his back in more than an ordinary ratio, and if the bray be on the whole unsuccessful, even the remainder of the herd show their opinion of the impertinent uselessness of his obtrusive leadership, by treating him somewhat as the jackasses in *Æsop* are reported to have behaved when they clubbed to make a river.

Such an ass is Croker. He had no business in braying against Brougham in his absence. I recollect the time when both these fine fellows were article manufacturers like myself; Croker doing fun, rather stiff fun by the bye, in the *Quarterly*, and Brougham weaving us poor Tories in the manner of the Game Chicken, as he thought, in the *Edinburgh*. Well, does Croker think himself a match in intellect for Brougham? If he does, great is the deception of that thought. Does he fancy himself his superior in birth or breeding? Bah!—

No matter! the world is wide. Let them battle it among them as they please. It is nothing to me. What I was saying was, that I thought Billy Holmes is the most wonderfully, unaccountable person in existence. *Why* did *he* resign? I speak in italics in order to be emphatic,

Oh, William! Billy! Bill! I grieve for thee, my brother: my heart is scalded by your calamity, and tears, hot as the water simmering in yon kettle, flow down my cheeks when I think of your unparalleled misfortune. In our common country, you know the usual enquiry made of a corpse when

we wake it. You know with what a tender anxiety we inquire, "Why did you die?" With equal tenderness and anxiety, I ask you, "Why did you resign?" You who had clung firm under Lord Liverpool, under George Canning, under Goosey Goderich, under King Arthur; you now, at this time of your life to resign! The world is coming to an end! Much as I valued you, ready as I have ever been to acknowledge your various virtues, I never till now thought that I should have to enumerate among them, that of resignation.

The Whigs are in office! A shabby set they have ever been, and in that faith they will die. However it is all one to me. The devil a thing the Tories ever gave me, though I have fought for them, wrote for them, spoke for them, huzzaed for them, voted for them, drank for them, many a long day. Least of all have I any reason to lament the rascally crew of the Peels now departing, who were never any good to any body but themselves. It will take some time to make me and the Baron of Brougham and Vaux, and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, particular friends. But after all—Whig, Edinburgh Reviewer, Useless Knowledge, &c. that he is, I am glad to see him, or old Nick himself in power, in preference to a scurvy hack, who has been regularly bred in office, or kept angling after promotion, by kissing the — hand of every fellow that had any thing to bestow.

But see here, William, this is nothing to the purpose. What I was talking about was *your* resignation. I have lived in perilous times, and have smoked my cigar undisturbed during the last eventful months, though George the Fourth, my gracious master, has been embowelled—Charles X. kicked out—the Dauphin dismissed—Henri V. as dead to the throne of France, as that other Fifth Harry, in whose days little boys did play at span counter for French crowns—a Harry who, by the bye, cut rather a different figure in Paris from my poor old shooting companion, Charles Dix—Anthony of Saxony made cry *peccavi*, and beating his breast with his double fists, exclaim, "Though my fault, though my fault, though my most grievous fault!"—William of the Netherlands slated—Leopold, lofty prince, un-Greeked—Prince Polignac in quod—the Duke of Brunswick sent upon his travels—the Duke of Wellington out.

These things I saw or heard—and yet any person who attended the cigarium in the Strand, might have seen me between the hours of twelve and one smoking the weed of Havannah with the most undisturbed serenity, and playing chess in a style that would have made Philidor hang himself.

But now I confess I give up fairly. Holmes has resigned. People do not know what to believe. It has given a shock to the ordinary rules for judging the credibility of history. What inference can now be considered certain—what consequence deduced from a long induction of carefully sifted particulars depended upon? Believe me, it is no light matter thus to tamper with regular grounds of belief, assent, and opinion. The Roman Catholics have drawn it over to their side already. I dined yesterday with Lord Shrewsbury, a pleasant, intelligent, and ingenious man, and we had much private conversation respecting Prince Hohenlohe. His Serene Highness was lately applied to by Lord S. in a matter, wherein, though no miracle-monger, I thought I could render his Lordship assistance; I am, though a bigoted and brutal Orangeman, a liberal man at bottom, and have no objection to aid even a Papist in a private way: but I could not help expressing my opinion that Hohenlohe was a humbug. "As for his miracles, my Lord," said I, "they are all sham—there is no such thing now-a-days."

"Ensign," said his Lordship, "Billy Holmes resigned yesterday."

I felt the force of the argument; there was no resisting it—three or four jesuits who were at table triumphed over my fall. *Mons. le Chevalier de Dórti est abîmé*, said Cardinal Latel, *sotto voce*; and I had nothing for it but to empty as large a claret glass as I could lay my hands upon, and give the health of the forthcoming heir of the house of Talbot.

William, you see how the Papists overthrew me, by the help of your miraculous resignation. We are both staunch and out-and-out Protestants. On the last occasion, when Peel broke into our constitution of 1688, and stole every thing he found there, it so happened, that neither of us voted against him. I, because I was not a member of the House of Commons; and you, because, by one of the strangest accidents in the world, you were shut out.

Strange indeed is the accident which shuts out a whipper-in. For my part, I have never ceased to deplore the awkward and untoward event which prevented you from dividing, as no doubt you had intended, against the motion: but such misfortunes, you know, William, occasionally happen in the best regulated families. It is, therefore, doubly vexatious, to find the case of so eminent and enthusiastic a Protestant as you are cited in this unfortunate manner in behalf of Popery.

Then who is it the Whigs have appointed their Secretary at War? Who but my Lord Duncannon, brother of my dear departed friend, Lady Caroline Lamb. An unkind cut! The Tory whipper-in marched out of the Ordinance, and the Whig whipper-in marched into the Horse Guards. It is a pitiable case, but though you are fallen, Billy, though now no more you sit among the great guns of the land: though you are discharged like a shot, and not allowed to sponge any more; yet this shall I say for you, forlorn as you are, what I cannot say for the triumphant flagellifer of the Whigs. Hang it, I shall never forget that it was you who turned out "Husky, my old soger," in a time when I thought that so doing was a matter to be applauded. Your merits deserve candour, at least; and in candour this must be said, that Duncannon never had your fine and judicious finger in managing his pack. He generally fancied that he had a sort of right to enquire into the propriety of the question before him: had a kind of notion that he might indulge his private feelings, and whip or not whip, as it pleased himself. But you, Holmes, never asked the question—never. The order was given, and your official thong was instantly in motion, without any regard as to the reason why, except the first of all reasons, that the master wished it.

And now you are gone—and the small remainder of my bowl is going too. Thus wanes and finishes all that is worth having in the world. By all that's magnificent, I cannot make out why Holmes resigned! I think of it to myself over and over again, and am still puzzled. So is every body else. Say in the street:—"The Duke's out," the answer is, "Delighted to hear it."

"So is Peel."

"Down with the rat!"

"And Lyndhurst."

"Poor devil!"

"And the Dundases."

"Thank God!"

"And Dawson."

"To be sure, the hound!"

"And Croker."

"Wish the navy joy!"

"And Twiss."

"Ha! ha! ha! Twice!"

"And Holmes."

"Holmes?—no, no!"

"But I say, Holmes."

"What! Billy Holmes?"

"The same."

"God bless me! but that's odd, indeed! Billy out! Well, after that—"

So on. My candles are almost gone, and there is nobody up in the house. Adieu then, old friend! you have played a trick which your father before you would have been ashamed of, and which, indeed, he never played as long as he could avoid it.

No matter now! Many a time shall the minister, be he Whig or Tory, looking from the Treasury benches, exclaim, with a look of anguish, when he sees another in your place, vainly attempting what you long had done with so masterly a hand,

Holmes! Holmes! Bill Holmes!

Oh, say what you like, none can whip in like Holmes.

But why did he resign?

By Jupiter, the candles are out!—Why did he resign?

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XII.

JANUARY, 1831.

Vol. II.

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M.DCCC.XXXI.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NO COMMUNICATION RECEIVED AFTER THE 12TH OF THE MONTH CAN BE ANSWERED IN ANY MANNER UNTIL THE EXPIRATION OF THAT MONTH.

AND WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN SHORT MSS., PARTICULARLY THOSE CONTAINING VERSES. It is easier for our Correspondents to keep copies than for us to write at least one hundred letters monthly.

Our best thanks for the small volume, *Dyegireitupanna*. It is too light for the body of our Magazine: we cannot, however, refrain from one extract here: "Why is Fraser's Magazine like a ship in a favouring wind?—D'ye give it up?—Because it is going on with a swelling sale."

G., who so fussily informs us of what we knew before himself—namely, the abdication of King Campbell, leaving *Hail* concerned with the *New Monthly* in confusion—is assured that we, who *must* live, can have no joy over those that fall. Our starting point was far beyond the goal of *New Monthly* glory: and, so little do we rejoice at the present anarchy and approaching annihilation of Colburn's domain, that we have written a very pretty poem, condoling with him thereon. Here it is:—

### A VERY ENCOURAGING LAMENT.

*New Monthly*, grown old,  
Must be rank'd with the dead;  
As you'll think, when you're told,  
That it loses its Head.

Sly Bentley new smiles—  
But sad Colburn looks grim,  
As a cat, that reviles  
The rich cream it can't skim.

But the milk and the water,  
Great Colburn! remain,  
So loud what you're after,  
And still you may gain.

For still shall thy twaddle,  
Old Novelty! rule  
Bo'th the heart and the noddle  
Of spinster and fool.

Pay thy scribblers—as meet—  
And let none be exempt  
From thy sovereign pen's sheet,  
And our sovereign contempt.

And long be thy page  
Just as good as it was: it  
Cannot suit the world's stage,  
But will do for the closet.

The complaints of M., concerning a series of papers of the most meretricious and disgusting character in a contemporary Magazine, are but too well founded. M. wishes us to devote our pages to an exposure of this odious quackery. This we must decline. The dulness and frippery, the base conage of lead and dross in exhausted Magazines do not fall within the peculiar province of our administration of critical law. Besides, with regard to the trash in question, it may be safely said—that its false sentiment and beastly detail, especially in the last "Passages," have excited unparalleled disgust in the minds of all; and, therefore, can do no harm. If the publication, relying on the remembrance still entertained of the glory which has for ever past away from its pages, be base enough to persist in clothing brothel-thoughts in tawdry language, let it secure the aid of "Rosa's Boy." He, like the Magazine alluded to, is an expiring light, and has now had a somewhat long experience in that species of fine writing, which may be designated—prostitute thought in elaborate diction. The glimmer of this dying taper, tant as it is, may help to light Decay to an inevitable grave: while the heartful feeling of the young and of the mature, will be strengthened and encouraged by such signal proof that the highest mental cultivation can never prevent the hollow-hearted traffickers in sentiment from finally falling victims to vitiated taste. We repeat, there is no danger in the "Diary," so justly reprehended by our correspondent. It is understood and scorned—we need not tear away the veil—it is transparent, and all behold the vile deformity beneath.

With every feeling of commiseration for the writer of the following letter and for his whole fraternity, we assure them that we have no objection to imitators. The poor fellows are in a wretched plight.

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

SIR,—As one of a class of laborious individuals who have been reduced to comparative starvation by the unparalleled success of your Magazine, I lay before you the copy of an advertisement, which we have been compelled to put forth in the depth of our distress.

"Among other improvements, it is the intention of the Proprietors of the *New Monthly Magazine*, to introduce a series of LITERARY SKETCHES, or estimates of the genius of the principal Authors of the present day, accompanied by *Engraved Likenesses*. As in these times of intellectual fertility, the series must include many writers comparatively new to fame, the plan must be admitted to possess some novelty."

The last sentence, I fear, will appear to you rather contemptible. But the fact is, we are but a contemptible crew, now the Captain's gone. We know, as well as all the world beside, that though the plan possesses novelty, you possess the plan; yet you would hardly expect us to say so. And, permit me to observe, that the idea of representing writers new to fame, is original. You of *Regina* are clever fellows, and you give likenesses of clever men. We are dull enough in all conscience, and shall fellow-feelingly give, pictures of the sons and daughters of dulness, a numerous and neglected class.

Most respected Sir, we must live. All our provisions are at present devoted to keeping up the spirits of the lace-man and another, who do the heavy work of the Magazine—that is, the fun—and invariably advertise it when they mean to be humorous. With the exception of these two, not a soul of us has a decent body to shew. Trusting, therefore, that you will see and pity the deplorable state to which we are reduced by your wit and our own stupidity, I remain, with grievous admiration,

Your constant reader,  
ONE OF THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NEW MONTHLY.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE

FOR

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

No. XII.

JANUARY, 1831.

VOL. II.

### WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

LORD FRANCIS LEVISON GOWER has perpetrated a wretched version of the very remarkable German poem; and, how his Lordship can rest quiet under an imputation of having thus ruthlessly murdered and mutilated such a bard as Schiller, is, to us, matter of no slight marvel. Previous character, too, must, as all great statesmen like his Lordship well know, be taken into consideration. Now, none, we should imagine, even of Lord Gower's most admiring friends, will deny that he murdered Goethe. The shelves of Murray the Magnifico are groaning, and likely still to groan, under leaden evidence of the fact. We have heard, and from pretty good authority, that the venerable author of *Faust* expresses considerable vexation on this subject. Anxious, as he has always been, to occupy the rank to which he is fairly entitled in the estimation of Englishmen, he feels indignant that a mere Lord should have undertaken a task, which none but a poet—and a poet, too, of the first class, can ever perfectly accomplish. But no matter: our countrymen are becoming daily more alive to the advantages derivable from the study of the German language, among the greatest of which, this is surely to be ranked; that the glorious spirit of Goethe becomes thus manifest to our wondering gaze, unobscured by the miserable mist of a cold and dull translation. Can any one, who has bowed before the spirit of that mighty master, peruse the impertinent trash put forth by Lord Gower as a translation, and not feel

his philosophy give place to indignant disgust at such presumptuous bungling. Yet his Lordship's performance was eulogized as a "spirited version," by those sagacious critics who, while they take especial care to neglect true genius wherever they find it, are equally zealous in leading "willing dulness forth to day," under pretence that "it would be barbarous to trample the germs of rising talent; that the first effort of genius, though a failure, deserves encouragement," &c. &c. Why, where did these precious blockheads imbibe the blundering conceit that it was in their clumsy heels to crush the germ of genius, if they would?—or, that Nature's noblest plant could ever need then paltry hot-house rearing? But let us see what their encouragement and fostering care has done for the adopted nondescripts, to whom they claimed the public kindness—assuring us, that what looked so marvellously like brass, would

"be gold another day!"

Has ever one of the many twinkling tallow-lights done any thing to throw doubt on its greasy origin? Have they not all gleamed dimly and more dimly to their dying ray, some even annihilated by the friendly puff, blown with the very best intentions? The unhappy victims of this killing-kindness—moon-struck votaries of an averted muse—are, after all, the most grievous sufferers by such misplaced eulogy. Encouraged to spend the so precious portion of youth in a silly struggle against Nature's



law, they, at the period when thought should take the shape of action, awake and find that they have made themselves a foolscap crown, which "willy, nilly," they must wear through life—perchance, too, without the reverential wonder of the drawing-room, where tea and twaddle go so smoothly down together. For, alas, for consistency! even here, a new spirit, dull and delightful as the last, is preferred for its fresh corporeal clothing, a brow less wrinkled, a cheek more fair, locks more redundant, than the sometime sovereign of the coterie can longer shew. Can any thing be more pitiable than such a doom? And what was wanting to

avert it? Honest Criticism—and that, through good report and evil report, it shall be our care to supply. It would be an affectation—and affectation of all kinds we despise—were we to pretend ignorance or insensibility as to the fact, that from the very first number of *Regina*, our endeavours have been as successful as honest for the abolition of critical humbug. This has occasioned a vast cackling among the geese; and sundry noises among other serious and common-place fowl, which we have been heartily glad to hear. Their attacks on ourselves are so truly described in Dryden, that, at the expense of our modesty, we must quote:—

"The dastard crows, that to the wood make wing,  
And see the groves no shelter can afford,  
With their loud kaws their craven kind do bring,  
Who, bold in numbers, cuff the noble bird."

But the noble bird heeds them not.

To return to Lord Gower, whom this interesting digression has for its immediate object—he being one of those who wrote, was praised, wrote again, and is deplored: his Lordship being, as we verily believe, a good hearted man, must feel, as we do, great satisfaction that Schiller is no longer in a situation to know the injury done to him by his incapable translation. That amiable poet was deeply gratified by Coleridge's version of *Wallenstein*, and bore fervent testimony to the power and skill with which it was executed. Yet even Coleridge, with all his capabilities, natural and acquired; his thorough acquaintance with the language and spirit of the original—shrunk from attempting the *Camp of Wallenstein*; conceiving, and rightly, we think, that its characteristic freedom and force must materially suffer by the process of translation. Not so, however, thinks the valiant author of the version published by Murray:

"Dulness stalks, where Genius fears to tread;"

and, thanks to this activity, we have an English translation of *Wallenstein's Lager*, in which every line and passage of the original, requiring industry or ability for its due rendering, is omitted. In the speech of the Capuchin, for instance, ten consecutive lines are left out, and no notice

whatever taken of them. These lines, and some others treated with as little ceremony, we shall mark by stars in the translation which we are about to offer to our readers. That the work is one which may, without much exaggeration, be pronounced untranslatable, as regards effect, we repeat. Still, as eighty-four pages of the most trashy twaddle ever published have been given to the world as the *Camp of Wallenstein*, we think it our duty to shew that Schiller wrote in a somewhat different fashion. Of our own performance it *does* become us to speak; and we shall, therefore, say that it is faithful to the original, line for line; that no passages or strong expressions are omitted, from the dread of terrifying dowagers or devotees; and, finally, that we shall heartily hail an improved version, should our own induce a competent hand to undertake it. There is one such who might have so done, and saved us a deal of trouble; for we delight not in translating. We allude to the writer of a paper on this subject in a contemporary publication. Nothing can be better than the way in which he renders the rough, off-hand vigour of the original in the specimens given by him in that article. Had this writer held out any hope of doing what few can do so well as himself, we should have had the more natural and pleasing occupation of praising him, instead of pro-

ducing a translation of our own By the way, we will just take advantage of the opportunity here afforded of pointing out one of the few errors

in this gentleman's spirited version of the Capuchin's speech. His Reverence says

Treibt man so mit dem Sonntag Spott,  
Als hätte der allmächtige Gott,  
Das Churagra, konnte nicht drein schlagen ?

which is thus rendered

"Do you dare on the Sabbath to raise such a rout,  
As if the Almighty had got the gout,  
And to punish your wickedness couldn't look out ?"

What becomes of *konnte nicht drein schlagen* ? The mistake arises from not translating *chragra* as the hand-

gout. The sense is, we think, as we have given it, namely

As though the great God had the gout in his hand,  
And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band "

By Lord Gower the passage is omitted

In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, his Lordship is considered as an author and translator the Reviewer holding out to him the bright hope that with labour, he may attain a higher station than he at present holds among the "*middling poets*" of the day. What is the meaning of *middling poets* ? We are prepared to contend that there are but two characters among the practitioners of this glorious art—namely, the poet and the poetaster. His Lordship belongs clearly to the latter denomination, and we give him joy of the honour held forth to him by the *Edinburgh Review*—of being in time something more of a "*triton among the minnows*,"

"the sublime of mediocrity, —

but we will not pursue the quotation. We wish not to say any thing offensive to his Lordship, but we are the avowed and uncompromising enemies of the class of writers to which he belongs. And we will just put the question—were a poet to present himself unintroduced, and with the *gaucherie* of a student, in the drawing room of the Stafford mansion in the Green Park, would he not be turned out to the enjoyment of the sward and sky with all possible expedition ? And what right has his Lordship to be guilty of a worse intrusion, by thrusting himself among the greatest poets of our age—company in which nature never intended that he should

be seen ? My Lord, you must have the kindness to withdraw.

The *Edinburgh Reviewer* censures his Lordship's translation of the *Camp*, and shews his own sense of the difficulty of rendering the conversational rhyme of the original, by abstaining from the attempt. He, however, gives a version of the famous song, '*Wohl auf Kameraden* ' printing also that by Lord Gower. Neither is faithful, though the Reviewer has the best of his Lordship. We now proceed to say two words about the work itself.

The *Camp of Wallenstein* is an introduction to the celebrated tragedy of that name, and by its vivid portraiture of the state of the general's army, gives the best clue to the spell of his gigantic power. The blind which entertained in the unfailling success of his arms, and in the supernatural agencies by which that success is secured to him, the unrestrained indulgence of every passion, and utter disregard of all law, save that of the camp, a hard oppression of the peasantry and plunder of the country, have all swollen the solidarity with an idea of interminable sway. But, as we have translated the whole, we shall leave these reckless murderers to speak for themselves, which they will be found to do in language rather more homely and forcible than what is heard among the *gentle*, or found in the translation of Lord Gower.

Of Schiller's opinion concerning

the Camp, as a necessary introduction to the tragedy, the following passage taken from the Prologue to the first representation, will give a just idea, and may also serve as a motto to the work.—

Not He it is, who on the tragic scene  
Will now appear—but in the fearless bands  
Whom his command alone could sway, and whom  
His spirit fired, you may his shadow see,  
Until the bashful Muse shall dare to bring  
Himself before you in a living form,  
For power it was that bore his heart astray—  
His Camp, alone, elucidates his crime.

### THE CAMP OF WAILLENSTEIN.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Sergeant-Major,* } of a regiment of Terzky's carabineers.  
*Trumpeter,* }  
*Artilleryman.*  
*Sharpshooters.*  
*Mounted Yagers,* of Holk's corps.  
*Dragoons,* of Buttler's regiment.  
*Arquebusers,* of Tiefenbach's regiment.  
*Cuirassier,* of a Walloon regiment.  
*Cuirassier,* of a Lombard regiment.  
*Croats.*  
*Hulans.*  
*Recruit*  
*Citizen.*  
*Peasant.*  
*Peasant Boy.*  
*Capuchin.*  
*Regimental Schoolmaster.*  
*Sutler Woman*  
*Servant Girl.*  
*Soldiers' Boys.*  
*Musicians.*

(SCENE---The Camp before Pilsen, in Bohemia.)

#### SCENE I

*Sutler's tents—in front, a Slop-shop.—Soldiers of all colours and uniforms thronging about.—Tables all filled.—Croats and Hulans cooking at a fire. Sutler-woman serving out wine.—Soldier Boys throwing dice on a drum-head.—Singing heard from the tent.*

*Enter a Peasant and his Son.*

#### SON.

FATHER, I fear it will come to harm,  
So let us be off from this soldier-swarm;  
But boisterous mates will ye find in the shoal—  
'Twere better to bolt while our skins are whole.

#### FATHER

How now, boy! the fellows won't eat us, tho'  
They may be a little unruly, or so.  
See, yonder, arriving a stranger train,  
Fresh comers are they from the Saal and Mayn.  
Much booty they bring of the rarest sort—  
'Tis ours, if we cleverly drive our sport.

A captain, who fell by his comrade's sword,  
 This pair of sure dice to me transferr'd;  
 To-day I'll just give them a trial, to see  
 If their knack's as good as it used to be.  
 You must play the part of a pitiful devil,  
 For these roaring rogues, who so loosely revel,  
 Are easily smooth'd, and trick'd and flatter'd,  
 And, free as it came, their gold is scatter'd.  
 But *me*—since by bushels our all is ta'en,  
 By spoonfuls must ladle it back again;  
 And, it with their swords they slash so highly,  
 We must look sharp, boy, and do them slyly.

[*Singing and shouting in the tent.*

Hark, how they shout! God help the day!  
 'Tis the peasant's hide for their sport must pay.  
 Eight months in our beds and stalls have they  
 Been swarming here, until far around  
 Not a bird or a beast is longer found,  
 And the peasant, to quiet his craving maw,  
 Has nothing now left but his bones to gnaw.  
 Ne'er were we crush'd with a heavier hand,  
 When the Saxon was lordling it o'er the land  
 And these are the Emperor's troops, they say!—

SON.

From the kitchen a couple are coming this way,  
 Not much shall we make by such blades as they.

FATHER.

They're born Bohemian knaves—the two—  
 Belonging to Teizky's carabineers,  
 Who've lain in these quarters now for years  
 The worst are they of the worthless crew  
 Stutting, swaggering, proud, and vain,  
 They seem to think they may well disdain  
 With the peasant a glass of his wine to drain.  
 But, soft—to the left o' the fire I see  
 Three riflemen, who from the Tyrol should be.  
 Emmerick, come, boy, to them will we—  
 Birds of this feather 'tis luck to find,  
 Whose trim's so spruce, and their purse well lined.

[*They move towards the tent.*

SCENE II.

*The above—Sergeant-Major, Trumpeter, Hulán.*

TRUMPETER.

What would the boor?—Out, rascal, away!

PEASANT.

Some victuals and drink, worthy masters, I pray,  
 For not a warm morsel we've tasted to-day.

TRUMPETER.

Aye, guzzle and guttle—'tis always the way.

\* HULÁN (*with a glass*).

Not broken your fast!—there—drink, ye hound!

[*He leads the Peasant to the tent—the others come forward.*

SERGEANT (*to the Trumpeter*).

Think ye, they've done it without good ground?  
Is it likely they double our pay to day,  
Merely that we may be jolly and gay?

TRUMPETER.

Why, the Duchess arrives to-day, we know,  
And her daughter too—

SERGEANT.

Tush! that's mere show—  
'Tis the troops collected from other lands  
Who here at Pilsen have joined our bands—  
We must do the best we can t' allure 'em  
With plectifil rations, and thus secure 'em,  
Where such abundant fare they find,  
A closer league with us to bind.

TRUMPETER.

Yes!—there's something in the wind.

SERGEANT.

The generals and commanders too—

TRUMPETER.

A rather ominous sight, 'tis true.

SERGEANT.

Who're met together so thickly here—

TRUMPETER.

Have plenty of work on their hands, that's clear.

SERGEANT.

The whisp'ring and sending to and fro—

TRUMPETER.

Aye! Aye!

SERGEANT.

The big-wig from Vienna, I trow,  
Who since yesterday's seen to prow! about  
In his golden chain of office there—  
Something's at bottom of this, I'll swear.

TRUMPETER.

A bloodhound is he, beyond a doubt,  
By whom the Duke's to be hunted out.

SERGEANT.

Mark ye well, man?—they doubt us now,  
And they fear the Duke's mysterious brow;  
He hath clomb too high for *them*, and fain  
Would they beat him down from his perch again.

TRUMPETER.

But we will hold him still on high—  
That all would think as you and I!

SERGEANT.

Our regiment, and the other four  
Which Terzky leads—the bravest corps

Throughout the camp, are the General's own,  
And have been trained to the trade by himself alone.  
The officers hold their command of him,  
And are all his own, or for life, or limb.

## SCENE III.

*Enter Croat with a Necklace.—Sharpshooter following him. The above.*

SHARPSHOOTER.

Croat, where stole you that necklace, say?  
Get rid of it, man—for thee 'tis unmeet:  
Come, take these pistols in change, I pray.

CROAT.

Nay, nay, Master Shooter, you're trying to cheat.

SHARPSHOOTER.

Then I'll give you this fine blue cap as well,  
A Lottery prize which just I've won:  
Look at the cut of it—quite the swell!

CROAT (*twirling the Necklace in the Sun*).

But this is of pearls and of garnets bright,  
See, how it plays in the sunny light!

SHARPSHOOTER (*taking the Necklace*).

Well, I'll give you, to boot, my own canteen—  
I'm in love with this bauble's beautiful sheen.  
[*Looks at it.*]

TRUMPETER.

See, now!—how cleanly the Croat is *done*:  
Snacks! Master Shooter, and *mum's* the word.

CROAT (*having put on the Cap*).

I think your cap is a smartish one.

SHARPSHOOTER (*winking to the Trumpeter*).

'Tis a regular swop—as these gents have heard.

## SCENE IV.

*The above—An Artilleryman.*

ARTILLERYMAN (*to the Sergeant*).

How is it, I pray, brother Carabineer?  
Shall we longer stay here, our fingers warming,  
While the foe in the field around is swarming?

SERGEANT.

Art thou, indeed, in such hasty fret?  
Why the roads, as I think, are scarce passable yet.

ARTILLERYMAN.

For me they are not—I'm snug enough here—  
But a courier's come, our wits to waken  
With the precious news that Ratisbon's taken.

TRUMPETER.

Hail, then we soon shall have work in hand.

SERGEANT.

Indeed! to protect the Bavarian's land,  
Who hates the Duke, as we understand,  
We won't put ourselves in a violent sweat.

ARTILLERYMAN.

Heyday!—you'll find you're a wisecrack yet!

SCENE V.

*The above.—Two Yagers.—Afterwards Sutler-woman, Soldier-boy, School-master, Servant Girl.*

FIRST YAGER.

See! see!

Here meet we a jovial company!

TRUMPETER.

Who can those green coats be, I wonder,  
That strut so gay and sprucely yonder?

SERGEANT.

They're the Yagers of Holk—and the lace they wear  
I'll be sworn, was ne'er purchased at Leipzig fair.

SUTLER-WOMAN (*bringing wine*).

Welcome, good sirs.

FIRST YAGER.

Zounds! how now?

Gustel of Blasewitz here, I vow!

SUTLER-WOMAN.

The same in 'nooth—and you, I know,  
Are the lanky Peter of Itzeho;  
Who at Glückstadt once, in a revelling night,  
With the wags of our regiment, put to flight  
All his father's shiners—then crown'd the fun—

FIRST YAGER.

By changing his pen for a rifle gun.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

We're old acquaintance, then, 'tis clear.

FIRST YAGER.

And to think we should meet in Bohemia here!

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, here to-day—to-morrow yonder—  
As the rude war-broom, in restless trace,  
Scatters and sweeps us from place to place.  
Meanwhile I've been doom'd far round to wander.

FIRST YAGER.

So one would think, by the look of your face.

## SUTLER-WOMAN

Up the country I've rambl'd to Temeswar,  
 Whither I went with the baggage car,  
 When Mansfield before us we chas'd away;  
 With the Duke near Stralsund next we lay,  
 Where trade went all to pot, I may say  
 I jogged with the succours to Mantua,  
 And back again came, under Fera  
 Then, joining a Spanish regiment,  
 I took a short cut across to Ghent,  
 And now to Bohemia I'm come to get  
 Old scores paid off, that are standing yet,  
 If a helping hand by the Duke be lent—  
 And vonder you see my Sutler's tent

## FIRST YAGGER

Well, all things seem in a flourishing way,  
 But what have you done with the Scotchman, say,  
 Who once in the camp was your constant flame?

## SUTLER WOMAN

A villain, who trick'd me clean, that same!  
 He bolted and took to him-self, whate'er  
 I'd managed to scrape together, or spare,  
 Leaving me nought but the urchin there

SOLDIER BOY (*springing forward*)

Mother, is it my papa you name?

## FIRST YAGGER

Well, the Emperor now must father this elf  
 For the army must ever recruit itself

## SCHOOLMASTER

Forth to the school, ye rogue—d'ye hear

## FIRST YAGGER

He, too, of a narrow room has fear

SERVANT GIRL (*entering*)

Aunt, they'll be off

## SUTLER WOMAN

I come apace

## FIRST YAGGER

What gypsy is that with the roguish face?

## SUTLER WOMAN

My sister's child from the south, is she!

## FIRST YAGGER

Aye, aye, a sweet little niece—I see

SECOND YAGGER (*holding the girl*)

Softly, my pretty one! stay with me

## GIRL

The customers wait, sir, and I must go

[*Disengages herself, and exits*]



FIRST YAGER.

That maiden's a dainty morsel, I trow !  
 And her aunt—by Heav'n ! I mind me well,  
 When the best of the regiment loved her so,  
 To blows for her beautiful face they fell.  
 What different folks one's doom'd to know !  
 How time glides off with a ceaseless flow !  
 And what sights as yet we may live to see !

(To the Sergeant and Trumpeter.)

Your health, good sirs, may we be free,  
 A seat beside you here to take ?

SCENE VI.

*The Yagers, Sergeant, and Trumpeter.*

SERGEANT.

We thank ye—and room will gladly make.  
 To Bohemia welcome.

FIRST YAGER.

Snug enough here !  
 In the land of the foe *our* quarters were queer.

TRUMPETER.

You hav'n't the look on't—you're spruce to view.

SERGEANT.

Aye faith, on the Saal, and in Meissen too,  
 Your praises are heard from the lips of few.

SECOND YAGER.

Tush, man—why, what the plague d'ye mean ?  
 The Croat had swept the fields so clean,  
 There was little, or nothing, for us to glean.

TRUMPETER.

Yet your pointed collar is clean and sightly,  
 And, then, your hose, that sit so tightly !  
 Your linen so fine, with the hat and feather,  
 Make a shew of the smartest altogether !

(To Sergeant.)

That fortune should thus upon youngers shine—  
 While nothing in your way comes, or mine.

SERGEANT.

But then we're the Friedlander's regiment,  
 And, thus, may honour and homage claim.

FIRST YAGER.

For us, now, that's no great compliment,  
 We, also, bear the Friedlander's name.

SERGEANT.

True—you form part of the general mass.

FIRST YAGER.

And you, I suppose, are a separate class !

The difference lies in the coats we wear,  
And I have no wish to change with you there!

## SERGEANT.

Sir Yager, I can't but with pity melt,  
When I think how much among boors you've dwelt.  
The clever knack and the proper tone,  
Are caught by the General's side alone.

## FIRST YAGER.

Then the lesson is wofully thrown away,—  
How he hawks and spits, indeed, I may say  
You've copied and caught in the cleverest way.  
But his spirit, his genius—oh, these I ween,  
On your guard parade are but seldom seen.

## SECOND YAGER.

Why, zounds! ask for us, wherever you will,  
Friedland's wild hunt is our title still!  
Never shaming the name, all undaunted we go  
Alike thro' the field of a friend, or a foe:  
Through the rising stalk, or the yellow corn,  
Well know they the blast of Holk's Yager horn.  
In the flash of an eye, we are far or near,  
Swift as the deluge, or then, or here—  
As at midnight dark, when the flames outbreak  
In the silent dwelling where none awake;  
Vain is the hope in weapons or flight,  
Nor order nor discipline thwart its might.  
Then struggles the maid in our sinewy arms,  
But war hath no pity, and scorns alarms.  
Go ask—I speak not with boastful tongue—  
In Bayreuth, Westphalia, Voigtland, where'er  
Our troop has traversed—go, ask them there—  
Children and children's children long,  
When hundreds and hundreds of years are o'er,  
Of Holk will tell and his Yager corps.

## SERGEANT.

Why, hark! Must a soldier then be made  
By diving this riotous, rowing trade!  
'Tis drilling that makes him, skill and sense—  
Perception—thought—intelligence.

## FIRST YAGLR.

'Tis liberty makes him!—Here's a fuss!  
That I should such twaddle as this discuss.  
Was it for this, that I left the school?  
That the scribbling desk, and the slavish rule,  
And the narrow walls, that our spirits cramp,  
Should be met with again in the midst of the camp?  
No!—Idle and heedless, I'll take my way,  
Hunting for novelty every day;  
Trust to the moment with dauntless mind,  
And give not a glance or before, or behind.  
For this to the emperor I sold my hide,  
That no other care I might have to bide.  
Through the foe's fierce firing bid me ride,  
Through fathomless Rhine, in his roaring flow,  
Where every third man to the devil may go,  
At no bar will you find me boggling there:  
But, farther than this, 'tis my special prayer,  
That I may not be bother'd with aught like care.

SERGEANT.

If this be your wish, you needn't lack it,  
 'Tis granted to all with the soldier's jacket.

FIRST YAGER.

What a fuss and a bother, forsooth, was made  
 By that man-tormentor, Gustavus the Swede,  
 Whose camp was a church, where prayers were said  
 At morning réveille and evening tattoo;  
 And, whenever it chanced that we fisky grew,  
 A sermon himself from the saddle he'd read.

SERGEANT.

Ay, that was a man with the fear of God.

FIRST YAGER.

Guls he detested; and, what's rather odd,  
 If caught with a wench, you in wedlock were tack'd.—  
 I could stand it no longer, so off I pack'd.

SERGEANT.

Their discipline now has a trifle slack'd.

FIRST YAGER.

Well, next to the League I rode over; then men  
 Were must'ring in haste against Magdeburg then.  
 Ha! that was another guess sort of a thing!—  
 In frolic and fun we'd a glorious swing;  
 With gaming, and drinking, and guls at call,  
 I'faith, sirs, our sport was by no means small.  
 For Tilly knew how to command, that's plain;  
 He held himself in, but gave us the rein;  
 And, long as he hadn't the bother of paying,  
 "Live, and let live!" was the General's saying.  
 But fortune soon gave him the slip! and ne'er,  
 Since the day of that villainous Leipzig affair,  
 Would aught go aright. 'Twas of little avail  
 That we tried, for our plans were sure to fail.  
 If now we drew nigh, and rapp'd at a door,  
 No greeting awaited, 'twas open'd no more:  
 From place to place we went sneaking about,  
 And found that their stock of respect was out.  
 Then touch'd I the Saxon bounty, and thought,  
 Their service with fortune must needs be fraught.

SERGEANT.

You join'd 'em then just in the nick to share  
 Bohemia's plunder?

FIRST YAGER.

I'd small luck there.  
 Strict discipline sternly rul'd the day,  
 Nor dared we a foeman's force display.  
 They set us to guard the imperial forts,  
 And plagued us all with the farce of the courts.  
 War they waged as a jest 'twere thought—  
 And but half a heart to the business brought.  
 They would break with none; and thus 'twas plain,  
 Small honour 'mong them could a soldier gain.  
 So heartily sick in the end grew I,  
 That my mind was the desk again to try;

When suddenly, rattling near and far,  
The Friedlander's drum was heard to war.

SERGEANT

And how long here may you mean to stay ?

FIRST YAGER

You jest, man — So long as *he* bears the sway,  
By my soul ! not a thought of change have I  
Where better than here could the soldier lie ?  
Here the true fashion of war is found,  
And the cut of power's on all things round,  
While the spuit, whereby the movement's given,  
Mightily stirs, like the winds of heaven,  
The meanest trooper in all the throng  
With a hearty step shall I tramp along,  
On a burgher's neck as undaunted tread,  
As our General does on the prince's head  
As 'twas in the times of old 'tis now,  
The sword is the sceptic, and all must bow  
One crime alone can I understand,  
And that's to oppose the word of command  
What's not forbidden to do make bold,  
And none will ask you what deed you hold  
Of just two things in this world I wot,  
What belongs to the arm, and what does not  
To the banner alone is my service brought

SERGEANT

Thus, Yager, I like thee — thou speak'st, I vow,  
With the tone of a Friedland trooper now

FIRST YAGER

'Tis not as an officer *he* holds command,  
Or a power receiv'd from the Emperor's hand  
For the Emperor's service what should he care  
What better for him does the Emperor fare ?  
With the mighty power, he wields at will,  
Has ever he shelter'd the land from ill ?  
No — a soldier-kingdom he seeks to raise,  
And for this would set the world in a blaze,  
Daring to risk and to compass all —

THIRDPFIFTH

Hush—who shall such words as these let fall ?

FIRST YAGER.

Whatever I think may be said by me,  
For the General tells us, the word is free

SERGEANT.

True—that he said so I fully agree,  
I was standing by. “The word is free—  
The deed is dumb—obedience blind”  
His very words I can call to mind

FIRST YAGER

I know not if these were his words, or no,  
But he said the thing, and 'tis even so

## SECOND YAGER.

Victory ne'er will his flag forsake,  
 Though she's apt from others a turn to take  
 Old Tilly outlived his fame's decline,  
 But, under the banner of Wallenstein,  
 There am I certain that victory's mine!  
 Fortune is spell-bound to him, and must yield,  
 Whoe'er under Friedland shall take the field  
 Is sure of a supernatural shield;  
 For, as all the world is aware full well,  
 The Duke has a devil in him from hell

## SERGEANT.

In truth that he's charm'd is past a doubt,  
 For we know how, at Lutzen's bloody affair,  
 Where firing was thickest he still was there,  
 As coolly as might be, sirs, riding about  
 The hat on his head was shot thro' and thro',  
 In coat and boots the bullets that flew  
 Left traces full clear to all men's view,  
 But none got so far as to scratch off his skin,  
 For the ointment of hell was too well rubb'd in.

## FIRST YAGER

What wonder so strange can you all see there?  
 An elk skin jacket he happens to wear,  
 And through it the bullets can make no way

## SERGEANT

'Tis an ointment of witches' herbs, I say,  
 Kneaded and cooked by unholy spell

## TRUMPETER

No doubt 'tis the work of the powers of hell

## SERGEANT

That he reads in the stars we also hear,  
 Where the future he sees—distant or near—  
 But I know better the truth of the case  
 A little gray man, at the dead of night  
 Through bolted doors to him will peep—  
 The sentinels oft have hailed the sight  
 And something great was sure to be nigh  
 When this little Gray Coat had glided by

## FIRST YAGER

Aye, aye, he's sold himself to the devil,  
 Wherefore, my lads, let' fear him and revel

## SCENE VII

*The above—Recruit, Citizen, Dragoon*

*(The Recruit advances from the tent, wearing a tin cap on his head, and carrying a wine flask.)*

To father and uncle pray make my bow,  
 And bid 'em good by—I'm a soldier now

FIRST YAGER.

See, yonder they're bringing us something new.

CITIZEN.

O, Franz, remember, this day you'll rue.

RECRUIT (*sings*).

The drum and the fife,  
 War's rattling throng,  
 And a wandering life  
 The world along!  
 Swift steed—and a hand  
 To curb and command—  
 With a blade by the side,  
 We're off far and wide,  
 As jolly and free,  
 As the finch in its glee,  
 On thicket or tree,  
 Under Heav'n's wide hollow—  
 Hurrah! for the Friedlander's bannet I'll follow!

SECOND YAGER.

\*Foregad! a jolly companion, though.

[*They salute him.*]

CITIZEN.

He comes of good kin—now, pray let him go.

FIRST YAGER.

And we weren't found in the streets, you must know.

I tell you his wealth is a plentiful stock,  
 Just feel the fine stuff that he wears for a flock.

TRUMPETER.

The Emperor's coat is the best he can wear.

CITIZEN.

To a cap manufactory he is the hen.

SECOND YAGER.

The will of a man is his fortune alone.

CITIZEN.

His grandmother's shop will soon be his own.

FIRST YAGER.

Pish! traffic in matches! who would do 't?

CITIZEN.

A wine-shop his godfather leaves, to boot,  
 A cellar with twenty casks of wine.

TRUMPETER.

These with his comrades he'll surely share.

SECOND YAGER.

Harkye, lad—be a camp-brother of mine.

CITIZEN

A bride he leaves sitting, in tears, apart.

FIRST YAGER.

Good—that now's a proof of an iron heart.

CITIZEN

His grandmother's sure to die with sorrow.

SECOND YAGER.

The better—for then he'll inherit to-morrow

SERGEANT (*advances gravely, and lays his hand on the Recruit's tin cap*).

The matter, no doubt, you have duly weighed,  
And here a new man of yourself have made,  
With hanger and helm, sir, you now belong  
To a nobler and more distinguished throng  
Thus, a loftier spirit, 'twice well to uphold—

FIRST YAGER

And, specially, never be sparing of gold

SERGEANT

In Fortune's ship, with an onward gale,  
My friend, you have made up your mind to sail  
The earth-ball is open before you—yet there  
Nought's to be gained, but by those who dare.  
Stupid and sluggish your citizen's found,  
Like a dyer's dull jade, in his ceaseless round,  
While the soldier can be whatever he will,  
For war o'er the earth is the watchword still  
Just look now at me, and the coat I wear,  
You see that the Emperor's baton I bear—  
And all good government, over the earth,  
You must know from the baton alone has birth,  
For the sceptre that's sway'd by the kingly hand,  
Is nought but a baton, we understand  
And he who has corporal's rank obtain'd,  
Stands on the ladder where all's to be gained,  
And you, like another, may mount to that height—

FIRST YAGER.

Provided you can but read and write

SERGEANT.

Now, hark to an instance of this, from me,  
And one, which I've lived myself to see  
Thier's Buttler, the chief of dragoons, why he,  
Whose rank was not higher a whit than mine,  
Some thirty years since, at Cologne on Rhine,  
Is a Major-General now—because  
He put himself forward and gained applause,  
Filling the world with his martial fame,  
While slept my merits without a name  
And ev'n the Friedlander's self—I've heard—  
Our General and all commanding Lord,  
Who now can do what he will at a word,  
Had at first but a private squire's degree;  
In the goddess of war yet trusting free,  
He rear'd the greatness, which now you see,  
And, after the Emperor, next is he.  
Who knows what more he may mean or get?

(*Shly.*) For all-day's evening is'n't come yet.

## FIRST YAGER.

He was little at first, tho' now so great—  
 For, at Altorf in student's gown, he play'd,  
 By your leave, the part of a roaring blade,  
 And rattled away at a queerish rate.  
 His fag he had well nigh killed by a blow,  
 And then Nur'mberg worships swore he should go  
 To jail for his pains,—if he liked it, or no  
 'Twas a new-built nest, to be christen'd by him,  
 Who first should be lodged Well, what was his whim?  
 Why, he sent his dog forward to lead the way,  
 And they call the jail from the dog to this day  
 That was the game a brave fellow should play,  
 And of all the great deeds of the General, none  
 E'er tickled my fancy, like this one

*[During this speech the Second Yager has begun toying with the Girl, who has been in waiting]*

DRAGOON *(stepping between them)*

Comrade—give over this sport, I pray

## SECOND YAGER

Why, who the devil shall say me nay?

## DRAGOON

I've only to tell you the girl's my own

## FIRST YAGER

\*Such a morsel as this, for himself alone!—  
 \*Diagoon, why sayst thou crazy grown?

## SECOND YAGER

In the camp to be keeping a wench for one!  
 No! the light of a pretty girl's face must fall,  
 Like the beams of the sun, to gladden us all *(Kisses her)*

DRAGOON *(tears her away)*

I tell you again, that it sha'n't be done

## FIRST YAGER

The pipers are coming, lads! now for fun!

SECOND YAGER *(to Diagoon)*

I sha'n't be far off, should you look for me

## SERGEANT

Peace, my good fellows!—a kiss goes free

## SCENE VIII

*Enter Miners, and play a Waltz—at first slowly, and afterwards quicker—  
 The first Yager dances with the Girl, the Suiter-woman with the Recruit—  
 The Girl springs away, and the Yager, pursuing her, seizes hold of a Capuchin  
 Friar just entering*

## CAPUCHIN

Hurrah! halloo! tol, lol, de rol, le!  
 The fun's at its height! I'll not be away!  
 Is't an army of Christians that join in such works?  
 Or are we all turn'd Anabaptists and Turks?



\*Is the Sabbath a day for this sport in the land,  
 \*As tho' the great God had the gout in his hand,  
 \*And thus couldn't smite in the midst of your band ?  
 Say, is this a time for your revelling shouts,  
 For your banquettings, feasts, and holiday bouts ?  
*Quid hic statis otiosi ?* declare  
 Why, folding your arms, stand ye lazily there ?  
 While the furies of war on the Danube now fare,  
 And Bavaria's bulwark is lying full low,  
 And Ratisbon's fast in the clutch of the foe.  
 Yet, the army lies here in Bohemia still,  
 And caring for nought, so their paunches they fill !  
 Bottles far rather than battles you'll get,  
 And your bills than your broad swords more readily wet ;  
 With the wenches, I ween is, your dearest concern,  
 And you'd rather roast oxen than Oxenstiern.  
 In sackcloth and ashes while Christendom's grieving,  
 No thought has the soldier his guzzle of leaving.  
 'Tis a time of misery, groans, and tears !  
 Portentous the face of the heavens appears !  
 And forth from the clouds behold blood-red,  
 The Lord's war-mantle is downward spread—  
 While the comet is thrust as a threatening rod,  
 From the window of Heaven by the hand of God.  
 \*The world is but one vast house of woe,  
 \*The Ark of the Church stems a bloody flow,  
 \*The Holy Empire—God help the same !  
 \*Has wretchedly sunk to a hollow name.  
 \*The Rhine's gay stream has a gory gleam,  
 \*The cloister's nests are robbed by roysters ;  
 \*The church lands now are changed to lurch-lands ;  
 \*Abbeys, and all other holy foundations,  
 \*Now are but Robber-sees—rogues' habitations.  
 \*And thus is each once-blest German state  
 \*Deep sunk in the doom of the desolate !  
 Whence comes all this ? O, that will I tell—  
 It comes of your doings, of sin and of hell ;  
 \*Of the horrible, heathenish lives ye lead,  
 \*Soldiers and officers, all of a breed.  
 For sin is the magnet, on every hand,  
 That draws your steel throughout the land !  
 As the onion causes the tear to flow,  
 So Vice must ever be followed by Woe—  
 The W duly succeeds the V,  
 This is the order of A, B, C.

*Ubi erit victoria spes,*  
*Si offenditur Deus ?* which says,  
 How, pray ye, shall victory e'er come to pass,  
 \*If thus you play truant from sermon and mass,  
 \*And do nothing but lazily loll o'er the glass ?  
 The woman, we're told in the Testament,  
 Found the penny, in search whereof she went.  
 Saul met with his father's asses again,  
 And Joseph his precious fraternal train.  
 But he, who 'mong soldiers shall hope to see  
 God's fear, or shame, or discipline—he  
 From his toil, beyond doubt, will baffled return,  
 Tho' a hundred lamps in the search he burn.  
 To the wilderness preacher, th' Evangelist says,  
 The soldiers, too, throng'd to repent of their ways,  
 And had themselves christened in former days.

*Quid faciemus nos?* they said:  
 \*Tow'rd Abraham's bosom what path must we tread?

*Et ait illis*, and, said he,  
*Neminem concutatis*;  
 From bother and wrongs leave your neighbours free.  
*Neque calumniam faciatis*;  
 And deal nor in slander nor lies, d'ye see?  
*Contenti estote*—content ye, pray,  
*Stipendiis vestris*—with your pay—  
 \*And curse for ever each evil way.

There is a command—thou shalt not utter  
 The name of the Lord thy God, in vain;  
 \*But, where is it men most blasphemies mutter?  
 \*Why here, in Duke Friedland's head-quarters, 'tis plain.  
 If for every thunder!—and every blast!  
 Which blazing ye from your tongue-points cast,  
 The bells were but rung, in the country round,  
 Not a bellman, I ween, would there soon be found;  
 And if for each and ev'ry unholy prayer  
 Which to vent from your jabbering jaws you dare,  
 From your noddles were pluck'd but the smallest hair,  
 Ev'ry crop would be smooth'd ere the sun went down,  
 Tho' at morn 'twere as bushy as Absalom's crown.  
 Now Joshua, methinks, was a soldier as well—  
 By the arm of King David the Philistine fell;  
 But where do we find it written, I pray,  
 That they ever blasphemed in this villainous way?  
 One would think ye need stretch your jaws no more,  
 To cry, "God help us!" than "Zounds!" to roar.  
 But, by the liquor that's pour'd in the cask, we know  
 With what it will bubble and overflow.

Again, it is written—thou shalt not steal,  
 And this you follow, i' faith! to the letter,  
 For open faced robbery suits ye better.  
 The gripe of your vulture claws you fix  
 On all—and your wiles and rascally tricks  
 Make the gold unhid in our coffers now,  
 And the calf unsafe while yet in the cow—  
 Ye take both the egg and the hen, I vow.  
*Contenti estote*—the preacher said;  
 Which means—be content with your army bread.  
 But how should the slaves not from duty swerve,  
 The mischief begins with the lord they serve?  
 Just like the members so is the head.  
 I should like to know who can tell me *his* creed.

FIRST YAGER.

Sir Priest, 'gainst ourselves rail on as you will—  
 Of the General we warn you to breathe no ill.

CAPUCHIN.

*Ne custodias gregem meam!*  
 An Ahab is he, and a Jerobeam,  
 Who the people from faith's unerring way,  
 To the worship of idols would turn astray.

TRUMPETER and RECRUIT.

Let us not hear that again, we pray.

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Bramarbas, whose iron tooth  
Would seize all the strongholds of earth, forsooth!—  
Did he not boast, with ungodly tongue,  
That Stralsund must needs to his grasp be wrung,  
Though to heaven itself with a chain 'twere strung.

TRUMPETER.

Will none put a stop to his slanderous bawl?

CAPUCHIN.

A wizard he is!—and a sorcerer Saul!—  
Holofernes!—a Jehu!—denying, we know,  
Like St. Peter, his Master and Lord below;  
And hence must he quail when the cock doth crow—

Both YAGERS.

Now, parson, prepare; for thy doom is nigh.

CAPUCHIN.

A fox more cunning than Herod, I trow—

TRUMPETER and both YAGERS (*pressing against him*).

Silence, again,—if thou wouldst not die!

CROATS (*interfering*).

Stick to it, father; we'll shield you, ne'er fear,  
The close of your preachment now let's hear.

CAPUCHIN (*still louder*).

A Nebuchadnezzar, in towering pride!  
And a vile and heretic sinner beside!  
He calls himself rightly the stone of a wall;  
For, faith! he's a stumbling-stone to us all.  
And ne'er can the Emperor have peace indeed,  
Till of Friedland himself the land is freed.

[*During the last passage, which he pronounces in an elevated voice, he has been gradually retreating, the Croats keeping the other Soldiers off.*]

## SCENE IX.

*The above, without the Capuchin.*

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant*).

But, tell us, what meant he 'bout chancicleer,  
Whose crowing the General dares not hear?  
No doubt it was uttered in spite and scorn.

SERGEANT.

Listen—'tis not so untrue as't appears;  
For Friedland was rather mysteriously born,  
And is 'specially troubled with ticklish ears.  
He never can suffer the mew of a cat;  
And, when the cock crows, he starts thereat.

FIRST YAGER.

He's one and the same with the lion in that.

SERGEANT.

Mouse-still must all around him creep,  
 Strict watch in this the sentinels keep,  
 For he ponders on matters most grave and deep.  
*[Voices in the Tent. A Tumult.*  
 Seize the rascal! lay on! lay on!

PEASANT'S voice.

Help!—mercy!—help!

OTHERS.

Peace! peace! begone!

FIRST YAGER.

Deuce take me, but yonder the swords are out!

SECOND YAGER.

Then I must be off, and see what 'tis about.

*[Yagers enter the Tent.*

SUTLER-WOMAN (*comes forward*).

A scandalous villain!—a scurvy thief!

TRUMPETER.

Good hostess, the cause of this clamorous grief?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

A cut-purse!—a scoundrel! the villain I call.  
 That the like in my tent should ever befall!  
 I'm disgraced and undone with the officers all!

SERGEANT.

Well, coz, what is it?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Why, what should it be?  
 But a peasant they've taken just now with me—  
 A rogue, with false dice to favour his play.

TRUMPETER.

See! they're bringing the boor and his son this way.

## SCENE X.

*Soldiers drugging in the Peasant, bound*

FIRST YAGER.

He must hang!

SHARPSHOOTERS and DRAGOONS.

To the provost come on!

SERGEANT.

'Tis the latest order that forth has gone.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

In an hour I hope to behold him swinging!

SERGEANT.

Bad work bad wages will needs be bringing.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the others*).

This comes of their desperation. We  
First ruin them out and out, d'ye see ;  
Which tempts them to steal, as it seems to me.

TRUMPETER.

How now ! the rascal's cause would you plead ?  
The cur !—the devil is in you indeed !

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The boor is a man—as a body may say.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Trumpeter*).

Let 'em go!—they're of Tiefenbach's corps, the railers,  
A glorious train of glovers and tailors !  
At Brieg, in garrison, long they lay ;  
What should they know about camps, I pray ?

# SCENE XI.

*The above—Cuirassiers.*

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace !—What's amiss with the boor, may I crave ?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

He has cheated at play, the cozening knave !

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

But say, has he cheated *you*, man, of aught ?

FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

Just clean'd me out—and not left me a groat.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And can you, who've the rank of a Friedland man,  
So shamefully cast yourself away,  
As to try your luck with a boor at play ?  
Let him run off, so that run he can.

[*The Peasant escapes, the others throng together.*]

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

He makes short work—is of resolute mood—  
And that with such fellows as these is good.  
Who is he ?—not of Bohemia, that 's clear.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

He 's a Walloon—and respect, I trow,  
Is due to the Pappenheim cuirassier !

FIRST DRAGOON (*joining*).

Young Piccolomini leads them now,  
Whom they chose as Colonel, of their own free might,  
When Pappenheim fell in Lutzen's fight.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Durst they, indeed, presume so far ?

## FIRST DRAGOON.

This regiment is something above the rest.  
It has ever been foremost throughout the war,  
And may manage its laws, as it pleases best;  
Besides 'tis by Friedland himself carest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER (*to the Second*).

Is't so in truth, man? Who averr'd it?

## SECOND CUIRASSIER.

From the lips of the Colonel himself I heard it.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'The devil! we're not their dogs, I ween!

## FIRST YAGER.

How now, what's wrong? You're swoln with spleen!

## SECOND YAGER.

Is it any thing, comrades, may us concern?

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'Tis what none need be wondrous glad to learn.

[*The Soldiers press round him.*]

To the Netherlands they would lend us now—  
Cuirassiers, Yagers, and Shooters away  
Eight thousand, in all, must march, they say.

## SUTLER-WOMAN.

What! what! again the old wandering way—  
I got back from Flanders but yesterday!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*to the Dragoons*).

You of Buttler's corps must tramp with the rest.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And we, the Walloons, must doubtless be gone.

## SUTLER-WOMAN.

Why of all our squadrons these are the best.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

To march where that Milanese fellow leads on.

## FIRST YAGER.

The Infant! that's queer enough in its way.

## SECOND YAGER.

The Priest—then, egad! there's the devil to pay.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Shall we then leave the Friedlander's train,  
Who so nobly his soldiers doth entertain—  
And drag to the field with this fellow from Spain?  
A niggard whom we in our souls disdain!  
That'll never go down—I'm off, I swear.

## TRUMPETER.

Why, what the devil should we do there?  
We sold our blood to th' Emperor—ne'er  
For this Spanish red hat a drop we'll spare!

## SECOND YAGER.

On the Friedlander's word and credit alone  
We ranged ourselves in the trooper line,  
And, but for our love to Wallenstein,  
Ferdinand ne'er had our service known.

## FIRST DRAGOON.

Was it not Friedland that formed our force?  
His fortune shall still be the star of our course.

## SERGEANT.

Silence, good comrades, to me give ear—  
Talking does little to help us, here.  
Much farther in this I can see than you all,  
And a trap has been laid in which we're to fall.

## FIRST YAGER.

List to the order-book! hush—be still!

## SERGEANT.

But first, cousin Gustel, I pray thee fill  
A glass of Melneck, as my stomach's but weak;  
When I've tost it off, my mind I'll speak.

## SUTLER-WOMAN.

Take it, good Sergeant. I quake for fear—  
Think you that mischief is hidden here?

## SERGEANT.

Look ye, my friends, 'tis fit and clear  
That each should consider what's most near.  
But as the General says, say I,  
One should always the whole of a case descry.  
We call ourselves all the Friedlander's troops;  
The Burgher, on whom we're billeted, stoops  
Our wants to supply, and cooks our soups.  
His ox, or his horse, the Peasant must chain  
To our baggage car, and may grumble in vain.  
Just let a lance-corp'ral, with seven good men,  
Tow'rd a village from far but come within ken,  
You're sure he'll be prince of the place, and may  
Cut what capers he will, with unquestion'd sway.  
Why, zounds! lads, they heartily hate us all—  
And would rather the devil should give them a call,  
Than our yellow collars. And why don't they fall  
On us fairly at once, and get rid of our lumber?  
They're more than our match in point of number,  
And carry the cudgel as we do the sword.  
Why can we laugh them to scorn? By my word,  
Because we make up here a terrible horde.

Aye, aye, in the mass lies the spell of our might,  
And the Friedlander judged the matter aright,  
When, some eight or nine years ago, he brought  
The Emperor's army together. They thought  
Twelve thousand enough for the Gen'ral. In vain—  
Said he—such a force I can never maintain.  
Sixty thousand I'll bring ye into the plain,  
And they, I'll be sworn, wont of hunger die,  
And thus were we Wallenstein's men, say I.

## SERGEANT.

For example—cut one of my fingers off—  
 This little one, here, from my right hand doff.  
 Is the taking my finger, then, all you've done?  
 No, no, to the devil my hand is gone!  
 'Tis a stump—no more—and use has none.  
 The eight thousand horse they wish to disband,  
 May be but a finger of our army's hand.  
 But, when they're once gone—may we understand  
 We are but one-fifth the less? Oh, no—  
 By the Lord, the whole to the devil will go!  
 All terror, respect, and awe, will be o'er,  
 And the Peasant will swell his crest once more;  
 And the Board of Vienna will order us where  
 Our troops must be quartered, and how we must fare,  
 As of old, in the days of their beggarly care.  
 Yes—and how long it will be who can say  
 Ere the General himself they may take away?  
 For they don't much like him at court, I learn;  
 And then it's all up with the whole concern!  
 For who, to our pay, will be left to aid us?  
 And see that they keep the promise they made us.  
 Who has the energy—who the mind—  
 The flashing thought—and the fearless hand—  
 Together to bring, and thus fastly bind  
 The fragments that form our close-knit band?  
 For example, Dragoon—just answer us now,  
 From which of the countries of earth art thou?

## DRAGOON.

From distant Erin came I here.

SERGEANT (*to the two Cuirassiers*).

You're a Walloon, my friend, that's clear;  
 And you, an Italian, as all may hear.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Who I may be, faith! I never could say:  
 In my infant years they stole me away.

## SERGEANT.

And you, from what far land may you be?

## FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

I come from Buchau—on the Feder Sea.

## SERGEANT.

Neighbour, and you?

## SECOND ARQUEBUSIER.

I am a Swiss.

SERGEANT (*to the Second Yager*).

And Yager, let's hear where your country is:

## SECOND YAGER.

Up above Wismar, my fathers dwell.

SERGEANT (*pointing to the Trumpeter*).

And he's from Eger—and I as well:



And, now, my comrades, I ask you whether,  
 Would any one think, when looking at us,  
 That we, from the North and South, had thus  
 Been hitherward drifted and blown together?  
 Do we not seem as hewn from one mass?  
 Stand we not close against the foe  
 As tho' we were glued, or moulded so?  
 Like mill-work don't we move, d'ye think,  
 'Mong ourselves in the nick, at a word or wink?  
 Who has thus cast us, here, all as one,  
 Now to be sever'd again by none?  
 Who? why, no other than Wallenstein!

## FIRST YAGER.

In my life it ne'er was a thought of mine,  
 Whether we suited each other or not,  
 I let myself go with the rest of the lot.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

I quite agree in the Sergeant's opinion—  
 They'd fain have an end of our camp dominion,  
 And trample the soldier down, that they  
 May govern alone in their own good way.  
 'Tis a conspiracy—a plot, I say!

## SUTLER-WOMAN.

A conspiracy—God help the day!  
 Then my customers won't have cash to pay.

## SERGEANT.

Why, faith, we shall all be bankrupts made;  
 The captains and generals, most of them, paid  
 The costs of the regiments with private cash  
 And, wishing, 'bove all, to cut a dash,  
 Went a little beyond their means—but thought,  
 No doubt, that they thus had a bargain bought.  
 Now they'll be cheated, sirs, one and all,  
 Should our chief, our head, the General fall.

## SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, Heav'n! this curse I never can brook!  
 Why, half of the army stands in my book.  
 Two hundred dollars I've trusted madly,  
 That Count Isolani, who pays so badly.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Well, comrades, let's fix on what's to be done—  
 Of the ways to save us, I see but one;  
 If we hold together we needn't fear;  
 So let us stand out as one man here;  
 And then they may order and send as they will,  
 Fast planted we'll stick in Bohemia still.  
 We'll never give in—no, nor march an inch,  
 We stand on our honour, and must not flinch.

## SECOND YAGER.

We're not to be driven the country about,  
 Let 'em come here, and they'll find it out.

## FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Good sirs, 'twere well to bethink ye still,  
 That such is the Emperor's sovereign will.

TRUMPETER.

Oh, as to the Emperor, we needn't be nice.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Let me not hear you say so twice.

TRUMPETER.

Why 'tis even so—as I just have said.

FIRST YAGER.

True man—I've always heard 'em say,  
'Tis Friedland, alone, you've here to obey.

SERGEANT.

By our bargain with him it should be so,  
Absolute power is his, you must know.  
We've war, or peace, but as he may please,  
Or gold or goods he has power to seize,  
And hanging or pardon his will decrees.  
Captains and colonels he makes—and he  
In short by th' Imperial seal is free,  
To hold all the marks of sovereignty.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

The Duke is high and of mighty will,  
But yet must remain, for good or for ill,  
Like us all, but the Emperor's servant still.

SERGEANT.

Not like us all—I there disagree—  
Friedland is quite independent and free,  
The Bavarian is no more a Prince than he ;  
For, was I not by myself to see,  
When on duty at Brandeis, how th' Emperor said,  
He wished him to cover his princely head.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That was because of the Mecklenburgh land,  
Which he held in pawn from the Emperor's hand.

FIRST YAGER (*to the Sergeant*).

In the Emperor's presence, man ! say you so ?  
That, beyond doubt, was a wonderful go !

SERGEANT (*feels in his pocket*).

If you question my word in what I have told,  
I can give you something to grasp and hold.

[*Shewing a coin.*]

Whose image and stamp d'ye here behold ?

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh ! that is a Wallensteiner, sure !

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Well, there, you have it—what doubt can rest ?  
Is he not Prince just as good as the best ?  
Coins he not money like Ferdinand ?  
Hath he not his own subjects and land ?  
Is he not called your Highness, I pray ?  
And why should he not have his soldiers in pay ?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

That no one has ever meant to gainsay ;

But we're still at the Emperor's beck and call,  
For his Majesty 'tis who pays us all.

TRUMPETER.

In your teeth I deny it—and will again—  
His Majesty 'tis who pays us *not*,  
For this forty weeks, say, what have we got  
But a promise to pay, believed in vain?

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

What then! 'tis kept in safe hands, I suppose.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace, good sirs, will you come to blows?  
Have you a quarrel and squabble to know  
If the Emperor be our master or no?  
'Tis because of our rank, as his soldiers brave,  
That we scorn the lot of the herded slave;  
And will not be driven from place to place,  
As priests or puppies our path may trace.  
And, tell me, is't not the Sovereign's gain,  
If the soldiers their dignity well maintain?  
Who but his soldiers give him the state  
Of a mighty, wide-ruling potentate?  
Make and preserve for him, far and near,  
The voice which Christendom quakes to hear?  
Well enough *they* may his yoke-chain bear,  
Who feast on his favours, and daily share,  
In golden chambers his sumptuous fare.  
We—we of his splendours have no part,  
Nought but hard wearying toil and care,  
And the pride that lives in a soldier's heart.

SECOND YAGER.

All great tyrants and kings have shewn  
Their wit, as I take it, in what they've done;  
They've trampled all others with stern command,  
But the soldier they've led with a gentle hand.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The soldier his worth must understand;  
Whoe'er doesn't nobly drive the trade,  
'Twere best from the business far he'd staid.  
If I cheerily set my life on a throw,  
Something still better than life I'll know;  
Or I'll stand to be slain for the paltry pelf,  
As the Croat still does—and scorn myself.

BOTH YAGERS.

Yes—honour is dearer than life itself.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The sword is no plough nor delving tool,  
He, who would till with it, is but a fool.  
For us, neither grass nor grain doth grow,  
Houseless the soldier is doomed to go,  
A changeful wanderer over the earth,  
Ne'er knowing the warmth of a home-lit hearth.  
The city glances—he halts not there—  
Nor in village meadows, so green and fair;  
The vintage and harvest wreath are twined,  
He sees, but must leave them far behind.

Then, tell me, what hath the soldier left,  
If he's once of his self-esteem bereft?  
Something he *must* have his own to call,  
Or on slaughter and burnings at once he'll fall.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

God knows, 'tis a wretched life to live!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Yet one which I for no other would give;  
Look ye—far round in the world I've been,  
And all of its different service seen.  
The Venetian Republic—the Kings of Spain  
And Naples I've served, and served in vain.  
Fortune still frowned—and merchant and knight,  
Craftsman and jesuit, have met my sight,  
Yet, of all their jackets, not one have I known  
To please me like this steel coat of my own.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Well—that now is what I can scarcely say.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

In the world, a man who would make his way,  
Must plague and bestir himself night and day.  
To honour and place, if he choose the road,  
He must bend his back to the golden load.  
And if home-delights should his fancy please,  
With children and grandchildren round his knees,  
Let him follow an honest trade in peace.  
I've no taste for this kind of life—not I!  
Free will I live, and as freely die.  
No man's spoiler nor heir will I be—  
But, throned on my nag, I will smile to see  
The coil of the crowd that is under me.

FIRST YAGLR.

Bravo!—that's as I've always done.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

In truth, sirs, it may be far better fun  
To trample thus over your neighbour's crown.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade, the times are bad of late—  
The sword and the scales live separate.  
But do not then blame that I've prefer'd,  
Of the two to lean, as I have, to the sword.  
For mercy in war I will yield to none,  
Tho' I never will stoop to be drummed upon.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER.

Who but the soldier the blame should bear  
That the labouring poor so hardly fare?  
The war with its plagues, which all have blasted,  
Now sixteen years in the land hath lasted.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Why, brother, the blessed God above  
Can't have from us all an equal love.  
One prays for the sun, at which t'other will fret;  
One is for dry weather—t'other for wet.

What you, now, regard as with misery rife,  
Is to me the unclouded sun of life.  
If 'tis at the cost of the burgher and boor,  
I really am sorry that they must endure;  
But how can I help it? Here, you must know,  
'Tis just like a cavalry charge 'gainst the foe:  
The steeds loud snorting, and on they go!  
Whoever may lie in the mid career—  
Be it my brother or son so dear,  
Should his dying groan my heart divide,  
Yet over his body I needs must ride,  
Nor pitying stop to drag him aside.

FIRST YAGER.

True—who ever asks how another may bide?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Thus, my lads, 'tis my counsel, while  
On the soldier dame Fortune deigns to smile,  
That we with both hands her bounty clasp,  
For it mayn't be much longer left to our grasp.  
Peace will be coming some over night,  
And then there's an end of our martial might.  
The soldier unhorsed, and fresh-mounted the boor,  
Ere you can think it, 'twill be as before.  
As yet we're together firm bound in the land,  
The hilt is yet fast in the soldier's hand.  
But let 'em divide us, and soon we shall find  
Short commons is all that remains behind.

FIRST YAGER.

No, no, by the Lord! *that* won't do for me.  
Come, come, lads, let's all now, as onc, agree.

SECOND YAGER.

Yes, let us resolve on what 'tis to be.

FIRST ARQUEBUSIER (*to the Sutler-woman, drawing out his leather purse.*)

Hostess, tell us how high you've scored.

SUTLER-WOMAN.

Oh, 'tis unworthy a single word.

[*They settle.*]

TRUMPETER.

You do well, sirs, to take a farther walk,  
Your company only disturbs our talk.

[*Exeunt Arquebusiers.*]

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Plague take the fellows—they're brave, I know.

FIRST YAGER.

They hav'n't a soul 'bove a scapboiler's though.

SECOND YAGER.

We're now alone, so teach us who can  
How best we may meet and mar their plan.

## TRUMPETER.

How? Why, let's tell 'em we will not go!

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Despising all discipline! no, my lads, no.  
Rather his corps let each of us seek,  
And quietly then with his comrades speak,  
That every soldier may clearly know,  
It were not for his good so far to go;  
For my Walloons to answer I'm free,  
Every man of 'em thinks and acts with me.

## SERGEANT.

The Terzka regiments, both horse and foot  
Will thus resolve, and will keep them to 't.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*joining the First*).

The Walloons and the Lombards, one intent.

## FIRST YAGER.

Freedom is Yagers' own element.

## SECOND YAGER.

Freedom must ever with might entwine—  
I live and will die by Wallenstein.

## FIRST SHARPSHOOTER.

The Lorrainers go on with the strongest tide,  
Where spirits are light and courage tried.

## DRAGOON.

An Irishman follows his fortune's star.

## SECOND SHARPSHOOTER.

The Tyrolese for their sovereign war.

## FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Then, comrades, let each of our corps agree  
A *pro memoria* to sign—that we,  
In spite of all force or fraud, will be  
To the fortunes of Friedland firmly bound,  
For in him is the soldier's father found.  
This we will humbly present, when done,  
To Piccolomini—I mean the son—  
Who understands these kind of affairs,  
And the Friedlander's highest favour shares;  
Besides, with the Emperor's self, they say,  
He holds a capital card to play.

## SECOND YAGER.

Well, then, in this, let us all agree,  
That the Colonel shall our spokesman be!

ALL (*going*).

Good! the Colonel shall our spokesman be.

## SERGEANT.

Hold, sirs—just toss off a glass with me  
To the health of Piccolomini.

SUTLER-WOMAN (*brings a flask*).

This shall not go to the list of scores,  
I gladly give it—success be yours!

CUIRASSIER.

The soldier shall sway!

BOTH YAGERS.

The peasant shall pay!

DRAGOONS and SHOOTERS.

The army shall flourishing stand!

TRUMPETER and SERGEANT.

And the Friedlander keep the command!

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*sings*).

Arouse ye, my comrades, to horse! to horse!  
To the field and to freedom we guide!  
For there a man feels the pride of his force,  
And there is the heart of him tried.  
No help to him there by another is shewn,  
He stands for himself and himself alone.

[*The Soldiers from the back ground have come forward during the singing of this verse, and form the chorus.*]

Chorus.

No help to him there by another is shewn,  
He stands for himself and himself alone.

DRAGOON.

Now freedom hath fled from the world, we find  
But lords and their bondsmen vile:  
And nothing holds sway in the breast of mankind  
Save falsehood and cowardly guile.  
Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,  
The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

Chorus.

Who looks in death's face with a fearless brow,  
The soldier, alone, is the freeman now.

FIRST YAGER.

With the troubles of life he ne'er bothers his pate,  
And feels neither fear nor sorrow;  
But boldly rides onward to meet with his fate—  
He may meet it to-day, or to-morrow!  
And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,  
Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

Chorus.

And, if to-morrow 'twill come, then, I say,  
Drain we the cup of life's joy to-day!

[*The glasses are here refilled, and all drink.*]

## SERGEANT.

'Tis from heaven his jovial lot has birth ;  
 Nor needs he to strive or toil.  
 The peasant may grope in the bowels of earth,  
 And for treasure may greedily moil :  
 He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,  
 And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

## Chorus.

He digs and he delves through life for the pelf,  
 And digs till he grubs out a grave for himself.

## FIRST YAGER.

The rider and lightning steed—a pair  
 Of terrible guests, I ween !  
 From the bridal-hall as the torches glare,  
 Unbidden they join the scene :  
 Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove ;  
 By storm he carries the prize of love !

## Chorus.

Nor gold, nor wooing, his passion prove ;  
 By storm he carries the prize of love !

## SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Why mourns the wench with so sorrowful face ?  
 Away, girl, the soldier must go !  
 No spot on the earth is his resting-place ;  
 And your *true* love he never can know.  
 Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,  
 He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

## Chorus.

Still onward driven by fate's rude wind,  
 He nowhere may leave his peace behind.

## FIRST YAGER.

(*He takes the two next to him by the hand—the others do the same  
 and form a large semicircle.*)

Then rouse ye, my comrades—to horse ! to horse !  
 In battle the breast doth swell !  
 Youth boils—the life-cup foams in its force—  
 Up ! ere time can the dew dispel !  
 And deep be the stake, as the prize is high—  
 Who life would win, he must dare to die ! •

## Chorus.

And deep be the stake, as the prize is high—  
 Who life would win, he must dare to die !

[*The Curtain falls before the Chorus has finished.*]



## ON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

THIS subject has become one of paramount interest in France. *There*, indeed, the double question arises, as to whether this punishment be right or wrong, and also, (whichever it may be,) whether the law inflicting it should at this moment be suddenly repealed. In regard to the *eventual* abolition of the law, but little, if any, doubt is entertained as to its propriety, in the minds of those who have given the subject their best consideration. But, whether this should take place *now*—that is to say, whether the law, however good, should be forced suddenly upon the people of France, to suit a particular case, requires much and deep deliberation. ‘Truth should not be spoken at all times.’ This maxim, which some later writers have attempted to explode, is one which should not be neglected. It may be dangerous—not merely to the person speaking, but even to the *cause* of *Truth*—that truth should be prematurely spoken. There is a time for all things: and, even truth itself, if thrust upon prejudiced and unwilling ears, may not be heard. Although in the *end* it will be sure to make its way, its good effects will be necessarily delayed; and this in itself is an evil. The wise legislator (like the skilful miner) will not attempt to batter down a mountain of prejudice: he will exert his science: he will sap and undermine it. The story of ‘the traveller between the wind and the sun’ is a valuable fable. It should never be lost sight of by those who have to deal with the superstitions and passions of men.

In regard to the punishment of Death itself, the following paper will speak more efficiently than the writer of these few prefatory lines can pretend to do. It forms part of an essay which was written, a few years ago, by the late Mr. Hazlitt, at the request of a Society then existing in London, for obtaining a repeal of this formidable law, and seems to contain pretty well the sum of what might be brought forward *against* the punishment by a philosophical reasoner.—It has never yet been published.

After reviewing the opinions of

Beccaria, Pastoret, Pinel, and some French and American writers, the essay proceeds in the following words:—

“The view which has been taken of the subject by Beccaria and other modern writers appears to be erroneous or defective in some of the most important circumstances relating to this question.

“*First objection.* It is assumed as a general maxim, that ‘it is not the intensity of punishment, but its duration, which makes the greatest impression on the human mind.’

“This maxim will be found to be in direct opposition to all experience, and to every principle of human nature. It supposes that a number of impressions, feeble in themselves, and dissipated over a long interval of time, produce a stronger effect upon the mind, than a single object, however powerful and striking, presented to it at once: that is, that the passions are excited more by reason than imagination, by the real, than by the apparent quantity of good or evil. This principle is indeed, in general, denied by Mr. Bentham, but admitted by him, as far as relates to the influence of the fear of death on malefactors. If it be true with respect to them in particular, (which there is reason to doubt,) it is not because the fear of a continued punishment influences them more than the fear of an intense one, but because death is to them not an intense punishment.

“Again it has been said, that ‘crimes are more effectually prevented by the certainty than by the severity of the punishment.’ Now I cannot think that this is either self-evident, or true universally and in the abstract. It is not true of human nature in general, and it is still less so as applied to the more lawless and abandoned classes of the community. It is evident from the very character of such persons, that if they are not to be acted upon by violent motives, by what appeals strongly to their imagination and their passions; they cannot be acted upon at all, they are out of the reach of all moral discipline. The dull, sober certainties of common life, and the real conse-

quences of things when set in competition with any favourite inclination, or vicious indulgence, they altogether despise. It is only when the certainty of punishment is immediate, obvious, and connected with circumstances, which strike upon the imagination, that it operates effectually in the prevention of crimes. This principle is however true, as it has been sometimes applied to cases where the law has become a dead letter. *When a moderate punishment is strictly and vigorously enforced, and a severe punishment is as generally and systematically evaded, the mind will, undoubtedly, be more affected by what it considers as a serious reality, than by what it will regard as an idle threat.* So far the principle is true in its application, but no farther.

*“First maxim.* It is not the real, but the apparent severity of the punishment which most effectually deters from the commission of crimes. For this reason, an intense punishment will have more effect than a continued one, because more easily apprehended. Neither is the certainty of punishment to be depended on, except when it is apparent. *It is not the calculation of consequences, but their involuntary and irresistible impression on the mind that produces action. The laws to prevent crimes must appeal to the passions of men, and not to their reason: for crimes proceed from passion, and not from reason. If men were governed by reason, laws would be unnecessary.*

*“Second objection.* It seems to be taken for granted by speculative writers, (at least the contrary is not stated with sufficient distinctness) that punishment operates by terror alone, or by the fear which each individual has of the consequences to himself.

*“It is indeed a prevailing maxim of philosophy, that self-interest is the sole spring of action, and it has thus probably been inferred, that the fear of punishment could only operate on this principle of cool, calculating self-interest. But it is quite certain that sympathy with others, whatever may be its origin, is, practically speaking, an independent and powerful principle of action. The opinions and feelings of others do actually and constantly influence our conduct, in opposition to our strong-*

*est interests and inclinations. That punishment, therefore, will not be the most dreaded, nor, consequently, the most effectual, which is the greatest to the individual, unless it is at the same time thought so by others, and expresses the greatest general disapprobation of the crime. Thus, though a malefactor, consulting only his own inclinations or feelings, might prefer death to perpetual imprisonment and hard labour, yet he may regard it as the worst of punishments, in as far as it demonstrates the greatest abhorrence and indignation in the community against the crime.*

*“Second maxim.* Punishment operates by sympathy, as well as by terror. Penal laws have a tendency to repress crimes not more by exciting a dread of the consequences, than by marking the strong sense entertained by others of their enormity, and the detestation by which they are held by mankind in general. The most severe laws will always be the most effectual, as long as they are expressions of the public sentiment; but they will become ineffectual, in proportion as this sentiment is wanting. The disproportion between the crime and the punishment in the public opinion, will then counteract the dread of the severity of the law. Setting this feeling aside, the most severe laws will be the most effectual. The argument drawn from the inefficacy of severe punishments, when inflicted on trifling or common offences, does not prove that they must be ineffectual, when applied to great crimes, which rouse the public indignation and justify the severity.

*“Third objection.* It is farther implied in the foregoing statements, that the only object of punishment is to prevent actual crimes, or that those laws are the best, which most effectually answer this end by deterring criminals.

*“This I also conceive to be a narrow and imperfect view of the question, which respects not merely the motives and conduct of criminals, but the motives and sentiments of the community at large. It is of the first importance that the ill disposed should be coerced, but it is also of importance that they should be coerced in such a manner, and by such means, as it is most consistent with the public morals to employ. In de-*

sending the state, we are not to forget that the state ought to be worth defending. As the sentiments of society have a powerful effect in enforcing the laws, so the laws re-act powerfully on the sentiments of society. This is evident with respect to barbarous punishments. The evil of a law operating in this way on manners, by holding out an example of cruelty and injustice, however effectual it might be found, is not denied. In like manner, a law falling short of or disappointing the just indignation and moral sense of the community, is, for the same reason, faulty as one that exceeds and outrages it. One end of punishment, therefore, is to satisfy this natural sense of justice in the public mind, and to strengthen the opinion of the community by its act. As the arm of justice ought not to be mocked and baffled by the impunity of offences, so neither ought it to be unnerved by thwarting and prevaricating with the common sentiments of mankind, or by substituting remote, indirect, and artificial punishments for obvious and direct ones. I call a punishment natural when it is dictated by the *passion* excited against the crime. A punishment will therefore be the most beneficial when it arises out of, and co-operates with that strong sense of right or wrong, that firm and healthy tone of public sentiment, which is the best preservative against crime.

*Illustration.* Thus even if it were shewn that perpetual imprisonment and hard labour would be equally effectual in deterring malefactors from the commission of murder, it would by no means necessarily follow, that this mode of punishment would be preferable to capital punishment, unless it could at the same time be made to appear that it would equally enforce the principle of the connexion between the crime and the punishment, or the rule of natural justice, by which he who shews himself indifferent to the life of another, forfeits his own. There is a natural and home-felt connexion between the hardened obduracy which has shewn itself insensible to the cries of another for mercy and the immediate burst of indignation which dooms the criminal to feel that he has no claims on the

pity of others; but there is no connexion, because there is no ascertainable proportion, in the mind either of the criminal or the public, between the original crime, and the additional half-hour in the day after the lapse of twenty years, which the malefactor is condemned to labour, or the lash of the whip which urges him to complete his heavy task. That reasoning which stops the torrent of public indignation, and diverts it from its object only to dole it out to its miserable victim, drop by drop and day by day, through a long protracted series of time with systematic, deliberate, unrelenting severity, is in fact neither wise nor humane. Punishments of this kind may be so contrived as to intimidate the worst part of mankind, but they will also be the aversion of the best, and will confound and warp the plain distinctions between right and wrong.

*Third maxim.* The end of punishment is not only to prevent actual crimes, but to form a standard of public opinion, and to confirm and sanction the moral sentiments of the community. The mode and degree of the punishment ought, therefore, to be determined with a view to this object, as well as with a view to the regulation of the police.

*Fourth objection.* The theory here alluded to, is farther objectionable, in this, that it makes familiarity with the punishment essential to its efficacy, and therefore recommends those punishments, the example of which is the most lasting, and, as it were, constantly before the eyes of the public, as the most salutary. On the contrary, those punishments are the best which require the least previous familiarity with objects of guilt and misery to make them formidable, which come least into contact with the mind, which tell at a distance, the bare mention of which startles the ear, which operate by an imaginary instead of an habitual dread, and which produce their effect once for all, without destroying the erectness and elasticity of social feeling by the constant spectacle of the degradation of the species. No one would wish to have a gibbet placed before his door, to deter his neighbours from robbing him. Punishments which require re-

peated ocular inspection of the evils which they occasion, cannot answer their end in deterring individuals, without having first operated as a penance on society. They are a public benefit only so far as they are a public nuisance. Laws framed entirely on this principle, would convert the world into a large prison, and divide mankind into two classes, felons and then keepers!

*"Maxim fourth.* Those punishments are the best which produce the strongest apprehension, with the least actual suffering or contemplation of evil. Such is in general the effect of those punishments which appeal to the imagination, rather than to our physical experience, which are immediately connected with a principle of honour, with the passions in general, with natural antipathies, the fear of pain, the fear of death, &c. These punishments are, in Mr Bentham's phrase, the most economical, they do their work with the least expense of individual suffering, or abuse of public sympathy. Private punishments are, so far, preferable to public ones.

*"General inference.* There ought to be a gradation of punishments proportioned to the offence, and adapted to the state of society.

"In order to strike the imagination and excite terror, severe punishments ought not to be common."

"To be effectual, from the sympathy of mankind in the justice of the sentence, the highest punishments ought not to be assigned to the lowest or to very different degrees of guilt. The absence of the sanction of public opinion not only deadens the execution of the law, but by giving confidence to the offender, produces that sort of resistance to it, which is always made to oppression. The ignominy attached to the sentence of the law, is thus converted into pity. If the law is enacted but not enforced, this must either be to such a degree, as to take away the terror of the law, or if the terror still remains, it will be a terror of injustice, which will necessarily impair the sense of right and wrong in the community. But if the law is regularly carried into execution, the effect will be still

worse. In general, all laws are bad which are not seconded by the manners of the people, and laws are not in conformity with the manners of the people when they are not executed. This is the case at present with a great proportion of the English laws. Is it to be wondered at that it should be so? Manners have changed, and will always change insensibly, and irresistibly, from the force of circumstances. The laws, as things of positive institution, remain the same. So that without a constant, gradual assimilation of the laws to the manners, the manners will, in time, necessarily become at variance with the laws, and will render them odious, ineffectual, and mischievous—a clog, instead of a furtherance to the wheels of justice."

Since the above came before us in proof, a little book (published by Pickering), has been put into our hands. It is entitled, "Thoughts on the Punishment of Death for Forgery, by Basil Montagu, Esq."—We are desirous to introduce this book to the reader, for two reasons. first, because it comprehends a series of philosophical axioms, relative to punishment in general, which appear to be the result of much labour and research, and which are, for the most part, demonstrated by facts and anecdotes which form a running commentary upon the theories which the book contains, and, secondly, because Mr Montagu, like Mr Clarkson, has devoted—if not the whole—at least considerable portions of a long life, towards obtaining the abolition of a too sanguinary law. It is within our knowledge that the most conspicuous champions in this cause, have been indebted materially to Mr Montagu, for multitudes of facts and authorities, on which they not only formed their own opinions, but produced conviction in the minds of others. Those gentlemen have indeed justly earned, as well as obtained renown for their humane and persevering endeavours to rescind the abominable enactments which have extinguished so many lives, for a crime of secondary quality, (how-

\* "In Scotland at an execution, all appear indifferently, many shed tears and some faint away. But executions there are very rare.—*Burck*."

ever important in its effects); but we think that the man who has for thirty or forty years laboured against power and prejudice in the same good cause, and has been content to let the fame of the victory rest on whomsoever it may, is also entitled to his meed of honour.

Mr. Montagu's first act (see Introduction, p. ii.) was, to intercede for the lives of two men who were sentenced to die at Huntingdon. He obtained a short reprieve for them, by the most strenuous and unremitting exertions. One of the convicts, (a man, with a wife and eight children!) clung round him, and cried out, in his gratitude, "*Oh, God! a week is a long time to live!*" and the wives of both, when the reprieve was communicated to them, by a lady, about the time appointed for the execution, were found in their cottages, (which were shut up,) praying for their husbands, whom they supposed were then suffering the extremity of the law. *These men were saved*;—but they were banished. It were surely worth while, (considering it merely as a speculation for one's own comfort), to turn philanthropist for a time. One or two such facts as these would, we are of opinion, operate more favourably upon a man's slumbers, than the most lulling opiate, or the softest pillow. Thirty years have elapsed since that event; during which time Mr. Montagu has been exerting himself, quietly but effectively, in preparing the way for more humane laws. The impression of the poor convicts whom he saved, has never ceased to stimulate him. We also hope that it has never ceased to afford him gratification. But of that there can be little doubt.

"There has not," he says, "been an execution during the last thirty years, without my remembering the two men at Huntingdon. During this period I have never omitted an opportunity to assist, to the extent of my ability, in diffusing knowledge upon prisons and upon punishment; and I please myself with thinking that my exertions have not been wholly fruitless. In my sixtieth year, I, for the last time, take up my pen, with the hope that either in the decline of my life, or when I shall be dead, I may induce some of my countrymen, my kind and intelligent countrymen, to meditate upon this important, heart-rending subject—the punishment of death."

We trust that this burthen of duty, thus touchingly bequeathed to a future age, will neither be cast aside nor forgotten.

The reader will observe, that our author is not dogmatical upon the subject of his own theory. He gives us a variety of facts, and shews us that the result of extreme severity has not been good; and then he asks us, if it may not be as well to try an opposite course. There is surely something reasonable in this; and there appears to us to be something also amounting to the self-evident in many of the principles which he lays down for our consideration. To oppose these arguments of equal weight, and circumstances equal at least in number and authenticity, ought to be produced, before any man can safely decide against a repeal of our criminal law. There may (as in the case of wilful murder, &c.) be instances, where a terrible example is necessary to fix the wavering actions of men—where blood is necessary to cement the structure of society; but for any crime short of the destruction of life, or the most serious violence or danger to the person; the punishment of death seems surely too great a penalty. "*Blood for blood*," perhaps—but not blood for money; unless circumstances of violence attend robbery, or personal danger ensue after (or is intended at the time of) the commission of the crime. We have hitherto pinned our faith upon antique ordinances, in this particular; but it may be wise to review them, equally with other of our old legislative enactments and legal fictions, which the good sense of the present age is about to abolish. The intolerable absurdities of fines and recoveries, the shifts and evasions which lawyers are compelled to have recourse to under the statute of uses, will be laughed at and disbelieved by our posterity a couple of centuries hence. Let us hope that the same sickle which cuts down the follies of the civil, will not spare the excrescences of the criminal law. At all events, the subject is one that demands careful and humane deliberation; and we trust that the thought of amendment will not be abandoned, until it be proved that amendment is impracticable or unnecessary.

"I am aware," says Mr. Montagu,

"that the punishment of death may, possibly, be proper in many cases where it appears to me to be injurious: but, assuming it to be right that a fellow-creature who has erred and strayed, although his crime has not been attended with any cruelty, should, in the possession of his faculties and his strength, in the bloom of youth, or the perfection of manhood, in the full career of unrepented crime, or in deep contrition, be consigned to the grave, ought we not in these enlightened times to know the reasons upon which the necessity is founded?—ought we not to ask ourselves, why the offender is put to death? Is it to prevent his repeating the crime, or to deter others? or, ought we, without any meditation, to surrender ourselves to opinions formed in distant ages, when laws were made without any consideration of the proportions between crime and punishment; with such capricious distinctions of guilt, and such confusion of remissness and severity, as to mark the impossibility of their having been produced by public wisdom sincerely and calmly studious of public happiness."

All that our author thus asks, is that the English people,—who have already extricated themselves from some of the barbarous prejudices of their forefathers—who have already declared witchcraft to be no crime (!) and who have extinguished some of the monstrosities of the feudal tenure, will look *once more* at the ancient laws, and see if some amendment be not *still* wanting. It is to be hoped that this address to the good sense and humanity of Englishmen, will be listened to—even by the dignitaries of the law.

It appears to be a little singular, at first sight, that the judges should be (as they have been) the persons most adverse to the amendment of the law which we are now adverting to. But the truth is, as Lord Tenterden says, that "those who are bred to the law are rendered dull by habit to many of its defects." They cannot, unless they divest themselves of all prejudices and old habits, and look upon the subject as on a thing that is new to them, be admitted to be clear-sighted judges on this occasion. And which of them can do this? It seems scarcely possible that a judge should *go on*, trying and condemning men for a series of years, upon statutes, the iniquity and cruelty of which are for ever present to his mind. A humane judge would be inclined to reject so frightful an of-

fice, if custom had not seared his vision, and prevented his beholding the criminal law in its appalling truth.—But what say the persons principally concerned, as to the abolition of this law? What say the bankers and merchants, and other intelligent members of the community, who are the *sufferers* by forgery? *They* are the persons who have a right to be heard: for their interests are at stake, their experience is great, and their general intellect and station in society entitle them to speak. The answer to the above query may be found in p. 178 of Mr. Montagu's book, which is now before us. By that it appears, that *Two hundred and fourteen* cities and towns (including among the petitioners *One Thousand Bankers*—the persons who suffer most by forgery, and who are best able to judge as to the effect of the punishment) petitioned parliament to abolish the penalty of death for forgery, *BECAUSE* they found "by experience that the infliction of death, or even the possibility of the infliction of it, *prevents* the prosecution, conviction, and *punishment of the criminal, and thus ENDANGERS the property which it is intended to protect!*" This petition had its proper effect in the House of Commons, where the bill passed for amending the law; but—it was thrown out in the House of Lords! Four of the law Lords (Eldon, Lyndhurst, Tenterden, and Wynford) opposed it; because, they said, there was *no* reluctance in the community to prosecute to death for forgery,—although the *very persons whom their arguments refer to had expressed the contrary!* We presume that there must be some error in the report of their speeches; for all of them appear to have argued against the evidence. Lord Lyndhurst especially seems to have founded his opinions on some *ex parte* documents, such as an advocate might use for his client, but which would certainly be dismissed as insufficient by a judge. He stated, for instance, that the forgeries of negotiable securities in 1828, were only 120*l.*, and in 1829 only 380*l.* But what was the amount forged of securities *not* negotiable? Why Fauntleroy himself forged in or about the year 1828, to the amount of *Three hundred thousand*

pounds! and there were other formidable culprits. We have no right to call in question the sincerity of Lord Lyndhurst's opinion on this subject; but it seems to us to have been formed upon very inadequate premises.

The object of a penal law is to prevent crime, by keeping up the antipathy of the community against it. To effect this, the punishment must be *proportioned* to the crime. If the punishment exceed the offence, men begin to *pity* the offender; and if the offender be once pitied, the aversion to crime decays. The most desperate actions have been achieved to gain the sympathy of the multitude. If this sympathy is to be obtained by committing an offence (one to which a disproportionate punishment is attached,) who can say that the penalty is not in itself a *premium* on crime? At all events, one of the *greatest* impediments to vice, the loathing and antipathy of our fellow-men, is removed. There cannot be a question, we apprehend, but that this must be wrong. Let us quote one of Mr.

Montagu's maxims, which bears upon the point. It is to be found in p. 117 of his book, and runs as follows:—

"It is erroneous to legislate upon supposition that an increase of severity without duly poisoning the punishment with the sentiment of morals and religion, is efficacious, as, instead of exciting antipathy, it excites sympathy, and by diminishing prosecution, increases crime."

. . . . . We have thus briefly adverted to Mr. Montagu's book. We have, as the reader will perceive, had little opportunity of discussing the subject matter of it; but we design to take that up at a future day. All that we can do at present is to commend the maxims contained in the volume to the serious attention of the reader; for we are quite sure that there is no book which comprehends more real information on the question of crime and punishment; and none from which a reader can collect so much matter for argument, if he has resolution to read it throughout patiently, and a disposition to meditate on the truths which it contains.

#### AFTER THE BATTLE.

EVENING comes, but the vesper light  
Bringeth no news of the ended fight;  
And vain is the light of the soothing star,  
Whilst the lady's love is afar—afar.

How sweet were the words which left his tongue!  
How gently his arm round her was flung!  
Whilst his hand was press'd on her heaving heart,  
And he kiss'd her lips—yet could *not* depart!

How gaily his plumed casque was worn!  
How falcon-like was his look of scorn,  
As he talk'd of the foe! whilst the scarf was bound,  
Which Isabel's fairy fingers wound.

Fair girl! thine eye is outstretch'd in vain!  
That eye may now loose its hoarded rain;  
For the plume of thy V'rrrior lieth low;—  
And thou art alone in a world of woe!

## NARRATIVES OF THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE late French Revolution, like its predecessor, has its marvellous days and marvellous actions; and a multitude of publications in commemoration of both the one and the other, has issued from the press. Of some two or three of them we made casual mention in the article on "France and England," in a late Number of *Regina*. On the present occasion we intend to give an account of three others. These, however, are of unequal merit. The first, entitled, "Narrative of the French Revolution in 1830. An authentic detail of the events which took place on the 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, &c. &c." is the production of the Rev. Mr. Colton, author of *Lacon*, and is published by the Galignanis of Paris. It is very diffuse in style, yet powerfully written in many parts; and, on the whole, presents a mass of valuable information. The second is, "The French Revolution of 1830, by Mr. Turnbull," and has had for its midwives, the firm of Colburn and Bentley. It is altogether worthless as a literary work, meagre and false in style, borrowed from the readiest newspapers, and containing, therefore, nothing but what is quite stale, from having gone the round of the daily town and country journals. So thoroughly valueless, indeed, is the book in point of novelty and information, that we much doubt whether Turnbull is not a pseudonym, and verily believe that the pages have been put together in some quiet and airy lodgings on the further side of the Waterloo Bridge, or in the purlieus of Grub Street—especially as it contains noble specimens of the art of book-making. We venture to say, that the substantial part of the volume could be compressed into twenty pages, whereas it is prolonged through no less than four hundred and forty-four!! and, to effect so desirable an object, the three ordinances, the report of the ministers, the biographies of every man of any note, from the King of the French downward, to the meanest of his ministers, has been given, although they have severally appeared, as our readers must remem-

ber, in every newspaper of the day. The third publication which we have before us, is as good as the other is contemptible. Its title is "Military Events of the late French Revolution, or an Account of the Royal Guard on that occasion." It is a translation from the French, published by Murray, and gives an apparently faithful account of the military movements during the days of disturbance.

We may with the greater pleasure sit down to the cutting and carving of these books, as we have not ourselves been cut and carved into mince-meat by the insurrectionary bloodhounds who were to have eaten us up, and burnt London to the ground on that ominous day of November, when the hero of Waterloo, with his low-minded pack of parasites, was frightened out of his fair propriety by the tall Donkey of the city. That day, bless the bright stars! has passed, and so has the day of Wellington's premiership, which had squatted itself down upon the bosom of this country, just like an ugly incubus or monster of the night. The Wellington cabinet is dissolved; had it continued, like that of Polignac, it would have exasperated the people into acts of insubordination. It existed for itself and not for the nation; and, in order to keep up its unwholesome influence, it had recourse to female jobbers and petticoat politicians, which are wholly foreign to the character of this country; and the principal of whom acted towards the Duke as Alecto is reported to have done towards Amata,—

"Huic Dea cæruleis unum de crinibus anguem  
Conjicit, inque sinum præcordia ad intima  
subdit.

But we leave this theme for national congratulation, and turn to Mr. Colton's pages.

Three days sufficed to throw France into utter confusion—to ruin the flower of French chivalry to the amount of twenty thousand men—to banish a despotic dynasty from the throne—to burst the shackles of slavery, and lay the foundation of a constitutional fabric, which, if the workmen be prudent and skilful,



will insure for France the enjoyment of a long career of freedom and glory.

"Tuesday the 27th may well be termed the day of preparation on the part of the people. The laws had received their death-blow from a parricidal hand, even the hand of him who ought to have protected them. This was the universal sentiment, and *Aux Armes! Aux Armes!* was the universal cry. During the early part of the day, the spirit of resistance and insubordination was confined pretty generally to the formation of groups, assembling themselves, in greater or lesser numbers throughout the whole of Paris. These groups or collections of citizens (whose masses had received an immense accession from the working classes thrown upon the town by the shutting up of the manufactories, printing offices, &c.) naturally betook themselves to those public places, squares, walks, or gardens, most favourable to the purpose for which they were assembled. This purpose was an exchange of sentiment on their mutual grievances, and common wrongs; a breathing of defiance, and an expression of their determination to submit to any sacrifice, even that of life, rather than allow those fetters to be riveted, which the preceding day had informed them were already forged. The murmur of discontent, and the menace of resistance, proceeding from these assemblies, formed a peculiar and portentous din, which, like the rumbling that precedes an earthquake, was an ominous prelude to the catastrophe that was at hand. On the other side, it is obvious that the Government could not continue passive, or quiescent spectators of these first indications of discontent and insubordination. The gendarmes, a species of armed police, forming the constabulary force of Paris, all of whom were in the most perfect state of equipment, and many of whom were excellently mounted—was the first species of disciplined force that was brought into immediate contact with the people; their efforts were principally directed to the dispersing whatever groups, or assemblies of citizens, their respective positions brought them into approximation with. Their attempts at the dispersion of these assemblies, were accompanied with more or less of success, or discomfiture. The gardens of the Palais Royal, and of the Luxembourg, from the space that they allow to any general meeting, and from their being the favourite resort of promenaders, were completely thronged with anxious inquirers, and zealous expounders of the events of Monday. Some, exalted on the chairs which the gardiens supplied, read aloud to an attentive and highly exasperated audience that memorable protest, bearing the signatures of all the editors of the liberal journals in Paris. Most vivid bursts of approbation and applause followed the

close of every sentence; but it was evident, that even in the midst of this excitement, this great and magnanimous people had decided, as it were, by simultaneous impulse, on the nature of their struggle, and the purity of the cause in which they had embarked; for not one single cry of *Vive la République* was heard, while the whole of Paris re-echoed to 'the constitutional and animating exclamation of *Vive la Charte!* It must be remembered, that although these obnoxious ordinances from the Court made their appearance on Monday, the effect produced by their publication was not generally visible until Tuesday morning; for the *Moniteur*, the only paper in which they were first promulgated, is very little read in the quarters of Paris occupied by the laborious and industrious classes of the community; although they are constant and very observant readers of those journals devoted to the defence of the laws and the constitution."

On the morning of Tuesday every liberal, free spoken journal had disappeared, and the liberty of the press had been destroyed—destroyed too by men of so very insensate a nature, that although they were warned of their danger, they went onward in their asinine stupidity, laughing to scorn the power which could be brought into activity by a desperate people. An unusual order was sent to M. Sauvo, the editor of the *Moniteur*, to repair at eleven o'clock at night of the 25th, to the house of the Keeper of the Seals. He found him in company with M. de Montbel. The keeper delivered the ordinances into the hands of Sauvo, and desired him to peruse them. When this gentleman did so, he became extremely agitated, which Montbel perceiving, he exclaimed, "*Well?*"

"Monseigneur," replied the editor, "God preserve the king, and God save France!"

A long silence followed. Then Montbel urged Sauvo to be more explicit; but so great was the latter's emotion, that he could only repeat the words he first used. He was then withdrawing, but Montbel seizing him by the arm, exclaimed, "Why do you not speak?"

"Gentlemen," answered Sauvo, "I am fifty-seven years of age—I have witnessed all the horrors of the Revolution, and I withdraw with deep terror."

He did withdraw. The ordinances were published, and Paris replied to the tyrannical decrees by a speedy insurrection.

On Tuesday the publication of every journal, unauthorized by the sanction of government, was suspended, by an ordinance of the police, signed by the odious Mangin. Scarcely had the people had time to read this infamous attempt at stifling public opinion, when were issued the ordinances dissolving the Chamber of Deputies before it had been convoked, and therefore existed. The multitude arose in arms, the freedom of the press was kept inviolate by the stout hand of patriotism, and a new revolution came upon the court of the Tuilleries with the speed of lightning.

The principal part of Tuesday was consumed in dispersing the people from the various points of assemblage.

“ These struggles between the people and their oppressors, up to this particular moment, had not yet produced the loss of life or the shedding of blood; and by three o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, it might be said that most, if not all, of the places of public resort had been cleared, and the various entrances to them guarded and closed. There was one circumstance on this day, that contributed more perhaps than any other that occurred, to exasperate the multitude, and by the atrocities that accompanied it, confirmed even the most wavering and timid, as to the line of conduct it would hereafter be their bounden duty to pursue; detachments of gendarmes, under the sanction of the police, presented themselves at the establishments of two of the liberal journals, *Le National* and *Le Temps*, which had appeared on Tuesday, in defiance alike of the royal ordinance and the prohibition of the police, and immediately proceeded to the greatest violence and outrage. In these instances the premises were forcibly entered, the types were scattered about in all directions, the presses broken, and the whole machinery of the establishments rendered unavailable and useless; with such a reckless eagerness for destruction did these instruments of oppression effect the arbitrary designs of their superiors.

“ We cannot refrain from giving a circumstantial account of one of these acts of despotism, as recorded in the glowing language of those who were its victims. The outrage is thus detailed by the editor of *Le Temps*:—

“ At half-past eleven this morning a commencement was made, in the name of the illegal ordinances, by violating the residence of a citizen protected by the law. Some men made their appearance whom we did not know, sallow, pale, and downcast, and looking as wretched as if they had al-

ready committed a burglarious robbery. One of them, it is true, was decorated with a magisterial scarf. This must have been an imposition, for no magistrate would have presented himself, or presumed to act, but in the name of the law. Other men, dressed in that which is always respectable, the uniform of a French soldier, were rather present, than acting in a business so entirely new to them. They appeared as afflicted as ourselves. Having fasted from an early hour in the morning, they suffered less from their privation than their employment. We offered them some refreshment. Let us, however, render them this justice; they preserved, during their visit, which seemed long to them, a dignity which their uniform always inspires, but which, upon this occasion, was a necessity more than a duty. Seven hours were employed by the agents of violence in trying every means to enter our residence. Mechanics had learnt from the magistracy the respect due to our laws. One of them, M. Pein, a master locksmith, listened with his hat off to the reading of an article of the code, but refused to assist in breaking in, although ordered by the man in the scarf. A second still younger, from Godot's workshop, with the same courage and simplicity, legally resisted the entreaties of all kinds, which for two hours were put in force to seduce or to intimidate him. After all they could not find a mechanic in the quarter who would break open a house, or become the accomplice in a robbery. They then sent to demand of that magistrate, whose especial duty it is to protect property, even to the Prefect of Police, for instructions how to proceed. He sent a man to pick our locks—but whom did he send? The very person whose duty it is to rivet the fetters of the galley slaves! Fit instrument of such a worthy mission! Just emblem of the treatment which the rebels of the 26th of July had intended for the citizens! Observe by what hands the crime has been consummated! The remaining time was consumed in forms copied during these judicial operations. We have prepared a list of objects stolen from us, in order to obtain justice. We have not made any protest before the pretended commissaries, who have been guilty of burglary. This would have been to acknowledge those, whom we can recognise in no other character than that of criminals. The details of what passed during these seven long hours are but of little importance to our readers. When the reign of order is established, we shall carry our case before the magistracy; it is from that body we shall demand justice; and if no law is to be found to restrain a functionary from turning against the law that power which has been confided to him for the defence of it, we shall at least have fulfilled a duty,

in pointing out the urgent necessity of those laws of responsibility, which at present we are without. A numerous assemblage of the citizens during these proceedings supported us by their calm approbation, and their example of forbearance. Our workmen, whose bread they came to take away, restrained their indignation, and agreed with us, that that force which opposed the law would be misapplied. All who were present observed in silence the progress of the burglary. They gave their respective addresses with eagerness, that they might be summoned before the tribunals as witnesses of the violation of a residence, and of a burglarious robbery, committed by those whom, under the reign of the law, we should have called into our protection. We, simple citizens, we, the victims, have been as careful to keep ourselves, within the letter and spirit of the law, as those who were the agents of authority have been to go beyond and to infringe it. We hope those persons with whose names we are unacquainted will here accept our expression of gratitude. Not that we would be supposed to take upon ourselves any merit for firmness and devotedness, where we have all France to support us, and are only fulfilling our duty."

M. Debelcyme, formerly Prefect of the Police, and the President of the Tribunal of *Première Instance*, had the magnanimity to pronounce the Ordinances illegal and unconstitutional. His decision in the action brought by the *Nouveau Journal de Paris* against the printer for the enforcement of his contract, is worthy of universal esteem. Notwithstanding the danger which evidently threatened him, for the Revolution had not been yet achieved, he dared to pronounce the acts of government tyrannical, and to vindicate for himself the truth of the motto, "*qui libera posset verba animi proferre—et vitam impendere vero.*"

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon the insurrectionary symptoms assumed a serious and sanguinary character.

"It was at this particular period, about four o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, that these symptoms began to assume a more serious and sanguinary character. The Palais Royal, that busy centre of action and population, had been the rendez-vous of the first assemblages. They had been with much struggle and great difficulty dispersed, by an armed force, and the multitudinous iron gates that form an entrance into the gardens, had been closed. But the crowd, though driven out of the Palais

Royal, had by no means been separated, but had merely retired, to condense themselves more closely in all the neighbouring streets. One concern had taken possession of the hearts of all; this was how to possess themselves of arms on the morrow, to revenge the insults that were heaped upon them to-day. All the streets leading to, or connected with the Palais Royal, were completely choked up, and encumbered by citizens of every grade, and every class. Formidable detachments of gendarmerie, both horse and foot, violently repulsed and drove in at all points the citizens, who were simply furnished with sticks and with stones. By degrees, the confluence of the people and the reinforcements of their antagonists mutually increased, until at length the concourse spread itself even as far as the quays and the boulevards. The charges of the cavalry and armed bands became more lively and frequent, and the resistance of the people more firm and organized.

"Between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, the first fusillade was heard in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Place du Palais Royal, and at the lower extremity of the Rue des Bons Enfants, where it made numerous victims. Such, indeed, was the blind fury of the myrmidons of Government, that, among others, their random shots actually killed two poor women, who were peaceably engaged in their domestic affairs, one of whom resided on a first floor. This event, which may be called accidental, it will be hereafter seen, had a powerful influence upon the subsequent contest.

"Notwithstanding this violence, perpetrated upon a multitude completely unarmed, the populace, dismayed for the moment, speedily returned, and notwithstanding the vigilant activity of their antagonists, contrived to erect barricades at the end of Rue de Chantre, Rue St. Louis, and near Rue Traversière St. Honoré. These defences, formed by an omnibus and hackney coaches, which were accidentally passing, and strengthened by loads of paving stones, that were seized in a similar manner, proved an efficient obstacle to the passage of cavalry in these streets, but their principal utility was as an example, which was afterwards followed with powerful effect. Towards seven o'clock several companies of the 5th regiment of the line were marched into Rue St. Honoré, towards the Place du Palais Royal, for the avowed purpose of opposing the people. They were received with cries of *vivat*, and every demonstration of kindness and friendship. The officers perceiving the effect of this reception upon the soldiers, and perhaps touched themselves with the conduct of the *canaille* they had been ordered to destroy, resolved to communicate with the General-in-Chief on the subject, before proceeding to extremities. General de Walsh, who was

at this time in command, being at the Place du Palais Royal, close at hand, on hearing the circumstances, directed the commanding officer to draw off his men, and leave the field clear for the Garde Royale. The troops of the line accordingly retired, and a strong detachment of the Royal Guard shortly advanced along Rue St. Honoré, from the side of Rue St. Denis, followed by a body of lancers, their drums beating, and trumpets sounding à charge. Before they reached the Palais Royal, the fatal word was given, and the infantry poured in their fire in platoons, while the lancers charged the populace, who were falling in all directions. After discharging a shower of stones, the only weapons they had yet made use of, the people dispersed, or rather fled, in great confusion, while their adversaries pursued their bloody route in triumph along the Rue St. Honoré. On their way the lancers, with wanton ferocity, cut down indiscriminately all who fell in their way; while the gendarmes and the Royal Guard were scarcely behind them in cold-blooded atrocity. It was at this period that a young Englishman, named Foulkes, was shot by one of the former, in the balcony of Lawson's hotel, Rue St. Honoré, where he was an inoffensive spectator of the extraordinary scene acting beneath. Some stones, flung from an adjacent house upon the military, were supposed to have been thrown by this unfortunate gentleman or his companions."

When the royal guard returned to the Place du Palais Royal, they found that their triumph was short, for the people had assembled in as imposing a force as before. They had provided arms; which, together with stones, tiles, and every other kind of missile, did great execution amongst the soldiery. Finally, however, they were again routed, and obliged to fly.

Two women had been killed; one within her own dwelling, the other in the street. The body of the latter, trampled and mutilated, was taken up by a journeyman baker, a man of an athletic form, and enthusiastic gesture. He carried it to the foot of the statue of Louis XIV. in the Place des Victoires, and there addressed the surrounding multitude with a flow of simple and soul-stirring eloquence. Then, followed by his auditors shouting vengeance with one accord, the baker bore the body to the military post at the bank; and, exposing it to the sight of the soldiers, exclaimed, "Look! see how your comrades treat our wives and sisters. Will you act in the same manner?" "No!" replied a soldier, pressing his

hand; "but come with arms." The words were not forgotten; they had an electric influence on the multitude. Amongst the military they produced disaffection; while the people rushed forth to inflict additional marks of hatred on the royalists. The body of another victim was borne from the Rue des Pyramides to the Place de la Bourse, and a similar scene was enacted before an immense crowd of spectators. The police and the military posts throughout the city were attacked and carried by the populace. The post of the Place de la Bourse was burnt to the ground, and arms were seized on every side. At the close of the day, a strong body of young men and apprentices rushed up the streets of St. Honoré and Montmartre smashing the lamps and reverberators, and left Paris in total darkness. While thus occupied, a bourgeois thrust his head out of window, and asked them what, in the name of heaven, they were about? "We are darkening the capital," answered a voice, "in order to enlighten the court." At the same time, a man was about to destroy the light of the house occupied by the Marquis de Pastoret, before he became chancellor. His companion arrested his arm. "Stop!" said he, "do no injury there; it belongs to a house where bread is distributed to the poor through the winter." The man desisted, and the crowd passed on, and proceeded with their work of demolition to such an extent that the metropolis was left in total darkness.

Early on the morning of Wednesday, bands of young men and boys traversed the principal streets, defacing the royal arms. They were joined by many individuals of respectable appearance. Written placards were distributed among the people, inviting them to attack the opera-house and theatres, where stores of arms were to be found. These places were accordingly carried by assault, as also the houses of the armourers, cutlers, and sword-smiths, and thus the people equipped themselves for battle. The museum of artillery, moreover, situated near the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, and containing a collection of arms ancient and modern, besides suits of old armour, was ransacked by the mob. A short address also appeared on the walls, being an

appeal to the Parisians from the National Guard, and announcing, that this guard would be immediately organized, and that the inhabitants of Rouen were marching upon Paris to join in the insurrection. The National Guard sprung into existence in a moment. The pupils of the Polytechnic school took on themselves the office of leaders of different bands of the people, and were everywhere found in the thickest of the fray.

"It was about the noon of this day that diverse patrols began to multiply and thicken on the Boulevards St. Antoine. These patrols, in detachments of about one hundred men, occupied and cleared for a time the whole space of these Boulevards; while the people took refuge in the adjoining alleys and streets, cheering each other with repeated cries of *Vive la Liberté! Vive la Charte!* The population of this quarter were now still more inflamed by the report of repeated fusillades, appearing to come from the neighbourhood of the Rue St. Honoré. At one o'clock, repeated discharges of musketry, the roll of the drum, and the confused shouts of the multitude, announced that a desperate struggle had commenced. Crowds were seen hastening to the spot, with a speed that indicated their courage, and with countenances breathing revenge—a tumultuous mass, in which those who had arms were mingled with those that had none. In this quarter the fusillade, proceeding both from files and platoons, and returned by an obstinate but intermitting fire from the people, had continued about an hour, when from the rush of numbers hastening from the vicinity of the Place de la Bastille, and concentrating themselves as they proceeded, it was discovered, that an obstinate combat was going on at the Porte St. Denis, and on the Boulevard St. Martin. Furthermore, it was remarked, that at this particular and interesting moment some of the troops of the line had begun to waver, and had shewn a disposition to disobey the ministerial orders. But the corps of the Garde Royale continued their work of destruction, perhaps not without remorse, but still without cessation, firing not only on the masses of the people, but into every window that was open. Subsequent details, however, have convinced us, that, even in these tried and faithful adherents to royalty, a struggle between their duty as soldiers and their feelings as citizens had commenced.

"It was about this period that two thousand troops, principally composed of the infantry and cavalry of the Garde Royale, took up a formidable position on the Place de la Bastille."

At this time two thousand of the Garde Royale took their position on

the Place de la Bastille, and a brisk discharge of musketry from their ranks, mixed with canister; not a shot, spread havoc among the people. The mob were here indifferently armed, and were forced to retire upon the Carrefour de Neuilly. The troops, after being reinforced by one battalion and two pieces of cannon from Vincennes, pursued them to the Rue de Châtoune, marking their progress with great slaughter. The houses were drilled with balls, and not a whole pane of glass was to be seen. Near the fountain the strongest resistance was offered by the people, some attacking the soldiers in the streets, others throwing down stones, logs of wood, and even furniture from the windows, until the troops retired in confusion to the Place de la Bastille. This was at three in the afternoon. About five the same detachment re-attacked the Faubourg St. Antoine, and during nearly an hour's fusillade many of the citizens were killed. The soldiers were worn out with fatigue and hunger, but when they were preparing to bivouac, were peremptorily required in the quarter of the Grève. Towards eight o'clock the firing in this part of the city had ceased. The contest was removed to a different quarter, while the heroes of this, by their humane bearing towards the soldiers, made so deep an impression upon them, that they reaped the full benefit of their clemency on the following day.

"We must now transfer our readers to the Place de Grève, on the eastern side of which stands that venerable building, the Hotel de Ville, or Town House. This place, so celebrated in history as the scene of many terrific combats during the former revolution, was again destined to become an Acedama; for in no part of Paris was the combat carried on with more determined resolution, amounting to desperation, than on this fated spot. The possession of the Hotel de Ville seemed to be a point of honour for which both parties eagerly struggled, and three several times during this eventful day of the 28th did it yield to the attacks of the citizens, although defended by a numerous force of Gendarmes and Garde Royale, aided by six pieces of artillery, the first discharge of which, loaded with grape and cannister, took place upon a dense mass of the populace, who crowded the square almost to the cannon's mouth. The effect was terrific; heaps of slaughtered citizens on

every side told with what fatal accuracy each gun had been directed. This severe check instantly followed by vigorous and well-sustained volleys of musketry from the troops, for a moment produced hesitation, and signs of irresolution became visible on the side of the populace. 'It was at this decisive crisis that a young man, whose name, which merited immortality, unhappily perished with him, waving the tricoloured standard which he had carried all the morning, cried out to his associates, who had already begun to retire in some confusion, "My friends! my friends! it is necessary we should learn how to die!" With these words, worthy of Leonidas, he again rushed forward to the attack, several paces in advance of his companions, and fell, pierced with a hundred bullets. This glorious lesson of self-devotion was not lost upon the gallant band to whom it was addressed; but the artillery again performed its deadly work, and the citizen soldiers were at length obliged to retire to the shelter of the surrounding streets, from the ends of which, however, they kept up so constant and well-directed a fire upon the artillery men and other troops, that victory again became doubtful. The soldiery were now in possession of the Hotel de Ville, but the fire they had for some time kept up from the windows began gradually to decline, the people having thrown themselves into the houses opposite, from the roofs and windows of which they could partly command that edifice, and every shot was returned with murderous interest. In the mean time a galling discharge was kept up from the opposite side of the Seine, particularly from the further end of the suspension bridge, which crosses the river from the Grève to the Quay de la Cité. Here about twenty young men, including a few of the National Guard, sheltered by the parapet wall, kept up an incessant fire. At length a small body of Swiss were ordered to cross the bridge, to put this little band *hors de combat*. On their approach these citizens, who in all probability never saw blood shed until this dreadful day, with the intrepidity of ancient veterans, left their protecting parapet, and placed themselves at the head of the bridge, where they received their adversaries with so well-directed a fire, that three of their number were killed, and several wounded, and after a hasty discharge, the remainder retreated to their former position. We must not here omit to mention an extraordinary act of gallantry performed by one of these soldiers of a day, who, amid a shower of bullets from the retreating enemy, ran upon the bridge, and taking the arms and cartouche-boxes of the three fallen Swiss, returned unhurt to his companions, exclaiming, '*Amis! Voici des armes et des balles.*' We should here observe that

there was a lamentable deficiency of both arms and ammunition on the side of the people, a fact almost incredible, when the unparalleled results of their exertions are considered.

"The conflict now raged in the Place de Grève with increased violence. A cannon, pointed against a house at the corner of the quay (a wine shop), would have razed it to the ground, the shore having been nearly shot away, had not a vigorous charge of the populace forced the royal troops to consult their safety by preparations for retreat. This they effected along the quay, firing by files and by platoons, succeeding each other with astonishing rapidity. They were speedily reinforced by fresh troops of the Royal Guard and of the Swiss, together with a hundred cuirassiers, and four pieces of artillery, each of them escorted by twelve cannoniers on horseback. With this terrible addition they again advanced on the Hotel de Ville, and a frightful firing recommenced on all sides. They succeeded in driving the citizens into the Rues de la Vannerie and du Mouton, and again entered into possession of the Hotel de Ville. But they did not keep it long, for they were again attacked, with a courage truly sublime, and almost irresistible. Their artillery, now ranged before the Prefecture of the Seine and the Hotel de Ville, threatened death to thousands. The repeated charges of the cuirassiers were murderous, but the citizens did not give way. Immoveable in their position, they expected, and received death, with cries of *Vive la Liberté! Vive la Charité!* Their heroic and generous efforts proved fatal to many. The heaps of dead bodies showed a sensible diminution of the combatants; still the contest might be said to rage with desperate fury, the successive capturing and recapturing of the Hotel de Ville, awakened the sanguinary reminiscences of Hougoumont. But while every moment added to the confidence of the people, consternation began to be more and more visible even in the firmest battalions of France. It was in vain that discipline closed her serried files, or opened her chevaux de frise of bayonets, only to give scope and efficiency to discharges of grape shot still more murderous. The Place de la Grève, the Pont de la Grève, and the Pont Neuf, with the quays, were enveloped in one lurid cloud of sulphurous smoke, pierced by the flashes of the cannon, or the fusillade of the musket. The continuous tirailage of the citizens filled up the pauses that intervened between the platoon firing of the troops, and the sullen roar of the artillery. The Seine might now be said without a metaphor to 'flow purple to the sea.' The dead bodies of horses and of soldiers were visible in its stream, carried down in a tumultuous mass to St. Cloud, shortly to

announce to the royal tenants of its chateau, the discomfiture of their proudest hopes, by the dismal evidence of this floating wreck.

"The Hotel de Ville, which, during the conflict we have above described, had been the scene of such carnage and heroism, was doomed at length to become a sanguinary trophy of the popular triumph, and on its *third* capture it was destined to remain in possession of those who had so gallantly stormed it, and become the seat of the Provisional Government, and the head-quarters of the National Guard; and once more, as in 1789, it had the honour to receive within its walls the venerable Lafayette as the Commander. The loss was dreadful on the part of both people and soldiers, during the ten hours this determined combat took place; cart-loads of dead were taken away, and in all the neighbouring streets the wounded were seen on hand-carriages and beds, on their way to the different hospitals.—The cause of liberty had triumphed, but it had cost the country much precious blood. Twelve hundred men were either killed or wounded, of those who had taken up arms in defence of their liberties. The troops lost on that scene of slaughter about six hundred men, four pieces of artillery, and forty horses."

The tricolour was displayed from the towers of Notre Dame. Strong bodies of men assembled on the place of the Odéon, commanded by M. Joffrés, an advocate, and, attacking the military prison of the Abbaye, they increased their numbers with the soldiers confined within its walls. They then attempted to cross the Seine by the different bridges, but were repulsed. All they could do was to keep up a constant fire across the river, upon the troops along the quays de l'Ecole and the Louvre, who were hidden behind the parapets of the low wall of the palace. The gate of the Louvre, opposite to the Institute and the Pont des Arts, being closed, was guarded by a company of Swiss, who discharged a piece of artillery upon the multitude assembled on the steps of the Institute, and did murderous execution. The troops that had retreated from the Place de Grève, planted their cannon upon the quay of the Thuilleries, and swept the whole distance as far as the Pont au Change. The different streets verging towards the river, also contained their piquets, who assisted in the destruction of the populace.

The combat in the Rue St. Honoré commenced about three o'clock. The Palais Royal had been occupied by infantry and gendarmerie; the Place du Carrousel by the grenadiers *à cheval* and the lanciers of the royal guard, assisted by forty pieces of artillery. The people, however, took possession of the numerous small streets commanding the Rue St. Honoré, from the church of St. Roch to the Rue de l'Arbre Sec; bands were also posted at the windows, with a plentiful supply of stones, which they threw with destructive effect on the soldiers. From the ease with which they handled the musket, and the alacrity and precision of their movements, it was clear that many of the popular skirmishers belied their habit of common labourers and artisans. The firing gradually slackened towards evening, and the troops, feeble from exhaustion, bivouacked in the streets. Their royalist friends, and the principal instruments of mischief, had abandoned them in their exigency, and, after fighting the battle of tyranny, they were left to the precarious charity of the intended victims of Charles the Tenth.

"In casting a retrospective glance over the hurried scene that has passed so rapidly before our eyes, it is quite evident that, on this decisive day, namely, the 28th, the Government had put forth the whole of their strength. Paris had been declared in a state of siege, and Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, who had been invested with the absolute command of the armed force, had himself on this day headed the troops in the Place des Victoires, where he passed some time giving instructions to his officers, and afterwards personally led on the attack in the Rue Montmartre; from whence he made a precipitate retreat, in consequence of the noble resistance of the citizens at the corner of the Rue Joquelet. Fresh regiments had been marched into Paris during the night of the 26th, and the whole of the gendarmerie had been put in motion. A strong muster had been made of all that was efficient of the Swiss Guards and the Garde Royale, both horse and foot; they had been strengthened, and supported by cannon, and even bombardment had been resorted to on more than one occasion. The adherents of the court could not but admit that the whole of this formidable force, if not defeated, had at least been checked, and driven in at all points, by the population of the city. These disciplined warriors had even aban-

doned their posts in some instances, or had retained them, with the greatest difficulty in others. Although much determination was still visible amongst the surviving gendarmerie, the foreign mercenaries, and the greater portion of the *Garde Royale*, yet much hesitation had begun to manifest itself in the line. Three regiments had already shown the greatest reluctance to fire upon the people, and in some instances positively refused; this circumstance tended very much to increase the confidence of the one party, and the consternation of the other. In fact, it might be affirmed that, from this moment, the King possessed only the form and the body, but not the soul or the spirit of an army. The telegraphic communications had been cut off by the citizens, so that no summons for additional troops could be transmitted by that mode. The moral of the troops had been shaken by circumstances more appalling than danger itself; and the obstinacy with which the people defended their rights, combined with the justice of their cause, begot a still stronger disinclination in the soldiery to persist in those murderous measures, which alone could confer victory on their arms,—a victory which many of them had begun to contemplate even as more disgraceful than a defeat, because it could only be purchased by the costly sacrifice of whole hcatombs of their countrymen.

"The eventful day of Wednesday had now completely closed, and with the exception of the neighbourhood of the Louvre, where the firing can scarcely be said to have ceased during the night, the streets of Paris were comparatively tranquil, at least they were no longer the scenes of conflict and slaughter. That day however was followed by a night still more glorious. On Wednesday, and even on Tuesday evening, a few barricades had been hastily erected, to arrest the progress of the royal troops, and to afford shelter to the half-armed citizens against their well-appointed antagonists. The powerful utility of this species of defence was evident during the obstinate contests of that day, and gave rise to those measures that have eventually saved France from the excesses of an exasperated soldiery, her citizens from butchery, her liberties from tyranny, and her laws from violation. It was on the night of the 28th that those measures were adopted, which, from the unanimity of their design, the rapidity of their execution, and the ingenuity of their construction, are without a parallel in the annals of history. To do ample justice to the Herculean prodigies of this eventful night would require the pen of a *Livy*, and the pencil of a *Salvator*. Neither the wand of *Prospero*, nor the lyre of *Orpheus*, could have produced such rapid combinations as now developed themselves throughout the whole

of this vast capital. Things inanimate seemed almost to partake of the general enthusiasm, so instantaneous was the movement by which they were rendered subservient to all the necessary purposes either of defence or of aggression. Men of every trade and calling lent themselves, as by one common instinct, to that peculiar department, in this general division of labour, with which they had been rendered most conversant by their previous habits and pursuits. The plumber betook himself to the casting of balls; the sawyer to the felling of trees; the paviour to the throwing up of stones, as materials for the barricade; the water-carriers and hackney-coachmen might be seen busily employed in drawing up and overturning vehicles of the largest size, and in obstructing every communication of street with street, by means of these ponderous and massy impediments. The carpenter went to work in his vocation, and every species of timber, or of scaffolding, was put into immediate requisition, to strengthen and fill up the intervals left in the stockades, and which were alternately completed by the ponderous materials torn up from the streets. Thus it was that the population of Paris, fertile in expedients, and exhaustless in resource, had, in the course of twelve hours, placed the whole city in so imposing an attitude of preparation, and almost of defiance, that even the practised eye of the most war-worn veteran could hardly have pointed out a blunder, or suggested an amendment. A considerable part of the following day was occupied in completing and strengthening those barricades, on the keeping possession of which the success of the popular cause must chiefly depend. The gigantic efforts of the population of Paris on this night, after such a day, seemed totally to set at defiance the common wants of our nature. Their labour was carried on throughout the night no less than the day, impeded at times by repulse, at others invigorated by triumph. Under a cloudless sun, with a thermometer ranging from 80 to 90 degrees, exposed to the murderous fire of an artillery discharging showers of grape and langridge, neither the enthusiasm of the attack, nor the Herculean efforts necessary for defence, were remitted for an instant. All classes, high and low, not excepting even women and children, assiduously and cheerfully lent themselves to this most necessary task; hands, hitherto unused to any species of toil or drudgery, might be seen wielding, for the first time, the shovel and the pickaxe, and zeal was found sufficient to supply the place of strength and of skill.

"From the nature of the barricades, it was evident that one arm of war was rendered from this moment inefficient. The cavalry could no longer act. With respect



to another species of force still more formidable, the artillery, every minute was throwing fresh impediments to render its operation less destructive to the populace, and more dangerous to those by whom it was directed. Every voiture and vehicle had been put into requisition, the pavement had been torn up, wine-shops supplying thousands of empty hogsheads, which were filled with the largest stones from the streets, and the majestic trees on the boulevards now fell, to protect that city they had so long adorned. It was evident, from the ingenuity and soldier-like construction of these formidable defences, that many survivors of the siege of Saragossa, though debilitated by age, and in the unassuming costume of common labourers, had not been inactive spectators of the scene."

On the night of Wednesday the royal troops were in a desperate condition. The Parisians had won the greater part of the city; and, at eight o'clock, the soldiery occupied a contracted spot on the right side of the Seine, their line commencing at the Louvre. This they held, in conjunction with the Tuilleries, the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and that of the Palais Royal, together with the portion of the Rue St. Honoré next to the market of the Jacobins, and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. From these points their lines were continued to the Place Vendôme, the Rue de la Paix, and the Boulevards of the Madeleine, and so on to the Place Louis Quinze, the entrance of the Champs Elysées, and the bridge opposite to the Chamber of Deputies. They were thus actually hemmed in, being prevented from either attack or defence: whilst a dense population, armed and infuriated, watched their every movement. The court party, never dreaming of a reverse, had provided nothing for their defenders. They tasted neither bread, nor meat, nor wine—a little brandy being the whole of their sustenance for the day. The consequence was, that a spirit of discontent and animosity against their rulers quickly spread. Many refused to act further against the citizens, whilst others deserted to join their ranks; and this was the state of things on the morning of Thursday, the 29th of July.

The tocsin was rung at an early hour from St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and was repeated by the other churches of the city. The first, strange to

say, was the very bell which had sounded to the massacre of St. Barthélemy! Drums were beaten in every quarter, and the cry of *Aux armes!* was echoed through the streets of Paris. The pavements near the palace were broken up by the mob; and, as early as half past four, the populace commenced removing the stones from the Rue des Poulies, and formed a barrier on the left of the colonnade. The people thus employed were fired on without intermission by the Swiss troops, and many of the Parisians fell. The barrier was completed about eleven, from which a smart fire was returned on the soldiers. From this point two individuals sprung forward to the iron railings enclosing the front of the Louvre, and, lying down under the dwarf wall, did great execution on the troops. They were followed by two of the National Guard, one of whom carried a tricolour flag; the sight of which led the people towards the Louvre, and they determined on taking it. The building was garrisoned by the Swiss.

"They were posted at every window and outlet where they could aim with security, their deadly precision was soon apparent in the numbers of the assailants who fell. The approaches to this massive building were not made by trenches and parallels; they had no artillery to breach its walls, no petards to force its gates: determination, courage, and impetuosity, were substituted for batteries, and a recklessness of life, a sublime contempt of danger, supplied the place of those murderous inventions.

"We must now turn to the attack made from the place of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, nearly opposite to the centre of the eastern front of the palace. The attack from this point was ordered by General Gerard.—Every precaution had been taken the preceding evening, by the Duke of Ragusa, for the defence of the palace; which, from its strength, might almost be termed the citadel of Paris. The connexion of the building with the Tuilleries rendered it of such importance, that, if taken, the troops had no place of retreat left, but must evacuate the metropolis. Two regiments of the Swiss formed its garrison; detachments of whom were placed in the court, in the garden of the infants, and the neighbouring gardens. They were amply provided with field-pieces and ammunition of various kinds for the contest.

"At an early hour the citizens advanced at a quick step, General Gerard himself

taking the command, with several other officers, and some of the brave youths of the Polytechnic school; and, having sustained some murderous discharges from the garrison, established themselves in all the different houses of the Place of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, and in every position within view and gun-shot of the object of attack. The church afforded a commanding situation for the besiegers, from whence they fired at every aperture, and at every point where a ball was likely to take effect. To a citizen named Rouvat, the people were indebted for the first idea of the occupation of the towers and the galleries of the church, from whence their fire did tremendous execution upon the Swiss. The first tricoloured flag which floated over its ancient towers, huilt by the English during the regency of the Duke of Bedford, was hoisted by an old trumpeter of the chasseurs of the Royal Guard. In accomplishing it he was slightly wounded in the hand.

"For some hours the fire was kept up with vigour and effect on both sides, but soon after eleven that of the besieged began to slacken. At that period M. Lançon, formerly a captain in the army, arrived at the head of fifty men, and, having killed several Swiss with his own hand, assisted in the storming of the palace. Three columns now attacked it nearly simultaneously; one by the Pont des Arts, another by the Quai de l'École, and a third by the colonnade, from the Place St. Germain l'Auxerrois and Rue des Poullies already mentioned. The assailants rushed forward, notwithstanding the terrific fire to which they were exposed, to the gate; and after a brisk discharge, the last heard in this part of the building, entered in triumph at precisely a quarter to twelve amid loud shouts of *Vive la Charte!*

"It is a circumstance never sufficiently to be admired, that, after attending to the wounded, not only of their own party but those of their opponents, and transporting them into the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois to receive surgical aid, the thoughts of the citizens, in their then state of excitation, should be turned towards the preservation of the monuments of the arts. This national trait must not be overlooked; it is one that, we may boldly say, elevates the character of the Parisian populace to so proud an eminence that in this metropolis alone could it have taken place. By common consent, those parts of the Louvre which are devoted to works of art—its many halls filled with the choicest specimens of ancient sculpture—its noble gallery, famed throughout the world for its unrivalled collection of paintings—were purposely spared by the irritated populace, &c.

The last triumphant effort of the

people was the taking of the Tuilleries. This post, however, did not offer a resistance of equal obstinacy to the Louvre. The citizens of the quarters St. Jacques, St. Germain, the Odéon, and Gros Caillou, assembled, to the amount of between 5 and 6,000; and combatting with two regiments of the royal guards and Swiss, and three detachments of lancers, cuirassiers, and foot grenadiers, occupying the Carousel, and supported by a field of artillery in the garden of the Tuilleries, they routed their adversaries, who were thrown into still greater confusion by the Swiss, flying from the Louvre. These rushed through the triumphal arch of the Carousel, hurrying Marmont along with them, who vainly endeavoured to rally the fugitives in the court of the palace. The Marshal had brought the whole of his forces to cover the retreat of the Swiss; but, being thrown into the confusion we have described, a panic seized the whole body, and they rushed pell-mell to the Place Louis Quinze, across the gardens of the Tuilleries. The Parisians followed them so closely, that they entered the court by the triumphal arch before the others had quitted it. They then commenced the attack on the palace, which was twice taken, and twice abandoned; until, the citizens being finally victorious, the tricolour flag was planted on the central pavilion. The farther particulars of this transaction are well described in the following passage:—

"On taking possession of the chateau, some excesses were committed by the populace, who were irritated by the discovery of proclamations of the government to the troops, stimulating them against the citizens, dated the preceding day. These were found in the pavilion of Flora; in which nearly every article of furniture was destroyed, and thrown with various precious effects from the windows, as were some thousands of papers, pamphlets, and even books. It is remarkable, that in the library of the Duchess of Angoulême alone were found any pamphlets, or other works, calculated to give any information upon the state of popular feeling, or the events passing without the walls of the royal residence. The literary treasures found in the apartments of the Dauphin were limited to a complete set of *almanacks*, from the sixteenth century! It must not be supposed, however, that the royal library was deficient in valuable works; on the contrary, it contained a truly noble collection, including the works of

nearly every renowned writer, from Homer downwards.

The devastations of the populace were not, however, confined to the pavilion of Flora. All the royal apartments suffered considerably. Splendid specimens of porcelain—ornaments of the most costly description—and magnificent mirrors—were broken without mercy. A portrait of the Duke of Ragusa, in the *Salle des Maréchaux*, was torn into a thousand pieces, and every bust or portrait of the royal family was instantly mutilated or destroyed. An exception, indeed, was made. One of the victors had raised the butt-end of his musket to demolish the bust of Louis XVIII. when he was reminded, that to this monarch France was indebted for the charter. This was sufficient to ensure its preservation; the bust was, however, covered with a black veil, to mark the feeling entertained of the calamities the fated sway of the Bourbons had brought upon their country.

"The toils of the day, however, demanded refreshment—the stores of the larder and the wine-cellar, consequently, suffered considerably. The most delicious viands, and the choicest wines and liqueurs of every description, were partaken of by the victors, and by crowds who had followed them into the palace, but who had had no share in the dangers of its capture. The scene in the magnificent saloons on this occasion was 'curious and grotesque beyond

description; hundreds of half-armed men, in tattered garments, covered with blood and dust, seated on the richly embroidered chairs of royalty and state, relating to each other the heroic feats they had witnessed, or the dangers they had escaped, formed a picture to which no pencil could render justice. We should state, that whatever arms were found were eagerly seized. One trophy carried off by the victors was a very richly ornamented sword of state, belonging to the Dauphin—which has, however, been since restored."

We are sorry to be obliged to quit the pages of this interesting volume, which we do with an earnest recommendation of it to the perusal of our readers, and want of space compels us to pass without further notice to the admirable pamphlet descriptive of the military events, by the Staff Officer of the Guards. Of this pamphlet we feel no hesitation in saying, that we have seldom read a detail of strategic movements more lucidly developed or more satisfactorily given. It bears the impress of truth in every page. The following is the gallant officer's enumeration of the different regiments composing the garrison of Paris on the 25th of July:—

"On the 25th of July, 1830, the garrison of Paris was composed as follows:—

GUARDS.		Men.
<i>Infantry</i> , three regiments, 1st, 3d, and 7th Swiss . . . . .	8 Batt.	3,800
<i>Cavalry</i> , two regiments, Lancers and Cuirassiers . . . . .	8 Squad.	800
<i>Artillery</i> , 8 guns, 4 howitzers . . . . .		150
LINE.		
5th, 50th, and 53d Regiments, and 15th Lt. Infantry . . . . .	11 Batt.	4,400
<i>Fusiliers Sédentaires</i> . . . . .	11 Comp.	1,100
THE GENDARMERIE.		
<i>Infantry</i> . . . . .		700
<i>Cavalry</i> . . . . .		600
Total effective . . . . .		11,550*

"But in order to arrive at the exact number of troops who were able to take any part in the events of July, we must deduct from

the total effective of . . . . .	11,550
The four Regiments of the Line, who, by the attitude which they took so early as the 27th, separated themselves from the Guards . . . . .	4,400
The <i>Fusiliers Sédentaires</i> , who surrendered their arms to the people on the very first demand . . . . .	1,100

\* "I have omitted from all the corps the *non-effectives*, men employed in the workshops, &c., and a corps attached to the fire-engines, none of whom could have any share in the transactions I am about to relate: that part of the Gendarmerie called the *Elite* was scattered through the various royal residences. The Court, happening to be at St. Cloud, had carried thither the body-guard, and the corps of Foot-guards attached to the King's person, though their nominal head-quarters were at Paris; in fact, from the 27th July, they were all at St. Cloud."

The usual parties supplied by the Guards for the daily service of the posts in Paris, and at St. Cloud, &c. . . . . 1,300  
 Similar parties furnished as usual by the Gendarmerie, and which suffered the same fate as those furnished by the Guards, namely, being seized and disarmed in detail on their several posts . . . . . 550  
 7,350

Remain effective and disposable on the morning of the 28th July,  
 Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery . . . . . 4,200

“The other regiments of Guards were stationed as follows:—

INFANTRY.	CAVALRY.
3 Battalions at Caen.*	1 Squadron (Dépôt) at Compiègne.
3 Ditto at Rouen.	6 Ditto at Meaux.
3 Ditto at Versailles.	1 Ditto (Dépôt) at Melun.
2 Ditto at St. Denis.	6 Ditto at Fontainebleau.
1 Ditto with the Regiment of Artillery at Vincennes.	6 Ditto at Corbeil.
3 Ditto at Orleans.	12 Ditto at Versailles.
	2 Ditto at Sévres.

“The Household troops at St. Cloud, Versailles, St. Germain, and Paris, were 1,000 cavalry and 300 infantry.

“If all these troops had been collected, the Guards and Household troops would have amounted to between 19,000 and 20,000 effective men, and, with the Line, Fusiliers, and Gendarmerie, would have given a grand total of 25,000 effectives, with 36 pieces of cannon, which might have been assembled at Paris within a week. And, if measures had been taken a fortnight before, and the circle of requisition extended, we might have had from 36 to 40,000 men, with 50 pieces of cannon. But for such an army, large preparations of food, forage, and camp-equipage must have been made; and, as we shall see, the handful of troops which was at Paris suffered as much by neglect of these particulars, as by the military blunders of the Commander-in-Chief.”

The three lines following the above paragraph develop, in a few words, the whole secret of the defeat of the Royalists:—

“THE FACT, HOWEVER, WAS, THAT NO PREPARATIONS WERE MADE, WHEN, ON THE MORNING OF THE 26TH JULY, THE MONITEUR PUBLISHED THE CELEBRATED ORDONNANCES.”

Reflection on the grand and moving scenes of the recent Revolution of Paris, must lead every well-regulated mind to this one conclusion—that the time of despotism is past—that political fanaticism has had its day—that upstart ministerial pride will no longer be submitted to—that princely and ducal arrogance will most assuredly have a fall—that military tools

are by no means so efficacious as the love of a people, and that public opinion is the *ultima ratio* of every wholesome minded monarch. A standing army may be necessary, but it can never be every thing in a state—its preponderance is incompatible with national safety. Kings must now cast themselves upon the love of their people, through the instrumentality of pure-minded, enlightened, useful ministers, whose views shall hold progressively with the progress of the age, and who, discarding every thing in the shape of household myrmidons and female intriguers, shall rely upon their own immaculate character and high deserts, for the preservation of their rank. Otherwise the popular voice will condemn both the one and the other—and though it be gagged by the hands of tyranny, and the hands of the people be bound down into inaction, still their hearts will be estranged, animosity will be engendered, the moment for retaliation *will* arrive, and ample vengeance will be taken on the heads of their oppressors. Better then to conciliate the people—better to have their applauding shouts than their deep and muttered curses. Ministers now have for the attainment of so desirable a consummation a better appliance than former ages could boast. The virtues of a Titus or Trajan could indeed be echoed from lip to lip. The laudatory echo, however, was many years in pervading the circumference of the empire; but the virtues of the great in

\* “In the barrack of Courbevoie (beyond Neuilly) there was only the dépôt of the regiment which was stationed at Caen.”

the present day can be in a few hours emblazoned throughout the country by the instrumentality of the press. This is the true curb on arbitrary power and despotism, and will laugh to scorn all the bands of Janissary and prætorian cohorts with which tyranny would wish to enslave the full and free expression of national indignation.

Public opinion, at the present moment, is the greatest safeguard of the state, and the stoutest champion for fighting the battles of prime ministers. Since the period of the first tremendous revolution in France, it has been gradually acquiring strength until it has attained a supremacy too powerful for resistance. In July last, it enacted in Paris the terrific scenes which have been the subject of this article—its effects are also, at this moment, operating in every country throughout Europe. Happy will England be if it escape the revolutionary contagion, and this she may most certainly do, if her ministers be but faithful and her subjects true. Her salvation depends on her ministers—not such ministers as the pack that yelped to the lash of Billy Hohnes, the whipper-in—and who have all, thank Heaven, resigned with His Highness of Waterloo—and are now gnashing their teeth for very rage in the Tophet of despair—nor yet such ministers as, in ill-assorted companionship, now hold the reins of government under the tutelage of Lord Grey. Difference of sentiment would, indeed, signify little—nay, it would ensure the eliciting of wise councils; but the taint of self-interest has fixed its seal upon too many of the last body, and the people at large look at the foremost of the number with silent astonishment, and sigh or ob-jurgate at the weakness of man who, fired with ambition and struggling for pre-eminence, utters mountains of promises, and who, in possession of the height of his wishes, whistles those promises to the winds, and feeling his desires regenerated by lucky circumstances, appears before his fellow-creatures in such a character as shall belie his former incantity. Even thus much may be said of Lord Grey and of Lord Lansdowne; Lord Brougham is yet safe, but his foot is on a precipice, and

one step may save or destroy him in public estimation for ever. Let him only act up to the promises which, as a commoner, he enunciated to listening thousands; let him, in opposition to worldly influences, comport himself as an honest, honourable, conscientious man—and his name will be enshrined in the hearts of the people, and command more reverence with posterity than if it were engraven on tablets of gold. For the other two—the eye of suspicion is upon them—the community at large is gradually raising its voice in condemnation of their proceedings, and unless the measure of Reform which they have the intention of producing, be general, sweeping, and bold, there remains no salvation for them—there remains no salvation for the country. These noblemen were formerly loud as theorists about retrenchment. Now that opportunity for effecting their plans is offered—they have attempted to juggle the senses of the public into a blind state of credulity, while the Premier has shown a magnanimous example of distributing places and emoluments among his own kith and kindred to the fifth and sixth degree. With respect to Reform—there has been, on all hands, the most puerile and contemptible shuffling. This Reform, however, the nation will have, and let ministers take heed how they refuse it or endeavour wantonly to arouse the wrath of the slumbering dragon. There are enthusiasts and political madmen in England, on whom the continental revolutions will operate like lightning. Reform without working like an universal panacea on the national evils, will do more towards pacifying the people than any other boon that could be granted. The spirit of contentment and industry would then spread from city to town, and from town to village and hamlet. With Reform, the two principles of retrenchment and peace can be efficaciously employed—without Reform, the wisest of ministers must be defeated. With Reform, we may laugh to scorn all the baleful examples of the continent—without Reform, we become victims—and that speedily—to anarchy and confusion.

## DR. PHILLPOTT, THE BISHOP.

"How now! a rat?  
Dead, for a ducat, dead."

HAMLET.

In speaking of the individual whose name appears at the head of these observations, we know not whether a feeling of grief or indignation predominates. Grief, that a man who had so well fought the good fight of Protestantism, should have ultimately been weighed in the balance, and found wanting;—or indignation, that the most shameless apostasy on record, should be deemed worthy a mitre in the church he had betrayed—that a political Judas, instead of expiating his treason on the stage of a pulpit, should be exalted to the episcopal throne of a proud diocese in England.

It always was, and still is, our conscientious belief, that a church founded upon the Gospel of Christ, whose walls are supported by the buttresses of a Liturgy, allowed even by our enemies to be pure and unspotted, could never fall, except by treachery within her sanctuary. And the popular indignation at the announcement of Dr. Phillpott being elevated to the see of Exeter, confirms our idea. Moreover, the monstrous proposition of holding the living of Stanhope *in commendam*, will have the effect of a mine upon the public feeling, which in its explosion may shake to their foundation the towers of Lambeth. The transaction smells of "thirty pieces of silver:" the modern Judas, unable in the flesh to sacrifice His MASTER, scruples not to immolate the church, HIS IMMACULATE SPOUSE, at the shrine of *expediency*. It is vain to talk of conviction, when the major and minor of the argument rest upon a mitre! If the *honest* polemic were convinced of his error, why, in common honesty, did he not, like Judas of old, spurn the price of his treason, the living of Stanhope, which was professedly the reward of his hostility to Popery, and opposition to Canning? Why did he not proclaim to the world, "I have been rewarded for advocating sentiments, which, on consideration, I am compelled to retract;

and therefore I resign the preferment, which I can no longer conscientiously retain?" Had he acted in this manner, we might have pitied, and after a full and satisfactory expiation, have pardoned his errors;—have allowed him to sink into that state of insignificance and contempt, which is generally the award of traitors and apostates. Unfortunately, however, this man glories in his "bad eminence;" and prefers the polluted caresses of avowed expediency-mongers, to the honourable support of the staunch and uncompromising friends of the Established Church.

It is our wish, however, at the present crisis, to call public attention to the effects which the consecration of this arch-apostate must have upon the Church of England. And there are two points, which particularly demand our attention in this consideration. First, the character of the prelate.—With his private life, of course, it is not the province of a public journal to interfere; indeed, as far as we know, Dr. Phillpott, from his cradle to the present hour, *may* have led as immaculate a life as the seven sleepers, during their lengthened repose: his charity *may* have been as extended as the wants of his large parish, and his preaching as efficacious as that of Pope Gregory, or any other of the saints of Rome, whom he appears now inclined to adore. Nor do we even hint that he is addicted to avarice, although we have some faint recollection of a *miserly* smile which curled his upper lip, when toasting that the temporalities of Stanhope one year realized five thousand five hundred pounds!—*Sed quid hoc ad rem?* We have only to enquire, by what public act has he vindicated his claim to the episcopal throne? Is he more orthodox or learned than Benson? Has he ever displayed even a shadow of that pious individual's arresting eloquence and profound theological research in the pulpit? Is Harness a name less distinguished for all that is praise-

worthy and desirable in our priesthood? Is Hartwell Horne less known, or less worthy of preferment, than this polemical weathercock? Or are the numberless other eminent writers, who have shed a lustre upon their profession, to be superseded by the betrayer of his religion, the unholily convert to expediency? Alas! that the ministers of Great Britain should compel us to put such questions. It is not, however, too late to retract; for by withholding the *commendam* from the avaricious grasp of this worldly parson and rat, this turncoat, and vile recreant to Protestantism, the disgrace upon our church may be yet averted. Without the fat living of Stanhope, the gluttonous renegade will not take the lean bishopric of Exeter.

By what public act, then, we repeat the question, has Dr. Phillpott vindicated his claim to the episcopal throne?—By arts and manœuvres, that, in the purer times of ecclesiastical discipline, would have unfrocked a consecrated bishop. By a betrayal of those principles, in defence and profession of which Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, Cranmer, and a thousand equally brave and honest, though less eminent men, laid down their lives. The stake and the fire had no terrors for them, when a profession of faith was demanded. Religion and honour had no charms for him, when a mitre was thrown into the opposite scale. For no good deed then; for no heroic suffering in the cause of the church; for no distinguished spiritual acquisitions; for no eminent controversial writings; for no resistance offered to the encroaching spirit of the times; for no opposition to men and measures professedly hostile to the Church of England, is Dr. Phillpott selected for the discharge of the episcopal duties in one of the most important dioceses of England—BUT FOR SHAMELESS AND UNBLUSHING APOSTASY!!

In the meantime, what do the parties most interested, namely, the clergy and inhabitants of the diocese of Exeter and the gentry of Stanhope say to these proceedings? The former are indignant in the extreme, especially the laity, who, if we are rightly informed, have expressed their intention of marking the en-

trance of the apostate into their city, by a general mourning and closing of shops. The latter have presented a petition to the throne, calling upon his Majesty, in the most firm, but respectful manner, to exercise his prerogative, as head of the church, and not suffer the crying evil of pluralities, longer to disgrace the ecclesiastical code. To say that we sympathise with the petitioners, would not express one tithe of the indignation we, in common with the majority of the public, feel at the insult offered both to Exeter and Stanhope. The Stanhopians were in ecstasies, at the thought of getting rid of the incubus—but they find that the “whited sepulchre,” is still, though at a distance, to exercise his baleful influence in their parish—whilst the protestant Devonians curse the ministry, who inflict upon them a bishop, who has proved, in the face of day, how little the interests of the church will be consulted, should any temporal advantage be likely to accrue to their apostate guardian.

For this man, notwithstanding, apologists are found. Mr. Peel whined out a pathetic appeal for his brother Arcadian, as Lord Byron would have called the pair; the Honourable Secretary whispered that this Rectory had, on other occasions, been united to a Bishopric; that this was no exception to a rule, made in behalf of Dr. Phillpott, but an evil that had existed from the foundation of the Church; and much more equally irrelevant matter would have been inflicted probably upon the House, had not Sir J. Graham at once indignantly declared, that if such flagrant violations of all decency and propriety were not only permitted but defended, he should adopt another course, and appeal to the Crown. On a subsequent evening, Lord Belgrave, a juvenile Whig, deprecated the course pursued by the House, and besought them, in a feeling, nursery harangue, to suspend their judgment for the present, upon the learned and honest Doctor, who was preparing a defence, and would shortly submit to the public many cogent and unanswerable reasons, why he should not be disturbed in the enjoyment of his sinecure thousands.

And what effect, we would ask,

can such appeals have upon the public mind? Evidently this. When the conduct of Ministers, in the distribution of patronage, is so grossly at variance with the interests of the Church, that even Mr. Peel blushed, *ὦ τάλαι!* in attempting a defence; and when a sucking Whig lordling was selected by a renegade Tory priest, to make an impression in his favour in the Commons, there must be something rotten in the system; something demanding strict scrutiny. And these miserable attempts at blinking the question, and bolstering up the reputation for consistency of both patron and client, cannot fail to excite disgust, and hasten a crisis, whether for good or evil, time alone can develop.

The subject, however, is not likely to rest here. Sir J. Graham is, as before hinted, determined to bring the state of the church, more particularly as regards pluralities, before Parliament; and all the shuffling of Sir Robert Peel, and his organized company of *rats*, even if the new police are flung into the bargain, will not be able to disguise from the public the disgraceful manner in which the ecclesiastical patronage of the crown, which is our second position, has been for many years, and particularly during the dictatorship of Wellington, mismanaged. That admirable, and we lament to say, only Protestant paper, the *Standard*, has a few observations upon this point, which we shall take the liberty of adapting to our present argument. They occur in the comment upon the motion of Sir J. Graham, alluded to above, and are calculated to call the attention of all who are sincerely devoted to the interests of the Church of England, to the terrible illustration, which the honourable Baronet's speech and the proceedings resulting therefrom presented, of the danger to which that venerable establishment is exposed, by having such a man as the Duke of Wellington at the head of the King's councils.

"The object of Sir James's motion, the fate of which will probably be decided before the publication of these remarks, is an address to the crown, praying his Majesty not to allow Dr. Phillpotts to hold the living of Stanhope in *commendam*

with the bishopric of Exeter. *This is the first approach to an attempt on the part of the House of Commons, to direct the Crown in the administration of its ecclesiastical patronage, that has been made for nearly two centuries!* The last attempt of the kind, if we remember rightly, was the celebrated motion of Sir Edward Deering in 1640 a motion identical in effect with that of Sir James Graham—the first blow, as he who made it confessed with sorrow, in that attack upon the Church, by which Church and Monarchy were ruined. Still we are scarcely inclined to blame the course pursued on the present occasion. Here is a man clinging for lucre to the profits of a station—the duties of which he does not even *pretend* an intention of fulfilling—clinging, in defiance and mockery of the *unanimous* remonstrances of all the persons concerned, to the number of twelve thousand! On the other side here is this man thrust upon the see of Exeter, in like defiance and mockery of the wishes of the parties most concerned, forced into a city where, as we have before observed, his entrance is to be acknowledged by closed windows, and all the forms of a general mourning!! Who will have the audacity to say, unless he be an actual or expectant pluralist, that this is not a case demanding animadversion and interference? It is true that viewing the results of Sir Edward Deering's motion, great caution and jealousy ought to be used in recognizing the authority of the House of Commons, and supporting a motion coming from a very questionable friend of the establishment. If evil, however, should arise, the Church will have none to thank but the apostate and temporizing prelates and dignitaries of her establishment, who yielded to the apocryphal tale of expediency, devised by the Wellingtons and Peels for their own private ends; and who, we firmly believe, would not hesitate one moment to sacrifice the revenues of the Church, nay, the Church itself, rather than resign their *lucrative* situations."

There is still another consideration, which ought not to be passed over in silence, especially as it is one, if not the leading cause, of the ill-will,



with which the existing ecclesiastical polity is viewed by many well-judging and upright men—and one, which cannot fail to become a principal feature in any debates upon the conduct of Dr. Phillpott. We allude to the *one thousand and fifty livings*, which fall short of *sixty pounds per annum*, and the vast number of *poor curates*, who do not receive even *that pittance*!

How, it will naturally be asked, can the well-being of a church be reconciled with such an unequal distribution of its wealth? On what principles of justice or propriety is a man like Phillpott, to hold a sinecure of five thousand five hundred pounds per annum! independent of episcopal honours and emoluments, whilst meritorious and consistent parish priests, who are a honour to their profession, and a blessing to the parishes and neighbourhoods in which they reside, are barely able to procure coarse food, and coarser clothing for their families. We are no advocates for an equalization of church property—we do not wish to see all gradations destroyed. But some modification is imperatively called for, and sincerely do we hope that the day is not far distant, when every parish will contain a resident minister, and the term *plurality* be expunged from the ecclesiastical vocabulary.

Some of our prelates are said to be hostile to the existing system, and those too who have possessed in former days more than *one*, or even *two* pieces of preferment. If their professions be sincere, which they will,

in all probability, very shortly have an opportunity of manifesting; we shall rejoice in the circumstance, from whatever source their new lights may have been derived. And earnestly do we recommend them to lose no time in devising a remedy for such crying evils. If the reform commences where it unquestionably ought, with the dignitaries themselves, all may yet be well; the Church may continue to be, what she has ever been since the Reformation, a real blessing to the country, and a bulwark of the state. On the other hand, should she resist all attempts at remodelling her system on an improved basis, or even should she remain supine, and take no steps to meet the impending danger, it is much to be feared that her enemies will compass her round about, and not leave one stone upon another to inform posterity what a beautiful structure the neglect of her own chosen watchmen and defenders suffered to fall into decay.

One word more; the unparalleled and glaring apostasy of Phillpott, *et hoc genus omne*, has done more in a few weeks to injure the establishment, than *all* the attacks of *all* the liberals, unitarians, and atheists combined, could have effected in a century. And, should he be countenanced by its supporters, and admitted as a worthy brother by the bench of bishops, the end may be easily anticipated. The venerable fabric, which has existed in such splendour for two centuries and a half, will fall to the ground, having been undermined by RATS!

\* \* Gentle Reader, since the above was written, the Wellington administration is defunct, and the Bishop Phillpott has been refused his *commendam*. This looks well for the cabinet of Lord Grey, who may depend upon it, that by purifying the Church, and punishing duplicity in her ministrants, he is preserving the most solid pillar of the fabric of the constitution. There is, however, one drawback to this piece of commendation. What could Lord Althorp mean by assuring the friends (!) of Phillpott that he was to have the first sinecure situation in the Church, as compensation for the loss of Stanhope. If this be so, the Ministers will be playing fast and loose with the people; for it will only be taking away with one hand, to give with the other; and falling into the line of action so indignantly scouted in regard to the late Ministry by the voice of the public—namely, that tergiversation in politics, and apostasy to the church, are to be rewarded. We hope ministers will not hazard their new born popularity by so objectionable a course.

As to the apostate himself, it has been said on his behalf, that he was adverse to Catholic emancipation (!) This is a most brazen assertion, and the public will not let it pass—for, indeed, it makes the matter worse. Hating the act—and concurring in the act—is he not doubly criminal?

## CRUTHERS AND JONSON; OR, THE OUTSKIRTS OF LIFE.

## A TRUE STORY.

WHAT feeling of our nature is so universally approved, as that of Friendship? Unlike all others, it appears to be capable of no excess, and to unite every suffrage in its favour: the more vehement, the more enthusiastic it is, we applaud it the more; and men of all climes and habits, the saint, the savage, and the sage, unite in our applauses. It is, in fact, the great balsam of existence, "the brook that runneth by the way," out of which the wearied sons of Adam may all drink comfort and refreshment to nerve them in the toils of life's parched and dusty journey. It communicates a dignity and calm beauty to the humblest lot; and without it the loftiest is but a shining desert.

I myself like friendship as well as any man likes it, and I feel a pleasure in reflecting that the story I am now to write will afford one well authenticated instance of that noble sentiment. Not that by this remark I mean to excite unfounded expectation, nor that I have ought very marvellous to say either about passions of the mind or exploits displaying them. I have, in truth, no moving tragedy to set forth; no deed of heroism or high adventure; nothing of your Pythias and Damon, your Theseus and Pinthous. My heroes were not Kings of Athens or Children of the Cloud; but honest Lairds of Annandale. They never braved the rage of Dionysius dooming them to die, never went down to Hades that they might flirt with Proserpine, or slaughter the mastiff Cerberus: yet they were true men "in their own humble way;" men tried in good and evil hap, and not found wanting; their history seems curious enough, if I can tell it rightly, to deserve some three minutes of attention from an idle man; especially in times so stupid and prosaic as these; times of monotony and safety, and matter of fact, where affections are measured by the tale of guineas, where people's fortunes are exalted, and their purposes achieved by the force, not of the arm or of the heart; but of the

spinning-jennie and the steam-engine. I proceed with my narrative.

In the early part of the last century, the parish school-house of Hoddam, a low squat building by the Edinburgh highway side, could number among its daily visitants two boys of the names of Cruthers and Jonson, who at first agreed in nothing, except in the firm determination shewn by each to admit of no superior. Such a principle, maintained by one individual, might possibly have led to very pleasing results, in so far as that one was concerned: maintained by two, it led to nothing but broils and bickerings, hard words and harder blows. Without end or number were their squabbles. In every feat of scholarship or mischief, whether it were to expound the venerable Dilworth's system of arithmetic within doors, or to work some devilry without; to lead the rival gangs of "English men and Scots," to clank the old kirk-bell, or venture on the highest and brittlest boughs of the ash-trees and yews that grew around, still these two were violent competitors, and by their striving far outstript the rest. Frequently, of course, they came to sparring, in which they would exhibit all the energy and animation of Antellus and Dares, or even of Molyneux and Crib. The boy Cruthers was decidedly the better boxer; he was stronger than Jonson, could beat him whenever he chose; and in time came to choose it very often. Jonson had more of the Socratic than of the Stoic philosopher in his turn of mind: he could not say "thou mayest beat the case of Jonson—himself thou canst not reach;" on the contrary, he felt too clearly that himself was reached, and as all his attempts to remedy the evil but made it worse, the exasperation of his little heart was extreme. On one occasion, when the fortune of battle had again declared against him, and Cruthers was thrashing his outward man with more than usual vigour, poor Jonson started from his grasp all covered with bruises, and clenching his fist in the

face of his enemy, he swore, with the tears streaming from his eyes, and in a voice half-choaked by sobs, that before the sun went down Cruthers should rue this. So threatening he went away.

It was morning when this occurred, and the comments on it did not cease till the arrival of the redoubted Mr. Scroggs, the gaunt and sallow-visaged Dominie, in whose presence all jarring passions died into a timid calm. I know not what feelings Cruthers had while the hours rolled on, or whether he had any; but apparently they were forgotten, when, at mid-day, Jonson's absence had not been inquired into, and the hot cabin vomited forth its exulting population to frolic their gamesome hour beneath the clear summer sky. Of the boys, some arranged themselves for pitch-and-toss, some preferred marbles, others shinty; the girls produced their skipping-ropes, or set to pile their bits of crockery into a "dresser;" in short the whole "green" was swarming with a noisy throng of little men and little women, all bustling because each corner of the earth was yet full of motives to allure them; all happy because they had not yet been smitten with the curse of passions or the malady of thought. The grim carrier, as he drove his groaning wain past them, and trailed his own weary limbs over the burnt highway along with it, wondered why the deuce they did not go to sleep when they could get it done. The laird himself, as he whirled by in a cloud of dust, with his steeds, his beef-eaters, and his paraphernalia, looked out from his yellow chariot upon them, then within upon his own sick and sated soul, and would have cursed the merry brats, had he not consoled himself by recollecting that, in a few years, want, and hardship, and folly, would make them all as wretched as plenty, and pleasure, and folly had made him. In fact, it was a scene which Mr. Wordsworth would have gone some miles to see; would have whined over for a considerable time; and most likely would have written a sonnet or two upon.

But nothing earthly is destined to continue: the flight of a given number of minutes would have put an end to all this revelry at any rate; an unexpected incident put an end

to it more effectually and sooner. The game was at the hottest; chuck-farthing waxed more interesting every moment, rope-skipping was become a rage, shinties were flying in fragments, shins were being broken, all was tumult, happiness, and hurly-burly, when all at once the vanquished Jonson appeared upon the Green, with a fierce though sedate look upon his countenance, and what was worse—a large horse-pistol in his hand! All paused at sight of him; the younger boys and all the girls uttered a short shrill shriek, and Cruthers grew as pale as milk. What might have been the issue is uncertain, for the sudden silence and the short shriek had in them something strange enough to alarm the vigilance of Mr. Scroggs—busy at the time within doors, expounding to the Ecclefechan exciseman some more abstruse departments of the mystery of gauging. Throwing down his text-book, that invaluable compend, the *Young Man's Best Companion*, he forthwith sallied from his noon-tide privacy, and solemnly inquired what was the matter. The matter was investigated, the pistol given up, and after infinite higgling the truth flashed out as clear as day. The Dominie's jaw sank a considerable fraction of an ell; his colour went and came; he said, with a hollow tone, "The Lord be near us!" and sat down upon a stone by the wall-side, clasping his temples with both his hands, and then stooping till he grasped the whole firmly between his knees, to try if he could possibly determine what was to be done in this strange business. He spoke not for the space of three minutes and a half; the whole meeting was silent except for whispers; the rivals did not even whisper.

By degrees, however, when the first whirl of terror and confusion had a little subsided, the dim outlines of the correct decision began to dawn upon the bewildered soul of Mr. Scroggs. He saw that one of the boys must leave him: the only question now was which. He knew that Cruthers's father was a staunch yeoman, Laird of Breconhill, which he ploughed indeed with his own hands—but in a way that made him well to pass in money matters, that enabled him on Sun-

days to ride forth upon a stout sleek nag, to pay his way on all occasions, and to fear no man. He knew at the same time that Jonson's father was likewise a Laird, and one that disdained to plough; but also that though his rank was higher, his purse was longer in the neck; that, in short, Knockhill was but a spendthrift; that he loved to hunt and gamble; and that his annual consumpt of whisky was very great. Mr. Scroggs was a gentleman that knew the world; he had learned to calculate the power of men and their various influences upon himself and the public; he felt the full force of that beautiful proposition in arithmetic, that one and one make two; he at length made up his mind. "You, Jonson," said he, rising gradually, "you have broken the peace of the school; you have been a quarrelsome fellow, and when Cruthers got the better of you, in place of yielding or complaining to me, you have gone home privily and procured fire-arms, with intent, as I conceive, to murder, or at least mortally affright, a fellow Christian, an honest man's child; which, by the law of Moses, as you find in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, and also by various acts of Parliament, is a very heinous crime: you likewise owe me two quarters of school-wages, which I do not expect you will ever pay; you cannot be here any longer. Go your ways, sirrah, and may all that's ill among us go with you!"

Apparently this most frank statement excited no very definite idea in Jonson's mind; at least he stood motionless on hearing it, his eyes fixed and tearless, his teeth clenched, his nostrils dilated, all his frame displaying symptoms of some inward agony by which his little mind was torn, but indicating no settled purpose of acting either this way or that. Most persons would have pitied him; but Mr. Scroggs was free from that infirmity: he had felt no pity during many years for any but himself. Cruthers was younger and more generous: touched to the quick at his adversary's forlorn situation, he stepped forward, and bravely signified that himself was equally to blame, promising, moreover, that if the past could be forgiven, he would so live with Jonson as to give no cause for cen-

sure in the future. "Let us both stay," he said, "and we will never quarrel more." Tears burst from Jonson's eyes at this unexpected proposal; the Dominie himself, surprised and pleased, inquired if he was willing to stand by it; for answer he stretched out his hand and grasped that of Cruthers in silence. "Well! blessed are the peace-makers," observed Mr. Scroggs, "blessed indeed—see that it be so—see that, &c. &c. Boys," continued he, "this is a braw business certainly; these two callants (gallants) have done very manfully—hem!—you shall have this afternoon in holiday to—." A universal squeal returned him loud and shrill acclaim; the sun-burnt urchins capered, pranced, and shouted; in their souls they blessed the two rivals, danced round them for a few minutes, then darted off by a hundred different paths; while the Dominie, with his raw-boned pupil, Mr. Candlewick, the gauger, returned to their studies with fresh alacrity.

Not so Cruthers and Jonson. They were left together, glad as any other pair, but with a more serious gladness. They were not in haste to go home, having much to tell each other. Two grown-up persons would have felt very awkward in their place; would have hemm'd and haw'd, and said a great many insipidities, attempting, perhaps honestly, to break the ice of ceremony, but in vain—sincerely desirous to be reconciled, yet obliged to part chagrined and baffled, and praying mutually that they might never meet again. The boys managed better. In a moment they got over head and ears in each other's confidence; proposed an afternoon's nesting together; strolled over the green fields and copses, recapitulating all the while their former feuds and conflicts, each taking the whole blame upon himself—communicating, too, their little hopes and projects, admiring each other heartily, and feeling the pleasure of talking increase every moment. Wearied, at length, by wandering in many a shady dingle, many a sunny holm, they sat down upon a bright green hillock, in the midst of what is now called the Duke's Meadow, and agreed that it would soon be time to part.

It was a lovely evening, as I have

been told, and the place itself is not without some charms. Around them lay an undulating tract of green country, sprinkled with trees and white cottages, hanging on the sunny sides of the declivities. Cattle lowing afar off in the closes; ploughmen driving home their wearied teams; and columns of blue peat-smoke, rising from every chimney within sight, gave notice that the goodwives were cooking their husbands' frugal supper. In front, the Annan rolled to the eastward, with a full and clear current, a shrill, quiet, rushing tone, through woods of beech and sycamore, all glancing and twinkling in the evening sheen. On the left rose Woodcockair, to which the rook was making wing, and Repentance Hill, with its old Border watch-tower, now inhabited by ghosts and pigeons; while to the right, and far away, the great red disc of the sun, among its curtains of flaming cloud, was hanging over the shoulder of Criffel, and casting a yellow, golden light athwart the whole frith of Solway; on the other side of which, St. Bees' Head, with all the merry ports and granges of Cumberland, swelled gradually up into the hills, where Skiddaw, and Helvellyn, and a thousand nameless peaks, towered away into the azure vault, and shone as if they had been something far better than they were.

These boys were no poets. Indeed, except the author of Lagg's elegy and Macnay, whose ode, beginning with

"A joiner lad has ta'en a trip  
Across the Atlantic in a ship,"

—(not a cart, or washing-tub, the usual method of conveyance)—has been much admired by the literary world, Annandale has had few poets of note, and no philosopher but "Henderson *On the Breeding of Swine*;" yet the beauty of such a scene, the calm, rich, reposing loveliness of nature, will penetrate into the fullest heart. These poor fellows felt its influence, though they knew it not; disposing them to peace and friendliness, and generous purposes, beyond the low rudeness of their customary way of life. They took each other's hands—the right in the right, the left in the left, crosswise, though they had no leaning to Popery—and there promised solemnly that they would ever be friends, would back each other

out in every quarrel, assist each other in purse and person while they lived; and, to close all, they added a stipulation, that when one died, the other, if within seas at the time, should see his comrade quietly laid in earth, and their friendship, never broken in this world, consigned devoutly to the prospects of a better. It is not recorded, that any thunder was heard in the sky to ratify this vow—any flight of eagles to the right hand or to the left—or any flight of any thing—except, indeed, the flapping, staggering, hovering half-flight of an old and care-worn goose, busily engaged in hatching nine addle eggs by the side of a neighbouring brook, and just then issuing forth with much croaking, and hissing, and blustering—less, I fear, to solemnize their engagement, than to seek her evening ration, of which, at that particular date, she felt a strong and very urgent need. It were pity that no such prodigy occurred; for the promise was made in singular circumstances, and, what is stranger still, was faithfully observed. Cruthers and Jonson "never quarrelled more."

I lament exceedingly that my ambition of minuteness and fidelity has led me to spin out this history of half a solar day into a length so disproportionate. I lament still more, that the yawning of my readers warns me how needful it is to be more concise in future. I would willingly illustrate by examples, and otherwise dilate upon, the friendship of these two youths, having no brothers by relationship, but now more than brothers to each other. A multitude of battles fought side by side—of wild passages by flood and field—of pranks, and gallantry, and roystering within doors and without, which the faithful records of tradition still keep note of, are rising on my fancy; but I must waive them all. Suffice it to conceive, that, through the usual course of joy and sorrow, of rustic business, rustic pleasure—now in sunshine, now in storm—the two stripplings had expanded into men; had each succeeded to his father's inheritance; had each assumed the features of the character and fortune he was like to bear through life.

Cruthers looked upon himself as a fortunate person. He had found a thriving farm, a well-replenished

purse, awaiting him; he possessed an active, hardy spirit, and "four strong bones;" and, having no rank to maintain, no man's humour but his own to gratify, he felt a certain sufficiency and well-providedness about him, out of which it was natural that a sort of careless independence and frank self-help should spring and find their nourishment. He was, in fact, a ruddy-faced, strong-limbed, large, good-natured, yet indomitable fellow. There was nothing of the lion in his aspect; yet if you had looked upon his broad Scotch countenance, bespeaking so much force, and shrewdness, and unwearied perseverance, the substantial snugness of his attire, the attitude of slow, unpretending fearlessness with which he bore himself—there was none you would have hesitated more to injure, none whose enmity and friendship would have seemed more strongly contrasted. He had lately married a buxom, nut-brown maid of the neighbourhood; had given up all his frolics, and was now become a staid and solid yeoman. He speculated little upon what are called general subjects. He knew nothing of the "political relations of Europe," or the "balance of the British constitution;" but he understood the prices of grain and farm produce at all the markets of the county, and could predict the issue of Brough-hill and St. Faith's cattle fairs with a spirit which resembled that of prophecy. He considered little what might be the foundation of morals, or the evidence for the immortality of the soul; but he paid his teinds duly, and went to church every Sunday. He loved his wife and dependents with a strong and honest, though a rude affection; and would have lent his friend a score or two of guineas as willingly as any man.

With Jonson again all this was different. Heir to a dilapidated fortune and a higher title, his first effort was to retrieve the one that he might support the other. Baffled in this laudable attempt, baffled after long and zealous perseverance, he experienced a chagrin, which but for the honest cordiality of his nature, would have made him a misanthropist. It grieved him to look upon the bright glades and meadows of Knockhill, to think that he had received them from a long line of an-

cestors, and most probably must transmit them to the auctioneer. He had aimed at many high adventurous objects; had meant to be a soldier, a man of the sea, or at least a rich and happy squire. He now saw himself condemned to be a nameless thing—perhaps a bankrupt and a beggar. These thoughts galled him sorely, they had vexed him to the very heart: yet what was to be done? Zeno would have counselled him to *suffer and abstain*; Jonson determined to do neither. Unprepared to meet and vanquish the spectre Care, he studied to avoid it: he hunted, rode, and visited; let debts and mortgages accumulate as they would; he talked, and trifled, and frolicked, studying to still uneasy thoughts by every method in his power. Yet unsuccessfully. He had a keen and sensitive, though volatile and gamesome mind within him; an active longing temper, and an aimless life. It is hard to exist in quietness without a purpose; hard to cast away anticipation when you have nothing to hope; harder still when you have every thing to fear. Jonson could not keep himself at peace in idleness, and he had nought to do. It seemed probable that he would take to whisky, and the seduction of serving-maids at last, and men who looked upon him grieved at this. He was in truth a tall, stately, gallant-looking person as you could have seen; his dark thick locks, his smooth and mild yet proud and spirit-speaking face; his quick blue eyes, through which the soul "peeped wildly," speaking to the careless but of gaiety and wit, and young cheerfulness; but to others, speaking of a deep and silent pool of sorrow, over which mirth was playing only as a fitful sunbeam to gild, not to warm; all this inspired you at first sight with an interest in him, which his courteous, though quaint and jestful manners, his affectionate and generous temper, converted into permanent good will. He was accordingly a universal favourite; yet he lived unhappily as unprofitably; restless yet inactive; ever gay without; yet ever dreary, often dark within. His disposition and his fortune seemed quite at variance: men of prudence and worldly wisdom would shake their heads whenever you pronounced his name.

Such was the state of matters at the beginning of the memorable year 1745. It appears strange, that the conduct of Maria Theresa and the elector of Bavaria should have influenced the conduct of the Laird of Knockhill: yet so it was, for all things are hooked together in this world. Mathematicians say you cannot let your penknife drop without moving the entire solar system; and I have heard it proved by logicians, who distinguished strongly between what was imperceptible and what was null, that you could not tie your neckcloth well or ill, without in time communicating some impressions of it to all the generations of the world. So much for *causes and effects*; concerning which see the metaphysicians of Edinburgh, who have illuminated this matter, in my humble opinion, with a philosophic precision for which the world cannot be too grateful. Jonson knew or cared nothing about metaphysics but the echo of the Highland bagpipe screwing forth its wild tune, "Welcome Royal Charlie," was to him what the first red streak of the morning is to a man, who being unfortunately overtaken with liquor overnight, has wandered long, long through bogs and quagmires, and scraggy moors; and thought the day was not intending to break at all. Jonson was but half a Jacobite; but he was wholly sick of idleness. Beyond a kind of natural partiality for the descendant of his own kings—increased too and purified in his eyes by hereditary feelings, and the preference of a bold heroic character, like Charles Edward to the "lumpish thick-headed German Laird" whom they had made a sovereign of at London—he cared little about Guelph or Stewart: but he thought there would be cutting and slashing in abundance, before the thing was settled; he longed to put in his sickle in this sorry harvest, and to gather riches and renown, or fierce adventure and a speedy fate along with the rest. So he stored his purse with all the guineas he had in the world; put a few articles of dress in his saddle bags, a pair of pistols in the bow; begirt himself with an old Ferrara of his grandfather's, mounted his best horse, and arrived in Edinburgh the same day with Prince Charles.

No doubt the "modern Athens" shewed a curious face on that occasion. Would that I might describe the look things had! the odd mixture of alarm, astonishment, inquisitiveness, and caution; the sight of Duncan Forbes and the public functionaries, with all their signets, mares, wigs, and rolls, tag-rag and bobtail; the burghers shutting up their shops, and hastily secreting their goods and chattels; the rabble crowding every street, intent on witnessing the show, as they could lose nothing by it; the wild, rusty, withered red shanks of the mountains mingled with them, wonderstruck at the sight of slated houses, and men with clothes on, yet ever mindful of their need of *prog*-seeking snuff, and brimstone, and herings, in tones which you would have supposed mere human organs incapable of uttering, but with looks which told their meaning well enough, horses, carts, and coaches rushing on; men, women, and children, gaping, gazing, wondering, hurrying; bugles, cannons, bagpipes, drums, tumult, uproar, and confusion worse confounded! But I must forbear dilating on these matters. It is enough for me that Jonson was received with pleasure as a volunteer, presented with the Prince's hand to kiss, and enrolled among his troop of horse, in which certainly there was no more hopeful cavalier to be discovered from one end to the other.

Jonson never liked to speak much about Prestonpans: he felt a natural reserve on that point. Once or twice, however, he was known to compare notes on the affair with the Ecclefechan barber, a long necked, purse-mouthed, tall, thin lath of a man, who had been there also as a private soldier on the other side. The barber candidly admitted, that he knew little of the matter: he was aroused from his grassy bed, early in a cold raw morning by a furious shriek of the Highlanders, and a cheer from his own sergeant (accompanied by a kick on the side,) that he would "stand to his arms," which he, though little zealous in the cause, yet making shift to gather his long spider limbs together, did at length accomplish; he fired twice, though without taking aim, indeed the second time without loading, being a good deal struck by

the grandeur of the scene, and the whirling and sweeping of the Celts on that side, but looking round to see what was going on in the rear, he clearly discovered across the open space that beloved general, galloping as fast as four feet could carry him, in the direction not of the rebels but of Dunbar, and right against the wind as it seemed, for his tie wig with all its tails, and hobs, and tassels, was to be seen floating out behind him with a most free expansion of all its parts. Whereupon the barber, mindful of the precept he had learned at school, *millitum est suo duci parere*, followed after his commanding officer, to get orders, I suppose, throwing down his gun that he might go the faster. They talked of hanging or shooting him for this afterwards; but fate was kinder to him than he thought: he returned unhurt to his own country, where he brayed out church-music every Sunday, and shaved or flayed some hundred sandy beards every Saturday for many years.

Jonson on the other hand declared, that it was rather frightful, but *very* grand to see the fire of the red coats rolling and flashing through the grey dawn: the first volley killed his right hand man; and the whole mass stood so compactly, and seemed to act so simultaneously, it was almost like some immense fiery serpent of the nether abyss, spitting forth a quick destruction in the faces of all who approached it. But he soon lost heed of it: the irregular shots and volleys bursting from his own party, the scream of a hundred bagpipes between whiles, the tramp of horse and foot, the jostling, crushing, shouting, yelling, soon made him mad as any of them; and he dashed against the enemy, in a sort of frenzy, forgetful of all moments and all places but the present. Of his deeds and sufferings in the fight he seldom spoke: but there is one incident which I learned from another quarter, and must not here omit. The Prince's or Pretender's cavalry being in the very hottest of the mêlée, came upon the volunteer troop of Glasgow fusiliers, which still maintained their ground, partly because they were too heavy for running well. The colonel of this gallant corps, mounted on a huge, staking

Shag-boss, and reared in the folds of a large felt great coat, rode out and struck about him furiously, not in the straight and parade way, but in circles and curves, to the right and to the left, above him and below, so that his iron seemed every where and no where; and had his strength continued, he might have beggared all attack, and formed a kind of living *cheval-de-frise*. His weapon struck Jonson on the head, with a force which assured the latter that his skull was fractured, whereupon aiming a dreadful blow at the manufacturer, he hewed off as it seemed a whole flank from him, and sent his horse, on which he still stuck as if by miracle for a few seconds, to the remotest corner of the field. The Glasgow fusiliers set up a doleful cry, and then laid down their arms. Jonson did not fall; but found his hat had lost half the crown, and the whole right side of the top, and the Glasgow colonel's left quarter proved to be in truth the left pocket and skirt of his felt great coat, smitten off at the expense of his horse's ribs and of Jonson's blade, and found to enwrap in it three sandwiches, some five or six black puddings, one tobacco box, and a very superior flask of Antigua rum. The colonel lived long after, making mince and drinking cold punch; but his surtout was rendered altogether useless, and his steed halted to its dying day.

Jonson proceeded with the left division of the Celts into England, where was much harrying and spoiling, much hardship inflicted and sustained; till, in the county of Derby, they turned their backs on London, and Jonson began to reckon himself a broken man. Some gloomy thoughts he had, no doubt, but there existed in his mind a native elasticity which kept him far from desponding; besides he was started to suffering, had walked all his life in thorny ways; he found in active hardship, and bold though unsuccessful hazard, even a kind of pleasure when contrasted with the dull obstruction, the painful care under which he had laboured so long already. At any rate he believed that dark reflection was a necessary evil, that came when he might a merry heart would never get, so he took no thought for the mor-



row ;" but laughed and joered, and held along, telling his companions pleasant stories as they rode, enjoying good cheer whenever it came ; which indeed was seldom, and comforting himself and others with the hopes of it, when it did not come. At Clifton Moor, his last sole faithful servant, his " gallant gray" sank down and bit the earth, by the bullet of an English carabine. Jonson would have hewed the thief that shot it into fragments, could he have found him ; but he could not ; so he walked onward to Carlisle, with as much contentedness as he could muster. Here he found the Celts in very low spirits, all giggling about who should be left in the " garrison," as they called it. Each of them was willing to be hanged the last. Jonson volunteered immediately to stay : he liked not travelling on foot, and wished at any rate to see the end of the business as soon as might be. Four brick walls said to have been built by the worthy Prince *Luel*, in this his *caer*, or fortress, about the time of Solomon, King of Israel, four walls so old, and three venerable honey-combed guns, which but for the date of Swartz the Monk, might have looked equally old ; the whole manned by some five and forty meagre, blue-eyed Highlandmen, without enough of powder, and destitute of snuff or whisky, could be expected to make no mighty stand against the Duke of Cumberland and his German engineers. Accordingly they did not. That mighty prince, so venerated for his clemencies in the north country, and after for his firmness of soul at Kloster-sieben, got cannon out of Whitehaven, and battered the old ugly brick-kiln of a castle on every side. Jonson, with a few of his comrades, thought to make some answer to these volleys, and stood flourishing their lipstocks over their three loaded rusty pieces of artillery : but the issue proved unfortunate. One burst into fragments like a potsherd, knocking out an eye and breaking a leg of the ill-fated gunner ; the other fired indeed, and sent a twelve-pound shot into the very heart of a neighbouring peat-stack, but sprang back from its carriage at the same instant, and overturning a spavined baggage-horse by the way, plunged far into the mud of the deep castle

well, where it has never since been heard of ; while Jonson's with a smaller effort fired also, but through the touch-hole, discharging not the ball, or even the wad, but a whirlwind of smoky flame, which seared and begrimed the bystanders, leaving Jonson himself unburnt certainly, but black as a raven and desperate of saving the place. So they yielded, as needs men must who cannot resist any longer : they beat the chaineade duly, and before night were all safely accommodated with cells in the donjon, there to await the decision of an English jury, and his Majesty's commission of oyer and terminer, which followed in the rear of the victors.

Jonson bore his imprisonment and the prospect of his death with fortitude. Weaker men than he have found means to compose themselves, and meet the extremity of fate without complaint. There seems, indeed, to be something in the idea of grim necessity, which silences repining ; when you know that it *must* be, your sole resource is, *let it be*. Jonson had not read *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*, or either of Mr. Coleridge's *Lay Sermons*, but he had a frank and cheery spirit in him, and a stubborn will, and these were better. Of course he experienced a certain overshadowing of the soul, when they fettered him with irons, and first locked up his dungeon ; some dreary yearnings when he thought of fice skies and fields, and merry life ; himself shut up the while, and never more to see the sun, except when it should light him to his doom. Solitude and silence gave birth to feelings still more painful. The visions of early hope again dawned in all their brightness, when the day of their fulfilment was cut off for ever. He felt it hard that one so young, so full of life should perish miserably, hard, with the fierce consciousness of what he might have done, might still do ; hard, that the purposes, the powers, the boiling ardour of his soul, the strong cry of its anguish, should be smothered alike, and closed in by dead impediments which could not, could not be passed over. But what availed its hardness ? Who would help him ? Who would deliver ? He almost wept when he thought of childish carelessness and sports, and the green sunny braes of

his native Annandale, and of his mother; how she used to wrap him in his little bed at nights, and watch over him; and shield him from every danger. Gone now to the land of night and silence! and he, her luckless boy, clutched in the iron grasp of fate, to meet his stern doom, alone, unpitied, uncared for; the few true hearts that still loved him, far away. And then, *to die!* to mingle with the gloomy ministers of the unseen world, whose nature he knew not, but whose shadowy manifestations he viewed with awe unspeakable! all this he thought of, and it was vain to think of it—vain to gaze and ponder over the abysses of eternity, the black and shoreless ocean into which he must soon be launched. No ray would strike across the scene—or only with a fitful glimmer which but made it ghastlier and more dubious; but shewed it to be a place of dreariness and doubt, and haggard desolation, to which he must soon enter, and whence he would never return.

A prey to these and worse disquietudes, poor Jonson felt all the misery of his forlorn situation. Often he would sit for long hours immersed in thought, till he became almost unconscious of external things. By times he would stamp quickly and sternly across the damp pavement of his dungeon—by times he would pause, and, grasping his iron gyves, his countenance would darken with a scowl which spoke unutterable things. Of immeasurable agony it spoke. But of craven yielding to it, or of weak despair? No! he never yielded to it—never dreamt of yielding. What good was it to yield? To be self-despised—to be triumphed over—to be *pitied* of the scurvy rabble that watched him! This would have stung him worse than all. He could not make his heart insensible, or cleanse it of “that perilous stuff” which weighed upon it; but he could keep it *silent*, and his only consolation was in doing so. His spirit was strong and honest, if not stainless—his life had not been spent on down—he had long been learning to endure. So he locked up his thoughts, whatever they were, within himself—his own mind was the only witness of its conflicts. I know not if he doubted the motives of some ghostly comforters—some city clergy that came at first to visit

him, and urge him to confession and repentance. Perhaps he had not faith sufficient in their nostrums—perhaps his Presbyterian prejudice was shocked at the prelatical formalities, the exceeding primness of these small people—tripping in so gingerly, with their shovel hats and silk hose, looking so precise and pragmatical—so very satisfied with their own precious lot and character. At any rate he would not trade with them; refused to come or go with them at all; he welcomed them and gave them leave with a thousand civilities, but said he meant to meet the issue on his own resources. The task was difficult, but he effected it. No paltry jailor, no little dapper parson ever saw a furrow on his countenance—ever imagined that he felt one twinge within. He talked as carelessly, and seemed to live as calmly, even gaily, as man could talk and live.

Thus Jonson passed his days till the Judges arrived, and the work of death began to proceed with vigour. Already many of his comrades had gone forth to Harribee, and bowed their necks beneath the axe of the headsman; when he, in his turn, was haled before the bar. Of the crowded court, some gloomed upon him; others pitied the tall and gallant fellow who was soon to lie so low; the most looked quietly on as at a scenic spectacle, which was very solemn and interesting—which might be hard for some of the actors, but nothing save a show for *them*. The guards escorted him—the men of law went through their formularies. At length the presiding Judge inquired, *what* he had to say why sentence should not pass against him? Jonson answered, that he had little or nothing to say; he believed he had broken their regulations—they had the upper hand at present, and he saw not why they should not work their will. He was accordingly condemned to lose his head within three days; and sent back to prison with many admonitions, (which he received with great composure and civility,) to prepare for his last removal.

How different was the state of Cruithers in the mean time. A stranger to all these scenes of peril and adventure, tilling the clayey acres of Breconhill, he cared not for the rise or fall of dynasties. He had never med-

dled for the Celtic rebels, or against them, with his will—had quietly seen their ragged gipsy host move over the Cowdens height within a furlong of his door—had grumbled and cursed a little when their rear-guard stole three sheep from him—and heartily wished them at the devil when they seized upon himself as a man of substance that might benefit their cause, and carried him down with them to Ecclefechan, threatening to kill him if he would not join with them, or pay well for a dispensation. Whisky, the great solvent of nature, delivered him from this latter accident. He fairly drank five of them beneath the table of Curlie's change-house, and felled the remaining three to the earth, with a fist large as the head of an ox, and potent as the hammer of Thor ; then sprang to the street—to the fields—to the moors—and ran like "the hind let loose," and never saw them more.

This storm blown over, Cruthers betook him to his usual avocations, and went out and came in as if there had been no rebellion in the land. He was planted by his clean hearth one evening, before a bright blazing fire, with his youngest boy upon his knee, the goodwife and her tidy maids all spinning meanwhile, "studious of household good," when a neighbour sauntered in, and told, by way of news, that "Knockhill" was tried and sentenced at Carlisle. The heart of Cruthers smote him ; he had been too careless in the day of his friend's extreme need. He felt a coldness within when he remembered their youthful passages—their *promise*, and how it was to be fulfilled. He arose, and gave orders to have a horse ready for him by the earliest dawn. The goodwife attempted to dissuade him, by talk about difficulties, dangers, and so forth ; but she persisted not—knowing that his will, once fairly spoken, was like the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not.—Next morning, by daybreak, he was on the road to Carlisle.

It was late at night when he gained admittance to the prison. Obstacles he had met with, delays and formalities without number. These, at length adjusted, he penetrated into the place—tired and jaded, as well as sad. The bolts and doors which croaked and grated as they moved,

the low-winding passages and the pale and doubtful light which a few lamps shed over them, sickened his free heart still more. In fine, he was admitted to the cell of his comrade. The soul of the rude yeoman melted at the sight ; he took Jonson's hand in silence, and the tears trickled down his hard visage as he looked round upon the apparatus of captivity, and thought of what had brought him to view it. Jonson was not less moved : this look of genuine sympathy, the first shewn towards him for many days, had well-nigh overpowered him ; it broke in upon the harsh and stubborn determinations with which he had meant to meet the catastrophe of to-morrow ; it was like to make a girl of him too. He hastened to begin speaking ; and succeeded, by degrees, in dispelling the gloom of his companion's mind, and restoring the serenity of his own. After a hundred questions and replies, and rejoinders, from both parties, about old occurrences and late, about home and friends, and freedom from the one, about foes and durance, and a prison from the other, when the night was already waning, Jonson paused, and, looking at his friend, "My good William," he said, "this is indeed very kind of you ; it shews me that you are a true man ; long afterwards your own mind will reward you for it : nevertheless, it may not be : these bloodhounds will mark you if you look after me to-morrow, or shew any symptoms of care for me ; they will bring you into trouble for it, and it cannot come to good. I recollect our promise well—what a bright evening that was !—but never mind ; the official people will find a place to lay me in—what matters it where or how I lie ? You shall stay with me two hours here ; then mount—and home, while the way is clear. Nay, I insist upon it !" Cruthers stoutly rejected this command, declared that he would never leave him in this extremity, he cared not what might come of it ; he absolutely would not go. Jonson was obliged to acquiesce in his companion's honest wilfulness ; he consented, though reluctantly, and the conversation proceeded as before. Cruthers felt amazed at his mood of mind : there was no sign of drooping or despondency in him ; but hearti-

ness and cheerfulness as if the morrow had been to be for him a mere common day. Nothing seemed to cloud his spirits—he seemed to have balanced his accounts with this world and the next, and to be now abiding his stern appointment without wavering. In fact, his mind felt a sort of exaltation—a pride in what it had already endured, in the certainty of what it could still endure; and this feeling shed a degree of splendour over his cloudy horizon—gilded with a kind of hope, the lowering whirlwind of his thoughts, which had well-nigh mastered him at first, but now was sunk into a “grim repose”—to awake and rage but once, for a few short moments of mortal agony, and then be hushed for ever. He had roused his spirit to its noblest pitch to meet that fierce, though brief extremity he knew that he could meet it rightly—and then his task was done. So he felt a sullen calmness within, a fixed intensity of purpose; over which a cheerful composure with those that loved him, a bitter contempt for those that hated him, had alike some room to shew themselves, and thus to decorate with a fit and moving interest the parting hour of a brave, though unhappy, man.

The former disposition he was now exhibiting; the latter he had soon occasion to exhibit. While yet speaking, they were interrupted by a bustle in the passage. Presently the door opened; and the turnkey, a rough lean savage of the country, entered, escorting two undertakers with a coffin: it was to lie there till wanted. Jonson viewed it with a smile; was afraid it would be too short: “you see,” said he, “I am six feet two, or thereby.” “Short!” said the turnkey, “six feet two!—recollect, friend, that your head is to be cut off to-morrow, and stuck upon a pike over the gates.” “Very just, my dear Spoonbill,” replied the prisoner, “*that alters the case entirely*. You are a judicious man, Captain Spoonbill: I might have forgot that. Heaven keep you, my beloved Spoonbill! You have done here!” “Yes!” “Then bless us with your absence, noble captain! retire—evacuate—vanish!—there!—peace be with you, best of all the Spoonbills!”

In spite of this interruption, their

conversation continued as before. Jonson loaded his companion with commissions and memorials for friends and dependants; explained his own ideas about death and immortality—connecting both very strangely with recollections of the world he was just about to quit, and spreading over all a colouring of native stout-heartedness and good humour, which astonished Cruthers, and deepened the sorrow of his rude but kindly heart, as he thought that so frank, and true, and brave a spirit must never hold communion with him more. It was far in the morning when Jonson laid himself upon his hard bed—to seek, for the last time on earth, an hour’s repose.

Cruthers watched, meanwhile; gathered himself within his thick surtout, squeezed on his hat, and sat crouched together in the dreariest of all possible moods. He looked upon the dungeon, upon the coffin; he listened in the deep and dead silence of the place—nothing was heard but the breathing of his friend, now sunk in sweet forgetfulness,—and the slow ticking of the great prison clock, each heavy beat of which seemed to be striking off a portion of the small barrier that yet separated the firm land of time from the great devouring ocean of eternity. He shuddered at the thought of this; he tried to meditate upon the hopes of another life: dim shadows floated before his mind; but the past and the present intermingled with the future—each fleeting image chased away by one as fleeting—the wrecks and fragments of all thoughts and feelings hovering in his fancy—and overcasting them all, a sad and sable hue proceeding from the secret consciousness of what he strove to banish from his contemplations. He sank at length into a kind of stupor—that state where pain or pleasure continues, but their agitations cease—where feeling is no longer shapen into thought, but the mind rolls slowly to and fro, like some lake which the tempest has just given over breaking into billows, but still, though abated, keeps in motion. He had not slept, but he had been for some time nearly unconscious of external things, when his reverie was broken in upon by a loud noise at the door of the cell. Starting to his

feet in a paroxysm of horrible anticipation, as the bolts gave way, his eye lighted on the gaoler and another person, with boots and spurs, and a toil-worn aspect. Surely they were come to lead his friend to Harribee ! Without waiting to investigate their purposes, he seized both, scarce knowing what he did, and would have knocked their heads together, and then against the floor, had not the wail they made, and the noise of their entrance roused Jonson from his pallet ; who forthwith interposing, inquired what the matter was, and if the hour was come ? " Yes," said Spoonbill, " t'oor's coom, but thou's neet to."—" I bring you joyful news," said the other, " you are saved from death ! Observe his gracious Majesty's will and pleasure !—Read !"

Who shall describe the joy of these two friends ? None can describe it, or need, for all can conceive it well. Cruthers blessed the King a thousand times ; capered and stamped, and exclaimed, and raved for about an hour ; then paused a little to inquire about the circumstances, and see what yet remained to be done. The circumstances were quite simple. The court of London had ceased to fear, and grown tired of shedding useless blood : Jonson, with several others, were snatched from the executioner, their sentence being changed from death into a forfeiture of all their property, and a loss of country—~~—~~which they were ordered to quit without delay.

Behold the prisoner then again set free—again about to mingle in the rushing tide of life, from which a little while ago he seemed cut off for ever. His first sensation was gladness—vivid and unmingled as a human mind can feel : his next was gladness still, but dashed by cares which brought it nearer to the common temper. However, he was now unshackled ; he saw regrets and useless pains behind him, difficulty and toil before ; but he had got back the consciousness of vigorous and active existence, he felt the pulse of life beat full and free within him, and that was happiness of itself.

At any rate his present business was not to muse and speculate, but to determine and to do. In about a week after his deliverance, you might

have seen him busied about many tangible concerns, bustling to and fro for many purposes ; and at length hurrying along the pier of Whitehaven to step on board of a stout ship bound for the island of Jamaica. Cruthers left him—not without tears, or till he had forced upon him all the money in his purse ; then mounted the stairs of the lighthouse, waved his hat as the vessel cleared the head of the battlements, and turned his face sorrowfully towards home. Jonson felt a bitter pang as he parted from his last earthly friend, and saw himself borne speedily away into a far clime, with so very few resources to encounter its difficulties, and gain a footing in it. He was not of a sentimental humour ; but he did sigh when he saw, mellowed and azured in the distance, the bright fields of his native land ; the very braes, as he thought, which his fathers had held, and from which he was now driven like an outcast, never to behold them more. But reflections and regrets were unavailing : he had left the old world, no matter how, the only question was what plan should he adopt to get a living in the new. A question hard to answer ! All was obscure and overcast : he knew not what to think. He used to walk the deck alone, when they were out in the main sea, at nights, in the clear moonshine ; now looking over the vast blue dome of the sky, the wide and wasteful solitude of the everlasting ocean ; now listening to the moaning of the wind, the crackling of the cordage, or the ship's quick ripple as she ploughed the trackless deep ; now catching the rough chorus of the seamen in the galley on the watch, or their speech subdued into a kind of rude solemnity by the grandeur and perils of the scene ; now thinking of his own dreary fate, and striving to devise some remedy for it. All in vain ! He reached the shore of Kingston without any plan or purpose—save only to live in honesty, by some means, of what sort he knew not.

Such a state of mind was little favourable for enjoying the beautiful phases which the island successively assumed as they approached it. Jonson noticed it, indeed, when it rose like a bright shining wedge, at

the rim of the ocean, sailing, as it seemed, upon a fleecy continent of clouds, spread all around; he watched it as it grew higher and bluer, till the successive ridges of its mountains became revealed to him—rising each above the other, with a purer, more aerial tint, all cut with huge rents and crags and airy torrent-beds, all sprinkled with deep and shadowy foliage, all burning in the light of a tropical sun; houses and lawns and plantations near the shore; and, higher, forests and rocks, and peaks and beetling cliffs, winding—winding up into the unfathomable depths of air. All this he saw, and not without some feeling of its grandeur; but humbler cares engaged him, cares which he could not satisfy, and could not silence. It grieved him when they came to land, to see the bustle and gladness of every other but himself; every other seemed to have an object and a hope; he had none. There was not even the cold welcome of an inn to greet him; Jamaica had no inns in those days: the mate had gone to find him lodgings, but was not yet returned; he had not where to lay his head.

Already had he been kicking the pebbles of the beach, up and down for half an hour, when a pleasant-looking, elderly person of a prosperous appearance, came up and ventured to accost him. This was Councillor Herberts, a merchant and planter of the place, come out to take his evening stroll. Jonson looked upon the man—there was something in his aspect which attracted—an appearance of easy circumstances and green old age—of calm judgment, and a certain grave good-nature: they entered into conversation. The wanderer admitted that he was not happy—that, in fact, it was ebb tide with him, at present; but he had a notion things would mend. The planter invited him to come and eat bread in his house, which stood hard by; and where, he said, his daughter would be happy to receive them. Talking as they went, they got deeper into one another's confidence. The fair Margaret welcomed her father's guest with a bewitching smile, and the father himself grew more satisfied with him the longer they conversed. He inquired, at length, if

his new friend wrote well? Jonson asked for paper, and, without delay, in a fine flowing hand, set down this venerable stanza of Hebrew poetry,

"Blessed is he that wisely doth  
The poor man's case consider;  
For, when the time of trouble is,  
The Lord will him deliver."

The worthy planter perused it with a smile—seemed to think a little—then told Jonson that he was in want of such a person, and proposed to employ him as a clerk. The day was when Jonson would have spurned at such an offer, but misfortune had tamed him now. He grasped at this, almost as gladly as at any ever made him—as even at that of life within the prison of Carlisle. He sat down to his ledgers next day.

In this new capacity I rejoice to say that Jonson acquitted himself manfully. He was naturally of an active indefatigable turn; he had a sound methodical judgment, and a straight forward, thorough going mode of action, which here found their proper field. Besides, he daily loved the planter and his household more, the more he knew of them; and gratitude, as well as interest, called upon him for exertion. In the counting-rooms and warehouses, accordingly, he soon became an indispensable. It would have done any one's heart good, to see how he would lay about him there—concluding bargains, detecting frauds, devising ways and means, dashing every obstacle to the right and left, advancing to his object with a steady progress and infallible certainty. These were the solid qualities of his mind and habits; the more superficial but scarcely less important were of an equally valuable sort. I have already called him good-natured and courteous, as well as firm and fearless. We have seen that he was of a temper disinclined to sadness and whining: thought might take hold of him, and keenly, but he never yielded to it, he made a point to cast his sorrows from him altogether; or, if that might not be to hide them beneath a veil of mirth and mirth; therefore he seldom and sparingly drew upon the sympathies of others, but rather by his brightly

conversation, and his bold, determined method of proceeding, gained over them a sure dominion, which his goodness of heart ever kept him from abusing. His adventures, too, and irregular mode of life had given a dash of wildness to his speech and conduct, which enhanced the interest people took in him. He had still at hand some stroke of gaiety, some wily quip, wherewith to meet every emergency, which at once indicated an unknown depth of energy and self-possession, and resources, and gave to it a peculiarly frank and unpretending aspect. In short, he grew a universal favourite, at once respected and loved. The good planter promoted him through every grade, to the highest in his establishment, and at length admitted him to be a partner in the trade.

Thus Jonson went along—increasing in esteem, in kindness, and good will with all that knew him. With his patron, the Councillor Herberts, who had alike obliged him and been obliged in return, he stood in the double relation of the giver and receiver of gratitude, and therefore could not wish to stand much better: but with the Councillor's young and only daughter, the beautiful and lively Margaret? How did she like him? Bright airy sylph! Kind, generous soul! I could have loved her myself if I had seen her. Think of a slender delicate creature—formed in the very mould of beauty—elegant and airy in her movements as a fawn; black hair and eyes—jet black; her face meanwhile as pure and fair as lilies—and then for its expression—how shall I describe it? Nothing so changeful, nothing so lovely in all its changes: one moment it was sprightly gaiety, quick arch humour, sharp wrath, the most contemptuous indifference—then all at once there would spread over it a celestial gleam of warm affection, deep enthusiasm; every feature beamed with tenderness and love, her eyes and looks would have melted a heart of stone; but ere you had time to fall down and worship them—pooh! she was off into some other hemisphere—laughing at you—teasing you—again seeming to flit round the whole universe of human feeling, and to sport with every part of it. Oh! never was there such another

beautiful, cruel, affectionate, wicked, adorable, capricious little gipsy sent into this world for the delight and the vexation of mortal man.

My own admiration is, how in the name of wonder Jonson ever got her wooed!—I should have thought it the most hopeless task in nature. Perhaps he had a singular skill in such undertakings: at any rate he thrived. The cynosure of neighbouring eyes, the apple of discord to all bachelors within many leagues—richer many of them and more showy men than Jonson—preferred Jonson to them all. Perhaps, like Desdemona, she loved him for the dangers he had passed: at all events, she loved him—loved him with her whole soul, the little coxner—though it was many a weary day before he could determine whether she cared one straw for him or not. Her father saw and blessed their mutual attachment. They were wedded; and Jonson felt himself the happiest of men.

Good fortune now flowed on Jonson. His father-in-law, was scarce gathered in extreme old age to his final rest, when news arrived from Britain, that another king had mounted the throne, that Jacobitism had now ceased to be a persecuted creed, that it would be safe for Jonson, if he chose it, to return. The estate of his ancestors moreover was, at that very time exposed to sale. What inducements! His fair Creole had lost with her last parent the only hold that bound her firmly to Jamaica: they sold their property, and embarked for Europe. Knockhill was purchased for them, and they reached it in safety. What a hubbub was there at the brave Laird's home-come! What bonfires burnt! What floods of ale and stingo! What mirth and glee and universal jubilee! He had left it poor and broken and sick at heart, and going down to death; he returned rich, powerful, happy, and at his side "the fairest of the fair." The rude peasants blessed his lovely bride, she herself was moved with their affection. Jonson felt himself at last within the port: he collected all the scattered elements of enjoyment, which fortune had spread around him, and found that they sufficed. He was tired of wandering, glad of rest; he built a

stately mansion which still adorns the place; he planted and improved; he talked and speculated, loved and was beloved again. The squires around him coveted his company more than he did theirs. The trusty Cruthers, who had stood by him in the hour of peril and distress, was the first to hail him in the season of prosperity. Many a long night did they two drive away, in talking of old times, of moving accidents, of wild adventures, feuds and hair-breadth 'scapes. In the fervour of his recollections, Jonson would fall upon his knees before the lady he loved best, and swear that she was dearer to him still than life, or aught contained it; that she had found him a homeless wanderer—had made him all he was: if he ever ceased to serve her and cherish her in his heart of hearts, he should be the veriest dog upon the surface of the earth. She would smile at this, and ask him not to ruffle the carpet, not to soil his knees. Cruthers owned that it made his eyes water.

Here, however, I must end. Do you ask what followed farther? Where these people now are? Alas! they are all dead: this scene of blessedness and peace, and truth of heart is passed away; it was beautiful, but, like a palace of clouds in the summer sky, the north wind has scattered it

asunder and driven it into emptiness and air. The noble Margaret died first; Jonson shortly followed her, broken down with years and sorrow for his loss. Cruthers shed a tear over his coffin as he lowered it into a native grave: Cruthers, too, is dead; he sank like a shock of corn fully ripe; a specimen of the "olden worth," of fearless candour and sturdy, bold integrity to his latest day. Moss-grown stones lie above these friends, and scarcely tell the passer by who lie below. They sleep there, in their ever silent bed of rest; the pageant of their history is vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream. The scene which they once peopled and adorned, is now peopled by others. Has it gained by the change? I sigh when I look at the representative of Cruthers, his grandson, a sot whom he despised. Jonson never had a grandchild—his father's fields have passed into the hands of land-jobbers and paltry people who knew not Joseph. I look on the woods he planted, and the houses which he built, and muse upon the vast and dreary vortex of this world's mutability. It is weak to do so:—

" Muojono lo città, muojono i regni,  
Copre i fasti e la pompe arena ed arba;  
E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si degni;  
O nostra mente cupida e superba!"

#### EPIGRAMS FROM THE FRENCH.

##### *Upon the Death of a powerful Ecclesiastic.*

I know well a mighty churchman,  
(Fear'd by many in this spot,)  
Hath come to God his soul to render—  
Did God take it?—I know not!

I think the flatterers call thee, falsely,  
By that gentle name, *Angelica*;  
If thine eyes have witch'd my spirit,  
Ai'n't you, rather, *Diabolica*?



## WEST INDIAN SLAVERY.—BY J. GALT, ESQ.

## LETTER III.

SIR;—Since my last letter the philanthropists have been showering their petitions upon Parliament like so many Lapland witches, plucking geese in a snow storm; but notwithstanding, it is evident that the doctrine of compensation to the planters has considerably advanced. I can discern the progress an impression to that effect, in the newspapers, and the fudge about the law of God being against slavery, and therefore the duty of Christians to seek its abolition, begins to wax of a paler tint.

In the House of Commons, on the debate of the 13th, compensation was regarded as inevitable.—Honest John Bull is recovering his wonted plain-dealing principles; and although he is yet a little bamboozled on the question, he appears disposed to admit, that if he pays for an old house to improve the street, he cannot very well refuse to pay for another ancient thing, the removal of which he conceives to be an impediment to national improvement. This is as it should be; but still I greatly fear that much mischief has already been done, and that the contrition of good John, as in most other instances, comes a little too late. However, it is of some importance that his wonted liberality begins to work, and that he tends to think the West Indians have some sort of property in their slaves, and that, if it must be taken from them, *pro bono publico*, it ought to be paid for—a fact which serves to confirm the justness of a venerable opinion, viz. that the English people are often apt to arrive suddenly at erroneous conclusions, but if left to themselves and the mellowing of time, they never fail at last, be the matter what it may, to arrive at upright and just opinions.

But, Sir, while I see that our cause is making indisputable progress, in the way we wish, it is still greatly to be feared that Government may be induced to hasten the decision on, before the correct notions, which ought to prevail on the subject, have attained their just ascendancy. I

say this with no intention to impute blame. There can be no doubt that the high men, of whom the British ministry is always of necessity composed, will ever act upon honourable principles; but we do know that there are others alive to the full value of a general clamour, and that they will leave no stone unturned until they shall have effected their purpose, and forced the ministers into their views. I say not this in disparagement; I am as strongly convinced that there are men among the philanthropists, as ardent in striving to procure the abolition of West Indian slavery from motives of benevolence, as I am myself zealous to obtain compensation to the planters, from a sense of what is due to them in justice. Nor do I blame them for taking every means, wise and wordly, to attain their ends. I only blame the West Indians for so acting as if justice already rules the whole earth. Before, however, proceeding to the discussion of this portion of the subject, I must say a few words about the two thousand and six hundred petitions to which I have alluded, in order that your readers may not fall into the error of supposing them trustworthy demonstrations of public opinion.

To the fullest latitude of the term, I grant that the tables of Parliament are night after night loaded with petitions from hundreds of bumpkin market towns, praying for the abolition of slavery; but I utterly deny, and I give the charge of falsehood to whoever will maintain the contrary, that these petitions speak the sentiments of the justice-loving people of England, and that those who have signed them understand the subject. They are despicable things of artifice, got up for a fraudulent purpose, and the honest country folks, cajoled to sign, know not that, in fact, they lend their names to a machination of fanaticism, which has for its object to ruin the fortunes and spill the blood of their neighbours. In not one of all the towns and villages which have sent forth the petitions, do I believe ten persons exist who understand what West Indian slavery is; and to

make the *sin* of the fraud manifest, I shall state a few facts.

Of the Anti-Slavery Society I know nothing more than that they are philanthropists, and as such merit respect. I shrink, however, from them, as in their ignorance they assume that a great and complicated interest is bad, because it exceeds their understanding; and conceive it must be criminal, because they have not capacity enough to understand it.—In saying this, I am not troubling myself to ascertain what may be the degree of judgment they may possess in their own affairs.—I am only alleging that if they possessed any knowledge of this matter, against which their designs are directed, they would be more considerate in the manner of their condemnation of West Indian Slavery—a kind of labour, probably, rendered necessary by climate, and the local circumstances of the region in which it takes place. This society have put forth the following advertisement, and opened offices to receive signatures to the petitions:—

#### “NEGRO SLAVERY.

“The Anti-Slavery Society have issued the following form for those persons who intend petitioning Parliament against Negro Slavery.

#### “PETITION.

“(If to the Lords.) To the Right Honourable the Lords spiritual and temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled;

“(If to the Commons.) To the Honourable the Commons of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled;

“The humble petition of the inhabitants (minister and congregation) of the (city) (borough) (town) (village) of—

Britain, and which has been proved to be inhuman, impolitic, and unjust, opposed to every principle of constitutional law, and repugnant to the spirit of Christianity, earnestly implore your Hon. House [your Lordships] forthwith to pass a law for its early and utter extinction.

“And your petitioners shall ever pray.”

“P.S. The petitions may be addressed to T. F. Buxton, Esq., M.P., No. 54, Devonshire-street, London, and will be free of postage, if indorsed ‘Petitions,’ and left open at both ends, and provided each petition does not exceed in weight six ounces.

“The petitions may be written on stout paper, when parchment cannot be procured.”

Can all the attempts of the Quixotes of radicalism match these cut and dry petitions?—Is there one reflecting man in all England that does not see through the humbug of this active imbecility?—It is only surprising that the form has not been adapted to parish schools, to suit the dominies and their brats. But, not to dwell on such an important omission, practically I understand it has not been neglected; and that children at school have zealously been called to bear a part in these weighty state affairs—many boys of the same school boasting how often they have signed their own name; besides, for aught I know to the contrary, those of Roderick Random, Thomas Jones, Gil Blas, Robinson Crusoe, &c. These are the petitions showered upon the tables of both Houses of Parliament! It would, no doubt, be mournful to suppose that such trash should be allowed by any member of either House, to have the smallest effect upon him. But the manufacturers of petitions imagine that such cut and dry devices will deceive the Lords and Commons, and be taken as the voice of the people. The public press, however, will vindicate the common sense of the nation, and the pious simpletons will be amply, in the end, rewarded—they will be forced to sneak away with their tails between their legs, like curs detected in the act of worrying their neighbour's sheep.

No grosser imposition has been

lent the help of his name. There are things to which honesty of intention should afford no protection, and these are of them. Does Mr. Buxton venture to assert that the negroes in any still-house in all the West Indies, are worse treated than the foul and drenched white slaves

that drudge in his own brewhouse? What, then, are we to think of the judgment of that man, who yells, to the pitch of his voice, for the destruction of those who consider it as dear to their duties to keep the negroes in good health and happily fed, as a Quaker does his firstborn, or the damsel his daughter. I shall, however, abstain from ridicule, and only touch a little on the quackery (quackery?) and imposture that results from working with the ignorance and passions of the Gaffers and Goodies of turnip fields and villages.

You will observe that the natives of England are, by the lying piety of these petitions, directed to pray for "the early and utter extinction of negro slavery." Not a word is said of what the planters may lose by this—not a syllable of what is to be done afterwards for the negroes themselves. Parliament is only solicited to turn them adrift to starvation and the want of all protection. I have, however, said so much on this point in my first letter, that I need not recapitulate it here;—but can any thing be more anti-christian and cruel, than to cast thousands, and hundreds of thousands of poor creatures upon a sentenced world, that yields nothing from its soil for the support of helpless man, unless it be extorted by hard labour, regulated by the patient study and protection of good management.

Then as to "slavery being repugnant to Christianity," is not this an audacious falsehood? Christianity touches not the government of the earth; it requires us on the contrary to render to Cæsar what is due to him. Its divine teacher, in no one instance, contended against the laws of the world; on the contrary he awfully knew, that by its blessed spirit taking possession of the human heart, a change would ensue on the morals of individual man, that would lead to the improvement of governments. It is, therefore, unadulterated falsehood, to say that slavery is repugnant to Christianity. It is no part of the Christian dispensation to interfere directly with such things, and the elder law of God, in the Old Testament, not only sanctions it, but lays down the very statutes by which it shall be regulated. In the 44th

verse of the 25th chapter of Leviticus, we find—

*"Both thy bondmen and thy bondmaids, which thou shalt have, shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall you buy bondmen and bondmaids. And 45: Moreover, of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begot in your land, and they shall be your possession. And 46: And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever."*

What are we to think of those well-disposed personages who, in the face of this, say, that slavery is contrary to the law of God?

But it is not in eroneous assertions that the dupes of the philanthropists are made to deal in the petitions they are wheedled to sign; some of the advocates of their cause in Parliament are also smitten with inability to discern.

Lord Brougham, in his speech upon the subject, declared that "the two tests, or criteria, of happiness among any people, to be the progress of population and the amount of crime." No assumption was ever more fallacious. Where is Ireland, one of the most populous countries in the world, and yet in what region shall we find another country, if we credit the Irish, where there is so much misery? This single fact speaks more than butts and tons of declamation. For the whole history of the world proves that man is a moral as well as a corporeal being, and that there are moral checks on the indulgence of passion, the adherence to which is often as great a source of happiness as the passions themselves. The learned lord, in his first test, judges of men as of a flock of sheep, or a herd of any other gregarious animals. The true statesman considers man as a being influenced by affections, opinions, and prejudices, all which require as much consideration as the providing him with ease and food—the springs of population. This essential distinction the orator does not consider; and in this lies an important fallacy, especially in the proofs by which he supports his doctrine.

His statement is as follows:—

"In the British islands, excluding Bar-

badoes, on a population of 670,000 slaves, there was a decrease of 31,500 in the six years which elapsed between 1818 and 1824; in Jamaica alone, upon the number of 330,000, a decrease of between 8,000 and 9,000. But not so with the free men: although placed in circumstances exceedingly unfavourable to increase of numbers, yet such is the natural fruitfulness of the negro race, that they rapidly multiplied. The Maroons doubled between 1749 and 1782; and when great part of them were removed after the rebellion of 1796, those who remained increased in six years, from 1810 to 1816, no less than 18 per cent.; and in five years, from 1816 to 1821, 14 per cent. In North America, where they are better fed, the negroes have increased in thirty years no less than 130 per cent. Look next to Trinidad: in four years, from 1825 to 1829, the slaves have fallen off from 23,117 to 22,436, notwithstanding a considerable importation under an order in council, being a decrease of at least a 34th, but probably of a 20th. But what has happened to the same race, and circumstanced alike as to climate, soil, food, in short every thing, save liberty? Nature has with them upheld her rights; her first great law has been obeyed; the passions and the vigour of man have had their course unrestrained; and the increase of his numbers has attested his freedom. They have risen in the same four years from 13,995 to 16,412, or at a rate which would double their numbers in twenty years; the greatest rate at which population is in any circumstances known to increase."

Now, in the first place, I would observe, that there is in nature a wise regularity in supplying males and females universally throughout the world in the same proportions; and,

Secondly, That where a disproportion exists, that disproportion will be found to arise from special causes.

Sir, the error committed by Lord Brougham in his statement, lies in not discriminating the causes which affect the population in the West Indies—namely, that the Slave Trade brought more males into the colonies than females; and the evil originating in that trade is not owing to any thing in the treatment of the negroes after they have reached the West Indies, but to the disproportion in the males to the females. But even had his test been well founded, he ought to have shown, that the negro population was in its natural state.—Nor is his second test—the amount of

crime—better founded. Look at his illustration:—

"In Trinidad, I find that the slaves belonging to plantations, in number 16,580, appear by the records printed, to have been punished in two years for 11,131 offences; that is to say, deducting the number of infants incapable of committing crimes, every slave had committed some offence in the course of those two years. It is true that the bulk of those offences, 7,644, were connected with their condition of bondage—refusing to work, absconding from the estate, insolence to the owner or overseer; all incidental to their sad condition, but all visited with punishment betokening its accompanying debasement. Nevertheless, other crimes were not wanting: 713 were punished for theft, or above 350 in a year, on a number of about 12,000, deducting persons incapacitated by infancy, age, or sickness, from being the subjects of punishment. Let any one consider what this proportion would give in England: it would amount to 350,000 persons punished in one year for larceny. In Berbice, on a population of 21,000 plantation slaves, there were 9,000 punishments; no record being kept of those in plantations of six slaves or under: and in Demerara, of 61,000, there were 20,567 punished, of whom 8,461 were women."

Sir, he does not say in what these slave offences consisted—and we are left to guess whether they were of legal origin or of natural delinquency; for it must not be forgotten, that bad laws are as certain a source of crime as human delinquency. But the broad and simple fact of the numerical statement of the amount of population and of offences, proves nothing against West Indian slavery; it only tends to demonstrate the necessity of improving the administration of justice; and had not the argument been strained past its bearing, I should not have thus answered it.

I do not offer any observation on the benefit which Great Britain derives from her West Indian colonies, for the question is not one of profit; all I contend for—and I admit the grievance of slavery—is, that the abolitionists should provide the means of indemnifying the planters for the mischief done and doing to their property before they proceed farther; and that, as a prelude to manumission, they should exalt by moral instruction the condition of the slaves. It is nothing, therefore, to my view to say, that "the planter derives an income, the mortgagee his interest,

and the widow and infant their support," from West Indian slavery; far less, that "Great Britain derives from her West India colonies an annual revenue of six millions sterling; or that, in the West India trade, 230,000 tons of shipping, and 25,000 seamen, are employed;"—all these things weigh as nothing in the question. I admit at once that the slave should have his freedom. I only say, that before it is granted on the grounds of the petitions of the silly sheep, that follow each other, of the philanthropists, the state of society must be considered, and the acknowledgement made by law of property in the slave clearly verified, in order that the proprietors may be compensated for taking their property away from them, as if it were an old house at Charing Cross, removed to make room for a public improvement. The question is not one which rests on expediency, but on right; and the more that is shown of the extensive interests involved in it, only strengthens the argument to be cautious in the proceedings. If there are many interests which require protection besides those I had principally in view in my first letter, so much the worse. It only shows how difficult it is to deal with, and how much wiser it would be, if the hewers of wood and drawers of water in our own villages were exhorted to leave the question to the management of better informed heads, and to abstain from clamour fraught with injury to another labouring class, to whom the degradation of the workhouse and the overseer is as yet unknown.

But, besides the crafty artifice so visible in the matter and the manner of the two thousand six hundred petitions before Parliament, a graver charge may be brought against the philanthropists, especially against those kind-hearted lawyers who have shown such front in the cause. They deny that any property can exist in man due to another; but, that I may not incur the charge of misrepresentation on this important point, I shall quote the very words of Lord Brougham; for, with the accustomed superiority of that distinguished personage, what he says on the subject is the sentiment of all his tribe. His words are:—

"But I am told that, granting the right

to be ours, we ought to shrink from the exercise of it when it would lead to an encroachment upon the sacred rights of property. I desire the House to mark the short and plain issue to which I am willing to bring this matter. I believe there is no man either in or out of the profession to which I have the honour of belonging, and which over all others inculcates upon its children an habitual veneration for civil rights, less disposed than I am lightly to value those rights, or rashly to inculcate a disregard of them. But that renowned profession has taught me another lesson also; it has imprinted on my mind the doctrine which all men, the learned and the unlearned, feel to be congenial with the human mind, and to gather strength with its growth, that law above and prior to all the laws of human lawgivers, for it is the law of God; that there are some things which cannot be holden in propriety, and above every thing else, that man can have no property in his fellow creature."

These are the words of Lord Brougham, and they are the thoughts and sentiments of every lawyer who has embraced his side of the argument. Now, what is the fact? and I put the question to all of that "renowned profession." Explain to us, ye learned gentlemen, on what principle is the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt founded; that law on which so vast a proportion of all your professional emoluments depends?—Does not that law give the creditor a property in the person of the debtor? Is ought in all West Indian slavery so atrocious as your practice under that law? So repugnant to Christianity, so contrary to the law of God? and yet you talk of the usages that have made it sacred, and the necessities of society for its existence!—Sir, there is not one thing under all the various modifications of English law more constantly in use than arrest. Creditors are hourly tearing from their families the helpless debtors. Does West Indian slavery do more than this? When the debtor cannot discharge his debt, whether it be the result of misfortune or of folly, no distinction is made in the case—does not the law give him over to his creditor as his property? Does it not authorize him to be punished with more than a negro driver's scourge, and for his inability, too, sickness is no excuse? Is not every debtor a slave? And if the humanity of the age had not invented a species of statute to re-

lieve him from bondage, would not the laws of debtor and creditor make him a slave for life? A slave too, not spared from brooding on his own misfortunes by any useful labour; but doomed to endure the corrosive anguish of regret or of idle rumination: and where? In a prison! Talk of West Indian slavery! deny that man can be holden as property by his fellows! and yet look at your prison-houses—at those fabrics for the express purpose of punishing misfortune as crime. All upheld by the taxes of England—the sweat of the petitioners against West Indian slavery. With what hardihood dare any British lawyer venture to maintain, in the face of such enormities, that man can hold no property in man! On this point lawyers should be silent, and the philanthropists should quench the burning shame of England before they become incendiaries among the sugar works and canes of the West Indies.

But, not to lay more stress upon the legal unsoundness of the lawyer's dogma than the occasion requires, the humanity of every bosom will indeed second my argument far more effectually than by any words I can employ, I would advert to the deceptive character of referring in this case to first principles, shunned in others. The condition and interwoven interests of society do not now allow us to go back to the original state of things,

“When Adam delved and Eve span;”

our duty as fellow citizens, whose welfare is bound up together, is to conserve things as they are, by such improvements in the arrangement of parts as will draw our interests closer, and make the bundle of society firmer and of a better form; all which can be more effectually done by working in the obvious course of nature, than by untying the sticks, and calling in question whether there should be cords to bind them at all. It certainly has never occurred to the philanthropists that the arguments employed by them against West Indian slavery, attack the foundations of the social structure in England. If we may now say man can hold no property in man, does it not follow that we may also say every man has an equal right to an equal portion of

the earth, and that all other property deserving of protection must be the result of human labour and ingenuity? In abstract reasoning, when we are in search of the principles of justice, such an observation is perhaps not out of place; but to apply it to the existing institutions of society, is the very essence of crime. To take from a man what the law and immemorial custom has consecrated as his own, without his consent, society declares to be robbery, when done with violence, and fraud when achieved by craft. Law and immemorial custom have sanctioned a property in slaves, and those who attempt to deprive the proprietors of their “time honoured” rights, stand before society as nothing less than criminals, whatever their pretences may be. We are not permitted to rob and cheat that our hands may be filled with alms for the service of charity. Society hath regard only to the legal action—the motive in which that action may have originated, it leaves to the sifting of Heaven. This must be allowed as the object and practice of all law, and yet the philanthropists are for some fancied good, some purpose of charity, struggling to wrench from the West Indians their property. That the world may be improved, as they say it will, by what they are attempting, may be true; but with that question the West Indians have nothing to do. They only reply what I have urged, pay us for our property, and you may then do with it as you please; but until you have paid us, your conduct is contrary to all the maxims of law, which it has been the aim of the wisdom and intelligence of every age to establish.

However, not to dive deeper into this subject, I would only ask what is civilization but the recognition of property in the possession of individuals, and what the end of all government, but the protection of that property? The object, therefore, which the philanthropists are pursuing, in denying the long acknowledged legal right of property in slaves, is nothing less than an attempt, an unconscious one I allow, to drive civilization back, and to recall the state of nature which it has been the endeavour of all that is known as art and science, wisdom and legislation—

in a word, the most honoured of all human aims—to carry us farther and faster from. If Government be induced to desert its duties so far as to regard property in slaves less hallowed than any other, and less entitled to its fullest protection, it would desert the very purpose for which it was itself instituted, and be assisting in the demolition of the social fabric, which it is the most ennobling of the virtues of statesmen to uphold. This desertion it will, however, probably never commit, nor, by the good sense of the British people, will it ever be permitted to do, even although the oracle of the woollack has declared that what has always been considered a right is a crime—a declaration that no man who yet calls a spade full of earth his own, can listen to without alarm, for it awfully proclaims that what nature has given, no ordinance of society can be allowed to take away—a declaration which shews that within the spring and fountain head of the law, a principle is cherished fatal to all that human ingenuity and toil has acquired—a principle conceived in error, as if the rights of man had not ceased, and the privileges of society been substituted for them from that moment when two or three first resolved to live in community together.

It is a topic of fearful importance which Lord Brougham threw out for agitation in his speech in the House of Commons, on the 13th of July last, when he attempted to set the question of the property in slaves upon the same footing as the slave-trade, for he then furnished, as far as his high opinion could extend, a stimulus for those without property, to attack, as their natural right, those in possession of property. It was a second declaration of war between the cottage and the castle, at a time, too, when the tendency of the circumstances of the kingdom required that all discussion of changes in theoretic dogmas should be cautiously avoided, and every instigation calculated to widen the breach then opening between the labourer and the employer, studiously avoided. That his lordship had no evil intention towards the existing institutions of society in the imprudence of many things which, in the zeal of the mo-

ment escaped from him during that speech, I most sincerely believe; but what are we to think of the safety of property of any kind now, when the head of the law asserts that it is a “monstrous pretension” to speak to him of acts of Parliament and treaties sanctioning and protecting West Indian property. Has the right to property in land in England any holier ratification?

The zeal of an advocate has no limit, when his client is, on his trial, at war with society: in the struggle, he is justified to protect himself by every argument that he thinks may minister to his defence. But it is not so with the legislator. His first duty is to maintain existing things, and only to supply those repairs and remedies which altered manners, and the exigencies arising from them, demand. He is therefore required to have respect to all that time and custom have consecrated, and to avoid every excitement that may tend to engender danger to the institutions he is bound to protect. But, it is said, no man can be bound to protect slavery. That, however, is not the drift of our argument. I seek as little as Lord Brougham to protect it, and I grieve that it exists as strongly; but I say there is a property that will be destroyed by abrogating it, and that the proprietors ought to be indemnified. I urge not the continuance of the slavery—I have no respect for the question of free or slave labour—I throw aside, as unworthy of attention, all the vast commercial advantages and interests which constitute the sole consideration of many of the West Indians, and only maintain, that if, for the public good, convenience, or ornament, you will have the property in the slave abolished, act justly—pay the proprietors as you would the landlords, when, for a road or canal, or any other public purpose, you would impair the value of their estates.

I have, however, reiterated this point so often, and the end and aim of all I have written on the subject is so obvious, that I trust and hope no other motive will be imputed to my humble endeavours, than a desire to see the fair grounds of the West Indian claim to compensation more generally established; and it is only because Lord Brougham does not ad-

mit that any such ground exists, that I have taken so much liberty with his doctrines. In all other respects I am not aware of any essential difference of opinion between us. And I cannot agree, that the resolutions adopted by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Canning, are so explicit on the point of compensation as Mr. Wilmot Horton, in his able pamphlet, seems to consider. Something more definite is wanted; both for the satisfaction of the West Indians, and to apprise the credulous petitioners for THEIR RUIN of the vast expense in which they are seeking to involve the country.

JOHN GALT.

N. B.—Since the foregoing has been in type, I observe, by the newspapers, that Mr. Macaulay has stated very well in Parliament, that the West Indians have all the means in their power which the philanthropists possess for advocating their case. This is quite true, but they do not use them so well. Mr. Macaulay and his friends are all as active as fleas, and venomous as gnats; but the West Indians only act like moths, idly fluttering round the candle. It

is on this account that I have ventured to animadvert so freely on the inefficiency of their endeavours to correct public opinion with respect to their own interests.

\* \* My unknown correspondent "FAIR PLAY," has not attentively considered the plan in my last for the indemnification of the West Indians. No doubt the creation of so much stock would be highly objectionable to the fundholders; but had he examined the suggestion better, he must have seen that I did not propose the new stock to be brought into the market at once, but only as it was found necessary on the report of commissioners of investigation. In fact, the measure is nothing but granting to the commissioners for the redemption of the national debt, a credit on the kingdom, and to empower them to receive an annual sum equal to the interest of a nominal sum, which annual sum may be employed, before any of the credit is wanted, in purchasing stock, on the same principle, and in the same way that the debt is redeemed. The object of my plan is to disturb no existing interest.

# SONNET.

" ————— Play on,  
Give me excess of it———  
That strain again ;—it had a dying fall!"

TWELFTH NIGHT.

To the dark depths of melancholy thought,  
And holy feelings of unuttered woe,  
Which to a heartless world I scorn to shew,  
Thy magic power a mournful solace brought!  
Rapt by thy song, my softened spirit caught  
A mild, yet not the less impassioned glow,  
Bidding the long-scaled fount of tears to flow—  
A silent shower, with boundless blessing fraught!

When heaves my heart with the internal hell  
Of shunless strife against a world's vile force,  
Would that I still might seek that soothful source,  
And on those tones of tenderest beauty dwell,  
Till won, O W——! to Feeling's gentler course  
By thy deep music's overpowering spell!

Y.



## SWING'S LETTER TO OLIVER YORKE.

[We have received the following menacing missive, signed "Swing." After having taken the opinions of Sir Richard Birnie and Charles Kemble, Esq., we feel bound to say, in justice to those gentlemen, that not a doubt remains in our minds as to the matter being involved in very considerable mystery. The letter will speak for itself. We shall do the same, declaring that no threats of any kind shall deter us from discharging our duty, as Editor of the only Magazine which represents the wishes and meets the wants of the period in which we live. O. Y.]

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ., EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Feeling, as I do, that no motive but the basest can have any weight with the Editor of a Magazine of such abominable baseness as yours, I bring this motive here before you. It is *fear*—yes, sir, *fear*—and know that, unless you immediately change your tone on the topics which I am about to enumerate, your own house, your publisher's shop, and your printer's offices, shall be set in a simultaneous blaze—a lamentably luminous evidence of the punishment awaiting prostituted talent and preposterous criticism.

Firstly.—You must make the *amende miserable* to the manes of Mr. Omnipresence Montgomery, whom you, with unblushing barbarity, slew in the open face of day, at the outset of your murderous career; and whose unimportant remains you have mutilated, number after number, in a manner too disgusting to be described. Know, sir, that when the pages of your pitiful malice shall have past to those portmanteaus from which no magazine returns, the inconceivable blank verse of multifarious Montgomery will sooth the wearied soul to slumber, and form the best possible adjunct to the feet-on-the-fenderish snuggery of a long, long winter evening. Yes, often shall the omniswallowing sons and daughters of men drink at this dull source, and find a trumpety oblivion of their woes! While you, sir, and your incalculable colleagues are only remembered by the thoughtless herd, who love to laugh and dine at other folks' expense.

Secondly.—You must fight Mr. Clarkson, on whom you have made a most *beggarly* attack. He magnanimously came forth

———"In spite  
Of nature and his stars, to write,"

and, taking his station by the senseless body of his annihilated friend, assailed you in a way which excited

the ridicule of all mankind. I repeat, sir, you must fight Mr. Clarkson, since, upon his most satisfactory shewing, he is a man fully entitled to be shot, in consideration of the unquestionable pugnaciousness of his wife's family, no less than of his own. Fight you must, or burn you shall—so take your choice.

Thirdly.—You must regularly send copies of your Magazine to the *Albion*. I dare say you think I mean the tavern. But no, sir, I mean that egregious evening paper, established and conducted upon the novel principle of supporting a departed ministry, and enforcing arguments deserving of our deepest commiseration, when we consider how often and how powerfully they have been knocked on the head. I know your reluctance to comply with this request, and I rejoice at it. Your own ruthless and ribaldristical criticism makes you fear getting a Roland for your Oliver, (I mean no pun upon your paltry name); but, though you justly fear the irresistible might of the *Albion*, you will submit your work to the lash, in consideration of this staring fact, made manifest on all the walls and palings of the metropolis—namely: that

## THE ALBION

IS THE

BEST EVENING PAPER.

This being the case, your sneaking self-interest will induce you to seek a notice. But, if not, your cowardly terrors shall. You must honour the *Albion*, or burn.

Fourthly.—Never again must you dare to abuse, vilify, misrepresent, or speak plain truth of the Literary Union Club, upon which may the blessing of heaven repose! If gratitude could possibly animate such a breast as yours, I might particularly allude to the fact, that the Club in question has done its best to extend

the sale of your insufferable work, by refusing to take it in, and thus obliging its eight or nine hundred members to purchase each a copy for himself. But you, of course, cannot feel the beauty of this bountiful obligation. The Literary Union has given another evidence of a nobleness, equally beyond your conception. It has received into its bosom that personification of all that is gentlemanly and humane, who, having killed one man, feels himself at liberty to bully all others. The base spirited members of Brookes's body politic thought fit to turn their backs upon this brave and bloodless hero, because, forsooth, he would not face that Ancient Pistol who wished to *wing* him for a higher world. Not so the Literary Union. They beheld the breadth of him out-quaking all the quakers, and quaked before high quakery. The rejected of others is the received of them. Plain speaking and humanity are honoured—and the *potato*, supported by *gunpowder* and *spinage*, takes precedence in the compound of *babble* and *squeak*! That these great claims to consideration are too exalted for your grovelling ken I am convinced. I therefore use my all-powerful argument of terror; and tell you to reverence the Literary Union, or I insure you a fire, more warm than comfortable.

Fifthly.—In your gallery of Illustrations Literary Characters—which I admit to be good and clever—you must, without further delay, give faithful representations of two of the greatest poets this country ever produced—Coleridge and Peter Robertson. Of the last mentioned gentleman's beautiful poem—*The Hypothek*—you, I doubt not, know as much as I do. Still I cannot refrain from thus publicly declaring, that every man I ever met, who was at all competent to enter into the deep beauty of the subject, has avowed, that it is handled with delightful precision and perfect success. The great poet is now, I believe, in London, correcting the proof sheets of his vast work, *On the General Question*. Apply to him, therefore, and obtain the likeness of a man, whose countenance to any work or meeting must, of necessity, shed a glory and a gladness never to be eclipsed but by the intolerable lustre of its own transcendent light!—Coleridge has, I am told, given thirty-

four sittings to your artist, under different moods and modifications of poetic feeling. I, therefore, require nothing very difficult when I ask, that his image and likeness may speedily appear. Look to this, or you shall light your pipe by your own fireside.

Sixthly and lastly.—You must moderate, prune, and pare down your exuberance of ridiculous thought and expression, by some called wit, and laughed at by all. If you are really so lost as to set any value on the noisy meritment which you every where occasion—still don't make a Judy of yourself. Let some subjects and some persons be sacred from the epigrammatic point of your pragmatical pen. Reflect that, when you are jubilant, others may be sad, and that what only tickles your fancy, may sting them to the heart's core. My remonstrance here is mild—and for this reason—that, while I abhor and despise your criticisms, your meritment appears to me to be rather heedless than malicious—rather wounding by an unbounded prankfulness, than by a wish to inflict pain. But what the plague does any one of the wounded care for this distinction? And are there not acknowledged fools and knaves enough in this abominable world to occupy your quizzical capacity, without your invidiously mentioning names, never to be uttered but with respect—some, indeed, which never should be uttered at all? Mind what I am saying to you on this chapter. I am bothered enough on finding every drawing room I enter full of nothing but the quips and cranks of your Magazine—let me not have the additional bore of pointing out to the laughers, that the source of their mirth is a polluted one, streaked with the dye of a bleeding heart. Disregard this—and look out for a lodging, for your present abode shall be speedily one of those towering structures which are raised to the ground. Fail not to comply with every one of the requests and suggestions hereinbefore contained, or, by the Absalom honours of a shaven crown, you shall have the abode of the houseless, and the purse of a poet for your perpetual inheritance, with full remembrance to the male heirs of your grandmother's wig, lawfully begotten.

SWING!

## "THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS."

## No. VIII.

## THE DOCTOR.

"*Siste pedem, SIGNIFER, hic optumè manebimus:*" be pleased to sit still, if you can (even on paper) but for a moment, that the European public may familiarize itself with your outward mannikin. Your name, ("Dog on it," as the Baillie says) has long been familiar to us all; but how few of the admirers of your genius have ever seen in the flesh Ensign and Adjutant Sir Morgan O'Doherty? Profit by this opportunity, ladies and gentlemen; this is the veritable Milesian, the undoubted heir and representative of the old Chiefs of the great Clan or Sept O'Gin.

This extraordinary specimen of the real original Phenician (or *Panie*) breed is now, we are credibly informed, in the thirty-seventh year of his age; but though Burns, Bellingham, and Byron worked themselves out by that time of day, the Doctor is still considered in full possession of many of his faculties. His locks indeed are silvery, and till of late that circumstance told against him; but in grief and vexation he shaved all off, at the period of "the breaking in upon the Constitution;" and having subsequently moulded an elegant nut-brown scratch, (the masterpiece of old Morgan of St. James's-street,) he now wears on the whole a juvenile aspect rather than otherwise. Our artist has caught, with singular felicity, the easy, good humoured *nonchalance* of this learned and libellous countenance. High Church and State doctrines should be seriously adopted, and manfully maintained. Whigs, Papists, Radicals, whatever comes under the disgusting category of *Liberalism*, should be exposed, insulted, stabbed, crucified, impaled, drawn, and quartered—in Essay, Disquisition, Review, Romance, Ballad, Squib, Pasquinade, and Epigram—in Greek, in Hebrew, in Latin, in Irish, in Italian, in English, and in Slang: but no interference with the calm pursuits of the scholar, or the graceful amenities of the gentleman. Take things easy after seven o'clock; from that hour until two in the morning be your own man; from two to ten be your own wife's man; from ten till seven again be the man of the public. *Carpe diem*. Leave no moment absolutely idle, and suffer no sense, however just, of superiority, to influence your conduct and demeanour. Be a Bentley, if you can, but omit the brutality—Chival Pan!, eschewing all pomposity—outlinguist old Maghabecchi, and yet be a man of the world—emulate Swift in satire, but suffer not one squeeze of his *sarva indignatio* to eat your own heart. Be and do all this, and The Doctor will no longer be an unique.

Whether shining a precocious gem, in Trinity College, Dublin—or illuminating the young ideas of the Corkers—or sustaining the power and glory of Blackwood—or now co-editing the grand, unrivalled, staunch, sturdy organ of orthodoxy, the *Standard*—(we say nothing of a casual contribution to *Regina*) the redoubted O'DOHERTY has always been, is, and ever will be, the jovial also, the simple-hearted, the careless, and the benignant. FLOREAT DOCTOR!—Long may he continue at once the star of our erudition, our philosophy, and our dialectics, and, in his own immortal words,

"A landy, landy, brandy, no Dandy,  
Relloeking jig of an Irishman!"—

Long may his mellow voice be heard in the land, now pouring out a rich flood of hexameters, *φωκὶνὰ καὶ ποικίλα*, and now cheering the festive circle with the hearty, jolly, soul-stirring chaunt, which he indited in the days of his youth,

"Drink to me only from a jug, and I will pledge in mine;  
So fill my glass with whisky punch, and I'll not ask for wine!"—

We have always been of opinion, that had the Poet Laureate and "The Doctor" taken orders, they would have made two admirable Bishops.



*William Chapman*

“THE DOCTOR”

Painted by James Fraser. Engraved by J. C. G. G. G.



## PARLIAMENTARY REFORM, AND THE VOTE BY BALLOT.

SINCE the appearance of our last Number, the Rye petition of appeal has been adjudicated. After the exposition of its merits which we there gave, our readers will of course at once conclude that such petition of appeal of the Rev. Dr. Lamb, the notorious boroughmonger, was at once scouted, and the parson-petitioner severely animadverted upon by the indignant Committee of Privileges. This, perhaps, to the unenlightened minds of the vulgar public, might seem the natural deduction, but the Committee had a better and deeper insight into the characters of Dr. Lamb, and Colonel Baillie, and Mr. Bonham, of the Steyne, Brighton, on the one side, and of Colonel Evans and Mr. Smith, on the other. With such opportunity, and in the exercise of its high prerogative, it has upset the decision of the former Committee—has again closed the borough, and, by such last determination, according to the *stat* of the absurd act, 28th Geo. III., has declared the CORRUPTION OF RYE TO BE, **FOR THE FUTURE, IMPREGNABLE.**

This late Committee was, with one or two exceptions, composed of new Members, and, consequently, of men almost entirely ignorant of constitutional law and parliamentary practice. The Committee of last session was presided over by Lord Palmerston, and was principally composed of old Members of Parliament, who, independently of this, were well known for their enlargement of mind, and clearness and quickness of comprehension. The evidence adduced before the one Committee and the other, was identical—the number of days which the exposition of the circumstances of the case occupied was the same—and yet the latter tribunal upset the judgment of the former tribunal. There appears a strange anomaly in this, and yet it is most true. Under the Wellington administration a Committee of old members destroyed the venality of the borough of Rye—opened it to the addresses of honourable and independent men like Colonel Evans; but, under a Whig administration, the breath of whose nostrils ought to be liberalism, a Committee to new

members has declared the decision of its predecessor null and void—has reinstated the Corporation of the Port in its monstrous privileges—has placed in the hands of the Parson Lamb the choice of the representatives, which, therefore, is made available to the purposes of such a thick-headed legislator as Colonel Baillie, and such a specimen of a Member of Parliament as Mr. Bonham, of the Steyne, Brighton, a person who, for efficiency of zeal and understanding, whether at Brighton or London—at Crockford's or the House of Commons—is no more nor less than a TRUMP CARD. Indeed we believe the honour of a practical and good-humoured joke to this effect, has really been conferred upon him; for some wag once, over night, exercised his powers of jocularity, on the Member for Rye's street door.

The decision is as follows:—  
“That the right of election was in the mayor, jurats, and inhabitants, paying scot and lot, and duly admitted and sworn as freemen.” The plain English of this is, that the majority of the corporation may make, whom they please, freemen; and as the majority of such freemen are either the relatives, the friends, or the servants of Parson Lamb, this same Parson Lamb is to continue the patron of the said borough until such time as the present liberal-minded Whig administration shall be pleased to introduce and pass their measure for Reform, and emancipate the unfortunate borough of Rye from its present state of slavery.

In the course of the arguments of one of the learned counsel, who appeared before the Committee on behalf of Parson Lamb, it was gravely asserted, that he was not the venal boroughmonger of the place, and that it was a piece of calumny to bring that charge against so worthy and estimable a character. Heaven save the mark! What monstrous absurdity will people next try to stuff down our throats?—Parson Lamb not the venal boroughmonger of Rye? Why the thing is as notorious as the *stat* at noon-day;—as notorious as that Sir Massey Lopez was imprisoned for bribery and corruption—that he

is the patron of Westbury—and that Sir Robert Peel, being kicked out of the university of Oxford, was obliged to have recourse to that old Jew to return him for one of his rotten boroughs. Mention this subject to a man of Rye, and he will insult you—and justly—by laughing outright in your face; and he will bring you evidence of such a damnatory nature, as to make old Parson Lamb appear in his true colour of the dark hue of Erebus, even were he previously arrayed in the brightness of one of the angels of Heaven. Indeed, the people of Rye make no secret of the matter; as will appear from the bold language of the following petition, just presented to the House of Commons, and praying for some general measure of reform:—

“The Petition, &c. &c. of the Inhabitants of Rye.

“Humbly Sheweth—That the obscurity natural to corruption, and the guilty collusion of artful, and often powerful accomplices, have so shrouded the prevailing venality in the representation to Parliament, that the laws for the ostensible preservation of this greatest of evils have hitherto been of no useful avail.

“That, as your Petitioners have been peculiar sufferers under this shameful and ruinous abuse, they proportionately rejoice on the accession to the Government of a Ministry pledged to the repression of it.

“That under these circumstances, considering that information tending to elucidate the subject may be of use towards guiding the Legislature in the great remedial measures about to be entertained, your Petitioners respectfully represent, that should your Honourable House deem fit in your wisdom to pass a Bill of Indemnity for the examination of accomplice witnesses—they (your Petitioners) engage to prove at your bar—

“That the two seats in Parliament for this town and port of Rye have regularly, for many years past, sold or bartered for money, or other valuable considerations, and that there are at present eleven individuals, either belonging to the

“Established Church, or Members of either branch of the Legislature, who have been concerned as principals in these foul and unlawful bargains; from whence flow, as a consequence, such grievous local as well as general oppression, misery, and distress throughout the Empire.

“That though these high infirmities of the liberties and privileges of Parliament and the people are as notorious as the sun at noon-day, and though some of the persons actually implicated have not hesitated occasionally to disclose in private the amount even of the sums they have paid for nominally representing this town in your Honourable House, there is, according to the framing of the existing laws, no probable method whatever of effecting a full exposition of those offences but that which we respectfully suggest; and

“That, should your Honourable House deem it meet to adopt the same, it will be the means of bringing to light a series of curious, deplorable, and flagrant details, exemplifying conspicuously the character of the evil and the urgent necessity of its removal—details, the exposure of which would, your Petitioners therefore humbly conceive, be of material benefit at the present juncture, to the public interests.

“And your petitioners shall ever pray, &c.”

There is no shuffling in this plain straightforward language. If the allegations of the petition be true, the House of Commons is bound to listen to them, and make some inquiry into their truth. If the charges be false, and a rank libel, it behoves Parson Lamb, as he considers himself a gentleman and a man of honour, to indict the whole body of subscribers for a conspiracy, and as the subscribers are actual householders in Rye, by convicting them, the Parson will effect two important matters at the same moment—vindicate his character so basely attacked, and by routing out his enemies from the borough, be able to fill the vacancies by his own creatures, and rivet the enslaving chain of his corporation in yet closer links.

We have given the Rye petition; we now give one which is in course of signature at Hythe, and with a copy of which we have been favoured.

This also speaks in unequivocal language; and if the sitting members, Messrs. Stewart Marjoribanks, and John Loch, have a regard for their character, they will not allow it to pass without a sufficient reply.

"The Humble Petition of the undersigned Rated and Rateable Inhabitants of the Town and Port of Hythe, in the County of Kent, one of the Cinque Ports.

"Humbly Sheweth—That, much danger to the public weal is to be dreaded from the present excited state of the people of Great Britain and Ireland; and that it is much better to conciliate the love and affection of a people than curb the utterance of their free opinions, by the strong arm of the law.

"That the most efficacious mode of meeting the wishes of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, and ensuring peace and tranquillity in the Realm, is by passing a general and sweeping measure of *Reform*.

"That close Boroughs are a curse to the country, and ought to be abolished.

"That your Petitioners have grievous cause of complaint against the gross usurpations of the corporate body, to which for many years this town has been the victim, and that from a former flourishing condition, this town, in consequence of the abominable proceedings of their corporation, is fast sinking into ruin, which but for the merciful interposition of this Honourable House, must be irretrievable.

"That at so early a date as the reign of the Conqueror, the town of Hythe contained two hundred and thirty-one efficient Burgesses, as will appear from Domesday Book. That in 1710, the period of the last decision of a Committee of Privilege, there were only four out-resident freemen of the town, and those four had served in Parliament. That by the customs of the Cinque Ports, there should be resident in Hythe one mayor, twelve jurats, and twenty-four common councilmen.

"But that, in consequence of the malpractices of the corporation, having for their object the making of this a close and venal borough, the number of resident freemen is, at the present period only nineteen; the number of jurats is only three, of whom one is bed-ridden, and too aged and feeble for office; the number of common councilmen only four, but the number of out-residents about four hundred and fifty.

"That your Petitioners have had nothing to do with the election of the two members returned for the town and port of Hythe; and that in consequence of the vicious and destructive custom of out-residence, a custom abetted by the two acting resident jurats, and the two sitting members, who maintain almost all the out-residents in their service, by gifts, emoluments, and places (as your Petitioners are ready to prove, if called to the bar of this Honourable House, and as a certain Mr. Cropper, one of the porters of the East India House, can also prove, if called up to the bar of this Honourable House), the return of the two members at present seated for the town and port of Hythe has been effected in violation of the dearest and most sacred rights of the Cinque Ports generally, and the town of Hythe in particular.

"That the business of election in the town of Hythe is a contemptible farce, and that it might as well be conducted in the counting-house of Mr. Stewart Marjoribanks, or the private room of Mr. John Loch, at the East India House, as your Petitioners are ready to prove, if called to the bar of this Honourable House; and as Mr. Cropper can also prove, if called upon, as aforesaid.

"That unless a general Reform be immediately carried, by the Legislature giving the elective franchise to every rated and rateable inhabitant of the town of Hythe, your Petitioners pray that the colourable privilege of returning Members to Parliament may be taken away; for the business of elections, as it is at present conducted in the said town, is by them considered an open insult to them.



"selves, as such rated inhabitants of the said town—as a violation of their dearest privileges and rights —and is the fatal cause of bringing down almost irretrievable ruin upon their heads."

The feeling, in the present Parliament, although under a Whig administration, is decidedly hostile to insulated measures of reform. In no one case has a petitioner been seated. But this is not the worst. In some of the instances, upon the authority of the misconceived Act of 28 Geo. III., the cases of the petitioners have not been suffered to be even opened. The Marlborough and many other cases are evidences of the former—of the latter, those of Dartmouth and Calne are memorable instances, and will not easily be forgotten. The last of these is the most curious, both on account of the conduct of the Committee generally, and the supposed fact of the Chairman, Mr. Wynne, having in his pocket, at the moment of his taking his seat as Chairman of the Committee, his appointment to the office of Secretary at War. Against the decision of the Committee the inhabitants of Calne prepared a petition, the presenting of which was entrusted to Mr. O'Connell; but this gentleman, for reasons best known to himself, delayed the fulfilment of his pledge, and the two candidates, in disgust, threw up the whole business, and were glad to retire speedily into the country.

The Committee on the Calne petition required statements of the right, which they should not have done, if there was a last determination that was conclusive.

Afterwards they decided that the petitioners should not go into evidence, to support the case they had opened, because the last determination was final.

And, at last, they declared themselves the meaning of the last determination, without having received any evidence to prove what it was. And, in explaining the meaning, referred to the election and swearing, according to the ancient constitution of the borough; without having heard any evidence to shew that any election or swearing was necessary,

or what was the ancient constitution of the borough.

And they negatived the right stated by the sitting members, and yet seated them without further inquiry.

And, in pursuance of such determination, the Right Honourable Charles Watkin Williams Wynne, from the Select Committee appointed to try and determine the merits of the petition of Edmund Hopkinson and Edward Cheyney, Esqrs., complaining of an undue election and return for the borough of Calne, in the county of Wilts, informed the House—

That it appeared to the Committee that the merits of the petition did depend, in part, upon the right of election; and that, therefore, the said Committee required the counsel for the petitioners, and the counsel for the sitting members to deliver to the clerk of the said Committee, statements in writing of the right of election for which they respectively contended.

That, in consequence thereof, the counsel for the petitioners delivered in a statement as follows :—

"That the Right of Election is in the ancient Burgesses only, such ancient Burgesses being the inhabitant householders resident in the said Borough, duly sworn."

That the counsel for the sitting members delivered in a statement as follows :—

"The counsel for the sitting Members will contend that the Right of Election of Burgesses to serve in Parliament for this Borough, is in the ancient Burgesses of the said Borough; only meaning thereby the select body of the Corporation."

That, upon the statement delivered in by the counsel for the petitioners, the said Committee have determined—

That the Right of Election, as set forth in the said statement, is not the Right of Election for the said borough.

That, upon the statement delivered in by the counsel for the sitting members, the said Committee have determined—

That the Right of Election, as set forth in the said statement, is not

the Right of Election for the said borough.

That the said Committee have determined that the Right of Election for the said borough, is in the ancient Burgesses of the said borough only, meaning by the term ancient Burgesses, Burgesses duly elected and sworn, according to the ancient constitution of the borough of Calne.

That the said Committee have also determined—

That Sir James Macdonald, Bart., is duly elected a Burgess to serve in Parliament for the said borough.

That Thomas Babington Macaulay, Esq., is duly elected a Burgess to serve in Parliament for the said borough.

That the said petition did not appear to the said Committee to be frivolous or vexatious.

That the opposition to the said petition did not appear to the Committee to be frivolous or vexatious.

The proceedings of Committees, in regard to last decisions, have been grounded on misconception.—Here is our proof of the fact.

The mistake has arisen from the latter part of the fourth clause 2d Geo. II. From a note, p. 755 of Cobbett's *Parliamentary History* for 1729, this latter part, it will be seen, was added by the borough-owning Lords in the Upper House, and, on being returned to the Commons, was carried by a majority of two only—the numbers being, for it 91, against it 89. Even then, however, the Lower House did not understand the clause to refer to aught beyond the business of the hustings. In 1735, on the debate of 7th March, it will be further seen, that though six years had elapsed since the passing of the above act, the general Committees for election matters had never understood the passage in question to have any reference to them; and that the proposal to give it an *ex post facto* force was strenuously opposed, on the ground, that such construction would fetter the Committees, and give a power never contemplated in passing the act. By reference to the *History* for 1770, the reader will perceive, that although the preamble of the 10th Geo. III. c. 10, condemns the old method of arriving at decisions, Mr. Grenville so stigmatised the mode of proceeding in Com-

mittees of privilege, that it is extraordinary and monstrous to hold sacred any decision prior to the year 1770.

We fear that the feelings which actuated the departure from London of the candidates for Calne have been but too common with the numerous petitioners before Parliament. Honourable and independent men consider it as vain to appeal to Committees, which are actuated by a spirit of partisanship, swayed by borough-mongering influence, and pay little or no attention to the nature of the evidence before them. When a flagrant case, like that of East Retford, or Evesham, or even Liverpool, is brought before the House of Commons, much loud language will be heard from the Wellingtonites and Peelites, as well as the Whigs, and the end in view in doing this is evidently to blink the grand question of reform, by throwing out what is vulgarly called a tub to the whale; or in other words, by a little plausibility of demeanour, by an assumption of liberality, to hoodwink the nation, and take the chance of some other cause of excitement—continental wars, or some other grand and moving accident—drawing away the attention of the people of England from the main and vital cause at issue between the nation and the legislature, that is to say—a Reform in Parliament. But the nation is not so easily to be satisfied. The reform introduced must be broad and sweeping. Nothing else will meet the general wishes of the people; for the people, led by continental examples, believe their strength to be irresistible, and are clamorous for free participation in the elective franchise. Their wishes to this effect may be extravagant, still their call must be attended to by the legislature, otherwise exasperation may ensue, and lead to the most lamentable results. We have seen, in frequent instances of late, on the continent, the unhappy effects of popular insurrection; and, as like causes produce like effects, we may well imagine what would be the sure consequence of such a movement in this country. To reason with such masses as are the cause of insurrections, would be as idle as talking to the winds. If it were not so we should never hear of popular commotion or

révolution. The lower orders of the people, as a body, have no common sense, nor reason, nor judgment. If it were so, they would hardly have, during our late provincial disturbances, laid waste and destroyed the very staple of food, and thus have brought themselves nearer the threshold of general starvation. To talk reason, therefore, to the populace is idle: to counteract their passions impossible. Because, if a whole nation rise with a simultaneous movement, what earthly power can allay the fermentation? An army, under such circumstances, is utterly useless; for, comparatively speaking, the most numerous army of the continent, when brought to bear against a whole population, will be but a contemptible force. We have an instance of this in the late revolution of France; where Marmont and his troops were obliged to betake themselves to precipitate flight before the ragged Parisian rabble. The public mind in England is now intent upon reform; and every substantial man in the country, conceiving himself an efficient subject of the realm, is anxious to participate in the elective franchise. By satisfying this wish, all danger may be averted; every other general measure may be carried by the ministry, because the people, in the first burst of gratification, will deny nothing, and the continuance in office of such a minister as shall bring in a general reform will be perpetuated.

That the introduction of this question will be attended with difficulties we can very easily conceive. The borough-owners will no doubt offer every opposition, and what is called a *vested interest* in property, will be attempted to be defended. The owners of Old Sarum, Bletchingley, Callington, Newport, Wotton, and other close boroughs, will unquestionably raise an outcry for the preservation of their property, and the maintenance of their power. But is such a paltry opposition as this to thwart the general question of reform? Is the opposition of an hundred families to outweigh the demands of a whole nation? The answer is obvious, and the matter resolves itself into this alternative—a general reform or no reform—tranquillity or commotion: meeting the wishes of the people, and thus removing all cause of com-

plaint; or by counteracting those wishes, either by no measures or by half measures, to drive them to desperation. Here is the plain question: it can be reduced into no other shape; and ministers must choose between the good and the evil. We sincerely wish for the continuance in office of the present administration. If they fulfil the promises which they made to the nation on first taking places, they will deserve general confidence, and they will have the best wishes of the country, and every right-minded man will fervently hope that they may long continue in the exercise of that power which they will have so excellently dispensed. If, however, the question of reform should not be brought forward in a satisfactory shape, through the factious opposition of political middlemen, Lord Grey and his colleagues must instantly deliver up their seals, and the consequences resulting from public irritation will be horrible indeed.

A multiplicity of pamphlets have been lately published on this momentous question, which has been canvassed in every possible shape. It will be out of the power of ministers to select a plan which has not already been treated in some one of these publications. Whatever may be the diversity of opinion on other points, all seem agreed, that the franchise should be exercised by the inhabitants of the town returning members to Parliament; and if that particular town should have too few inhabitants, that the next large town or towns in the neighbourhood, should have a share in the return. No less than five hundred rated inhabitants should be allowed such privilege. The great question is—what limitation should be observed as to the classes of inhabitants qualified to vote. This, indeed, is a point for serious consideration. The conclusion must be, however, that nothing but an extreme limitation will be satisfactory:—that is to say, every man who is a substantial householder, the great as well as the little, the rich as well as the humble—every man bearing the burthens of the place, and paying to the king, to the church, and to the poor, should have participation in the franchise. That this is not without some concomitant evils

we admit; but this objection can be made against every human institution. There is no doubt that some of the poorer inhabitants of a place might submit to receive bribes; this, however, is no drawback to the system. The thing we strive for is, to do the greatest quantity of good with the least possible evil. It might with equal justice be said, that members of a jury may be tampered with—that members of the church may preach heresy. Jurymen have been tampered with—members of our church have preached heresy—yet this constitutes no tenable objection against the general question at issue. Human ingenuity may strive till the day of judgment to invent some perfect mode of popular representation, and be as far from the mark as at the present moment. The fact is, that it is impossible to have a better system than that grounded on the principle of every rated and rateable inhabitant having a vote in the election of members to serve in Parliament.

Mr. Serjeant Morewether, one of the deepest constitutional lawyers among us, and who, from the first moment of his appearance at the bar, has given the undivided energies of his mind to the elucidation of Parliamentary rights, has just published a pamphlet, entitled, "An Address to the King, the Lords and Commons, on the Representative Constitution of England." It is a production full of deep interest at the present moment, and, as emanating from so learned and enlightened a man, it merits at all hands the gravest attention. We cannot do better than lay some passages from this admirable letter before our readers:

"That abuses exist, nobody can deny; that they are not few, must be admitted; that they are injurious is self-evident."

"That Old Sarum should return Members to Parliament; that large and increasing places should be excluded; that the right of representation should be deposited in the chests of the owners of Burghage-tenure Boroughs; that the municipal jurisdiction and authorities intended for the public good should be reduced to the possession of a few individuals for the purpose of Parliamentary influence; and that for the same object non-residents and honorary Freemen should be increased to an unlimited extent, are crying and oppressive evils."

"Many of these have originated in

decisions of your House, and its Committees, founded on error and mistake; and nothing is necessary to expose and correct those mistakes and errors, but a patient inquiry into the subject."

"For instance, if the ancient practice of our Constitution is examined, it will be found that Old Sarum has actually ceased to be a Borough." The origin of the representation of Boroughs sprung out of their separation from the county at large: the increase of population in a particular spot rendering the constant division of the county into hundreds and tithings impracticable to a place so crowded; and hence the large towns were subdivided into wards, with their *elder men*, or *Aldermen*, over them; by virtue of which

from the county they had exclusive jurisdiction, and in consequence of the exercise of that jurisdiction within their limits, they were exempt from the interference of the Sheriff. They had themselves the return of all writs, and the Sheriff for that purpose could not enter their limits; from whence it followed, that neither could he call upon them to concur in the election of the Knights of the Shire, nor to contribute to the payment of their wages after they were elected. With respect to duty therefore, it was unreasonable they should be exempted from sending representatives to Parliament, or from paying their wages: and with respect to right, it was unreasonable that they should not be represented at all; therefore precepts were directed to them to return Members for themselves, and they were compelled to pay amongst themselves their expenses. Whenever this state of things ceased—whenever the population was not sufficient to require such a separation—whenever the exclusive jurisdiction was either not necessary or its exercise impracticable, it ceased, and the place was again reabsorbed into the county, and became subject to its jurisdiction. When it had not either electors to return Members, or persons fit to be returned, or the inhabitants were too poor to pay the Members, it ceased to send them; of which there are abundant instances in our history. Therefore Old Sarum having no person residing within it, and consequently no population to continue its separate jurisdiction, having no Court at all, nor inhabitants to elect or be elected, or to pay the Members' wages, its existence as a Borough is gone."

The author then goes on to say—that as large towns increased in importance, they had Charters granted to them, making them Boroughs, as in the numerous places in Cornwall. Again, when important places had lapsed into poverty, and afterwards revived, precepts, which had been held in abeyance, were

again issued without any new Charter; of this there are many precedents in the reign of Henry VIII., Queen Mary, and at the beginning of that of Elizabeth. The learned Serjeant shows the absurdity of the burgage-tenure:

"The Burgage-tenure right of voting has been founded entirely in mistake; the chapter in Littleton, which has been relied upon for its support, has been totally misapprehended and perverted from its proper application, which relates only to the nature of tenure of the entire Borough under the Crown or other Lord, and not to the tenure of particular individuals within the Borough."

"The absurdity of this right of election in any particular Borough is also apparent in this, that all Boroughs were originally held by Burgage-tenure, and therefore it cannot be applicable to any particular place; but if the right of any, would be the right of all."

"The truth is, that this mode of election has been adopted in a few places, from the accidental circumstance only of the Court Leet and Court Baron being usually held together; the former grew gradually into desuetude; the latter being continued with more perseverance, owing to the profits and fees accruing to the Lord and the steward; and consequently more pains were taken in recording the names as tenants, rather than in their character of residents, in respect of which they owed their suit at the Court Leet."

"In fact, they were identically the same class, though described by different names; for inasmuch as a resident or inhabitant must have a house to live in, and he who lives in a house and occupies it must be the tenant, it follows that the tenant must be the inhabitant. And if the early cases supposed to have established Burgage-tenure be examined, it will be found, that they decide no more than that the Burgage-holders are the voters; which, as Burgage means a house, is in truth a description of householders, the most accurate term for defining the person really entitled to vote by the ancient Constitution in its purest day; namely, the inhabitant paying scot and lot, which necessarily is the householder."

"Hence it appears that the supposed right of Burgage-tenure is founded in error and misconception; and thus by investigation it may be restored to its ancient purity."

"All the abuses arising from the too limited and too extended number of corporations and of non-residents, are attributable to one error, which has been adopted by the House and Committees, that the right of election is in any respect a corporate right. I venture to call this an

error, because it can be proved to be absolutely impossible. The greater proportion of Boroughs have returned Members from the close of the reign of Edward I. down to the present time. Though ecclesiastical and eleemosinary corporations and guilds (which latter were bodies separate and distinct from the Burgesses,) have existed from time immemorial; yet there were no municipal corporations in this country before 1440, the 18th of Henry VI., when the first Charter of Incorporation was granted to Kingston-upon-Hull. None of those which precede it on the Rolls have any words of incorporation; but that Charter contains nearly the same words of incorporation which are used to this day, and which had been before that time adopted in grants to ecclesiastical bodies as abbeys, priories, convents, &c.; to eleemosinary bodies, as hospitals; and to guilds; but had not been applied to municipal bodies till the time of Henry VI. This fact can be proved without the chance of contradiction."

Municipal corporations, he says, are neither mentioned in our Saxon laws, our oldest text authors, nor in the commencement of the Year-books. These are the earliest legal authorities. The whole of our corporation law is exclusively confined to such corporations as are enumerated by the learned Serjeant. These bodies acted on the rules and principles of the civil law. About the time of Henry IV., although many towns had enjoyed privileges and grants without being incorporated, as is established by Madox in his *forma Burgi*, yet the ecclesiastics disputed the right of lay municipal bodies to enjoy, without being incorporated, privileges interfering with their own. These discussions, as will be seen from the Year-books, continued for some time, and, as Serjeant Merewether conceives, produced the charter of Kingston. In confirmation of this view, the word Corporation does not occur in the text of the Year-books as applied to any municipal body, till long after the date referred to by the Serjeant.

"But," says the author, "as the Year-books were printed at a considerable interval after the time when the cases which they report were decided, the word Corporation is often inserted in the margin with reference to Towns and Boroughs, when it does not occur in the text; from which it is evident that the principles of Corporation Law were not applied to them till long after the cases were decided to

which these marginal annotations are added."

It may be assumed that, as municipal corporations did not exist till the reign of Henry VI., and as the right of representation began with Edward I., one fact can have no connexion with the other. As further corroboration of this point, it may be added, that many incorporated places do not return members to Parliament, and that many unincorporated places do; that many incorporated places return members without the corporators participating in the franchise; that places once incorporated, and which have since forfeited or lost their corporation, still continue to return members to Parliament. From all which we may fairly infer that the returning of members to Parliament is in no wise the exclusive privilege of corporations. The learned Sergeant then continues:—

"All the evils resulting from the reduction of the number of corporators, the unlimited increase of them, and the introduction of non-residents, are attributable to this one erroneous assumption, that the right of returning Members to Parliament is in any degree founded on corporate privileges.

"Because, in the first instance, the effect of so considering it is, that as Corporations can only be created by the Crown, the right of election is thus submitted to the power of the King, of which our ancestors would have been in no slight degree jealous.

"The next consideration is, that the Charters of the Crown are to be enforced, and the abuses of them corrected, by the interposition of the courts of law; and therefore, for some time, acting upon the same mistaken principle, it was the practice of your House to insist that those who claimed corporate rights for themselves, or disputed those of others, should previously apply to a court of law to enforce the one or dispossess the other, before the House, or the Committees, would treat those rights as established or negatived. But this doctrine, which never could be supported or suggested by any but those interested in its adoption, has of late years been most reasonably rejected by Committees; because it was absurd to say, that a man, who once in seven years is called upon to discharge a public duty by voting for Members of Parliament, should previously incur the ruinous expense of proceedings in a court of law to assert his own right, or negative that of his neighbour. And therefore, as long as such a principle was acted upon by Committees of

the House of Commons, few usurpations were corrected, and they would have been rarely assailed to the present day, had not that error been abandoned.

"A farther consideration, and perhaps the most important, is that the courts of law have assumed, that every Corporation has a power of perpetuating its own body and of selecting such persons as they think fit for that purpose. This is the great master-evil of this system; and by it Corporations are enabled on the one hand to reduce their bodies to the smallest possible number, or, on the other, to increase them to the most unlimited extent.

"I have ventured to say that the Courts of Law have in this respect proceeded upon erroneous grounds, and, with all respect for those high tribunals, I presume to affirm that nothing is more unfounded or more gratuitously assumed than this arbitrary right of election. There is no pretence for it in the general principles of our Law—there is no real ground for it in the Charters. There is a manifest absurdity in the application of it, and it gives to a few members of Corporations an uncontrolled power, which, if carried to its full extent, would be too powerful for the Crown, for your House, or the People.

"This principle was first adopted in the courts of law, in the Nottingham case, in the year 1811, when it was decided that such a power necessarily existed in a corporation, on the authority of a case from the Year-books, which does not in my humble opinion in any degree support it.

"In the Nottingham case there was a general incorporation, under which certain persons were presumed to have a right to be admitted as members; and the court decided, that as those persons who were so entitled to be admitted, might not be sufficiently numerous to continue the Corporation, it must necessarily be inferred, that the Crown intended to give a power of perpetuating it by discretionary election.

"Surely the obvious conclusion would be, that if the King created a Corporation to be continued from time to time, by the successive introduction of persons having certain qualifications, that when they ceased, the Corporations also should be at an end; there is no reason whatever for inferring that the King intended that the Corporation should continue beyond the successive duration of those persons to whom he granted it.

"The ancient case upon the authority of which the Court of King's Bench decided, was to this effect.—The King having granted a charter, by which he directed that there should be a specified number of aldermen, further provided, that in case any of that number should die, the Corporation should elect another in his stead within eight days. They omitted to do so within that period; the question then

arose, whether they might afterwards elect an alderman: and it was decided they might: because the King had directed that they should have twelve aldermen: and although they had not elected within the specified time, that might be considered as merely directory, and they might proceed to the election afterwards; for the King clearly intended that they should have twelve aldermen, and that intention would be defeated if they did not so elect.

"What analogy has this to the case of Nottingham? The King had only incorporated those who had certain qualifications, and when these ceased why should the Corporation continue? The intention of the King was effected; why should another class be gratuitously introduced?

"Properly considered, there is no analogy between these cases. The Nottingham case therefore being founded upon the former, but being in truth not supported by it, is not maintainable; and consequently I venture to repeat the assertion, that this arbitrary power of selection by Corporations, as it is not sanctioned by the common or statute law, nor supported by authority or charter, is totally untenable."

The author then proves the right of non-residents to be founded on a fallacy. This, however, is so obvious to common sense, that little or no trouble need have been taken on this topic. Is it not a crying shame, that strangers should have a right, and that the most solemn and valuable right that Englishmen can enjoy; when the inhabitants of the place who constitute the town, without whom it would be waste land, who bear all the necessary burdens, pay to the King, pay to the Church, pay to the poor, have no voice in the franchise, and are compelled to allow strangers who pay not one shilling towards the expenses of the place, to exercise their dearest privilege? Thus argues common sense: how argues the notorious fact? In the early period of our history it appears that all Burgesses ought to have been resident. Thus it continued for some time; but as members of Parliament received wages from their constituents, which were increased according to the journeys they had to make to the place where the Parliament assembled, it became a practice with the Burgesses to find some persons near the place of assembly, in order to lighten their own payments; and to comply with the exigency of the writ, they admitted such person a

Burgess of the place he was to represent. In 1660, after many persons, in compliance with the statute of the 13th of Charles II., had been displaced from their respective corporations, the principal officers of state were admitted into them throughout the greater portion of the kingdom. Afterwards, people argued that a person once admitted to freedom, was always free: that whether resident or non-resident his right never lapsed—he was still an efficient member of the corporation. On this notion, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, non-residents were in some cases allowed to vote; and this evil of non-residence has gone on increasing in so wonderful a ratio, that at the present moment, through the tricks and manoeuvres of boroughmongers, many places have no more than perhaps a dozen resident freemen, whilst the number of out-voters amounts to as many hundreds. This is evident in the case of Hythe, for the reader will perceive that this abuse is the great subject of complaint in their petition to Parliament. The following extract from the learned Sergeant is more lucid than any words we could employ on this subject.

"Be assured, that our old institutions will be your best guide; resort to them, and they will sweep away, as it were with giant force, the intricate, discordant, anomalous system which has sprung up from successive usurpations and gradual aberrations from the simple system of our forefathers. And in the progress of your investigation of the past, you will find evolved, instead of the present complicated system, which is intelligible to none—serviceable to none but those who wish to continue the whole in mystery for the purpose of their own private advantage—a system so plain, so simple, so universal, that it would be beneficial and intelligible to all, and would admit, at least for a great length of time to come, of no intricacy or perversion.

"The first writs which were issued in the close of the reign of Edward I. directed that citizens should be returned for every city, and burgesses for every borough, which of itself would raise the inference that they were all of the same class and description. Besides, an inspection of their charters will establish that in fact they were so. For although they may vary in some slight degree in their language, in their import and substance they are all the same. Again, none of the

early charters define who were the citizens or burgesses; because they were sufficiently denoted by the common law.

"It will be the province of this attempt to show who they were by the common law, and who they are proved to be by the practice down to the present day; although that practice is much misunderstood, and the facts have been perverted in a manner almost incredible; particularly when it is considered that this has been done under the authority of legal decisions.

"All our early law text writers commence with the division of society into two classes, the Freemen and Villains. Our early statutes record the same division. And in the year-books, the same distinction is preserved. Numerous are the writs, the proceedings, cases, and determinations, which are founded upon the relative rights of Freemen, the Lords, and their Villains. The result of this state of society was, that the Lords were responsible for their Villains, and absorbed in themselves all their public rights and duties.

"The Freemen were those only who enjoyed any public rights, and were consequently called on to perform all public duties; these Freemen were bound by oath to the King to abide by the laws; that oath which commenced in our Saxon institutions, and has been continued to the present moment, and is emphatically and properly called the Oath of Allegiance.

"Every free inhabitant in the country so sworn was, in the language of the law, 'law-worthy'; and hence it is, that in early periods we find all the public duties discharged, the public offices filled, the law administered, and questions between man and man decided, by the '*liberi et legales homines*.' The next point to be considered, is how these Freemen were ascertained:—some were free by birth, as born of free parents—some were made free by marriage, as marrying a free woman, by consent of the Lord, express or implied—others were made free by living away from the Lord for a year and a day without his claim or controul. These are the rights of birth, marriage, and servitude, acted upon to this very day, but most mistakenly and absurdly applied to corporations, with which they have no affinity whatever; and not attributed, as they ought to be, to the earliest principles of our common law.

"The right of servitude is stated above to be connected with absence from the Lord for a year and a day. This may require a few words in explanation. That a Villain who lived away from his Lord for a year and a day without claim, was thereby free, is laid down by all our early writers. A Villain could not enter into a contract with his Lord; if, therefore, a person entered into a contract with another, it was

evident that he was not his Villain. Consequently, if he served any one under a contract for more than a year and a day, inasmuch as the individual with whom he served was proved not to be his Lord, it was clear that he could not be the Villain of any one; for if he had a Lord, he had lived more than a year and a day away from him. Hence an apprentice who had served seven years, was clearly proved to be free, and was entitled to be so considered. And even a servant, though not an apprentice, if he had served for a year and a day, would be free: of which instances may be found.

"Thus it may be clearly established, that the right by apprenticeship, so constantly supposed to have reference to corporate rights, has nothing to do with them, but is like the rest founded upon the common law; of which a further confirmation might be obtained if necessary from the fact, that there are instances of there being freemen sworn at a court leet in a borough, in which there is no pretence for saying that a corporation ever existed.

"And as the service of seven years is usually required, it is a curious coincidence, that although no time is fixed by the English law, during which a Lord might reclaim his Villain under the writ *de nativo replegiando*, by the *leges burgorum* it appears, that after seven years the Villain was absolutely irreclaimable.

"Such being the rights of freemen, the next question is, where were those rights to be enjoyed?

"A free inhabitant of a county took his oath of allegiance at the sheriff's tourn—did his suit and service there—and, until the statute of 8th Henry VI., voted for knights of the shire. The number of such persons dwelling in the counties becoming unmanageably great, it was enacted, that the knights should be elected by people, dwelling in the county, having free land and tenement of the value of forty shillings a year, and excluding all who could not expend that sum annually; not altering the class of persons who were to vote for counties, (viz. the inhabitants and dwellers there,) but only restraining the right of election to that portion of them who had free land to the annual value of forty shillings.

"Within the circuit of the counties there were many places which had exclusive jurisdiction—courts leet, view of frankpledge, the return of writs, and the exemption from suits of shires. At the courts leet the inhabitants, within those districts, took the same oath of allegiance, which the inhabitants of the county did at the tourn of the sheriff. As the privileged places had the return of writs, the sheriff could not interpose there, nor did the inhabitants within them vote for the knights of the shire, or contribute to their expenses; and, there-



fore, as has been stated before, the sheriff directed his precepts to the King's officer at those places, whether reeve, provost, mayor, bailiff, or constable, to return the citizens or burghers; and the same officers had afterwards to assess upon the inhabitants the wages due to the members."

The author insists that no municipal corporation existed before the reign of Henry VI.; and as a right of election, once vested in any class of persons, cannot be abrogated, the right exercised in boroughs anterior to the time of Henry VI., cannot be affected by subsequent charters as usurpations. Corporations, therefore, have nothing to do with the right of election. Since the time of Henry VI., a corporate construction has been applied to the word *burghess*; and the word has been robbed of its primitive meaning. Burgess only signified a free inhabitant of a borough. The following is the learned gentleman's plan of reform:—

"In counties the right will be confined to the resident freeholders, by which the expense of taking non-residents to the poll will be cut off. The poll will be shortened—the representation will assume more of a local character—and men of integrity, respectability, and talent, though of small fortunes, may be enabled, without inevitable ruin, to offer themselves as candidates.

"The number of voters for Counties will also be lessened by excluding persons resident in Boroughs. This is but reasonable, and was the ancient practice of our Constitution, which ought now to be enforced to obviate the present disproportionate influence the Boroughs have in County Elections.

"In Boroughs, every inhabitant householder had uniformly throughout the kingdom the right of voting, and the public rates would, as a necessary consequence of their being householders, denote to the electors, as well as the candidates, the persons entitled to vote at the election.

"And as all inhabitants would be included in the right, so as a consequence all non-residents would be excluded; by which the enormous expense attending their transport would be avoided, and their undue control of the elections be prevented. Thus would one uniform system prevail throughout the country, intelligible both to the electors and candidates, who might then carry on the election without the aid of those innumerable and expensive agents who are now rendered indispensably necessary by the present complicated and mysterious rights of election."

And this is followed up by the following remarks:—

"But, it will be asked, what then stands in the way of this plain and useful reform?—Only two provisions of the Legislature, which, upon dispassionate consideration, cannot, in my opinion, be supported by reason or principle. By the clear unequivocal provisions of the statute of the 1st of Henry V., the choosers of Knights of the Shire were commanded to reside in the county, and those of Cities and Boroughs to be free and resident within them, and that continued to be the law till the 14th Geo. III. 1774; when, by a most extraordinary and unprecedented recital of the Legislature, the former Act of Parliament was declared "by long usage to be unnecessary, and to have become obsolete." A declaration certainly not to be supported by any principle of Law, and it cannot be unwise to remove from the Statute Book so extraordinary an assertion—and to repeal the statute founded upon it;

"The other provision of the Legislature which requires repeal, is that clause which has made the last determination final.

"This was, first, merely a Resolution of the House, after which the substance of that Resolution was strangely introduced into the Bribery Act; and, subsequently, it was included, with some modifications, in the Grenville Act, and the later statutes which have amended it.

"But, surely, this clause cannot be supported by reason or principle. Was there any investigation preceding it, to establish the ground upon which alone it could be justifiable—namely, that the rights which had been established were correctly determined? Certainly not: but the Resolution was made and adopted in the dark, in total ignorance of what had passed before, and without investigation of what were the real rights. What is the consequence?—If there were erroneous determinations, those errors were perpetuated; that there were such decisions no persons can doubt; for notwithstanding all the rights of Election were originally the same, they are now almost as numerous as the places, and every possible variety, contradiction, and anomaly, exist in the different determinations.

"For instance, in Boroughs which were clearly held by Burgage-tenure, Corporate rights of Election now prevail; in some Corporations, scot-and-lot payers vote; in others, the select bodies; in others, under precepts directing that the return should be by Burgesses, Freemen vote. In other Corporations Freeholders unite with the Freemen. In some, residents only vote; and in others, non-residents; and on two Charters identically the same, granted by the same Queen, in the same reign, and on the same day, two different rights of Election are established.

"It is monstrous to perpetuate a system so contradictory and anomalous by such a

sweeping enactment; and reason and necessity will sooner or later require the repeal of it. One obvious objection to it is that the last determination is often made conclusive upon those who were not parties to it, as when the right is established by the acquiescence of the candidates, and it is afterwards used to bind the voters."

Upon this vital subject, another very able pamphlet has been sent to us. Its title is, "A Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P. for the county of York, on the present State of the English Representation," and was published during the short interval of sanguine hope, between the election of the popular member, and his elevation to the first legal dignity in the land. We call this an interval of hope; because, with all consideration for the conduct of Lord Brougham since his acceptance of office, we cannot be insensible to the fact, that the independent and spirited advocates of reform, who impatiently awaited his promised appearance as their champion, invested with the power and authority of Representative of the most important county in England, do now behold the elevation—which, at a somewhat later period, they would have esteemed the fair reward of long labour, and undeviating consistency—as a mischievous interruption in a bright career of usefulness and glory. What now is but vague anticipation, might have formed the subject of happy retrospect; for we do not think any thing could have withstood the overwhelming attack which the member for Yorkshire threatened, and all England so loudly urged. But let us hope that Lord Brougham will yet be true to himself, and to that character which now stands before his countrymen too marked and decided for the slightest change, or shadow of change, to pass over it without notice, and withering reprehension. By his advocacy of reform, Lord Brougham must make or un-make himself for ever.

We agree with the author of the pamphlet before us, that those who make the extension of the elective franchise to large towns the main object of their reform, are wrong, in attending to the supply of *omissions*, before they remove and eradicate gross and corrupt defects. The giving the franchise to those towns from

which assuredly it should not, and cannot be any longer withholden, is a measure which, however imperative, must be regarded as inferior in urgency to the abolition of the venal and abominable system practised in borough elections. So long as this is unremoved, it is idle to talk of reform having been effected. Important *omissions* in the representative system may be supplied: but reform, and the destruction of the borough system, are one and the same. To this then the Government must address themselves. They must look the matter boldly in the face. Opposition they will meet with, we know; but we also know, that they can meet with no opposition able to defeat their honest exertions, backed by a nation which leaves the borough-owner to choose between reform and an alternative to which we will not more specifically allude. However, it is needless to dwell upon any inducements to the adoption of measures on the part of the ministers, which they must adopt, or go out. This is a consideration which will always have its weight with any ministry, good or bad; and we doubt not that the present cabinet are fully aware of its importance.

We perfectly concur in the denunciation of what are called open boroughs, by the author of the pamphlet before us. The prevalence of venal and corrupt agency is quite as strong, and it may be more demoralizing, in the return of the *out-bidding* candidate, as in the simpler process of paying down the round sum and taking the seat. Of the true nature of the charters given to cities and boroughs, the author gives the following clear and condensed statement:—

"The original intent of the charters given to the cities and boroughs of England cannot be mistaken. Unquestionably, it was meant that the *inhabitants* of the place so chartered should elect for themselves representatives in parliament. It was not, however, intended that this should be done by an universal-suffrage scheme. Nothing can be plainer than that the mere day-labourer, uneducated, and ignorant of all political doctrines, and also necessarily exposed to the influence of his employer, was intentionally left out in conferring this important franchise. Nothing can be more clear than that this class was passed over, in bestowing the

right of election. The franchise is always found to be vested, distinctly, in some defined and select class of the inhabitants,—in the *freemen*, or the *free burgesses*, or the *free barons*, of the place so chartered, —clearly showing, that it was intended to place the elective power in the hands of the *middle classes of each town*. This would have been more effectually done by enfranchising all who were assessed upon a certain value to the poor-rate; but these charters were given before the poor-rate book was brought into use; and therefore the only means that then existed were adopted, of confining the franchise within the defined limits. Occasional residents in these boroughs were not meant to be included, therefore it was stipulated, that the elector should have acquired his freedom, which generally rendered a certain servitude necessary, and ensured his being a *bona fide* inhabitant and denizen of the town. The labourers of the place were not contemplated,—and therefore for a second reason the franchise was made to accompany the freedom; the principal object of obtaining which, at that period, was to enable the possessor to become a master-trader, and to do business on his own account.

“Beyond question, therefore, the original design of this part of the representative system must have been, to give the right of choosing members to all such of the inhabitants of the town so privileged as could be supposed to possess some portion of that intelligence and independence which were requisite to the right exercise of that franchise.”

The attention of the reader is next directed to the fact, that since the period of the granting of the charter a large class of educated and independent inhabitants of the middle classes has sprung up, who cannot claim their freedom either by apprenticeship or patrimony. Professional men, too, and gentry of small fortunes, are entitled to demand a new enactment which would give them the elective franchise in right of their assessment to the parochial burdens.

After some remarks on the change in the usages of trade, which leaves the seven years' servitude, conferring the right of freedom rather on those persons only who will probably be journeymen all their lives than on those who are destined to be traders, this author also, like Mr. Serjeant Merewether, proceeds to animadvert on the preposterous practice of admitting large numbers of non-resident freemen to the elective franchise; not

only on the claim of servitude, but also on that of parentage. Of this he gives an instance, too remarkable not to be here quoted.

“Matters of this kind are best illustrated by example. A deputation of keen electioneers came up, on the last occasion, from Barnstaple, to search for two candidates who were willing to spend some money, and also for voters, either in existence, or who might be manufactured. Having found their candidates, they also met with a young man whose employer I well knew, whom, with many others, they proposed to make into a voter. He had only completed his twenty-first year three days, when he was carried down to that borough; his freedom granted to him, the cost being paid by the candidates; his whole expenses defrayed; and he was sent back to town with from 10*l.* to 15*l.* clear profit. He had never before seen Barnstaple, nor had he any interest in the place, or any knowledge of the candidates or their principles. What, then, was his claim to become an elector of that borough? Merely this, that his father had possessed the freedom, and that his descent therefore entitled him to be admitted to it. And this was no solitary case. Scores of similar votes were manufactured in that very place, on that same occasion; and many thousands in the various open boroughs similarly circumstanced.”

He then goes on to say:

“The natural consequence of the elective power being thrown into the hands of this class of men, is now beginning to be clearly seen. Statutes against bribery may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, but as long as nine-tenths of the voters consist of labourers and mechanics, who come to the poll without a sovereign that they can call their own—and as long as candidates and their agents are found to slip into their hands bank-notes for 10*l.* or 20*l.*,—so long, in defiance of five hundred anti bribery statutes, will the most extensive venality flourish. I passed through several boroughs, at the period of the late election, and heard everywhere the same open confession of the proceedings then going on. At Nottingham, one gentleman confessed to having paid away, in the election of 1826, above 3,000*l.* in bribery in a single day. At Leicester, the voters, in anticipation of a contest, expressed their hope that the price of votes might rise to 10*l.*, as they said it commonly did, if the struggle was severe. At Hull, one of the sitting members dared not appear before his constituents—not for any defalcation of duty in Parliament, but because he had not paid ‘the polling money’ for the last election. At Shrewsbury, and at Maidstone, and at Evesham, and at Bristol, the same kind of

language showed clearly that the *price of votes* was in every case the prevailing idea in every elector's mind."

The author's plan of reform in these open boroughs is the following:—

"But let it be decided that the franchise shall in future be given to the whole of the respectable householders of each town, and to them only. Laying down this basis for all future admissions to the freedom of such places, the existing generation of out-dwelling voters will, in a few years, dwindle away in the ordinary course of nature.

"We want, therefore,

"A BILL, enacting that in (either describing the class of boroughs, or else naming them, severally,) every person who shall have actually resided in, and been assessed to, the poor-rates of that borough, for the space of three years, upon tenements or lands, of the rateable value of 15*l.* per annum, should be entitled to claim his freedom in right of such residence and rating.

"But, further, that the certificate of such freedom should expressly state, that the party therein named should not be entitled to vote at any election of members of parliament for that borough, except he was then, at the time of such election, actually resident in such borough, and rated to the poor-rates within the same; and had been so resident and rated for at least twelve months before such election.

"And, further, that in all the certificates of freedom given in such boroughs, after a certain day named, on the right of servitude or parentage, it should be stated that the person therein named, and so taking up his freedom, should not be entitled to vote at any election for members of parliament for the said borough, except he was then, at the time of such election, actually resident in such borough, and rated to the poor-rates within the same, upon lands or tenements of the rateable value of 10*l.* per annum, and had been so resident and rated for at least twelve months before such election.

"By a simple measure of this kind, injuring no single individual, depriving no person of his franchise, but regulating all admissions to that franchise upon a plan rendered necessary by the altered circumstances of the times;—by this simple measure would bribery and venality be banished from at least one hundred boroughs;—opportunity would be given to men of talent, but of moderate fortune, to render service to their country without risking an expense which would beggar their fami-

lies;—two hundred members, freely and fairly chosen upon the grounds of public principle and esteemed character, would be constantly sent into the House of Commons;—while the people of all these towns, restored to the rights which are now either withheld, or rendered nugatory by the multitude of non-residents, would become really and deeply attached to the thus restored constitution."

He then proceeds to the consideration of the use of the marketable close boroughs, on the subject of which he very truly says that very little difference of opinion exists. The opinion, the desire, the determination of every honest man in the kingdom is, that this infamous traffic must be abolished. As to the royal commission proposed by the author for the purpose of taking away the franchise from decayed boroughs, and *assessing and paying the value of the same to parties proving an actual possession of the privilege*, we are decidedly opposed to any such measure. We would have no commission, no ceremony, no respect for a pretended vested right in these unconstitutional sources of venal emolument. Vested rights, indeed! What *right* could ever have been possessed in such property? The holders of these boroughs ought to have known and felt that any advantages they thus possessed, were possessed by sufferance; and that, whenever the time should come, as come most certainly it would, spite of every factitious reclamation, for enquiry into their untenable pretensions, the effect must be the same as in every other species of property held by a tenure founded on abuse and corruption, and a bad title. The idea of compensation is, then, preposterous. Compensation, if to be given at all, should be made to the public by those who have so long fattened on such monstrous means. Take the following list of decayed boroughs, which still return members, and which, as the author truly says, might easily be swelled to more than thrice its length.

	Population.
" Old Sarum . . .	about 6
Bramber . . .	98
Gatton . . .	135
Newton . . .	about 200
St. Michael's . . .	178
Castle Rising . . .	254
Beeralston . . .	about 200

Dunwich . . . . .	200
St. Mawes . . . . .	about 300
Ludgershall . . . . .	477
East Looe . . . . .	770
Confe Castle . . . . .	823
Bossiney . . . . .	877
West Looe . . . . .	953

"The population here stated, however, is generally that of the entire *parish*; the *borough*, which exercises the right of returning the two members, being seldom more than a few miserable huts. There is, in all these cases, but one real voter, the patron, who is generally the Lord of the Manor; and although the population may amount to a few hundreds, the nominal voters seldom exceed twenty."

And then let us bear in mind that the following, among other towns, remain unrepresented:—

	Population.
" Manchester . . . . .	149,756
Birmingham . . . . .	106,722
Leeds . . . . .	83,796
Sheffield . . . . .	42,157
Brighton . . . . .	24,449
Bolton . . . . .	22,037
Blackburn . . . . .	21,940
Stockport . . . . .	21,726
Woolwich . . . . .	17,008
Sunderland . . . . .	14,725
Cleethorpe . . . . .	13,336
Whitehaven . . . . .	12,483
Kidderminster . . . . .	10,709"

One word as regards *close corporations*, which are as monstrous as any other part of the present intolerable system. The great body of the townsmen are excluded from the exercise of a privilege to which they have an undoubted right, and which is exclusively monopolized by the corporations whose motives in keeping up the monopoly may be easily conceived. The inhabitant householders in these towns, as also in boroughs where the franchise is confined to the holders of certain burgage-tenures, should be entitled to vote when rated at a reasonable sum; and a final blow thus struck at a system of corruption the baseness of which is, if possible, exceeded by its gross and almost incredible absurdity.

The principal points in the great measure of reform, should, in our opinion, be as follows:—the intellect of the country should be represented equally with the property—every freeholder, copyholder, and leaseholder—every man in a state of solvency, and bearing the rates, burdens, and assessments of his place of

domicile, should also be represented. Every election throughout Great Britain and Ireland should take effect on the same day. No person should have the privilege of the franchise in more than one place, and that the place of domicile; and even then the franchise should not be capable of being exercised until a year and a day after his settlement in the particular town. Poll-booths for county elections should be erected in every wapentake, or hundred; and the various out-booths should send up their several votes to the head booth, presided over by the sheriff, who should then make the majority known to the candidates. This plan was well expounded by Lord Brougham on the occasion of his return as member for Yorkshire; and we hope he will not now unsay the words of promise which he then made to the people of England. There should be a fixed and general Law for elections. There should be a fixed and general tribunal for the decision of all matters touching the right and legality of elections. The present mode of adjudication by committees should be done away with; for it is a method too futile and contemptible for the advanced state of knowledge of the people of England. Or if there must be a committee of members of Parliament to constitute tribunals of privilege, let such committees be presided over by a perpetual judge, some lawyer of high character and long standing who shall sum up the case as our common law judges, and each member of the jury-committee shall deliver, in writing, to the judge, his opinion on the matter at issue, when the judge shall pronounce according to the majority of such opinions, and then carrying such decision and opinions up to the bar of the House of Commons, and they shall be entered together in the journals as a memento for honour or dishonour, against the several members who shall have delivered in such opinions. And, finally, let each member on taking the oaths and his seat, take an additional oath that he is, either by himself or by his agents or friends, guiltless of bribery and corruption. Such are the obvious safeguards for upholding a reform in Parliament.—

The length to which we have already gone will prevent us from treating the subject of the "vote by ballot" with such grave consideration as its importance merits. The great champions for this innovation, on our political regulations, are the *Examiner* and the *Westminster Review*, and, although we cannot admire the loud and ferocious tone in which the advocacy of their favourite scheme is insinuated, yet the ability with which they have handled their arguments has made a decided impression on the country, and mainly attributable to their efforts are the loud calls which, by newspaper, pamphlet, declamation at public meetings, and petitions to the House of Commons, we have seen recently urged for the introduction of this mode of reform. In the few observations which we shall make upon the matter, we beg most distinctly to state that we are not actuated by any captious spirit of opposition. If it can be made apparent to us that the ballot will distribute the power of electing members to Parliament equally between the several classes of society, then it is advisable to adopt it, and the sooner the better; but this important feature in the scheme is by no means, at present, made manifest to our weak vision.

It is necessary that the aristocracy should no longer enjoy their political monopoly—it is expedient that the House of Commons should be constituted by the free and unbiassed suffrages of the people of England. Would the ballot effect so desirable an end?—if so, let us have it, in the name of all that is good. Its advocates have not yet stated, specifically, the limitation to the vote. In a passage, however, in the *Westminster Review* we have the following passage:—

"Allow every thing else to remain as it is; keep to the same votes exactly, and distribute them after the same manner. Do not even alter the duration of Parliaments. Not that these things are as they should be; they might be altered, we think, for the better; but the ballot would operate so powerfully, as an instrument of good, that the inconveniences which might still arise from these defects, if we had the ballot, would be far less severely felt."

If every other arrangement in the machinery of elections remain un-

changed and stationary, as the Reviewer would allow it, the whole power of choosing representatives must inevitably fall into the hands of the lowest orders of the community. Look into the economy of corporate or open boroughs, and we shall then see that, as the principal portion of the electors consists of men who are dependant on the daily sweat of their brows for food, and who when compared to the independent voters are in an overwhelming majority, they would of course carry matters after their own will. It would be a frightful issue if the lowest were to gain the ascendancy over every other order of society. Nor would the affair assume a different aspect, if universal suffrage were to be the order of the day, because then also the lowest would outnumber the other orders.

The Reviewer is a most acute sophist, and manages to conceal his false reasoning with infinite ingenuity. At the outset of his disquisition, he assumes that, as it is not good that the power of choosing representatives should be confined to the few, it should therefore be sent into the opposite extreme, and be resumed for the exclusive participation of the many. The rich, however, are just as much a constituent portion of society as the poor, and as such ought to have a corresponding influence. If, as he says, fraud and force have hitherto hand in hand effected the subjugation of the people, the position of affairs will now belie the conclusiveness of that assertion. However fraud may be characteristic of the higher orders, force most certainly is the tremendous weapon in the hands of the opposite order. As "force left by itself is not competent to ensure obedience," so it is not right that it should exercise any particular privilege in which the other classes of society have no participation. And as no body politic as an aggregate has been ever noted for wisdom, so the weaker intellect must become enslaved by the stronger. So the poor will yield to the rich—so the aristocracy must ever have an ascendancy over the lower orders of the community.

The grand desideratum in reform is to give all efficient classes of society an equal share in the franchise. If we have ballot without further inno-

vation, the poor will gain the superiority over the higher orders; if with every other kind of innovation, still we must come to the same dangerous conclusion. If there is an evil in the higher orders tyrannizing over the lower, greater does the evil become when the lower are rendered capable of tyrannizing over the higher—for the fiercest of all tyrants is the slave. The ballot in our opinion would be no safeguard against venality and perjury. Could human nature be regenerated, and the human heart be steeled against the whisperings of Mammon, then indeed might the poor man exercise a stoical virtue, and hold forth a front of defiance to all the bribes of the wealthy. But this is a dream of ideal perfection, and can never be realized. Long as man remains unchanged in nature, so long will he labour under moral weakness—so long will passion sway his breast—so long will avarice or poverty force better resolutions into degradation; and the less instructed the victim, the easier will be his fall. No human contrivance will cure the depravity of men. If there is a tendency to evil, and if conscience has lost its sting, crime will be committed, and every barrier will be overleaped with an all-daring spirit. If perjury is committed at elections with an unflinching front, is it to be supposed that such a weak contrivance as the ballot will keep men from being tampered with, or being bribed, and then from voting according to that bribe or according to their own inclination, which is hostile to the party of him who has tried to influence the voter's support by such bribe? We think not. At contested elections in small boroughs, voters have accepted bribes from one side and from another, and men have appeared at the poll-table, swallowed the oath against bribery, and then voted under the certainty of having their baseness exposed. If they will dare open shame for money, will they be backward in incurring hidden shame for the same reason? The ballot will conceal the reality of their vote, while they will accept readily the bribe while glorying in their impunity; and candidates who are base enough to do so, will always be prepared with their bribe, in the hope of obtaining the suffrage. At the elections for the India House, and

the various clubs where the ballot is in general use, it is the common practice to solicit, by personal application, the support of the various voters, and the labour of such solicitation is undertaken in the fond expectation of ultimate success crowning the efforts of the candidates. Thus would it also be at elections, and the same motive and hope that prompted the personal application, would also prompt the secret bribe; and in nine cases out of ten, the party to whom it was offered would not be strong enough in moral feeling to resist the temptation.

In France and in the United States of America, the system of voting by ballot has been used, but the example set by one or the other is in no way applicable to us. This is shown in a pamphlet entitled *Parties and Factions in England at the accession of William the Fourth*, on which we make no comment.

"In vain may the advocates of the ballot contend that secret voting has worked well in France, and that therefore they have the sanction of experience for the arrangement they propose. In France, the elective franchise is exclusively in the hands of the wealthiest classes;—in England, it is almost exclusively in the hands of the poorest classes. The ballot in France secured electors against the influence of the crown, and gave the real power of returning deputies to the rich; the ballot in England would secure electors from the influence of property, and give the real power of returning members to the poor. In the two countries, secret voting, instead of producing analogous, would produce diametrically opposite effects. In one country the ballot might be followed by the most beneficial, in the other by the most injurious consequences. The ballot exists also in the United States of North America; but to the experience of its practical working in that country its advocates in this reluctantly refer. As they regard government as the object, not of experimental, but of abstract and demonstrative science, they may imagine that they do not invalidate their argument for the ballot by thus evading a reference to experience. Let us, however, relieve them from all embarrassment respecting the state of facts, in North America, by conceding, for the sake of argument, that in that country also the system of secret voting works well.

"Even with this admission, the experience of North America will form no case in point from which the advocates of the ballot in this country can fairly argue.

In the United States the elective franchise is so widely extended, that the possessors of no description of property are excluded from exercising it; while the value of labour in relation to land is so high, that the lowest classes of voters not only earn a high rate of wages, but have an almost certain prospect of acquiring property. In America, therefore, voting by ballot does not exclude property from all influence in the elections, and does not place the return in the hands of a class of voters, the great majority of whom can with difficulty earn the necessaries of life.

In England, on the contrary, these effects would assuredly be produced by secret voting. When, in America, the population becomes so dense that the high value of land and the low value of labour reduce the majority of the voters to a state but one step removed from want, and when, under these circumstances, the ballot works well, then, and not before, will the effects of the system as applied to America enable us to ascertain, by a legitimate induction from experience, what would be the effect of the system as applied to England.

#### INSCRIPTIONS.

Πᾶς τις ἀνευ θανάτου σε φύγοι, βίη;

O LIFE, how may we pass from thee,  
Except along the valley drear,  
Where Death is sitting for thy face  
Is ever darken'd by a tear;  
And we do long to flee away,  
Our spirit hath no dwelling here.

Thy home is among glorious things.—  
The pleasant earth, the sea—  
The sun, the stars, the summer moon,  
Are companions unto thee;  
And joy doth hang about thy neck—alas!  
That sorrow by thy side should be!

Τὸν αὐτὸν τι φέρεσθε, τὸν πνεύχην; γενετήρα.

PALE walker in the silent night,  
Dreaming some ancient harmony,  
While thy feet, like moonlight, pass  
Over the mossy cemet'y—  
With thy finger close mine eyes,  
Oh, take me to thy company!

Watcher at the churchyard gate,  
(sit down by thee on the stone,  
Thine arm is round me, and thy voice  
Soundeth like some olden tone  
From my mother's lips—it telleth  
The weary one—thine own!

#### HOPE AND FORTUNE.

Ελπίς καὶ σὺ Τυχὴ, μάλα χαρίε.

HOPE and Fortune, fare ye well,  
I fear not now the winter's blast;  
Let the whirlwind's feet go by,  
The vigil of my heart is past—  
The little stream hath found its way  
Into the sea of Time at last!



## ROADEN'S LIFE OF MRS. JORDAN.

ROADEN, we take it for granted, must have been a candle-snuffer, or scene-shifter, or bill-sticker to a theatre for a considerable time. In no other department could he have acquired the recondite knowledge of theatrical affairs which his works prove him to possess. Of the contents of a play he knows little or nothing; when he ventures upon a criticism, on either a passage or a performer, nothing can be more helplessly ignorant; but of all exterior circumstances connected with the drama, his stores of erudition are unrivalled. He knows precisely the very day on which an actor or actress made the *début*—has a small-beer chronicle of all the various splendid efforts of genius produced under the titles of tragedies, comedies, and farces, at all our theatres—is critical to a day as to the death of an old fiddler, or the birth of one of Frederick Reynolds's unutterable drivellings—learnedly points out the spot where an actor's face is best lit—has by heart the history of foot-lights and curtains, flats, sides, and drop scenes, and in the history of play-bills, is a scholar beyond compare. How but as one or other of the above named functionaries, could he have accumulated such intelligence? He must be a person of an uncommon age, for he talks as familiarly of his play-visit fifty years since as if they occurred yesterday; indeed, in one passage we rather think he wishes us to believe that he was a friend of Cibber's, whose quarrel he most enthusiastically adopts against Pope.

This new book is the third recheating of an old hash. The bill-sticking history of the last fifty years of the stage was once served up under the

name of the *Life of Kemble*—again under that of Mrs. Siddons—and now we have it once more, an intolerably nauseous dose *à la Jordan*. Poor Mrs. Jordan's share in her own book is small enough; except in the beginning, where he has pilfered from Tate Wilkinson's amusing memoirs, which, by telling most stupidly, he has made his own, we see very little of her. Why should we? Boaden wanted to make a book, and page-filling was the object, not biography. Mrs. Jordan is a good peg, and accordingly, whatever can be hung upon it is useful and ornamental.

It would be hard to find the connexion between the lady whose name this pseudonymous book bears, and the debates on the regency question (vol. i. p. 148, &c.), or the duel between the Duke of York and Colonel Lennox, here given at great length (p. 152), or the French revolution (pp. 160, 337, &c.), or the history of old Drury Lane theatre, and the building of the new, which occupies about thirty pages; or the thousand times repeated stories of old Sheridan and his pot companions—or impertinent sneers at Sir Walter Scott, (vol. ii. p. 158,) or Burke's opinion on historical style, (p. 20, &c.) or indeed with nine-tenths of the matters lugged into these pages. As for actors or plays, it is quite enough that the one performed, or the other was acted during the life of Mrs. Jordan, to give them a legitimate claim to swell the pages. Boaden's own old letters to newspapers, on the subject of antiquarian drapery, are of course naturally transplanted here: it would have been cruel to leave the world in darkness for want of such luminous flashes of wit.†

\* The Life of Mrs. Jordan; including original Private Correspondence, and numerous Anecdotes of her Contemporaries. By James Boaden, Esq., Author of the *Life of Kemble*, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London.

† Take the following as a sample.

"The reader remembers the antiquary, who troubled Mr. Colman's *Banquet Gallery* with his presence, and, finding the manager, like Othello, not much moved, he resumed his visitations, simply as a sort of sumner amusement, and submitted the *Red Cross Knights* of my late friend Holman, to a review, which they were little calculated to sustain. Thus flushed with victory over the defenceless, he paid his respects to *Peeping Tom* at Coventry, and read poor blind O'Keefe a lecture upon the history of England. A few of his discoveries may amuse the reader, till we can return to the opening of Drury Lane, in September, under a manager, somewhat of an antiquary himself.

"There was a proclamation at the City, anno 1043, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, though Coventry was without a wall till the reign of Henry the Sixth—thev

The most enormous event of modern times appears to Boaden to have been the appearance of Young Roscius. The French revolution was bad enough, but the infamous success of young Betty throws its lesser enormities into the shade. He cuts a similar figure in all Boaden's books; and it might not be difficult to conjecture whence the candle-snuffing book-maker received so deep an impression. A quarter of a century has not cooled his blood. Even in the very beginning of the work we have a prefatory note of admiration.

"William Woodfall, it may be observed, gave the same advice to Mrs. Siddons, that she should keep to small theatres in the country, where she could be heard, she was too weak for the London stages. This indeed at the time was the fact; but let me add, in behalf of the great genius of tragedy, that, had the Cuman Sybil herself announced the more than rival progress of the boy Betty, she would have been credited, perhaps, by the Muse of neither tragedy nor comedy, though such a poet as Virgil had added to her ravings the charms of immortal verse.

"Can such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer cloud,  
Without our special wonder?"

With deference to Mr. Boaden, the muses are, or in old days were, "goddesses," (we have it on the highest authority,) "who know all things;" but it seems that even they could not credit any thing so monstrous as the success of Betty. When the ominous hour arrives that is to produce Roscius in London, all matters are forgotten to criticize the boy's forgotten playing. His *début* is finely done:—

"At length, dressed as a slave, in white linen pantaloons, a short, close, russet jacket, trimmed with sable, and a turban hat, or cap, at the command of the tyrant, on came the desire of all eyes, Master William Henry West Betty."

So far for Betty. Now for Boaden:—

"With the sagacity of an old stager, I walked quietly into the house, at the end of the first act—made my way into the lobby of the first circle—planted myself at the back of one of the boxes, outside, and

saw him make his bow, and never stirred till the curtain fell at the end of the play."

Whether the white linen pantaloons of Betty, or the sagacity of Boaden, should be the more applauded, is a difficult question. Both are exquisite; but, most sagacious Boaden, there is something very pitiful in your now republishing all the paltry green-room gossip about young Betty's not playing for Drury Lane Fund, being advertised to perform in Easter week in Coventry—the attempts of an old needy prompter on his purse, &c.; more especially when they have no more to do with Mrs. Jordan than with the man in the moon.

The staple of the book consists of similar rubbish; but it is only fair that we should let him criticise his heroine. His favourite *idea* on this subject is contained in the preface. "Her *ACTING*, indeed, was *heart* in action, and its pulsations vibrated to the extremities of its theatrical habitation." If the reader does not understand this, we cannot help him better than giving a sort of commentary upon it, which appears in the 77th page of the first volume.

"In a word, it was Nature herself shewing us the *heart of her own mystery*, and at the same time throwing out a proud defiance to Art to approach it for a moment. She long continued to delight the town with her Viola, which she thus acted for the first time on the 11th November, 1785."

It was "*thus*," she acted Viola, by setting her heart in action to such a degree, that its pulsations vibrated to the extremities of the theatrical habitation, i. e. to the upper gallery, while nature on *her* side was busy in showing the heart of her own mystery, and challenging art to approach it. What a clear and luminous idea we have of the precise style in which Viola was acted on the 11th November, 1785! It must, however, appear very satisfactory to the old scene-shifter himself, because he repeats the sentence in the next page but one, with a drunken iteration that would have done honour to Justice Shallow.

"In the great variety of the character

jingle a peal of triple hobs for a leg of mutton and trimmings—an Apothecary's Pestle and Mortar—Old Corporal Standfast—the Clock struck twelve—Knife and Fork—Smoking Tobacco—wearing a Hat, and thinking of a Side Saddle, though, for Three-hundred years after Tom and his peeping, the fair dames of England rode astride like the men."

How learned! how judicious! how useful! O'Keeffe's own Lingo is not superior.

with the Duke, Olivia, and the drunken assailants, Mrs. Jordan found ample field for her powers; and she long continued to delight the town in *Viola*, which she thus acted for the first time at Drury Lane theatre, on the 11th of November, 1785."

One other bit, and we conclude. It suggests a parallel we never remember before attempted.

"She [Mrs. Jordan] never gave herself the credit of much study, and the truth was that, except as to mere words, her studies lay little in books; with her eye and ear she would become insensibly leamed:—all the peculiarities of action and the whole gamut of tone were speedily acquired; the general notion of a character once settled, she called upon nature, within her own bosom, to fill up the outline, and the mighty parent stored it with richer materials than ever fancy could devise; except it was the fancy that embodied Falstaff, a part so made out, that every speech is a lesson as to the mode of its delivery, and to understand whose language thoroughly, is to be himself."

"I have named these two GREAT WOMEN together, though they had not the slightest resemblance."

These two great women! No other names but those of Mrs. Jordan and Falstaff occur in the sentence, or indeed for a couple of pages before—and we willingly admit that even the fat knight's "admirable dexterity of wit in counterfeiting the action of an old woman," does not give him a claim to eminence in the same style of acting as Mrs. Jordan. Great, no doubt, as a woman he was, and sincerely do we desire that the salutation with which he meets when he appears on the stage, were bestowed on the critic. The gudgeon of Ford could not be employed to more advantage.

Splendid as Boaden is in the management of a sentence, it would be doing him injustice if we dismissed him without acknowledging that he is occasionally equally great in the management of a word. "*Organ*" was the favourite in his former works—voice, figure, manner, life, thought, sentiment, reason, scenery, every thing was an organ. The word which cuts the most agreeable figure in the present work is his heroine's name. Among his thousand fooleries, one is the affectation of prefixing "the" to the surname, in the fine Italian manner, we suppose, as a distinguishing mark of renown: as, for example, "the Siddons," &c. A crotchet

strikes him, that it would be very proper to honour his heroine in a similar way, and the effect is often very fine. For instance, in page 30, he tells us with all due gravity, that "The Jordan, is a name sufficiently devoted to fame,"—At p. 50, that "The Jordan might be said to be doubly armed:"—p. 60, that Tate Wilkinson "was fond of applying to the Jordan:"—p. 194, that Kemble went up as "the Jordan went down:" and at p. 187, we have the following touching appeal to a lady:—"Pray, madam, suspect anything rather than a want of good taste in the Jordan." With which quotation we conclude, leaving our readers, male and female, to admire at their leisure, the good taste in the Boaden.

As for the concluding part of the book we shall make short work of it. This disgusting trash never would have been published—an idea of biographizing "the Jordan" would never have crossed the muddy brain of Boaden, but for the present circumstances of Mrs. Jordan's children. The ladies of the Fitzclarences family are married into some of the noblest houses of the land, and women more highly qualified to adorn society by their virtues and graces do not exist. Of the men, those who are before the public have earned an honourable name and standing in their profession, and Colonel George Fitzclarence is one of the best specimens which the army can produce of the combination of the scholar with the soldier. It was supposed, therefore, that a raking up of the ashes of their mother, with a revival of the unhappy events of the last days of her life, would be a matter neither agreeable to the King nor his family, and it was hoped that announcements of publication of private correspondence, &c. might be followed by the regular persuasions to silence, particularly under existing circumstances. Such was the true motive of this book. Mrs. Jordan has been dead fourteen years—she has been off the stage, with the exception of one provincial campaign, for more than twenty—all that is worth knowing in her theatrical life could be told in fifty pages, (these volumes indeed do not contain as much about it,) and nobody was particularly anxious on the subject. Can there be any other

reason for bringing forward this book now but the one, viz.—that the Duke of Clarence has ascended the throne, and that the speculation was worth trying.

Boaden has pilfered some extracts from old Sir Jonah Barrington's twaddling memoirs, and got hold of one or two unimportant private letters, but he knows nothing of the unhappy affairs of the end of Mrs. Jordan's life. If he *had* any papers, he would have been but too happy to publish them; he has the gross impertinence to print a couple of private letters of Colonel G. Fitzclarence's, on the merest domestic trifles, in which the public cannot have the slightest interest;—but the man has nothing. He therefore swells his volume by reprinting Mr. Barton's statement in exculpation of the Duke of Clarence, published six years ago—a statement perfectly unanswerable; to which he has the meanness to add a letter of sneering insult, signed Hamanus, in order to neutralize its power as much as possible.

We perceive that in the puffs which Boaden is putting about, he boasts that he has not been *induced* to withdraw any of the private letters from his *second*! edition. This boast tells the secret of his book. It was with the hope that somebody would be foolish enough to *induce* him to withdraw these private letters that the work was projected; and such is the absurd policy often pur-

sued, that a hope of this kind was not altogether groundless before their production: but he must pardon us for disbelieving that any one, *after* he had published, and shown that he had nothing worth reading to communicate, should have taken the slightest trouble to suppress a few trumpery letters which had already been as extensively circulated as literary gazettes and newspapers could make them. Boaden may print them *uninduced* to the contrary, in fifth and sixth editions, as *bona fide* as his *second*. They will excite no further curiosity. The concluding chapters, which relate to the private affairs of Mrs. Jordan, are as mean and uninteresting as the remainder of the work, relative to her professional history, is stupid and ridiculous—and both parts are marked by profound ignorance of almost every matter introduced.

Enough about Mr. Boaden; he is absolutely not worth another line. If it were a matter of the slightest importance, we could give some little anecdotes respecting the getting *out*, as well as the getting *up* of his book, which would be rather amusingly illustrative of the machinery of the puff system; but we must reserve our remarks upon that noble branch of mechanical science for some more important occasion. Boaden, we take it for granted, appears upon the field of authorship no more.

#### SOME PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF THE LATE MR. ST. JOHN LONG.

##### No. I.

“Aye—there's the rub.”—HAMLET.

“'Tis all one!” said I, laying down the newspaper on the breakfast table, after reading an erroneous representation of myself and the Marquis of Sligo: “I am resolved to remove this stain from my character, and, if *hard-rubbing* can do it, I may hope to succeed.” I had scarcely pronounced these words, when my servant entered the room to inform me that a person had arrived in breathless haste, imploring my assistance for a gentleman in a dying condition. Heedful, as I ever am to attend to the suffer-

ings of others—a pursuit in which I have found ample fee-lility—I drew on my boots and followed the applicant to the house of the suffering gentleman. This was situated in a picturesque part of the metropolis, and, on knocking, the door was opened to me by a man who might be six and forty years of age—there, or thereabout. Guessing the purport of my visit, he said nothing, but led me up to his master's room, when a spectacle of the most appalling character met my eyes. A gentleman

in the prime of life, lay extended on a bed—his hair dishevelled, his dress disordered, and his complexion a midway hue between the tints of chalk and Cheshire cheese. His tongue hung out of his mouth, loaded with evidence of internal strife. I naturally believed that the present was a confirmed case of *phthisis pulmonalis*, and I accordingly had recourse to my well known, and, with few exceptions—always—successful remedy of inhaling. In this instance, however, it did not answer my expectations. Instead of benefitting the *trachea*, it produced a sympathetic affection of the stomach and diaphragm, and the *oesophagus* formed the medium of communication between the patient and myself. Having taken a pinch of snuff, I was about to give my other infallible remedy a fair trial, when the patient opened his eyes. But, gracious heaven! what eyes! The visual orb was swollen, blood-shot, troubled and intolerably dull. At the same moment, some incoherent expressions fell from the unfortunate gentleman. After a reference to the kidneys, he seemed to wish for something to be found in the *coal-hole*, or the *cider-cellar*; but the search of the servant below stairs was unavailing. I now began to apprehend delirium. To be sure of the state of his mind, I inquired if there were any clergyman whom he would wish to see: He exclaimed, “O venerable old Osley!” But when I expressed to the servants a wish that this reverend gentleman might, be sent for, they assured me they had never heard of him! The patient then muttered some inarticulate sounds, and turned on his side. This position being favourable for my original operation of rubbing, I slit up the back of his coat, waistcoat, and all other vestmental impediments, and smartly applied a solution of *tartarised antimony* along the course of the spine. The effect was instantaneous on the alimentary canal, and a gripping in the transverse arch of the *colon* well nigh put a full stop to the patient’s sufferings. The *ductus communis choledochus* again deglugged the stomach, and with the

customary consequences. The scene now became almost insupportable. An aged nurse, who had, from the infancy of the patient, been his domestic, declared that she could hold out no longer. Poor creature! the tear of affection glistened in her eye; while her convulsed features betrayed uncontrollable sensations. It was a struggle between the heart and the stomach: the heart remained true, but the stomach turned. At this the patient commenced cursing, swearing, and blaspheming, in a way which will be found fully detailed with all due dashes —! —! —! &c. &c. in the last number of a Northern magazine. “Zounds!” cried he, starting up on his *seant*—“Who are you? who sent for you? May the fiends catch you and cleave to you for ever! Give us the hips! a small glass of brandy! ha! ha! ha! O my back! D—n all doctors! Here am I stung and tortured with *gastrotritis*, *hepatitis*, *splenitis*, *nephritis*, *epistaxis*, *odontalgia*, *cardialgia*, *diarrhœa*, and a whole legion of devils with Latin names! D—n all doctors again, say I!” And with this exclamation, he hurled a curious crown of crockery at my head, which fitted on so tightly, that only by breaking it, could I disengage myself from the delfic diadem. I hastily ran down stairs, and, meeting the man of six and forty in the passage, I inquired of him very minutely concerning the state of his master. He answered all my questions with perfect candour, and not without a certain archness of look and manner rather unusual among men of six and forty in his rank of life. From all I elicited, and also from certain corroborative proofs, which I do not think it necessary now to specify, I have no hesitation in declaring, for the information of the profession to which I do not belong, and of the public generally, that in this case my abstruse remedies had not a fair trial, inasmuch as the patient’s state was vulgarly simple. He had been *drunk* the night before!

J. ST. J. L.

## THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

It would appear that the death-hour of despotism is at hand. Hardly have we time to express our admiration of popular heroism in one country, ere in another it puts forth fresh claims to wonder and homage. Its latest manifestation in Poland is peculiarly calculated to delight the lovers of rational liberty; for no nation on earth has been more hardly dealt with, or has struggled with more heroic devotedness for all that is dear to a people than have the Poles. Enthusiastically attached to their native country, its institutions and recollections, they have at all times evinced a proportionate detestation of foreign interference, and especially of that of Russia. There are few instances on record, of a more deep-rooted animosity between two nations, than between the Poles and Russians—an animosity not to be accounted for by any signal difference in language, manners, or customs; in all of which, they greatly resemble each other. This natural antipathy has, we may conceive, been materially increased by the dismemberment and long oppression of Poland by her more powerful neighbour. The measure of the partition of Poland was worthy of the cruel and reckless ambition of Catherine, but its adoption by the Empress of Austria and the King of Prussia, must be considered a lasting stain on the characters of those two sovereigns. The first partition, which divided one half of the kingdom among the just-mentioned powers, was soon followed by a second, and Poland, as a nation, was blotted from the map of Europe, Russia obtaining the great sweep. Warsaw and its adjacent provinces were, by this partition, given to Prussia; but at the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon raised Prussian Poland into an independent duchy, under the sovereignty of the King of Saxony. On the downfall of the French emperor, the Great Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, gave the Duchy of Warsaw to Russia, an equivalent being afforded to Prussia in the Rhinish provinces and an important part of the Saxon kingdom. The Emperor Alexander made Poland a separate kingdom, and gave it a national representative diet, the first meeting

of which was opened by his Imperial Majesty in person, and the present Grand Duke, Constantine, was returned a Polish representative by the suburb of Praga. The constitution granted by the emperor, established a Chamber of Deputies, elected by the people, and a Senate answering to our House of Peers. The government was carried on by a Viceroy and a responsible ministry, appointed by the Emperor.

Though it is not to be supposed, that the despot of all the Russias had any real intention of giving constitutional liberty to a vanquished people, while his own subjects were in the most abject slavery, still the act itself was so spontaneous, so unexpected, that the Poles, dazzled thereby, believed they had really obtained a free constitution. They were soon undeceived; the Grand Duke, appointed commander-in-chief of the Polish army, was not slow in throwing off the mask. Every method by which disregard and contempt for national feelings could be conveyed, was adopted by him, in open violation of the principle of that constitution which his imperial brother had given to the Poles. Into the Polish army he introduced corporal punishment, which he often inflicted with his own hands. Self-destruction in some instances followed such intolerable outrage. Excesses, indignities, barbarities of all kinds were committed under various pretences, by this miserable scion of despotism, who being deemed unfit to rule in his own country, was thought well calculated to crush the spirit of the Polish people. But at length this trampled spirit turned, and with a moderation which we can hardly admire, they have suffered the brutal mimic of manhood to escape, without wreaking vengeance on him, for his oppression and murder of their long-suffering countrymen.

On the 29th of November, an affray broke out between the Russian guards and the pupils of the military school. The flame spread rapidly, and, as at Paris, armed women and youths distinguished themselves by a devoted heroism, which, if tyranny were to be taught at all, might teach it that a spirit too mighty for oppression—a spirit strengthening the

'feeble with unconquerable energy, has roused the nations to an assertion of their rights. We regret that this heroism on the part of the Poles has not been marked by that moderation which so nobly distinguished the glorious struggle in Paris. But it should be remembered that the French rose to shake off a despotism, it is true, but not a foreign one; that they had no festering wounds from the galling chains of a foreign yoke, to sting them to maddened fury; and that the drivelling dolt whom they hurled from his throne, however despicable and deeply sinning, was yet their countryman, and the descendant of an illustrious family, which their ancestors had delighted to honour. For, always excepting the sanguinary period of the first revolution, France has ever been distinguished by a most loyal attachment to the person and family of the reigning sovereign. But in the recent—the *actual* case of Poland, not only was there nothing to call for similar sympathies, but every possible inducement to the adoption of measures of stern retributive justice; and we think a dispassionate observer will rather find cause to wonder at their forbearance, than to censure the momentary impetuosity by which some of their oppressors were sacrificed.

The Provisional Government have issued a proclamation acknowledging the authority of Nicholas, but requiring, on his part, that the Constitution granted by Alexander be preserved, and administered according to its original and true interpretation—that the States be kept separate—that no foreign troops be admitted into Poland—and that the old Polish provinces, formerly separated from the kingdom, and added to Russia, be now restored to Poland. That these demands will be deemed extravagant by an autocrat schooled in the doctrines of despotism, and flushed with the success of recent and important victories, is to be expected. But we are willing to hope that even he and those of his order may perceive—we know that they shortly *must* be taught—that there is a right prior and more indefeasible than their own, and that no longer can it be thwarted or oppressed. Meanwhile all possible precaution is being taken by the Poles. An immediate

levy of 200,000 men has been decreed, and that invincible force, the Burger Guard, has been formed for the preservation of order, no less than for the achievements of freedom. The whole population will arm, and, if war must decide the question, it will be war to the knife.

There is every reason to hope that Galicia and Posen will respectively shake off the trammels of Austrian and Prussian dominion. With all our conviction of the bigotted despotism by which the courts of Vienna and Berlin are guided in their estimate of popular rights, we are yet disposed to believe that they will have enough to do at home for some time to come. And at St. Petersburg too, the capital of that imperial philoprosit, who is reported to have sworn with ungovernable rage, that the rascally Poles should return to his benevolent guardianship, or he would slay every man of them—even at St. Petersburg certain indications have appeared of a nature to alarm his fatherly solicitude. We see that the government have found it necessary to issue a proclamation against young men of rank, and of no rank, for combining together for the purpose of—what think you, reader?—*of breaking the windows*. This care on the part of the executive, proves, as the Petersburgians are told in the proclamation, how watchful the government are for their welfare, and for the preservation of order. To us it proves something more—namely, that in the present convulsion of the political world, the autocratic thrones begin to totter, and that, while Nicholas and Metternich, and the Prussian state-pilot, are gnashing their idle rage at the movement they would fain control in Poland, their immediate efforts may be required in Petersburg, in Austrian Italy, and among the often bamboozled patriots of Berlin. In this latter city, a convulsion is expected, and, may we not say hoped?

“High deeds, O Germans, we expect from you!”

And we doubt not that you will find better work for his Prussian Majesty than looking after Posen.

Wishing Nicholas and our friend Metternich the compliments of the season, we here conclude for the present.

## LUTHER'S PSALM.

AMONG Luther's Spiritual Songs, of which various collections have appeared of late years,\* the one entitled *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, is universally regarded as the best; and indeed still retains its place and devotional use in the Psalmodies of Protestant Germany. Of the Tune, which also is by Luther, we have no copy, and only a second-hand knowledge: to the original Words, probably never before printed in England, we subjoin the following translation; which, if it possess the only merit it can pretend to, that of literal adherence to the sense, will not prove unacceptable to our readers. Luther's music is heard daily in our churches, several of our finest Psalm-tunes being of his composition. Luther's sentiments, also, are, or should be, present in many an English heart; the more interesting to us is any the smallest articulate expression of these.

The great Reformer's love of music, of poetry, it has often been remarked, is one of the most significant features in his character. But, indeed, if every great man, Napoleon himself, is intrinsically a poet, an idealist, with more or less completeness of utterance, which of all our great men, in these modern ages, had such an endowment in that kind as Luther? He it was, emphatically, who stood based on the Spiritual World of man, and only by the footing and miraculous power he had obtained there, could work such changes in the Material World. As a participant and dispenser of divine influences, he shews himself among human affairs a true connecting medium and visible Messenger between Heaven and Earth; a man, therefore, not only permitted to enter the sphere of Poetry, but to dwell in the purest centre thereof: perhaps the most inspired of all Teachers since the first apostles of his faith; and thus not a Poet only, but a Prophet and God-ordained Priest, which is the highest

form of that dignity, and of all dignity.

Unhappily, or happily, Luther's poetic feeling did not so much learn to express itself in fit Words that take captive every ear, as in fit Actions, wherein truly, under still more impressive manifestation, the spirit of spherical Melody resides, and still audibly addresses us. In his written Poems we find little, save that Strength of one "whose words," it has been said, "were half-battles;" little of that still Harmony and blending softness of union which is the last perfection of Strength; less of it than even his conduct often manifested. With Words he had not learned to make pure music; it was by Deeds of Love, or heroic Valour, that he spoke freely; in tones, only through his Flute, amid tears, could the sigh of that strong soul find utterance.

Nevertheless, though in imperfect articulation, the same voice, if we will listen well, is to be heard also in his writings, in his Poems. The following, for example, jars, upon our ears; yet is there something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of Earthquakes; in the very vastness of which dissonance a higher unison is revealed to us. Luther wrote this Song in a time of blackest threatenings, which, however, could in no wise become a time of Despair. In those tones, rugged, broken as they are, do we not recognise the accent of that summoned man, (summoned not by Charles the Fifth, but by God Almighty also,) who answered his friend's warning not to enter Worms, in this wise: "Were there as many devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on;"—of him who, alone in that assemblage, before all emperors, and principalities, and powers, spoke forth these final and for ever memorable words: "It is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I, I cannot otherwise. God assist me Amen!"† It is evident enough that

\* For example: Luther's *geistliche Lieder nebst dessen Gedanken über die musica*, (Berlin, 1817); *Die Lieder Luthers gesammelt von Kosegarten und Rambach*, &c.

† "Till such time, as either by proof from Holy Scripture, or by far reason or argument I have been confuted and convicted, I cannot, and will not recant, weil widerwärtig noch gerathen ist, etwas wider Gewissen zu thun. Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen!"



to this man all Popes' conclaves, and  
Imperial Diets, and hosts and nations  
were but weak ; weak as the forest

with all its strong *Trees*, may be to  
the smallest spark of electric *Fire*.

## EINE FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen ;  
Er hilft uns frey aus aller Noth,  
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.  
Der alte böse Feind,  
Mit Ernst ers jetzt meint ;  
Gross Macht und viel List  
Sein grausam' Rüstzeug ist,  
Auf Erd'n ist nicht seins Gleiches.*

*Mit unsrer Macht ist nichts gethan  
Wir sind gar bald verloren :  
Es streit' t für uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.  
Fragst du wer er ist ?  
Er heisst Jesus Christ,  
Der Herre Zebaoth,  
Und ist kein ander Gott,  
Das Feld muss er behalten.*

*Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär,  
Und wollt'n uns gar verschlingen,  
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,  
Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
Der Fürste dieser welt,  
Wie sauer er sich stellt,  
Thut er uns doch nichts ;  
Das macht er ist gerichtet,  
Ein Wortlein kann ihn fällen.*

*Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn  
Und keinen Dank dazu haben  
Er ist bey uns wohl auf dem Plan  
Mit seinem Geist und Gauen.  
Nehmen sie uns den Leib,  
Gut', Ehr', Kind und Weib,  
Lass fahren dahin.  
Sie haben's kein Gewinn,  
Das Reich Gottes muss uns bleiben.*

A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon ;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That hath us now o'ertaken.  
The ancient Prince of Hell,  
Hath risen with purpose fell ;  
Strong mail of Craft and Power,  
He weareth in this hour,  
On Earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon were we down-ridden ;  
But for us fights the proper Man,  
Whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same ?  
Christ Jesus is his name,  
The Lord Zebaoth's Son,  
He and no other one  
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all Devils o'er  
Ayl watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore,  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the Prince of Ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit,  
For why ? His doom is writ,  
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But spite of Hell, shall have its course,  
'Tis written by his finger.  
And tho' they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small ;  
These things shall vanish all,  
The City of God remaineth.

## L' ENVOY.

## OURSELVES, THE GREY ADMINISTRATION, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

WE have now completed our year, and have got over that period of probation fairly enough. In fact, without boasting, we may say that no Magazine within our memory, ever made its way so successfully in so short a time. We are now fairly and firmly fixed and recognized, as leading members of the highest class of periodicals. Our opinion is quoted in all directions—our praise is an object of hope or gratitude—our censure a matter of fear and mortification. Every body knows this, and therefore it is unnecessary to dilate upon it any further. If our readers should ask, is our sale as great as our unprecedented reputation—or if anybody prefers it, our unprecedented notoriety—would lead them to suppose? we answer, that there are secrets which we must keep to ourselves. We content ourselves with saying, that we sell considerably more than three times the number sold by Blackwood at the end of *his* first year; and as every number is gathering like a snow-ball, we have no reason to complain.

Of our literary merits we suppose we need not say much. If they do not speak for themselves, recommendation will do them little service. As to our critical labours, we think we have pretty fairly kept to our original compact with the public, and most unsparingly hunted down literary ~~snub~~ <sup>snub</sup> wherever it crossed our path. It was to no purpose that it came before us arrayed in all the panoply of puff. A touch of our Ithuriel spear exposed the impostor in his true nakedness, and we completed the ceremony by a bastinado in the manner of Algiers. It is by this time sufficiently evident, that we are not connected with any of those pestilential coteries, whether of authors or booksellers, or a mixed commission of both, who infect literature to the delusion of the unwary. Nobody is praised in *Fraser's Magazine* because he publishes at Longman's, or Murray's, or Colburn's, or Whittaker's, or Saunders's, or Simpkin's; the idea appears to us ridiculous. Let those gentlemen produce good works, and from us they shall receive good words, but upon no other condition. If they produce things abominable and unutterable, as every one of them very frequently does, they may be sure that our practice will continue to be, to hold the abomination up to the full gaze of the indignant reading public of England. It is the same way with authors. There is not one of the tribe, from north of Sutherland to the south of Devonshire—from the east of Norfolk to the west of Galway, that possesses the power of averting the rigidity of one of our Rhadamanthian rescripts. Name with us is nothing. *Il mio nome non è peccato*, said the Italian sinner to an inquisitive confessor, who had asked the name of him who was revealing his crimes. If the penitent was right, (as we think he was,) equally correct is the determination which we have laid down, to consider that no man's name is to be a merit—a passport into the paradise of our applause. We know that we have not a little astonished by the freedom of our strictures, certain veterans who have been, God knows how many years, living upon the traditional fame of a handful of songs and ballads; and who, thinking that on the strength of this glory they are entitled to applause as a matter of course in everything they attempt, have been somewhat ruffled when we dissented from their “palming off crusts upon us for mutton.”

We know that some have considered us rather too severe every now and then, and recommended more lenient applications. We suppose that never was there critic against whom the same complaint was not made. *Sunt quibus in satira videtur nimis acer*, says Horace quiet and finikin as his satire is. We say, in our justification, we have a constant and daily provocation to our spleen, in the flourishing vigour of the puff system. There is not a book published of the slightest importance—(i. e. which costs the publisher any sum of money worth caring about)—which in one quarter or another of the critical or pseudocritical world, is not sure of being lauded in terms of the most outrageous eulogy, were it the stupidest and the basest of all human compositions. We take shame to ourselves, as the Emperor of China says in his

proclamations, that we have not exposed the minute underwork of the system, [we know it well] by which this fraud is carried off; but we shall take an early opportunity of so doing. In the meantime we have pretty well demolished two or three knots of author-knaves, who owed whatever reputation they had to the puffing of themselves and their co-rogues; and we have another covey or two immediately within range of our Manton, into which we intend to let fly ere long with deadly and unsparing aim. It certainly moves our indignation, to see Mr. A.'s book published by Mr. B. lauded in *\* Journal*, the *\* \* Magazine*, the *\* \* \* Review*; *Journal*, *Magazine*, and *Review*, all belonging to the said Mr. B.: nor is our wrath much abated, if we find the laudatory strain prolonged in the *\* \* \* \* Newspaper*, or the *\* \* \* \* Gazette*, to the strength of the said Mr. A. having been a reporter on the one, or a pot companion of the Editor of the other; or by any other means able to influence these dispensers of critical renown. We have seen advertisements of books, with a dozen extracts from reviews, magazines, literary journals, and ordinary newspapers, all loud in eulogy of a trumpery book, every one of which we could have traced to the dictation of author or publisher. And yet this no doubt passes off as the genuine effusion of honest criticism, and sells the work. "Sure it must be a good one, pa', when you see how highly it is spoken of in so many places." Determined, if not to put down, that perhaps is beyond our power, (we shall try however) yet to offer some check to this system of swindling, for it is nothing else, we shall pursue the course we have already marked out for ourselves, and bestow our buffets with the same severity and impartiality, careless if every now and then a cry should arise from a mischievous dwarf, sore from our well deserved infliction, of "*Man of age, thou smitest sore.*"

Our politics must be tolerably familiar to our readers by this time. We started Ultra Tory, and so we continue. We do not believe in free trade, or any of the other dogmas of the political economists; and we have taken some pains, which we are happy to say have not been altogether thrown away, to prove that their desperate system has brought the financial and commercial interests of the country to the verge of destruction. We are as firm as any of the most sturdy of our sect for Church and King, and therefore our opinions within the last two years, have come round decidedly in favour of Reform in Parliament, as the only means left of securing both from the assaults of discontent on the part of the populace, and the undermining of treachery on the part of the boroughmongers and their allies. The Parliament as at present constituted is not one on which any person, who wishes well to the institutions of the country, can rely. All that that body seeks is to perpetuate the power of those who mainly constitute it—to increase their influence—to load them with honours, and places, and pay, perfectly careless whether in so doing they sacrifice the interest of every other person in the state. The large body of the nation which was hostile to Catholic Emancipation, supported the parliamentary system, under the mistaken idea, that it was the best calculated instrument for averting the evil which they dreaded. It is useless to say how they were deceived. From that moment forth the ranks of the opponents of Parliamentary Reform became wonderfully thinned—they lost, in fact, almost every man of intellect and integrity which they had formerly contained.

The ready subservency to the solitary government of the Duke, a government formed upon the principles of the camp, which the last Parliament displayed, increased the general disgust. Outside the doors of St. Stephen's the measures of the Duke were in general the objects of dislike or ridicule; he was unpopular, his colleagues were despised: within those doors the ministers had every thing their own way. This was not "working well." Whatever force was left to the people, they exerted in the elections against him, and the result was a Parliament that, on a well chosen question, defeated him by a poor majority of 29. Had the election been really in the hands of the people, the Duke's administration would not have had nine and twenty votes in all. This really after all is not working much better.

We have now a Whig ministry, which is so far better than the Duke's, that it is pledged to at least some show of respect for popular opinion, and

cannot pretend to govern upon his principle of *Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*. He is bound to give us reasons for its rule. Old recollections of Whiggery are however so closely inwoven into the very texture of our minds, that we cannot well conceive an honest Whig ministry. It seems to us that there must be job, and shuffle, and trick, and scheme, and intrigue, somewhere at work. We may not yet see them, but we feel a consciousness that they are in existence, and only want a little time to be brought to light. To do our new Premier justice, he has not lost any time in showing that, so far as jobbery is part of the creed, he hath not departed from it. He has in the course of his first month of office, provided for thirteen of his own relations, honestly giving as a reason, that, as he had been forty years in the winter of opposition, it was only fair that when the sun of office shone upon him at last, he should lose no time in making use of his unexpected opportunity.

To speak the plain truth, we have a low opinion of Lord Grey. We see enough, even in the short time that he has been in office, to be convinced that, as far as ministerial integrity is concerned, he will be in no whit superior to any of his predecessors. His talents have never had any thing like an efficient trial. It requires no great force of intellect, or vast expanse of knowledge, to keep up such an opposition as that in which he distinguished himself. A small quantity of oratory, well husbanded, and kept up for three or four great occasions in the year, will go a great way, and pass off its possessor as a man of commanding eloquence. We shall now see whether he will find it as easy to act as to advise; to guide the state as to blame the guidance of others; to do the business of the country as to make the crack opposition speech of the session. We think he will fail. It is quite evident that he is already backing out of the cause of reform, of which he was the prime champion and authority, and whispers are afloat that he is negotiating for a coalition with the more shameless part of the ejected ministers, in order to carry on his administration, according to the old and received code of Treasury maxims. If this be true, the doom of his premiership is sealed. We do not think he will long continue at the head of affairs as it is, but it ought to be a matter of consequence to him whether he falls with decency or dishonour.

Of his colleagues, Lord Brougham and Vaux is, we think, rather a favourite, and Lord Althorp is doing his business remarkably well. We have not heard any thing respecting the other members of the cabinet, but we suppose they are alive. It is a ministry that wants mending.

But some one will say—whom do you want? You were as gay as a sky-lark when the Duke was ousted, and now you are growling at Lord Grey.

We say—softly. Be not in a passion. We are no cabinet manufacturers—no prime-minister bakers. We will have some persons in at last to please us; and the more remote they are chosen from the club factions of the House of Commons, or the debasing atmosphere of the public offices, the better it will be for the country. In the first place, however, reform in Parliament. Depend upon it, good people, it must come; and even if you do not like it, it will be good policy to pretend you do.

This is our present faith. Of course we shall evolve our principles more at length, and in many a more orderly paper, hereafter.

In the mean while, good readers and gentle, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year. Why should we bother either you or ourselves with politics in days devoted to roast beef and plumpudding—the true Tory and orthodox food of all God-fearing people at this holy season. Eat therefore largely and drink deeply, without spoiling your digestion by any idle indulgence in the faculty of thought. It is no time for such nonsense. Or if you do think, divert and instruct your minds by reflecting that you have outlived the wonderful and horrific year of 1830, chequered with so many important events. We just set down a dozen of them, which, for the more clear understanding of our readers, we shall reduce into a tabular form. We rather think, that since the com-

commencement of the world, such a number of events, so striking and so interesting to the human race, never occurred in a single year!—

1. The death of George IV.
2. The battles of Paris.
3. The expulsion of Charles X., with his tail.
4. The dismemberment of the kingdom of the Netherlands.
5. The abdication of the king of Saxony.
6. The kicking out of the duke of Brunswick.
7. The utter slating of the Dey of Algiers.
8. The death of our Lord the Pope.
9. The death of the king of Naples.
10. The revolution in Poland.
11. The dethronement of the duke of Wellington.
12. THE ESTABLISHMENT OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Gracious heaven! Just think of that list of wonderful and important events crowded in that short space. One pope, two kings, dead; two kings, one duke, one dey, missing; one great, half a dozen small states revolutionized; two ditto dismembered; four ministers in gaol for life; fifty ditto kicked out of office for the same period: and OUR MAGAZINE SET UP!—all in the one year. People a hundred years hence will not believe it. And yet it is true. Well may we call 1830, the ANNUS MIRABILIS.

But, go to your plumpudding, go—go: mind, however, you take a large glass of brandy after it.

## 1.

And in a bumper high, as the waning moments fly,  
Let us bid a gay good bye to the year that is gone;  
May hopes of joy and light, merry thoughts and prospects bright,  
Gladden all the twelvemonths' flight, of the year —31!

## 2.

We've done with all the quarrels about old doting Charles,  
And blazing are tar barrels about king Louis' throne;  
But who so bold to say for whom Paris will huzza  
Upon the Christmas day of the year —31!

## 3.

Against the rebel Poles, his whiskered hordes in shoals,  
The Czar of Russia rolls from the Dnieper and the Don;  
And many a field of night gleams red upon the sight—  
May God defend the right in the year —31!

## 4.

The Germans are awake—the Italian gives a shake—  
And the Swiss by hill and lake still growls, grumbles on—  
And the Belgians, thanks to Potter, without or bread or butter,  
Will cause no little splutter in the year —31!

## 5.

There is nobody can tell what is doing with Miguel,  
But all cannot be well with that yellow-visaged Don;  
And king Ferdinand of Spain must battle to maintain  
His days of troubled reign in the year —31!

## 6.

So where'er we look around, chance of fighting's to be found;  
We, linked in ocean's bound, may all quietly look on—  
And peaceful and serene, behind our rampart green,  
Read FRASER'S MAGAZINE all the year —31!

\*.\* Our months do not yet bind up pleasantly: we shall mend that in the course of the year by a double number.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**Forthcoming.**—The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by Thos. Moore, Esq., with portrait.

The Sixth Part of the Botanic Garden, by B. Maund, F. L. S.

A Course of Lessons in French Literature, by Mr. Rowbotham, on the plan of his German Lessons.

The Incognita, or, Sins and Peccadilloes, a Tale of Spain, by the author of "The Castilian," &c.

Theoretical and Practical Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation, by Mr. McCulloch, Professor of Political Economy in the University of London.

The Author of "Marriage" has another Novel almost ready for publication, to be entitled "Destiny."

The Rev. Henry Tattam, and W. Osburn, jun., Esq. have announced their intention of publishing, in a cheap form, an Egyptian Lexicon of the Colpic, Schidic, and Bashmuric Dialects; containing all the words preserved in all the accessible manuscripts and published works in the dialects of ancient Egypt; with their significations in Greek, Latin, and English.

Nearly ready, the First Volume of A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a chronological arrangement of authors and their works, from the invention of alphabetical characters to the year of our Lord, 1445.—Part I. By Adam Clarke, LL.D., F. A. S. &c. &c.—Part II. By J. B. B. Clarke, M.A., of Trin. Coll. Cambridge; and chaplain to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex.

In the press. The Daughter of Herodias, a Tragedy. By Henry Rich, Esq.

Sir James South has announced for immediate publication a work on the proceedings of the Royal Society, &c. the Necessity of a Reform of its Conduct, and a re-modelling of its Charter, &c.

Nearly ready, an Introduction to the Study of Human Anatomy. By William Paxton, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.

A narrative entitled "An Only Son," by the author of "My Early Days."

Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir J. E. Smith, President of the Linnean Society.

Very shortly, in 1 vol. foolscap 8vo The Gentleman in Black!! By one of the principal contributors to Blackwood's Magazine. Illustrated by numerous engravings, from designs by George Cruikshank.

The Life of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., late President of the Royal Society. &c. By J. A. Paris, M.D., F.R.S. &c. 1 vol. with Portrait, &c.

Colonel Montague's Ornithological Dictionary of British Birds, with additions by J. Rennie, the newly-appointed Professor to the King's College.

Travels in Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Peru, by S. Haigh.

Lectures on Music, by Dr. Crotch.

Mr. Dunkin has in the press a second edition (unavoidably limited to Thirty Copies, in consequence of the destruction of the plates,) of The History and Antiquities of Bicester.

A new work by M. Rey Dussueil, entitled "The End of the World," is on the eve of appearing in Paris; it will contain a review of the opinions of Carlists, Bonapartists, Republicans, &c.

A Selection of Mr. Hogg's best Songs is in the press, and expected to appear about Christmas.

The following works are also announced for speedy publication:—

View of the Hindoo State of Society; exhibiting an Account of the Form of Government, Manners, Customs, &c. of the Inhabitants of India. By Lieut.-Colonel Stewart. In 3 vols. 8vo.

Christus in Cælo, &c. By the Rev. J. Brown, of Whitburn.

The Brazen Serpent. By Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate. In 12mo.

History of the Covenanters, from the Reformation to the Revolution in 1688. In 2 vols. 18mo.

Lives of Captain Hugh Clapperton and Dr. Oudney, Travellers in the Interior of Africa. In 18mo.

Scripture the Test of Character. An Address to the Influential Classes of Society on the effects of their example. Dedicated to the Queen. In 8vo.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. William Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the Ministers of the High Church of that City. In 18mo.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses, and the Allied Species. Illustrated by Portraits, engraved on Steel by W. H. Lizars, of celebrated and remarkable Horses. By Captain Thomas Brown, F.L.S., &c.

In the press, a History of the late French Revolution. By an Eye Witness, the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford.

A Manual of the History of Philosophy, translated from the German of Tennemann. By the Rev. Arthur Johnson, M.A., late Fellow of Wadham College, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford.

Reflections on the Politics, Intercourse, and Commerce, of the principal Nations of Antiquity, translated from the German of A. H. L. Heeren, Knight of the Guelphic Order, Professor of History in the University of Göttingen, and Member of numerous learned Societies.

Professor Heeren's Manual of the History of the European States-system and their Colonies.

The Beauties of Modern British Poetry, systematically arranged, with an Introductory Essay. By David Grant, Aberdeen.

A fourth edition of "Laconics."

The third volume of Lieut.-Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular war, with Plans.

The Talba; or, the Moor of Portugal, a Romance by Mrs. Bray. 3 vols.

Vegetable Cookery; with an Introduction, recommending Abstinence from Animal Food and Intoxicating Liquors.

In 1 vol. 8vo. a new edition of the extraordinary Black Book, comprising a complete Exposition of the Abuses in the Church, the State, and Colonies; with Lists of Pluralists, Place-men, Pensioners, &c.

The Foreigner's English Conjugator, elucidated through French Examples. By Justin Breghin.

Essays concerning the Faculties and Economy of the Mind, by William Godwin.

Mr. John Taylor, formerly Editor of the *Sun*, is at present, and has been for some time past, busy in writing his *Memoirs*, or *Reminiscences*.

The Devil's Drive, a Satirical Poem on late Events.

In the press, by L. F. de Porquet. 1. *Séquel to Trésor*, or the turning of English into French; 2. *Introduction to Parisian Phraseology*; 3. *Le Grand Secrétaire Français*, selection of English Letters on Business, to be read from English into French at sight, with Notes for the use of Boys; 4. *Il Tesoretto*, or turning English into Italian at sight; 5. *The Fenwickian System*, of teaching French; 6. *Le Traducteur Parisien*.

In the press, Knox's History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland, with an Historical Introduction and Notes. By William McGavin, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo.

A Second Edition, very much augmented and improved, of Professor Millington's Epitome of the Elementary Principles of Mechanical Philosophy. The work will be in an 8vo. volume, and will contain 160 wood engravings.

A Key to a complete set of Arithmetical Rods, containing Directions for their Use, and Answers to nearly Three Thousand Questions in the First Four Rules of Arithmetic, simple and compound, which may be performed by means of sixteen rods, according to the plan of Lord Napier, Author of the *Logarithms*, upon which system more than one-half the time usually employed may be saved to both

Teachers and Pupils. By P. B. Templeton, Master of Cannon-street Academy, Preston.

A Second Edition of the First Volume of the "Edinburgh Cabinet Library."

Mr. Jones Quain's Two Lectures on the Study of Anatomy and Physiology, delivered at the opening of the Medical Session, 1830, in the Medical School, Aldersgate-street.

A Collection of Statutes relating to the Town of Kingston-upon-Hull. By William Woolley, Solicitor.

Hall's Contemplations, with an Essay on his Life and Writings. By the Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Help to Professing Christians, in Judging of their Spiritual State and Growth in Grace. Containing Directions for Self-Examination, the False and Genuine Evidences of True Godliness, and the Nature, Marks, Hindrances, Means of Promoting and Advantages of Growth in Grace. By the Rev. John Barr, Glasgow. 1 vol 12mo.

Barnett's Lays of the Passions, with Drawings, the Poetry by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.

The celebrated Treatise of Joachim Fortius Ringel Bergius de Ratione Studii. Translated from the Edition of Van Erpe. By G. B. Earp, C. C. College, Cambridge.

Beauties of the Mind, a Poetical Sketch; with Lays, Historical and Romantic. By Charles Swann, Author of "Metrical Essays."

An Examination of the English System of Balancing Books. By E. T. Jones, styling himself Professor of the Science of Perfect Book-keeping. Exemplified in a Ledger wherein every entry is wrong posted, and which is proved by his System to be perfectly correct. By a Practical Bookkeeper.

Roxobel, By Mrs. Sherwood. In 3 vols.

The Annals of My Village, being a Calendar of Nature, for every Month in the Year. By the Author of "Select Female Biography."

Practical Observations on the Nature, Cure, and Prevention of Diseases of the Lungs, and other important Parts, are preparing for publication. By Mr. John Smith, Lecturer on Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery.

Divination of the New Testament into Doctrine and History. By T. Wirginian, &c.

An Analysis of Archbishop Secker's Lectures on the Church Catechism, arranged as a Course of Sermons preparatory to Confirmation. By the Rev. Richard Lee, B.A.

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